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THE STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

Edited by

GEORGE NEWNES



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"A SUDDEN WILD, FIERCE SHOUT PEALED UP TO THE VAULTED CEILING."

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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SIR NIGEL.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW THE RED FERRET CAME TO COSFORD.

THE old chronicler in his "Gestes du Sieur Nigel" has bewailed his broken narrative, which rose from the fact that out of thirty-one years of warfare no less than seven were spent by his hero at one time or another in the recovery from his wounds or from those illnesses which arise from privation and fatigue. Here at the very threshold of his career, on the eve of a great enterprise, this very fate befell him. Stretched upon a couch in a low-roofed and ill-furnished chamber which looks down from under the machicolated corner turret upon the inner court of the Castle of Calais, he lay half-unconscious and impotent while great deeds were doing under his window. Wounded in three places, and with his head splintered by the sharp pommel of the Ferret's mace, he hovered betwixt life and death, his shattered body drawing him downwards, his youthful spirit plucking him up.

As in some strange dream, he was aware of that deed of arms within the courtyard below. Dimly it came back to his memory afterwards—the sudden startled shout, the crash of metal, the slamming of great gates, the roar of many voices, the clang, clang, clang, as of fifty lusty smiths upon their anvils—and then at last the dwindling of the hubbub, the low groans and sudden shrill cries to the saints, the measured murmur of many voices, the heavy clanking of armoured feet. Some time in that fell struggle he must have drawn his weakened body as far as the narrow window, and hanging to the iron bars have looked down on the wild scene beneath him. In the red glare of torches held from windows and from roof he saw the rush and swirl of men beneath him, the ruddy light shining back from glowing brass and gleaming steel. As a wild vision it came to him afterwards, the beauty and the splendour, the flying lambrequins, the jewelled crests, the blazonry and richness of surcoat and of shield, where sable and gules, argent and vair, in every pattern of saltire, bend, or chevron, glowed beneath him like a drift of many-coloured blossoms, tossing, sinking, stooping into shadow, springing into light. There glared the blood-red pile of Chandos, and he saw the tall figure of his master, a thunderbolt of war, raging in the van. There, too, were the three black chevrons on the golden shield which marked the noble Manny. That strong swordsman must surely be the Royal Edward himself, since only he and the black-armoured, swift-footed youth at his side were marked by no symbol of heraldry. "Manny! Manny! George for England!" rose the deep-throated bay, and ever the gallant counter-cry: "A Chargny! A Chargny! St. Denis for France!" thundered amid the clash and thudding of the battle. Such was the vague, whirling memory still lingering in Nigel's mind when at last the mists cleared away from it, and he found himself weak, but clear, on the low couch in the corner turret. Beside him, crushing lavender betwixt his rough fingers and strewing it over floor and sheets, was Aylward the archer. His long bow leaned at the foot of the bed, and his steel cap was balanced on the top of it, while he himself, sitting in his shirt-sleeves, fanned off the flies and scattered the fragrant herbs over his helpless master.

"By my hilt!" he cried, with a sudden shout, every tooth in his head gleaming with joy, "I thank the Virgin and all the saints for this blessed sight! I had not dared to go back to Tilford had I lost you. Three weeks have you lain there and babbled like a babe, but now I see in your eyes that you are your own man again."

"I have indeed had some small hurt," said Nigel, feebly, "but it is shame and sorrow that I should lie here if there is work for my hands. Whither go you, archer?"

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"'I HAVE INDEED HAD SOME SMALL HURT,' SAID NIGEL, FEEBLY."

"To tell the good Sir John that you are mending."

"Nay; bide with me a little longer, Aylward. I can call to mind all that has passed. There was a bickering of small boats, was there not, and I chanced upon a most worthy person and exchanged hand-strokes with him? He was my prisoner, was he not?"

"He was, fair sir."

"And where is he now?"

"Below, in the castle."

A smile stole over Nigel's pale face.

"I know what I will do with him," said he.

"I pray you to rest, fair sir," said Aylward, anxiously. "The King's own leech saw you this morning, and he said that if the bandage were torn from your head you would surely die."

"Nay, good archer, I will not move. But tell me what befell upon the boat."

"There is little to tell, fair sir. Had this Ferret not been his own squire and taken so long a time to don his harness it is likely that they would have had the better of us. He did not reach the battle till his comrades were on their backs. Him we took to the *Marie Rose*, because he was your man. The others were of no worth, so we threw them into the sea."

"The quick and the dead?"

"Every man of them."

"It was an evil deed."

Aylward shrugged his shoulders.

"I tried to save one boy," said he, "but Cock Badding would not have it, and he had Black Simon and the others at his back. 'It is the custom of the Narrow Seas,' said they; 'to-day for them — to-morrow for us.' Then they tore him from his hold and cast him screaming over the side. By my hilt, I have no love for the sea and its customs, so I care not if I never set foot on it again when it has once borne me back to England."

"Nay; there are great happenings upon the sea, and many worthy people to be found upon ships," said Nigel. "In all parts, if one goes far enough upon the water, one would find those whom it would be joy to meet. If one crosses over the Narrow Sea, as we have done, we come on the French, who are so needful to us, for how else would we win worship? Or if you go south, then in time one may hope to come to the land of the unbelievers, where there is fine skirmishing and much honour for him who will venture his person. Bethink you, archer, how fair a life it must be when one can ride forth in search of advancement with some hope of finding many debonair cavaliers upon the same quest, and then if one be overborne one has died for the faith, and the gates of heaven are open before you. So also the sea to the north is a help to him who seeks honour, for it leads to the country of the Eastlanders, and to those parts where the heathen still dwell who turn their faces from the blessed Gospel. There also a man might find some small deeds to do, and by St. Paul, Aylward, if the French hold the truce and the good Sir John permits us, I would fain go down into those parts. The sea is a good friend to the cavalier, for it takes him where he may fulfil his vows."

Aylward shook his head, for his memories were too recent, but he said nothing, because

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at this instant the door opened and Chandos entered. With joy in his face he stepped forward to the couch and took Nigel's hand in his. Then he whispered a word in Aylward's ear, who hurried from the room.

"Pardieu! this is a good sight," said the knight. "I trust that you will soon be on your feet again."

"I crave your pardon, my honoured lord, that I have been absent from your side," said Nigel.

"In truth my heart was sore for you, Nigel, for you have missed such a night as comes seldom in any man's life. All went even as we had planned. The postern gate was opened and a party made their way in, but we awaited them, and all were taken or slain. But the greater part of the French had remained without upon the plain of Nieullet, so we took horse and went out against them. When we drew near them they were surprised, but they made good cheer among themselves, calling out to each other, 'If we fly we lose all. It is better to fight on, in the hopes that the day may be ours.' This was heard by our people in the van, who cried out to them, 'By St. George, you speak truth! Evil befall him who thinks of flying.' So they held their ground like worthy people for the space of an hour, and there were many there whom it is always good to meet — Sir Geoffrey himself, and Sir Pepin de Werre with Sir John de Landas, old Ballieul of the Yellow Tooth, and his brother Hector the Leopard. But above all Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont was at great pains to meet us worthily, and he was at handstrokes with the King for a long time. Then, when we had slain or taken them all, the prisoners were brought to a feast which was ready for them, and the knights of England waited upon them at the table and made good cheer with them. And all this, Nigel, we owe to you."

The squire flushed with pleasure at the words.

"Nay, most honoured lord, it was but a small thing which I have been able to do. But I thank God and our Lady that I have done some service, since it has pleased you to take me with you to the wars. Should it chance——"

But the words were cut short upon Nigel's lips, and he lay back with amazed eyes staring from his pallid face. The door of his little chamber had opened, and who was this—the tall, stately man with the noble presence, the high forehead, the long, handsome face, the dark, brooding eyes—who but the noble Edward of England?

"Ha, my little cock of Tilford Bridge, I still bear you in mind," said he. "Right glad I was to hear that you had found your wits again, and I trust that I have not helped to make you take leave of them once more."



"'HA, MY LITTLE COCK OF TILFORD BRIDGE, I STILL BEAR YOU IN MIND,' SAID HE."

Nigel's stare of astonishment had brought a smile to the King's lips. Now the squire

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stammered forth some halting words of gratitude at the honour done to him.

"Nay, not a word," said the King. "But in sooth it is a joy to my heart to see the son of my old comrade, Eustace Loring, carry himself so bravely. Had this boat got before us with news of our coming, then all our labour had been in vain, and no Frenchman come to Calais that night. But above all I thank you for that you have delivered into my hands one whom I had vowed to punish, in that he has caused us more scathe by fouler means than any living man. Twice have I sworn that Peter the Red Ferret shall hang, for all his noble blood and coat-armour, if ever he should fall into my hands. Now at last his time has come, but I would not put him to death until you, who had taken him, could be there to see it done. Nay, thank me not, for I could do no less, seeing that it is to you that I owe him."

But it was not thanks which Nigel was trying to utter. It was hard to frame his words, and yet they must be said.

"Sire," he murmured, "it ill becomes me to cross your Royal will——"

The dark Plantagenet wrath gathered upon the King's high brow and gloomed in his fierce, deep-set eyes.

"By God's dignity, no man has ever crossed it yet and lived unscathed. How now, young sir; what mean such words, to which we are little wont? Have a care, for this is no light thing which you venture."

"Sire," said Nigel, "in all matters in which I am a free man I am ever your faithful liege, but some things there are which may not be done."

"How?" cried the King. "In spite of my will?"

"In spite of your will, sire," said Nigel, sitting up on his couch with white face and blazing eyes.

"By the Virgin!" the angry King thundered, "we are come to a pretty pass. You have been held too long at home, young man. The overstabled horse will kick. The unweathered hawk will fly at check. See to it, Master Chandos; he is thine to break, and I hold you to it that you break him. And what is it that Edward of England may not do, Master Loring?"

Nigel faced the King with a face as grim as his own.

"You may not put to death the Red Ferret."

"Pardieu! And why?"

"Because he is not thine to slay, sire. Because he is mine. Because I promised him his life, and it is not for you, King though you be, to constrain a man of gentle blood to break his plighted word and lose his honour."

Chandos laid his soothing hand upon his squire's shoulder.

"Excuse him, sire. He is weak from his wounds," said he. "Perhaps we have stayed overlong, for the leech has ordered repose."

But the angry King was not easily to be appeased.

"I am not wont to be so browbeat," said he, hotly. "This is your squire, Master John. How comes it that you can stand there and listen to his pert talk, and say no word to chide him? Is it thus you guide your household? Have you not taught him that every promise given is subject to the King's consent, and that with him only lie the springs of life and death? If he be sick, you at least are hale. Why stand you there in silence?"

"My liege," said Chandos, gravely, "I have served you for over a score of years, and have shed my blood through as many wounds in your cause, so that you should not take my words amiss. But, indeed, I should feel myself to be no true man if I did not tell you that my Squire Nigel, though perchance he has spoken more bluntly than becomes him, is none the less right in this matter, and that you are wrong. For bethink you, sire——"

"Enough!" cried the King, more furious than ever. "Like master, like man, and I might have known why it is that this saucy squire dares to bandy words with his sovereign lord. He does but give out what he hath taken in. John, John, you grow overbold. But this I tell you, and you also, young man, that, as God is my help, ere the sun has set this night the Red Ferret shall hang as a warning to all spies and traitors from the highest tower of Calais, that every ship upon the Narrow Seas, and every man for ten miles round, may see him as he swings and know how heavy is the hand of the English King. Do you bear it in mind, lest you also may feel its weight."

With a glare like an angry lion he walked from the room, and the iron-clamped door clanged loudly behind him. Chandos and Nigel looked ruefully at each other. Then the knight patted his squire upon his bandaged head.

"You have carried yourself right well, Nigel; I could not wish for better. Fear not. All will be well."

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"My fair and honoured lord," cried Nigel, "I am heavy at heart, for indeed I could do no other; and yet I have brought trouble upon you."

"Nay; the clouds will soon pass. If he does indeed slay this Frenchman you have done all that lay within your power, and your mind may rest easy."

"I pray that it will rest easy in Paradise," said Nigel, "for at the hour that I hear that I am dishonoured and my prisoner slain I tear this bandage from my head and so end all things. I will not live when once my word is broken."

"Nay, fair son, you take this thing too heavily," said Chandos, with a grave face. "When a man hath done all he may there remains no dishonour; but the King hath a kind heart for all his hot head, and it may be that if I see him I will prevail upon him. Bethink you how he swore to hang the six burghers of this very town, and yet he pardoned them. So keep a high heart, fair son, and I will come with good news ere evening."

For three hours, as the sinking sun traced the shadow higher and ever higher upon the chamber wall, Nigel tossed feverishly upon his couch, his ears straining for the footfall of Aylward or of Chandos, bringing news of the fate of the prisoner. At last the door flew open, and there before him stood the one man whom he least expected and yet would most gladly have seen. It was the Red Ferret himself, free and joyous. With swift, furtive steps he was across the room and on his knees beside the couch, kissing the pendent hand.

"You have saved me, most noble sir!" he cried. "The gallows was fixed and the rope slung when the good Lord Chandos told the King that you would die by your own hand if I were slain. 'Curse this mule-headed squire!' he cried. 'In God's name let him have his prisoner, and let him do what he will with him so long as he troubles me no more.' So here I have come, fair sir, to ask you what I shall do."

"I pray you to sit beside me and be at your ease," said Nigel. "In a few words I will tell you what I would have you do. Your armour I will keep, that I may have some remembrance of my good fortune in meeting so valiant a gentleman. We are of a size, and I make little doubt that I can wear it. Of ransom I would ask a thousand crowns."

"Nay, nay," cried the Ferret; "it would be a sad thing if a man of my position were worth less than five thousand."

"A thousand will suffice, fair sir, to pay my charges for the war. You will not again play the spy, nor do us harm until the truce is broken?"

"That I will swear."

"And, lastly, there is a journey that you shall make."

The Frenchman's face lengthened.

"Where you order I must go," said he; "but I pray you that it is not to the Holy Land."

"Nay," said Nigel, "but it is to a land which is holy to me. You will make your way back to Southampton."



"'YOU HAVE SAVED ME, MOST NOBLE SIR!' HE CRIED."

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"I know it well. I helped to burn it down some years ago."

"I rede you to say nothing of that matter when you get there. You will then journey as though to London until you come to a fair town named Guildford."

"I have heard of it. The King hath a hunt there."

"The same. You will then ask for a house named Cosford, two leagues from the town on the side of a long hill."

"I will bear it in mind."

"At Cosford you will see a good knight named Sir John Buttesthorn, and you will ask to have speech with his daughter, the Lady Mary."

"I will do so. And what shall I say to the Lady Mary, who lives at Cosford, on the slope of a long hill two leagues from the fair town of Guildford?"

"Say only that I sent my greeting, and that St. Catherine has been my friend. Only that and nothing more. And now leave me, I pray you, for my head is weary, and I would fain have sleep."



"ARE YOU BY CHANCE THE LADY MARY WHO DWELLS THERE?"

Thus it came about that a month later, on the eve of the Feast of St. Matthew, the Lady Mary, as she walked from Cosford gates, met with a strange horseman, richly clad, a serving-man behind him, looking shrewdly about him with quick blue eyes, which twinkled from a red and freckled face. At sight of her he doffed his hat and reined his horse.

"This house should be Cosford," said he. "Are you by chance the Lady Mary who dwells there?"

The lady bowed her proud, dark head.

"Then," said he, "Squire Nigel Loring sends you greeting and tells you that St. Catherine has been his friend." Then turning to his servant, he cried, "Heh, Raoul, our task is done. Your master is a free man once more. Come, lad, come; the nearest port to France! Holà! holà! holà!" And so, without a word more, the two, master and man, set spurs to their horses and galloped like madmen down the long slope of Hindhead until, as she looked after them, they were but two dark dots in the distance, waist-high in the ling and the bracken.

She turned back to the house, a smile upon her face. Nigel had sent her greeting. A Frenchman had brought it. His bringing it had made him a free man. And St. Catherine had been Nigel's friend. It was at her shrine that he had sworn that three deeds should be done ere he should set eyes upon her again. In the privacy of her room the Lady Mary sank upon her *prie-dieu* and poured forth the thanks of her heart to the Virgin that one deed was accomplished; but even as she did so her joy was overcast by the thought of those two others which lay before him.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW THE KING'S COURT FEASTED IN CALAIS CASTLE.

It was a bright, sunshiny morning when Nigel found himself at last able to leave his turret chamber and to walk upon the rampart of the castle. There was a brisk northern

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wind, heavy and wet with the salt of the sea, and he felt, as he turned his face to it, fresh life and strength surging in his blood and bracing his limbs. He took his hand from Aylward's supporting arm, and stood with his cap off, leaning on the rampart and breathing in the cold, strong air. Far off upon the distant sky-line, half hidden by the heave of the waves, was the low white fringe of cliffs which skirted England. Between him and them lay the broad blue Channel, seamed and flecked with flashing foam, for a sharp sea was running, and the few ships in sight were labouring heavily. Nigel's eyes traversed the widespread view, rejoicing in the change from the grey wall of his cramped chamber. Finally they settled upon a strange object at his very feet.

It was a long, trumpet shaped engine of leather and iron, bolted into a rude wooden stand and fitted with wheels. Beside it lay a heap of metal slugs and lumps of stone. The end of the machine was raised and pointed over the battlement. Behind it stood an iron box which Nigel opened. It was filled with a black coarse powder, like gritty charcoal.

"By St. Paul!" said he, passing his hands over the engine, "I have heard men talk of these things, but never before have I seen one. It is none other than one of these wondrous new-made bombards."

"In sooth, it is even as you say," Aylward answered, looking at it with contempt and dislike in his face. "I have seen them here upon the ramparts, and have also exchanged a buffet or two with him who had charge of them. He was Jack-fool enough to think that with this leather pipe he could outshoot the best archer in Christendom. I lent him a cuff on the ear that laid him across his foolish engine."

"It is a fearsome thing," said Nigel, who had stooped to examine it. "We live in strange times when such things can be made. It is loosed by fire, is it not, which springs from the black dust?"

"By my hilt, fair sir, I know not. And yet I call to mind that ere we fell out this foolish bombardman did say something of the matter. The fire-dust is within, and so also is the ball. Then you take more dust from this iron box and place it in the hole at the farther end, so! It is now ready. I have never seen one fired, but I wot that this one could be fired now."

"It makes a strange sound, archer, does it not?" said Nigel, wistfully.

"So I have heard, fair sir. Even as the bow twangs, so it also has a sound when you loose it."

"There is no one to hear, since we are alone upon the rampart, nor can it do scathe, since it points to sea. I pray you to loose it and I will listen to the sound." He bent over the bombard with an attentive ear, while Aylward, stooping his earnest, brown face over the touch-hole, scraped away diligently with a flint and steel. A moment later both he and Nigel were seated some distance off upon the ground, while amid the roar of the discharge and the thick cloud of smoke they had a vision of the long, black, snake-like engine shooting back upon the recoil. For a minute or more they were struck motionless with astonishment, while the reverberations died away and the smoke-wreaths curled slowly up to the blue heavens.

"Good lack!" cried Nigel, at last, picking himself up and looking round him. "Good lack, and Heaven be my aid! I thank the Virgin that all stands as it did before. I thought that the castle had fallen."

"Such a bull's bellow I have never heard," cried Aylward, rubbing his injured limbs; "one could hear it from Frensham Pond to Guildford Castle. I would not touch one again—not for a hide of the best land in Puttenham!"

"It may fare ill with your own hide, archer, if you do," said an angry voice behind them. Chandos had stepped from the open door of the corner turret and stood looking at them with a harsh gaze. Presently, as the matter was made clear to him, his face relaxed into a smile.

"Hasten to the warden, archer, and tell him how it befell. You will have the castle and the town in arms. I know not what the King may think of so sudden an alarm. And you, Nigel, how, in the name of the saints, came you to play the child like this?"

"I knew not its power, fair lord."

"By my soul, Nigel, I think that none of us know its power. I can see the day when all that we delight in, the splendour and glory of war, may all go down before that which beats through the plate of steel as easily as the leathern jacket. I have bestrode my war-horse in my armour and have looked down at the sooty, smoky bombardman beside me, and I have thought that perhaps I was the last of the old and he the first of the new—that there would come a time when he and his engines would sweep you and me and the rest of us from the field."

"But not yet, I trust, honoured sir."

"No, not yet, Nigel. You are still in

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"'SUCH A BULL'S BELLOW I HAVE NEVER HEARD,' CRIED AYLWARD."

time to win your spurs even as your fathers did. How is your strength?"

"I am ready for any task, my good and honoured lord."

"It is well, for work awaits us—good work, pressing work, work of peril and of honour. Your eyes shine and your face flushes, Nigel. I live my own youth over again as I look at you. Know then that, though there is truce with the French here, there is no truce in Brittany, where the houses of Blois and of Montfort still struggle for the dukedom. Half Brittany fights for one and half for the other. The French have taken up the cause of Blois and we of Montfort, and it is such a war that many a great leader, such as Sir Walter Manny, has first earned his name there. Of late the war has gone against us, and the bloody hands of the Rohans, of Gap-tooth Beaumanoir, of Oliver the Flesher, and others, have been heavy upon our people. The last tidings have been of disaster, and the King's soul is dark with wrath for that his friend and comrade, Gilles de St. Pol, has been done to death in the Castle of La Brohinière. He will send succours to the country, and we go at their head. How like you that, Nigel?"

"My honoured lord, what could I ask for better?"

"Then have your harness ready, for we start within the week. Our path by land is blocked by the French, and we go by sea. This night the King gives a banquet ere he returns to England, and your place is behind my chair. Be in my chamber that you may help me to dress, and so we will to the hall together."

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With satin and with samite, with velvet and with fur, the noble Chandos was dressed for the King's feast, and Nigel too had donned his best silk jupon, faced with the five scarlet roses, that he might wait upon him. In the great hall of Calais Castle the tables were set: a high table for the lords; a second one for the less distinguished knights; a third at which the squires might feast when their masters were sated. Never had Nigel in his simple life at Tilford pictured a scene of such pomp and wondrous luxury. The grim, grey walls were covered from ceiling to floor with priceless tapestry of Arras, where hart, hounds, and huntsmen circled the great hall with one long living image of the chase. Over the principal table drooped a line of banners, and beneath them rows of emblazoned shields upon the wall carried the arms of the high noblemen who sat beneath. The red light of cressets and of torches burned upon the badges of the great captains of England. The lions and lilies shone over the high dorseret chair in the centre, and the same august device marked with the cadency label indicated the seat of the Prince, while glowing to right and to left were the long lines of noble insignia, honoured in peace and terrible in war. There shone the gold and sable of Manny, the engrailed cross of Suffolk, the red chevron of Stafford, the scarlet and gold of Audley, the blue lion rampant of the Percies, the silver swallows of Arundel, the red roebuck of the Montacutes, the star of the de Veres, the silver scallops of Russell, the purple lion of de Lacy, and the black crosses of Clinton. A friendly squire at Nigel's elbow whispered the names of the famous warriors beneath.



"WITH SATIN AND WITH SAMITE, WITH VELVET AND WITH FUR, THE NOBLE CHANDOS WAS DRESSED FOR THE KING'S FEAST."

"You are young Loring of Tilford, the squire of Chandos, are you not?" said he. "My name is Delves, and I come from Doddington, in Cheshire. I am the squire of Sir James Audley, yonder round-backed man with the dark face and close-cropped beard, who hath the Saracen's head as a crest above him."

"I have heard of him as a man of great valour," said Nigel, gazing at him with interest.

"Indeed, you may well say so, Master Loring. He is the bravest knight in England, and in Christendom also, as I believe. No man hath done such deeds of valour."

Nigel looked at his new acquaintance with hope in his eyes.

"You speak as it becomes you to speak when you uphold your own master," said he. "For the same reason, Master Delves, and in no spirit of ill-will to you, it behoves me to tell you that he is not to be compared in name or fame with the noble knight on whom I wait. Should you hold otherwise, then surely we can debate the matter in whatever way or time may please you best."

Delves smiled good-humouredly.

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"Nay, be not so hot," said he. "Had you upheld any other knight, save, perhaps, Sir Walter Manny, I had taken you at your word, and your master or mine would have had place for a new squire. But, indeed, it is only truth that no knight is second to Chandos, nor would I draw my sword to lower his pride of place. Ha, Sir James's cup is low! I must see to it!" He darted off, a flagon of Gascony in his hand. "The King hath had good news to-night," he continued, when he returned. "I have not seen him in so merry a mind since the night when we took the Frenchmen and he laid his pearl chaplet upon the head of de Ribeaumont. See how he laughs, and the Prince also. That laugh bodes someone little good or I am the more mistaken. Have a care! Sir John's plate is empty."

It was Nigel's turn to dart away, but ever in the intervals he returned to the corner whence he could look down the hall and listen to the words of the older squire. Delves was a short, thick-set man, past middle age, weather-beaten and scarred, with a rough manner and bearing which showed that he was more at his ease in a tent than a hall. But ten years of service had taught him much, and Nigel listened eagerly to his talk.

"Indeed the King hath some good tidings," he continued. "See now, he has whispered it to Chandos and to Manny. Manny spreads it on to Sir Reginald Cobham, and he to Robert Knolles, each smiling like the devil over a friar."

"Which is Sir Robert Knolles?" asked Nigel, with interest. "I have heard much of him and his deeds."

"He is the tall, hard-faced man in yellow silk, he with the hairless cheeks and the split lip. He is little older than yourself, and his father was a cobbler in Chester, yet he has already won the golden spurs. See how he dabs his great hand in the dish and hands forth the gobbets. He is more used to a camp kettle than a silver plate. The big man with the black beard is Sir Bartholomew Berghersh, whose brother is the Abbot of Beaulieu. Haste! haste! for the boar's head comes and the plates to be cleaned."



'HASTE! HASTE! FOR THE BOAR'S HEAD COMES."

The table manners of our ancestors at this period would have furnished to the modern eye the strangest mixture of luxury and of barbarism. Forks were still unknown, and the courtesy fingers, the index and the middle of the left hand, took their place. To use any others was accounted the worst of manners. A crowd of dogs lay among the rushes, growling at each other and quarrelling over the gnawed bones which were thrown to

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them by the feasters. A slice of coarse bread served usually as a plate, but the King's own high table was provided with silver platters, which were wiped by the squire or page after each course. On the other hand, the table linen was costly, and the courses, served with a pomp and dignity now unknown, comprised such a variety of dishes and such complex marvels of cookery as no modern banquet could show. Besides all our domestic animals and every kind of game, such strange delicacies as hedgehogs, bustards, porpoises, squirrels, bitterns, and cranes lent variety to the feast. Each new course, heralded by a flourish of silver trumpets, was borne in by liveried servants walking two and two, with rubicund marshals strutting in front and behind, bearing white wands in their hands, not only as badges of their office, but also as weapons with which to repel any impertinent inroad upon the dishes in the journey from the kitchen to the hall. Boars' heads, enarmed and endored with gilt tusks and flaming mouths, were followed by wondrous pasties moulded to the shape of ships, castles, and other devices, with sugar seamen or soldiers who lost their own bodies in their fruitless defence against the hungry attack. Finally came the great nief, a silver vessel upon wheels, laden with fruit and sweetmeats, which rolled with its luscious cargo down the line of guests. Flagons of Gascony, of Rhine wine, of Canary and of Rochelle, were held in readiness by the attendants; but the age, though luxurious, was not drunken, and the sober habits of the Norman had happily prevailed over the licence of those Saxon banquets where no guest might walk from the table without a slur upon his host. Honour and hardihood go ill with a shaking hand or a blurred eye.

Whilst wine, fruit, and spices were handed round the high table the squires had been served in turn at the farther end of the hall. Meanwhile round the King there had gathered a group of statesmen and soldiers, talking eagerly among themselves. The Earl of Stafford, the Earl of Warwick, the Earl of Arundel, Lord Beauchamp, and Lord Neville were assembled at the back of his chair, with Lord Percy and Lord Mowbray at either side. The little group blazed with golden chains and jewelled chaplets, flame-coloured paltocks, and purple tunics. Of a sudden the King said something over his shoulder to Sir William de Pakyngton, the herald, who advanced and stood by the Royal chair. He was a tall and noble-featured man, with long, grizzled beard which rippled down to the gold-linked belt girdling his many-coloured tabard. On his head he had placed the heraldic barret cap which bespoke his dignity, and he slowly raised his white wand high in the air, while a great hush fell upon the hall.

"My lords of England," said he, "knight bannerets, knights, squires, and all others here present of gentle birth and coat-armour, know that your dread and sovereign lord, Edward, King of England and of France, bids me give you greeting, and commands you to come hither, that he may have speech with you."

In an instant the tables were deserted and the whole company had clustered in front of the King's chair. Those who had sat on either side of him crowded inwards, so that his tall, dark figure upreared itself amid the dense circle of his guests. With a flush upon his olive cheeks and with pride smouldering in his dark eyes, he looked round him at the eager faces of the men who had been his comrades from Sluys and Cadsand to Crécy and Calais. They caught fire from that warlike gleam in his masterful gaze, and a sudden wild, fierce shout pealed up to the vaulted ceiling, a soldierly thanks for what was past and a promise for what was to come. The King's teeth gleamed in a quick smile, and his large, white hand played with the jewelled dagger in his belt.

"By the splendour of God," said he, in a loud, clear voice, "I have little doubt that you will rejoice with me this night, for such tidings have come to my ears as may well bring joy to every one of you. You know well that our ships have suffered great scathe from the Spaniards, who for many years have slain, without grace or ruth, all of my people who have fallen into their cruel hands. Of late they have sent their ships into Flanders, and thirty great cogs and galleys lie now at Sluys, well filled with archers and men-at-arms and ready in all ways for battle. I have it to-day from a sure hand that, having taken their merchandise aboard, these ships will sail upon the next Sunday and will make their way through our Narrow Sea. We have for a great time been long-suffering to these people, for which they have done us many contraries and despites, growing ever more arrogant as we grow more patient. It is in my mind, therefore, that we hie us to-morrow to Winchelsea, where we have twenty ships, and make ready to sally out upon them as they pass. May God and St. George defend the right!"

A second shout, far louder and fiercer than

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the first, came like a thunderclap after the King's words. It was the bay of a fierce pack to their trusted huntsman. Edward laughed again as he looked round at the gleaming eyes, the waving arms, and the flushed, joyful faces of his liegemen.

"Who hath fought against these Spaniards?" he asked. "Is there anyone here who can tell us what manner of men they be?"

A dozen hands went up into the air, but the King turned to the Earl of Suffolk at his elbow.

"You have fought them, Thomas?" said he.

"Yes, sire; I was in the great sea-fight eight years ago at the Island of Guernsey, when Lord Lewis of Spain held the sea against the Earl of Pembroke."

"How found you them, Thomas?"

"Very excellent people, sire, and no man could ask for better. On every ship they have a hundred cross-bowmen of Genoa, the best in the world, and their spearmen also are very hardy men. They would throw great cantels of iron from the tops of the masts, and many of our people met their death through it. If we can bar their way in the Narrow Sea then there will be much hope of honour for all of us."

"Your words are very welcome, Thomas," said the King, "and I make no doubt that they will show themselves to be very worthy of what we prepare for them. To you I give a ship, that you may have the handling of it. You also, my dear son, shall have a ship, that evermore honour may be thine."

"I thank you, my fair and sweet father," said the Prince, with joy flushing his handsome, boyish face.

"The leading ship shall be mine. But you shall have one, Walter Manny, and you, Stafford, and you, Arundel, and you, Audley, and you, Sir Thomas Holland, and you, Brocas, and you, Berkeley, and you, Reginald. The rest shall be awarded at Winchelsea, whither we sail to-morrow. Nay, John, why do you pluck so at my sleeve?"

Chandos was leaning forward with an anxious face.

"Surely, my honoured lord, I have not served you so long and so faithfully that you should forget me now? Is there, then, no ship for me?"

The King smiled, but shook his head.

"Nay, John, have I not given you two hundred archers and a hundred men-at-arms to take with you into Brittany? I trust that your ships will be lying in St. Malo Bay ere the Spaniards are abreast of Winchelsea. What more would you have, old war-dog? Wouldst be in two battles at once?"

"I would be at your side, my liege, when the lion banner is in the wind once more. I have ever been there. Why should you cast me now? I ask little, dear lord—a galley, a



"WHAT MORE WOULD YOU HAVE, OLD WAR-DOG?"

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ballinger, even a pinnace, so that I may only be there."

"Nay, John, you shall come; I cannot find it in my heart to say you nay. I will find you place in my own ship, that you may indeed be by my side."

Chandos stooped and kissed the King's hand.

"My squire?" he asked.

The King's brows knotted into a frown.

"Nay; let him go to Brittany with the others," said he, harshly. "I wonder, John, that you should bring back to my memory this youth, whose pertness is too fresh that I should forget it. But someone must go to Brittany in your stead, for the matter presses, and our people are hard put to it to hold their own." He cast his eyes over the assembly, and they rested upon the stern features of Sir Robert Knolles.

"Sir Robert," he said, "though you are young in years you are already old in war, and I have heard that you are as prudent in council as you are valiant in the field. To you I commit the charge of this venture to Brittany in place of Sir John Chandos, who will follow thither when our work has been done upon the waters. Three ships lie in Calais port and three hundred men are ready to your hand. Sir John will tell you what our mind is in the matter. And now, my friends and good comrades, you will haste you each to his own quarters, and you will make swiftly such preparations as are needful, for, as God is my aid, I will sail with you to Winchelsea to-morrow."

Beckoning to Chandos, Manny, and a few of his chosen leaders, the King led them away to an inner chamber, where they might discuss the plans for the future. At the same time the assembly broke up, the knights in silence and dignity, the squires in mirth and noise, but all joyful at heart for the thought of the great days which lay before them.



"THE KING'S GREAT NIEF 'PHILIPPA' SET ITS HUGE SAIL."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SPANIARDS ON THE SEA.

DAY had not yet dawned when Nigel was in the chamber of Chandos preparing him for his departure and listening to the last cheery words of advice and direction from his noble master. That same morning, before the sun was half-way up the heaven, the King's great nief *Philippa*, bearing within it the most of those present at his banquet the night before, set its huge sail, adorned with the lions and the lilies, and turned its brazen beak for England. Behind it went five smaller cogs crammed with squires, archers, and men-at-arms. Nigel and his companions lined the ramparts of the castle and waved their caps as the bluff, burly vessels, with drums beating and trumpets clanging, a hundred knightly pennons streaming from their decks and the red cross of England over all, rolled slowly out to the open sea. Then, when they had watched them until they were hull down, they turned, with hearts heavy at being left behind, to make ready for their own more distant venture.

It took them four days of hard work ere their preparations were complete, for many were the needs of a small force sailing to a strange country. Three ships had been left to them, the cog *Thomas* of Romney, the

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Grace-Dieu of Hythe, and the *Basilisk*, of Southampton, into each of which óne hundred men were stowed, besides the thirty seamen who formed the crew. In the hold were forty horses, amongst them Pommers, much wearied by his long idleness and homesick for the slopes of Surrey, where his great limbs might find the work he craved. Then the food and the water, the bowstaves and the sheaves of arrows, the horseshoes, the nails, the hammers, the knives, the axes, the ropes, the vats of hay, the green fodder, and a score of other things were packed aboard. Always by the side of the ships stood the stern young knight, Sir Robert, checking, testing, watching, and controlling, saying little, for he was a man of few words, but with his eyes, his hands, and, if need be, his heavy dog-whip, wherever they were wanted. The seamen of the *Basilisk*, being from a free port, had the old feud against the men of the Cinque Ports, who were looked upon by the other mariners of England as being unduly favoured by the King. A ship of the West country could scarce meet with one from the Narrow Seas without blood flowing. Hence sprang sudden broils on the quay-side, when, with yell and blow, the *Thomases* and *Grace-Dieus*, St. Leonard on their lips and murder in their hearts, would fall upon the *Basilisks*. Then, amid the whirl of cudgels and the clash of knives, would spring the tiger-figure of the young leader, lashing mercilessly to right and left, like a tamer among his wolves, until he had beaten them howling back to their work. Upon the morning of the fourth day all was ready, and, the ropes being cast off, the three little ships were warped down the harbour by their own pinnaces until they were swallowed up in the swirling folds of a Channel mist.

Though small in numbers, it was no mean force which Edward had dispatched to succour the hard-pressed English garrisons in Brittany. There was scarce a man among them who was not an old soldier, and their leaders were men of note in council and in war. Knolles flew his flag of the black raven aboard the *Basilisk*. With him were Nigel and his own squire, John Hawthorn. Of his hundred men forty were Yorkshire Dalesmen and forty were men of Lincoln, all noted archers, with old Wat of Carlisle, a grizzled veteran of Border warfare, to lead them. Already Aylward, by his skill and strength, had won his way to an under-officer-ship amongst them, and shared with Long Ned of Widdington, a huge North-country-man, the reputation of coming next to famous Wat of Carlisle in all that makes an archer. The men-at-arms, too, were war-hardened soldiers, with Black Simon of Norwich—the same who had sailed from Winchelsea—to lead them. With his heart filled with hatred for the French, who had slain all who were dear to him, he followed like a bloodhound over land and sea to any spot where he might glut his vengeance. Such also were the men who sailed in the other ships, Cheshire men from the Welsh borders in the cog *Thomas*, and Cumberland men, used to Scottish war-fare, in the *Grace-Dieu*. Sir James Astley hung his shield of cinquefoil ermine over the quarter of the *Thomas*. Lord Thomas Percy, a cadet of Alnwick, famous already for the high spirit of that house, which for ages was the bar upon the landward gate of England, showed his blue lion rampant as leader of the *Grace-Dieu*. Such was the goodly company, St. Malo-bound, who warped from Calais harbour to plunge into the thick reek of a Channel mist.

A slight breeze blew from the eastward, and the high-ended, round-bodied craft rolled slowly down the Channel. The mist rose a little at times, so that they had sight of each other dipping and rising upon a sleek, oily sea; but again it would sink down, settling over the top, shrouding the great yard, and finally frothing over the deck until even the water alongside had vanished from their view, and they were afloat on a little wet raft in an ocean of vapour. A thin, cold rain was falling, and the archers were crowded under the shelter of the over-hanging poop and forecastle, where some spent the hours at dice, some in sleep, and many in trimming their arrows or polishing their weapons. At the farther end, seated on a barrel as a throne of honour, with trays and boxes of feathers around him, was Bar-tholomew the bowyer and fletcher, a fat, bald-headed man, whose task it was to see that every man's tackle was as it should be, and who had the privilege of selling such extras as they might need. A group of archers with their staves and quivers filed before him with complaints or requests, while half-a-dozen of the seniors gathered at his back and listened with grinning or critical faces to his comments and rebukes.

"Canst not string it?" he was saying to a young bowman. "Then surely the string is over-short or the stave over-long. It could not by chance be the fault of thy own baby arms, more fit to draw on thy hosen than to dress a war-bow. Thou lazy lurden, thus is it strung!" He seized the stave by the

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centre in his right hand, leaned the end on the inside of his right foot, and then, pulling the upper nock down with the left hand, slid the eye of the string easily into place. "Now, I pray thee to unstring it again!" said he, handing it to the bowman.

The youth, with an effort, did so, but he was too slow in disengaging his fingers, and the string, sliding down with a snap from the upper nock, caught and pinched them sorely against the stave. A roar of laughter, like the clap of a wave, swept down the deck as the luckless bowman danced and wrung his hand.

"Serve thee well right, thou redeless fool!" growled the old bowyer. "So fine a bow is wasted in such minikin hands. How now, Samkin? I can teach you little of your trade, I trow. Here is a bow dressed as it should be, but it would, as you say, be the better for a white band to mark the true nocking point in the centre of this red wrapping of silk. Leave it and I will tend to it anon. And you, Wat? A fresh head on yonder stele? Lord, that a man should carry four trades under one hat, and be bowyer, fletcher, stringer, and headmaker! Four men's work for old Bartholomew and one man's pay!"

"Nay, say no more about that," growled an old, wizened bowman, with a brown parchment skin and little beady eyes. "It is better in these days to mend a bow than to bend one. You who never looked a Frenchman in the face are pricked off for ninepence a day, and I, who have fought five stricken fields, can earn but fourpence."

"It is in my mind, John of Tuxford, that you have looked in the face more pots of mead than Frenchmen," said the old bowyer, scowling back over his shoulder. "I am swinking from dawn to night while you are guzzling in an alestake. How now, youngster? Overbowed? Put your bow in the tiller. It draws at sixty pounds—not a pennyweight too much for a man of your inches. Lay more body to it, lad, and it will come to you. If your bow be not stiff, how can you hope for a twenty-score flight? Feathers! Aye, plenty, and of the best. Here are peacock at a groat each. Surely a dandy archer like you, Tom Beverley, with gold earrings in your ears, would have no feathering but peacocks."



"THE LUCKLESS BOWMAN DANCED AND WRUNG HIS HAND."

"So the shaft fly straight I care not of the feather," said the bowman, a tall young Yorkshireman, counting out pennies on the palm of his horny hand.

"Grey goose feathers are but a farthing. These on the left are a halfpenny, for they are of the wild goose, and the second feather of a fenny goose is worth more than the pinion of a tame one. These in the brass tray are dropped feathers, and a dropped feather is better than a plucked one. Buy a score of these, lad, and cut them saddle-backed or swine-backed, the one for a dead

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shaft and the other for a smooth-flyer, so no man in the company will swing a better-fletched quiver over his shoulder."

It chanced that the opinion of the bowyer on this and other points differed from that of Long Ned of Widdington, a surly, straw-bearded Yorkshireman, who had listened with a sneering face to his counsel. Now he broke in suddenly and fiercely upon the bowyer's talk.

"You would do better to sell bows than to try to teach others how to use them," said he; "for indeed, Bartholomew, that head of thine has no more sense within it than it has hairs without. If you had drawn string for as many months as I have years you would know that a straight-cut feather flies smoother than a swine-backed, and pity it is that these young bowmen have none to teach them better."

This attack upon his professional knowledge touched the old bowyer on the raw. His fat face became suffused with blood and his eyes glared with fury as he turned upon the archer. Even the white bald pate had turned lurid and menacing.

"You seven-foot barrel of lies!" he cried. "All-Hallows be my aid, and I will teach you to open your slabbing mouth against me! Pluck forth your sword and stand out on yonder deck, that we may see who is the man of us twain. May I never twirl a shaft over my thumb-nail if I do not put Bartholomew's mark upon your thick head, though never an arm in England could cleave it."

A score of rough voices joined at once in the quarrel, some upholding the furious bowyer and others taking the part of the sneering North-countryman. A red-headed Dalesman snatched up a sword, but was felled by a blow from the fist of a Borderer. Instantly, with a buzz like a swarm of angry hornets, the bowmen were out on the deck, but ere a blow was struck Knolles was amongst them with granite face and eyes of fire.

"Stand apart, I say! I will warrant you enough fighting to cool your blood ere you see England once more. Loring, Hawthorn, cut any man down who raises his hand. Have you aught to say, you fox-haired rascal?" He thrust his face within two inches of that of the red man who had first seized his sword. The fellow shrank back cowed from his fierce eyes. "Now, stint your noise all of you, and stretch your long ears. Trumpeter, blow once more!"

A bugle-call had been sounded every quarter of an hour so as to keep in touch with the other two vessels, which were invisible in the fog. Now the high, clear note rang out once more, the call of a fierce sea-creature to its mates, but no answer came back from the thick wall which pent them in. Again and again they called, and again and again with bated breath they waited for an answer.

"Where is the shipman?" asked Knolles. "What is your name, fellow? Do you dare call yourself master-mariner?"

"My name is Nat Dennis, fair sir," said the grey-bearded old seaman. "It is thirty years since first I showed my cartel and blew trumpet for a crew at the water-gate of Southampton. If any man may call himself master-mariner, it is surely I."

"Where are our two ships?"

"Nay, sir, who can say in this fog?"

"Fellow, it was your place to hold them together."

"I have but the eyes God gave me, fair sir, and they cannot see through a cloud."

"Had it been fair, I, who am a soldier, could have kept them in company. Since it was foul we looked to you, who are called a mariner, to do so. You have not done it. You have lost two of my ships ere the venture is begun."

"Nay, fair sir, I pray you to consider——"

"Enough words!" said Knolles, sternly. "Words will not give me back my two hundred men. Unless I find them before I come to St. Malo, I swear by St. Wilfred of Ripon that it will be an evil day for you. Enough! Go forth and do what you may."

For five hours, with a light breeze behind them, they lurched through the heavy fog, the cold rain still matting their beards and shining on their faces. Sometimes they could see a circle of tossing water for a bow-shot or so in each direction, and then the wreaths would crawl in upon them once more and bank them thickly round. They had long ceased to blow the trumpet for their missing comrades, but had hopes when clear weather came to find them still in sight. By the shipman's reckoning they were now about midway between the two shores.

Nigel was leaning against the bulwarks, his thoughts away in the dingle at Cosford and out on the heather-clad slopes of Hindhead, when something struck his ear. It was a thin, clear clang of metal, pealing out high above the dull murmur of the sea, the creak of the boom, and the flap of the sail. He listened, and again it was borne to his ear, a bell-like tinkle from amid the mist.

"Hark, my lord!" said he to Sir Robert. "Is there not a sound in the fog?"

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They both listened together with sidelong heads. Then it rang clearly forth once more, but this time in another direction. It had been on the bow. Now it was on the quarter. Again it sounded—and again. Now it had moved to the other bow. Now back to the quarter again. Now it was near, and now so far that it was but a faint tinkle on the ear.

By this time every man on board—seamen, archers, and men-at-arms—were crowding the sides of the vessel. All round them there were noises in the darkness, and yet the wall of fog lay wet against their very faces. And the noises were such as were strange to their ears—always the same high musical clashing. The old shipman shook his head and crossed himself.

"In thirty years upon the waters I have never heard the like," said he. "The devil is ever loose in a fog. Well is he named the Prince of Darkness."

A wave of panic passed over the vessel, and these rough and hardy men, who feared no mortal foe, shook with terror at the shadows of their own minds. They stared into the cloud with blanched faces and fixed eyes, as though each instant some fearsome shape might break in upon them. And as they stared there came a gust of wind. For a moment the fog-bank rose and a circle of ocean lay before them.

It was covered with vessels. On all sides they lay thick upon its surface. They were great carracks, high-ended and portly, with red sides and bulwarks carved and crusted with gold. Each had one great sail set and was driving down Channel on the same course as the *Basilisk*. Their decks were thick with men, and from their high poops came the weird clashing which filled the air. For one moment they lay there, this wondrous fleet, ruddy and golden, surging slowly forward, framed in grey vapour. The next the clouds closed in and they had vanished from view. There was a long hush, and then a buzz of excited voices.

"The Spaniards!" cried a dozen bowmen and sailors.

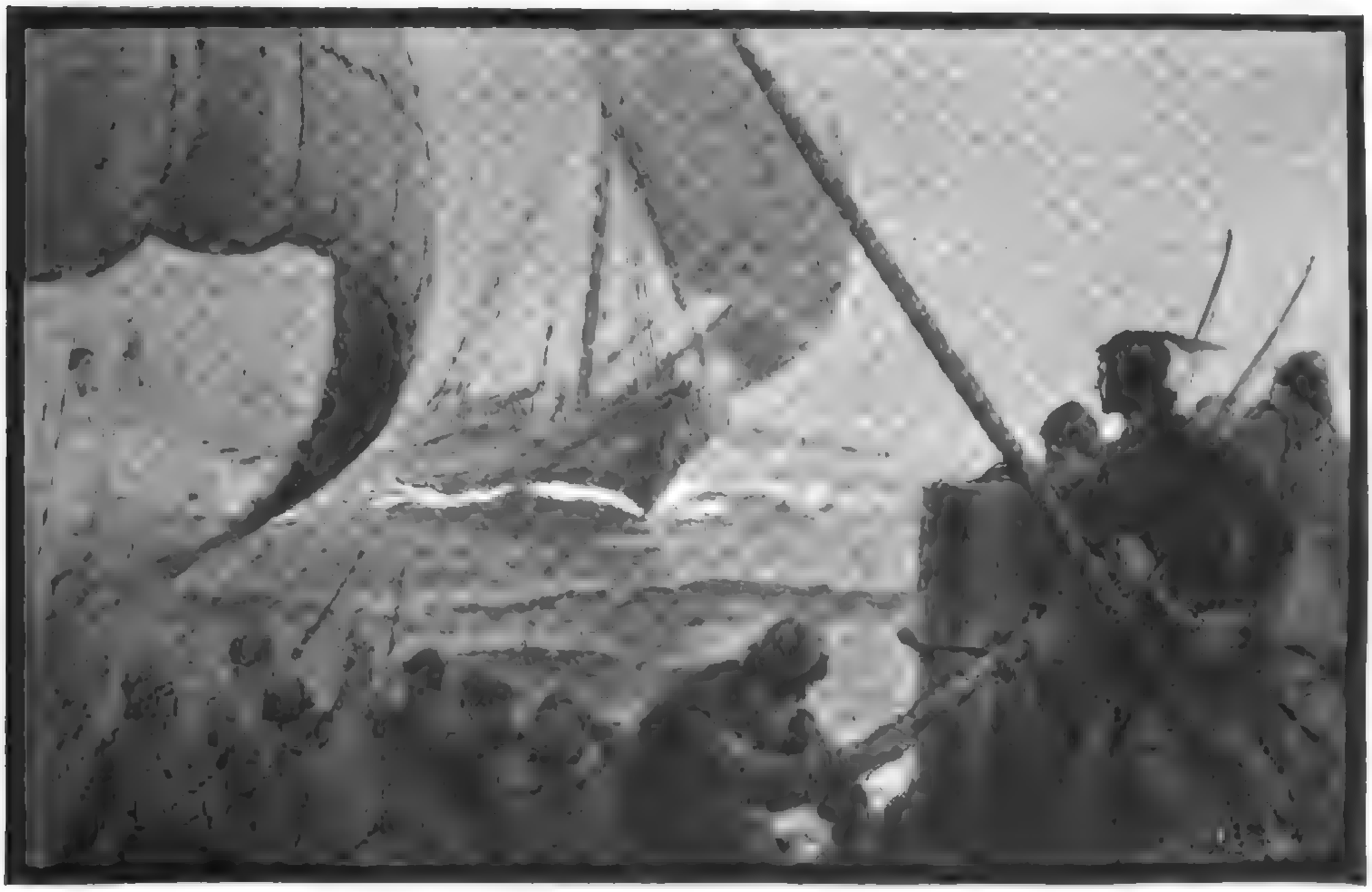
"I should have known it," said the shipman. "I call to mind on the Biscay coast how they would clash their cymbals after the fashion of the heathen Moor with whom they fight. But what would you have me do, fair sir? If the fog rises we are all dead men."

"There were thirty ships at the least," said Knolles, with a moody brow. "If we have seen them I trow that they have also seen us. They will lay us aboard."

"Nay, fair sir, it is in my mind that our ship is lighter and faster than theirs. If the fog hold another hour we should be through them."

"Stand to your arms!" yelled Knolles. "Stand to your arms! They are on us!"

The *Basilisk* had indeed been spied from the Spanish admiral's ship before the fog closed down. With so light a breeze and



"SHE HUNTED THROUGH THE FOG, AND THEN SPRANG OUT OF IT LIKE A LEAN AND STEALTHY BEAST UPON ITS PREY."

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such a fog, he could not hope to find her under sail. But by an evil chance not a bowshot from the great Spanish carrack was a low galley, thin and swift, with oars which could speed her against wind or tide. She also had seen the *Basilisk*, and it was to her that the Spanish leader shouted his orders. For a few minutes she hunted through the fog, and then sprang out of it like a lean and stealthy beast upon its prey. It was the sight of the long, dark shadow gliding after them which had brought that wild shout of alarm from the lips of the English knight. In another instant the starboard oars of the galley had been shipped, the sides of the two vessels grated together, and a stream of swarthy, red-capped Spaniards were swarming up the side of the *Basilisk* and dropping, with yells of triumph, upon her deck.

For a moment it seemed as if the vessel was captured without a blow being struck, for the men of the English ship had run wildly in all directions to look for their arms. Scores of archers might be seen under the shadow of the forecastle and the poop bending their bowstaves to string them with the cords from their waterproof cases. Others were scrambling over saddles, barrels, and cases in wild search of their quivers. Each as he came upon his arrows pulled out a few to lend to his less fortunate comrades. In mad haste the men-at-arms also were feeling and grasping in the dark corners, picking up steel caps which would not fit them, hurling them down on the deck, and snatching eagerly at any swords or spears that came their way. The centre of the ship was held by the Spaniards, and, having slain all who faced them, they were pressing up to either end before they were made to understand that it was no fat sheep, but a most fierce old wolf, which they had taken by the ears.

If the lesson was late it was the more thorough. Attacked on both sides and hopelessly outnumbered, the Spaniards, who had never doubted that this little craft was a merchant-ship, were cut off to the last man. It was no fight, but a butchery. In vain the survivors ran, screaming prayers to the saints, and threw themselves down into the galley alongside. It also had been riddled with arrows from the poop of the *Basilisk*, and both the crew on the deck and the galley-slaves in the outriggers at either side lay dead in rows under the overwhelming shower from above. From stem to rudder every foot of her was furred with arrows. It was but a floating coffin, piled with dead and dying men, which wallowed in the waves behind them as the *Basilisk* lurched onwards and left her in the fog.

In their first rush on to the *Basilisk* the Spaniards had seized six of the crew and four unarmed archers. Their throats had been cut and their bodies tossed overboard. Now the Spaniards, who littered the deck, wounded and dead, were thrust over the side in the same fashion. One ran down into the hold and had to be hunted and killed, squealing under the blows like a rat in the darkness. Within half an hour no sign was left of this grim meeting in the fog, save for the crimson splashes upon bulwarks and deck. The archers, flushed and merry, were unstringing their bows once more, for in spite of the water-glue the damp air took the strength from the cords. Some were hunting about for arrows which might have stuck inboard, and some tying up small injuries received in the scuffle. But an anxious shadow still lingered upon the face of Sir Robert, and he peered fixedly about him through the fog.

"Go among the archers, Hawthorn," said he to his squire; "charge them on their lives to make no sound! Their fools' gabble will be our undoing. You also, Loring. Go to the after-guard and say the same to them. We are lost if one of these great ships should spy us."

For an hour with bated breath they stole through the fleet, still hearing the cymbals clashing all round them, for in this way the Spaniards held themselves together. Once the wild music came from above their very prow, and so warned them to change their course. Once also a huge vessel loomed for an instant upon their quarter, but they turned two points away from her and she blurred and vanished. Soon the cymbals were but a distant tinkling, and at last they died away.

"It is none too soon," said the old shipman, pointing to a yellowish tint in the haze above them. "See yonder! It is the sun which wins through. It will be here anon. Ah! said I not so?"

A sickly sun, no larger and far dimmer than the moon, had indeed shown its face, with cloud-wreaths smoking across it. As they looked up it waxed larger and brighter before their eyes, a yellow halo spread round it, one ray broke through, and then a funnel of golden light poured down upon them, widening swiftly at the base. A minute later they were sailing on a clear blue sea with an azure, cloud-flecked sky above their heads, and such a scene beneath it as each of them would carry in his memory while memory remained.

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They were in mid-Channel. The white and green coasts of Picardy and of Kent lay clear upon either side of them. The wide Channel stretched in front, deepening from the light blue beneath their prow to purple on the far sky-line. Behind them was that thick bank of cloud from which they had just burst. It lay like a grey wall, and through it were breaking the high, shadowy forms of the ships of Spain. Four of them had already emerged, their red bodies, gilded sides, and painted sails shining gloriously in the evening sun. Every instant a fresh golden spot grew out of the fog, which blazed like a star for an instant, and then surged forward to show itself as the brazen beak of the great red vessel which bore it. Looking back, the whole bank of cloud was broken by the widespread line of noble ships which were bursting through it, The *Basilisk* lay a mile or more in front of them, and two miles clear of their wing. Five miles farther off, in the direction of the French coast, two other small ships were running down Channel. A cry of joy from Robert Knolles and a hearty prayer of gratitude to the saints from the old shipman hailed them as their missing consorts, the cog *Thomas* and the *Grace-Dieu*.

But fair as was the view of their lost friends and wondrous the appearance of the Spanish ships, it was not on those that the eyes of the men of the *Basilisk* were chiefly bent. A greater sight lay before them—a sight which brought them clustering to the forecastle with eager eyes and pointing fingers. The English fleet was coming forth from the Winchelsea coast. Already before the fog lifted a fast galeasse had brought the news down Channel that the Spanish were on the sea, and the King's fleet was under way. Now their long array of sails, gay with the coats and colours of the towns which had furnished them, lay bright against the Kentish coast from Dungeness Point to Rye. Nine-and-twenty ships were there from Southampton, Shoreham, Winchelsea, Hastings, Rye, Hythe, Romney, Folkestone, Deal, Dover, and Sandwich. With their great sails slued round to catch the wind they ran out, whilst the Spanish, like the gallant foes that they have ever been, turned their heads landwards to meet them. With flaunting banners and painted sails, blaring trumpets and clashing cymbals, the two glittering fleets, dipping and rising on the long Channel swell, drew slowly together.



"THE TWO GLITTERING FLEETS, DIPPING AND RISING ON THE LONG CHANNEL SWELL, DREW SLOWLY TOGETHER."

(To be continued.)

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"My Best Picture."

BY THE MOST EMINENT ITALIAN PAINTERS.

By Adrian Margaux.

"ITALY," said Edmond About, the French critic, "is the tomb of art"; and in relationship to its great past there is a certain justification for the saying. But since M. About thus pronounced judgment upon them there has been an awakening among the Italian artists, and there is now probably much more of an original talent and national spirit to be found among them than was the case half a century ago. The painters of Florence, Naples, Venice, and, to a lesser extent, of Rome, Milan, and Turin, are eagerly competing with each other in the production of work which, if it may not be compared with that of the great Italian masters, should at least take some place among the contemporary art of Europe.

Foremost among these painters for original power is Plinio Nomellini. Nomellini is not now an inhabitant of either of the great cities just mentioned, although he has studied his art in more than one of them. He resides in the ancient town of Lucca, and in his earlier years found many subjects for his brush among the picturesque Tuscan villages in its vicinity. Of later years he has found his true bent in partly imaginative and somewhat mystical themes, of which the picture, "The Passing of the Nameless," is reproduced here as being in his own opinion his best example. There is a touch of true artistic inspiration about this conception of the obscure horde of mankind passing into the unknown, "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

"I am neither a symbolist nor a decadent," says Signor Nomellini, in speaking of this



"THE PASSING OF THE NAMELESS." By PLINIO NOMELLINI.

Selected by the Artist as his Best Picture.

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"THE TARANTELLA." By EDUARDO DALBONO.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

work, "but I like to portray abstract ideas and call to mind the mystic, which is not of passing significance, but eternal, because human."

Signor Nomellini has been exhibiting at the Italian galleries since 1886, but, as I have said, it is only recently that he has deserted the beaten track of familiar scenes and sentiments. As the work of a man still in the prime of life, "The Passing of the Nameless" gives promise of that which may yet achieve a European reputation.

In some measure this European reputation has been achieved by Eduardo Dalbono, of Naples. At any rate, his pictures of Neapolitan life and character have become well known to a wide circle of admirers through Goupil's reproductions in Paris, more particularly "Love from a Balcony." "The Tarantella," which Signor Dalbono has selected as his best work, does not depict the wondrous street architecture of Naples; the scene, indeed, is such as may be witnessed in any part of Southern Italy, where the dance is still very popular. But there can be no doubt that it was in the streets of the city that the painter found the models for the group of graceful, dark-skinned figures.

Dalbono, who was born in Naples in 1843, was something of a youthful prodigy. At the age of nine he painted an historical picture which was successfully exhibited in his native city—"St. Louis Administering Justice Under the Oak Trees of Vincennes." Four years later he took part in a municipal competition with a picture, "Manfred Excommunicated," which would have been awarded a prize but for the incredulity of the judges, who would not be convinced that such a work could have been produced by a lad of thirteen. His father and mother were most sympathetic with his ambition, and he was sent to Rome for the best tuition which the Italian capital could then provide. After spending a year or two in the studio of Marchetti he returned to Naples, and there he has lived and worked ever since, with the exception of two or three years in Paris. Dalbono has for his native city a love as strong as that which most men have for their native country. It is to him the earthly paradise, containing all that a painter can desire in colour and form and beauty.

Another name in Italian contemporary art, Frederic Andreotti, is well known over a large part of the Continent, although its fame has hardly yet reached England. His art is somewhat of the conventional order, against which his younger countrymen, such as Nomellini, are in open revolt, but its un-

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"A CONCERT IN THE PARK."

By FREDERIC ANDREOTTI.

Selected by the Artist as one of his Best Pictures.

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deniable graceful qualities have won it a large amount of popular appreciation. When I asked Andreotti to nominate his best picture he hesitated between "A Concert in the Park" and "The Rivals," either of which would give a good idea of the dainty prettiness in which this Florentine painter excels.

"A Concert in the Park" is really an attempt to realize the scene presented by the garden of the Villa Medici at Rome during the time when this historical building was at the height of its glory. The gay costumes of the Renaissance ladies and gentlemen, together with the stately architecture of the Villa and the soft verdure of the garden, combine to give us as pleasing an impression



"A WET DAY AT ST. MARK'S PIAZZA, VENICE." By PIETRO FRAGIACOMO.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

of medieval life as it is possible for a modern painter to accomplish. Signor Andreotti has made a special study of the Renaissance period, and every detail in this picture is, I believe, historically accurate. This and other works of a similar kind brought him much into favour as a decorative artist, and he has executed numerous frescoes for the internal adornment of houses whose owners have had them designed in the Renaissance style. In the fair city of Florence, where the artist has his home, there is, it need hardly be said, an amplitude of models, in still-life and otherwise, for his assistance in painting the times of Dante and Beatrice.

Italy is the land of sunshine, but it is not in the sunshine that all her artists of to-day prefer to paint her beauties. There is a school which has the fondest eyes for the darkening clouds which, even in Italy, sometimes eclipse the brightest of days, and as a representative of this school Pietro Fragiacomo must be given a place in this article. The picture by which he has chosen to be represented is admirably typical of this phase of Italian art, having for its subject the famous Piazza of St. Mark, at Venice, under the unusual aspect given to it by a grey sky and a misty atmosphere.

Fragiacomo is a native of Venice, and all his best pictures are of Venice and its vicinity. At the Paris Exhibition of 1900 he was represented by several works, and at Venice he won the one thousand pounds prize with a picture bearing the significant title, "Sadness." But if the sun attracts him not the moon has a great fascination for his brush, and his sketches of the lagoons are much in favour with Italian connoisseurs. One of them, called "Peace"—a little boat on a moonlit stream—hangs in the King's villa at Monza.

Historical subjects are not much in favour with Italian artists, and Tito Lessi, of Florence, is the best known of the few who have attempted ambitious pictures of this kind. The best of these in the artist's own opinion is "Toscanelli Receiving the Portuguese Ambassadors." The incident is not familiar, perhaps, to English readers, but it is one which gives plenty of scope to the figure-painter.

Paul del Pozzo Toscanelli (1397-1482)

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was a distinguished physician of Florence, whose leisure was employed in the study of geography, astronomy, navigation, and kindred subjects. About the middle of the fifteenth century conjecture and speculation were already rife, resulting from various suggestive circumstances which mariners had recorded, as to the existence of another great continent in the Far West, and Toscanelli, in maps and charts, gave definite form to such conjecture and speculation. A keen interest and derived much encouragement in the pursuit of his great design from conversations with the learned physician and cosmographer.

The painter of this fine picture, which was first exhibited in 1903, has the Florentine's pride in the fame of Toscanelli. For some years he resided in Paris, studying there the work of the great French historical painters, like Delaroche and Laurens, and gathering strength for such a picture. Signor Lessi is now settled again in Florence, an honoured



"TOSCANELLI RECEIVING THE PORTUGUESE AMBASSADORS." By TITO LESSI.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

in the subject was taken by Alfonso V. of Portugal, and he, in 1459, dispatched emissaries to Florence in order that they might learn from Toscanelli's own lips the knowledge on which he based his suppositions. Toscanelli received them kindly, and is shown by the artist expounding to his illustrious visitors, with the aid of maps and volumes, the reasons for his faith in the existence of the New World. King Alfonso probably had some design of endeavouring to secure for his country the glory which was afterwards gained by Spain, but the report with which his ambassadors returned to Lisbon does not appear to have had any result in action. Fifteen years later, however, Columbus himself visited Florence,

figure among the artists who have their studios in the Piazza Donatello.

Considering the extent of Italy's coast and the glory of her naval history, it is surprising that marine painting should be so little cultivated in the art of to-day. Among the few successful painters of the sea is Giorgio Belloni, who has selected for this article a picture of the Gulf of Genoa on a bright, sunny day. Belloni paints landscape almost as well as the sea, and this picture, including, as it does, a long stretch of the coast, may be said to represent both branches of his art —which was evidently one of the reasons why it was chosen as his best picture.

Signor Belloni resided at one time in

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"A SUNNY SEA IN THE GULF OF GENOA." By GIORGIO BELLONI.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

Verona, but is now settled in Milan. Both cities are not a great distance from the coast, but until he left Verona for Milan in 1894 the artist had never seen the sea. The result of his first visit to its shores was the production of a picture called simply "The Sea," which won high praise at the next Milan Triennial Exhibition, and since that time he has had a growing reputation as a marine artist.

"A Child of Milan" is the title I have ventured to give to the portrait which is reproduced here as Signor Paolo Sala's best picture. But it must be admitted that there is nothing distinctively Italian about the pretty, fair-haired little girl whom the artist has painted; both her countenance and her costume might equally well have been English. But in North Italy, it is to be remembered, the air is often keen, and the warm muff and cloak that the child wears will be very suitable to the climate. Signor Sala, it will not be unjustly inferred, admires the English type of beauty,* and prefers the blonde to the brunette more commonly found in Southern Italy.



"A CHILD OF MILAN." By PAOLO SALA.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

Signor Sala is much in favour, I believe, among the Milanese as a portrait-painter, but he is more widely known for his street scenes. Exhibiting his first picture in 1881, he has worked in various spheres of art, but in none with so much distinction. In quest of subjects he has visited London among other large cities, and his "Hyde Park on a Rainy Day" has been a noted picture at more than one exhibition.

During the time this article was being prepared one of the leading Turin artists, Celestino Gilardi, fell ill and died. On her father's behalf, however, Signorina Gilardi was able to answer my question as to

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"OUR TURN TO-MORROW." By CELESTINO GILARDI.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

which was his favourite picture. The old man—the artist was in his seventieth year—had no doubt upon the subject. "Hodie tibi, cras mihi"—which I have freely translated as "Our Turn To-morrow"—was the picture by which in 1884 he became famous. It was bought by no less a personage than King Humbert, and, now hanging in the Turin Municipal Gallery, it remains the most celebrated of all his pictures. As a study in the physiognomy of old men, such as recalls the work of Professor Herkomer, it probably has no rival in contemporary Italian art.

The picture to which Signor Gilardi so happily applied the Latin phrase represents some of the inhabitants of a charitable home for aged men who are taking part in the church service at the funeral of a comrade. Every face has its own distinctive individuality, but the thought dominating all—with the possible exception of the youngest brother, who is suppressing a yawn—is evidently the same: "It is my comrade's turn this year, but it may be mine next year."

Signor Gilardi painted several sequels to the picture, the most successful of which—



"IN TUSCANY." By LUIGI GIOLI.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

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"A Fête Day," showing the old men at the home making holiday—was exhibited in Paris. By the younger Italian artists of to-day Gilardi was regarded as somewhat out of date and old-fashioned, but all would be ready to acknowledge the great merit of his masterpiece.

"The Italian Sidney Cooper" is the description which might be applied to Signor Luigi Gioli, of Florence. He has devoted himself to the painting of landscape and cattle with a concentration which is very rare among his fellow-countrymen. The Maremma, a marshy district in Tuscany, has been his favourite sketching-ground, and it was in this district, near the little town of Volterra, that he painted the subject chosen by him as the best example of his art.

It was in this district, too—at Cascine, near Pisa—that the artist was born and spent his early life. He was destined for the law, and for some years studied at the Pisa University. But his love of country rambles with his sketch-book seriously interfered with assiduous attention to his legal practice, and he eventually abandoned the office for the studio. Signor Gioli's first pictures, "Animals Drinking" and "Cattle Fair in the Hills," were exhibited at the Milan Exhibition in 1881, and since that time he has been regularly represented with similar subjects at the chief exhibitions held in Italy.

The most popular of the pictures of Augusto Corelli, one of the leading Roman artists, is undoubtedly "Poor Mary." This work has won several medals in Europe and America and has been extensively reproduced in engraving and photography. But, although the most successful, it is not the artist's favourite picture. "The Festival of Flowers" has a larger place in his own affections.

On this canvas Signor Corelli has depicted a most picturesque scene which takes place every year at some time during the month of May in the villages on the slopes of the Apennines. The festival, although essentially religious in character, would seem to have some resemblance to our own ancient celebrations of May Day, the foremost figure in the picture being the village beauty, who is honoured as "Queen of the Flowers." She is at the head of a procession of girls, similarly bedecked with flowers and having in their centre, borne aloft by the village priest, an effigy of the Virgin Mary.



"THE FESTIVAL OF FLOWERS." By AUGUSTO CORELLI.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

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On the Bottom of the Dory.

By James B. Connolly.

THERE was constraint between the men, else it would never have happened. Martin, hauling the heavily-loaded trawl over the girdy in the bow, could hardly have been expected to avert it, but ready to Harry's hand was the oar in the becket placed there exactly for such a possibility. A quick flirt of a strong wrist and, bow-on or stern-to, she could have safely ridden out the sea. But Harry was not able or prepared for it. Even after Martin had called "Watch out for the next one!" he was slow to move. Something must have been on his mind.

So, exultingly, the oncoming sea picked her up and tossed her, and far out were cast the men. "Keep clear of the trawl!" warned Martin, when he knew she was going, and instinctively pulled loose the thwart as she went.

When Martin came to the surface the dory lay bottom-up, perhaps thirty feet away, and between him and the dory was Harry, struggling heavily. "Take the thwart," said Martin, and tossed it to him. "And here," picking up the empty trawl-tub from beside him in the sea and casting that also to Harry, although with each effort he pushed himself under water and came up gasping; and yet a light matter that to him, who was a swimmer beyond the average, and who now, weighted down though he was with heavy winter clothing, jack-boots, and oilskins, had but little fear of reaching the dory.

Between tub and thwart the weaker man rested himself until Martin made the dory, when, taking a turn around one elbow of the painter which Martin cast him, he allowed himself to be drawn carefully alongside, and being by then pretty well exhausted he accepted Martin's further help to climb up on the bottom of the dory.

"And now take the plug-strap," said Martin, and in his voice was just a note of contempt.



"THE ONCOMING SEA PICKED HER UP AND TOSSED HER."

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And there they clung on, Harry hanging safely to the plug-strap, while Martin balanced himself with wide-spread arms and legs straddling the narrow bottom of the dory's bow. Two hours they clung so, and still the fog held; and then the snow began to fall. Only once did it break, and then only as if to make a lane through which they might see the sun sinking in the west. And with that sun went down much of their hope, though Martin would never have confessed it aloud.

"One good thing, we're sure of the points of the compass, anyway, now. 'Tis a north-easter, and 'twill hang on till morning, surely."

"I'll never live till morning," said Harry, "even if I could hang on that long."

The consuming pity that glowed in Martin for all weak creatures dulled for a moment to the old ashes of contempt, though his "No, I don't think you could," was more by way of prodding the creature to at least a show of courage.

Bo o-o-m!

"There goes the skipper with that old-fashioned fog-gun of his." Martin raised himself on an elbow as if to catch an echo. "She'll still be at anchor, and in the same spot. That's good."

"The vessel!" exclaimed Harry, and began to call wildly: "Hi-i! the *Ariadne!*"

"You might save your breath," suggested Martin, and again his scorn betrayed itself, "for she must be a mile to wind'ard of us."

It was not yet too dark for Martin to observe the expression of despair overcasting Harry's face. And dwelling on it all—the man's weakness, more of temperament than of intention—disdain again crumbled before pity. "Cheer up, boy; cheer up. 'Tis a deep sounding yet to bottom."

"Why, have you any notion we c'n save ourselves?"

"Oh, I don't know; a way will turn up, maybe."

"No, no; how can we? What's there for us to do if she can't hear us? She surely won't break out her anchor and begin to cruise 'round looking for us for a long while yet, not till morning, anyway, for the very fear that we too might be looking for the vessel. And they couldn't have seen us when we capsized, could they?"

Dryly Martin spat out on the sea. "If we couldn't see them in the fog, a big vessel and high rigging, 'tisn't likely they could see us, a little dory flat out on the water."

"I thought not." Despair again spoke in the falling tone.

"Man, man, spare your lips if they won't shape o' themselves to a little word of courage. I didn't say there warn't any hope."

Bo-o-o m! came over the darkening waters.

"Like a word from home, that old fog-gun, isn't it?" Martin had made his way along the dory's bottom until now he lay beside his mate. Possibly for five minutes he lay so, gazing out thoughtfully along the broken level of the heaving sea. "Aye, there is a chance." The meditating pauses gave way then to more incisive speech. "Help me get off my oilskins. One hand at a time, and between us we can do it. And don't be so everlastingly afraid you'll fall overboard. There—there's the oil-jacket. Now the boots. Let 'em go. 'Tis no time now for economy—better them than us. Now the oil-pants. There—the clothes'll come easier. Confound these wet under-clothes; they're like another skin, aren't they? There now," and he stood up on the bottom of the dory, swaying easily to the upheave of it. "Br-h-h, but the air's cold! The water's warmer." And, dropping down by the bow, he immersed himself to the neck.

"What you going to do, Martin? Not swim to the vessel?"

"I was thinking of it."

"Why, whoever heard of such a thing? You'll never make it."

"No? And what then? Will I be any worse off than you here? There's no chance for us to be picked off to-night, and the skipper won't shift his berth to-night, for the very reason you said yourself—he'll think we're looking for the vessel. And so he'll wait where we can find him, as he'll think. So, even if it clears up to-night, which it won't, he can't see us, and so no chance for us before morning. And you can't last till then, you say. And there's one chance for me to make the vessel. Straight up the wind she lies, maybe three-quarters of a mile, maybe a mile."

"K-k-k—and if you don't? Like a speck you'll be on the wide ocean, tossed around in the sea and pushed back on the tides, till you're used up, and then——"

"Save your pity of me, boy. I'll not suffer like you here. I'll wear my body out, that's true. But no long fear to wear my mind out. I've known them that went crazy in straying dories, and we're not only astray but upset. I'll fight till I'm used up, and then, before I know it, I'll sink away like a child to sleep and 'twill be all over, and I'll be gone where I expected to be gone before this—where I surely expect to go some day."

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"Oh, don't talk like that! But, Martin, if you do make it? Just think, you might make it; you don't know your own strength. It's common talk, Martin, your strength. Will you come back to me?"

Martin cast the other's imploring arm from him. "Come back? Man, for what do you take me? Come back?"

"What do you mean by that, Martin? You will or you won't? Oh, Martin, I know what's in your mind. And I know what that'll mean to me. Before morning I'll be standing before my Maker, and, Martin, I'm afraid. Martin, did Malachi ever hint to you of anything between me and you and Sarah? Aye, he has. I know he has. Malachi never did like me much, but since we've left on this trip he's hated me. He drew part of it out of me one night on deck, and I remember how afraid I was to pass between him and the rail for fear he'd take it into his head to throw me overboard. And he would, if he made up his mind to it, and no fear he wouldn't sleep sound after it. A terrible man, Malachi Jennings, and hates me. Ever since he saw me at Sarah's house before we left home this trip, while he was on his way to the dock to go aboard the vessel, he's had a grudge in for me. And that's what's between you and me, though neither of us has spoke of it all this trip. Dory-mates are we, and yet like strangers. Martin, I'll tell you the whole truth. Sarah had promised to have me—in a way. At first she said that she couldn't make up her mind; but next trip in, she said at last, she'd have me if—if——"

"If what?" The naked man in the water rose up beside the other, his shoulders and back uncannily white against the dark sea, and the face white—all white but the staring dark eyes.

Harry drew back in alarm. "Don't look at me so, Martin—don't! She said yes—if she weren't promised to somebody else before the vessel went out."

"If she warn't—to somebody else." Martin repeated it slowly. "And," after a pause—"and she wasn't either."

"Why, no. It couldn't been plainer, of course. She was expecting you'd ask her before we went out this trip. And I thought you would. And I knew you would if I hadn't been there, and so I took care you'd see me at the window as you crossed the street to come up to the door, and I laughing so you didn't come in, but went on by, and she sitting in back couldn't see how it was."

"And she promised you?"

"Well, the same as that. 'If I'm not promised to anybody else when next you're home—if I'm not, I'll marry you,' she'd already said, not knowing that you had come to the door and gone away without ringing."

The white body sank into the water, and like a strange voice the words came back to the man at the plug-strap. "You see our chance—the tide is almost slack now. In an hour now 'twill be setting to the south-west, and the westerly tide at its height is here like a mill race—'twill carry you and the dory out of sight long before morning. But in the next hour or two you won't drift far from here, and I'll try and make the vessel. If I do I'll be back with a dory, and we'll find you, don't fear. And don't get discouraged if I'm gone longer than you think I ought to be. I may not make the straightest course for the vessel, for, after all, she's a small speck for a man to be scanning the wide ocean for on a dark winter's night, and a man's head so low when swimming that he can't see too far. But they're keeping the fog-gun going—there it is again, but fainter, which means that we're farther away than we were. They'll keep it going all night. Malachi would stay awake a week to do that for me if there warn't another soul aboard her. Malachi and me—we like each other pretty well, and I hate to think of leaving him. But I'm going; and, in case we never see each other again, good-bye to you."

With a great fear Harry saw the wide shoulders slip away from his side. From the level of the dory's bottom he gazed along the sea, till he could no longer see the gleam of the white skin. He listened, and faintly he could hear the strokes of arms and legs kicking through the water.

Suddenly it flashed on him—it was all a trick! Why hadn't he thought of it before? Martin, a mighty man in the water, would make the vessel. And Martin would not come back. And why? Because he, and not Martin, had her promise. That was why. She would never go back on her word—not while he held her to it. But if he were lost, how easy it would all be for Martin! And for her, with Martin, there would be small regret for his own self dead and gone.

"Martin! Martin Carr!" he shrieked. "Don't leave me! Don't leave me here alone!"

But no word came back to him; he could not even hear the steady, powerful strokes of Martin Carr struggling with the heavy waves. Now and again the swimmer lifted his head and sought to pierce the darkness, but even

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"FROM THE LEVEL OF THE DORY'S BOTTOM HE GAZED ALONG THE SEA."

from the crest of the rolling seas he doubted if he could have made out the vessel ten feet away. Rather to rest himself than for any other purpose were those little pauses—'twas a long road before him.

Onward he strove. In smooth water or on a clear night he would have had but small doubt of the outcome. Straight for her light he would steer then—it would mean only lasting it out. Even if he were hours on his quest he would have made it in any kind of light, but now there was only instinct for his course, and the chill of the water was numbing his muscles, even as the over-roll of the waves, which he could not always forecast, sometimes caught him unawares and took his breath away. It was hard telling at times whether he was going ahead at all. Once he looked back to see if he might make out the dory and thereby judge of his course, but in a moment he realized how foolish that was. Certainly his judgment was no longer sound, which meant that his strength, like the tide, must be ebbing. And recalling the man on the dory's bottom, "Confound him! He's no good—he never was; and for myself I could've hung on till morning—yes, and a lot longer—but now I'm in for it."

He battled on, and found his brain was not altogether dulled. All the tales he had ever heard of men lost in fog and snow came back to him; all the men that ever went astray in dories and were found later, dead from hunger or exhaustion, or, it might be, frozen stiff, recurred vividly to him. And that man back there, what if he were——Yet he was worth no better—and a good woman to have him, and Sarah, above all women! Faugh! What was right—that he should return and get him? Would he, if it was the other way about, come back for him, Martin Carr? Would he? Martin laughed aloud to think of it, even as he struggled.

Bo-o-o-m! At the report fresh courage came back to him. It seemed nearer. A long battling and it sounded again. Bo-o-o-m! Again—but what a long wait between! Martin could barely lift his arms through the sea, he was that tired, and began to realize that the end might be at hand, and with the thought all the stories he had ever heard of men drowning alongside the vessel flashed into his brain again.

Bo-o-o-m!

"What an everlastingly mournful sound! Like minute-guns for the dead."

Bo-o-o-m!

"Fainter, that's sure. I'm falling off. You've got to bid higher up, Martin Carr."

Bo-o-o-m!

"Nearer, but no time yet to waste breath in hailing."

Bo-o-o-m!

Still faint it was, and yet from out of the

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snow loomed phantom lights and high, vague shadows of phantom sails.

Boom! The flash of it was almost blinding, and the shock enough to deafen. No phantom gun, anyway. "Ah! I must be *some* tired," he observed; "so near and not to suspect it," and, lifting a hand, he felt the side of the vessel. But there was nothing to hold to, and the sea threatened to throw him against her planking. Patiently he shoved off and made for the bow. And not till then, with a hand to her straining cable, did he hail.

To Malachi Jennings on watch, and somewhat worn with anxiety, came the first faint call. "Spooks!" he muttered. "Spooks from out the black sea—if a man believed in spooks."

"Hi-i! the *Ariadne!*" A stronger hail, for to Martin by then the breath was returning.

"No spook that," exclaimed Malachi, and looked about uncertainly. "Where away the dory?" he shouted.

"No dory, Malachi, but a tired man wants a hand!"

"Martin, by thunder!" and leaped for the knight-heads, and there found him, by now clinging to the bobstay. Over the bow dropped Malachi. "A ghost, Martin, I thought it was first," but no further babbling before he took a turn of the line about the white, naked body, and directly had him on board.

"Where's Harry? Glory be; Heaven forgive me for saying it—but is he gone?"

"No; but waiting, Malachi."

"Waiting? For who? For what?"

"For a dory to be put over and pick him off. He's lying so," Martin's arm pointed, "a good mile—ten miles I thought it one time. But call it a mile straight down the wind."

"And would you go back for him—for that chalk-and-water image of a human being? Why, man, it's all in your hands now. Leave him there."

"No, no, no, Malachi; we must do what's right."

"And what's right in this case? A creature like him to be placed ahead of you? He never was any good nor never will be, while you—— Man, leave this to me. Sometimes disillusioned men like me win hope of Heaven by watching out for over-trustful men like you, Martin."

Footsteps hurried toward them. The skipper's face broke into the yellow circle of the riding light. "What's it, Malachi? And what's that—a man?"

"It's Martin, skipper. His dory's capsized and he's swum aboard."

"Man alive, how did you? And where's Harry?"

"Gone, Martin thinks, skipper"; and, to the tired man, whispering, "Hist now, leave it to me"; and, turning to the argumenting group on deck, "Quit asking him questions and give him a mug of coffee."

"Sure, a mug of coffee—this way, Martin," and helped him below.

Into the fo'c's'le Martin staggered, and, his nakedness covered, dropped on the locker nearest the galley-stove, and drank the mug of coffee they brought him. Before he had quite finished they poured him out another, and sat around and discussed the fate of Martin's dory-mate.

"So Harry is gone? Well, that's hard, too."

"Yes, though I never could warm up to him; but when a man's lost it's different."

"Poor Harry! Well, there was a bit of good in him, too. And lost at last!"

Martin had been coming out of his stupor. He gazed from one to the other. "Who's lost? Harry? Who said he was lost—me? No, no—I tell you, man, no!"

"What, he's not? Not lost you say, Martin?" It was the skipper himself who grasped his arm.

"No, no, no! Over with a dory and put her straight for where I said and you'll get him. And keep the gun going all the time, never a let-up; play tunes with it. By that he'll know I'm aboard, and 'twill cheer him up while he's waiting. Over with a dory—quick!"

The skipper jumped for the companion-way. "Sling a dory over the side."

"Aye, go straight dŏwn the——" but, the reaction setting in, he leaned back with closed eyes.

"That's enough, Martin." Malachi was beside him on the locker. "You're tired, man; turn in. You told me how the dory bore. I'm going in her with the skipper and we'll get him."

Martin gazed after the retreating boot-legs of Malachi, and, rubbing his forehead and turning to the cook, "What was it he said?"

The cook jumped to his side. "Martin, man, you're all gone. There, you're staggering again. Another mug of coffee now. And here, tumble into this bunk."

The creak of the rope and block came down to them from the deck. Martin, about to roll into the seductive bunk, hesitated, turned out on to the locker, and, gazing up

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"HE DRANK THE MUG OF COFFEE THEY BROUGHT HIM."

the companion-way, asked, "Isn't that the dory?"

"Sure." The sound of a splash on the water came down to them. "There, she's over the side, Martin. Don't worry; they'll get him, the skipper and Malachi."

"Malachi? Let me by. Stand aside—aside, man!"

"Steady, Martin. You're weak; lie down."

"Weak?" He tossed the cook to the fore-bulkhead and rushed on deck. Malachi was pushing the dory from the side of the vessel. "To wind'ard, skipper," he was saying. "Straight up the wind, Martin said."

"No, but to le'ward, skipper, straight down the wind—and, to make sure, I'll go myself," and Martin leaped from rail to dory.

"Thunderation!" snapped Malachi, "he's ruined the whole thing!"

"What's that?" The skipper half turned on his thwart. "What's ruined?"

"My pipe. I bit the stem of it off between my teeth."

"H'm! no wonder, and the way you snap those jaws of yours at times. But give way now, give way. Straight down the wind you said, Martin? Lord, but it's good to think I'll not sail into Gloucester with a half-masted flag this time."

Suddenly, he and the skipper rowing and Martin huddled in the stern, Malachi almost let an oar slip from between the thole-pins in an unconscious effort to slap his thighs as the thought came to him, and "I'll fix him yet," he gritted.

"What's the matter with you?" The skipper, half turning again, spat it out impatiently.

As if in warning the drowsy voice of Martin came from the stern: "Fair play for him, Malachi, fair play."

Straight down the wind they found the dory, with Harry still hailing feebly from the bottom of it. They bore down with great caution, and when they were all but within reach, Malachi, who had the bow thwart, in with his oars. "I suppose, skipper, with Martin so weak he can hardly help himself, I'd better lift Harry in. So, if you'll lean up to wind'ard, for in this sea a man being lifted over the gunnel is no small matter, I'll make ready to get him in."

"That's right, Malachi, go ahead." And the skipper hung up on windward side as directed.

"And now"—Malachi leaned over the gunnel nearest the overturned dory—"now you'll have to jump into the sea, Harry—we daren't come nearer. Jump for me and I'll get you—it's only one plunge."

"Malachi"—the drowsy voice of Martin came from the stern—"careful, Malachi."

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"Oh, leave him to me, Martin! And now, Harry," his voice lifting, "come on."

"I'm afraid. Can't you get me, skipper?"

"Come on, man, jump for Malachi. We want to be getting back to the vessel."

"You hear what the skipper says?" Malachi's eyes fixed themselves on the shrinking man in the gloom. "You hear him? Well, come on."

Over plunged the shivering man. One scoop, and Malachi, reaching far out, with one long arm drew him under the flare of the dory's bow.

"Safe!" gurgled Harry.

"D'ye think so?" gritted Malachi. "Do you feel it—my thumb to your wind-pipe? I'll fix you yet. Say it, say it—quick, now, when I slack up."

"Y-yes, yes!"

"You'll tell the story of this night to Sarah? Say it!"

"I will—lift me in—g-g—I'm going! I promise—so help me—g-g——!"

"That's it! And to see you do it right—that's if you have the face to go back and see her again after what Martin did for you last night—I'll be there when you tell her; for, perish your shivering body, I wouldn't trust you even now! And after you've told it I know what you'll get——"

"What's wrong there, Malachi? Can't you lift him in alone?"

"Lift him? That periwinkle! Man alive——" Malachi heaved mightily, one long wrench, and from the clinging sea he tossed him into the bottom of the dory. "Like a fresh-caught halibut, ain't he, skipper? Only, to carry out the likeness, I suppose I ought to hit him on the nose with a gobstick before I let him in."

"Quit your foolin', Malachi—you did a good job, though."

"Ho! ho! that's it—a good job, skipper. Yes, sir, if I do say it myself—a better job than you or even Martin there thinks," and loudly he laughed.

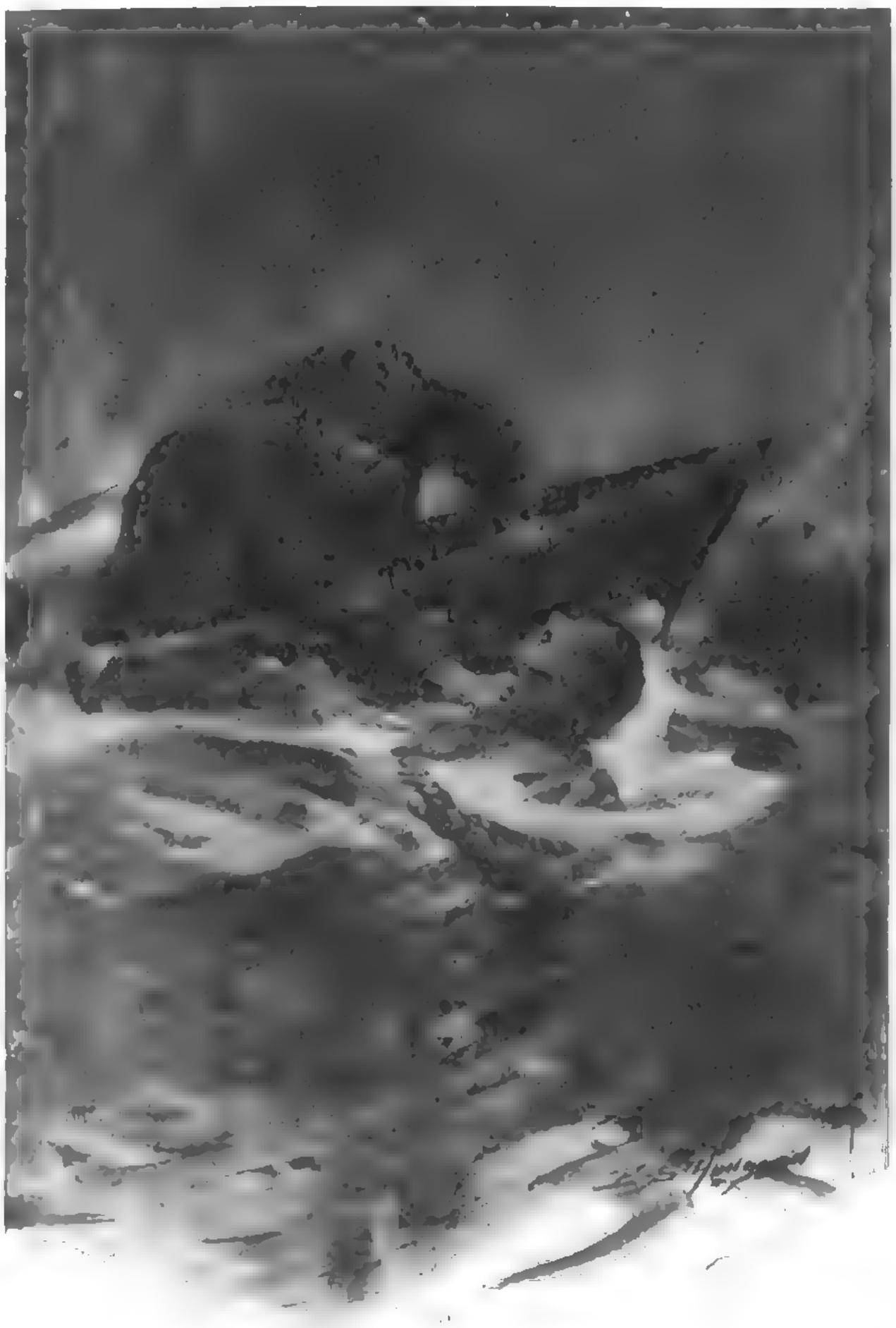
"Stop your foolishness and give way."

"Sure, skipper, way it is. But did you ever hear, skipper?" And loudly he sang:—

"Oh, the gods looked down and the gods decreed
That if ever a good man stood in need
They'd send a bolt from out the sky,
And the bolt they sent, O Lord, was I.

Ho, ho! Ain't that a good one, Harry, boy? Hah, what?"

But the rescued man only shivered in the bottom of the dory.



"MALACHI, REACHING FAR OUT, WITH ONE LONG ARM DREW HIM UNDER THE FLARE OF THE DORY'S BOW."

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Charles Dickens's Railway Accident.

AS DESCRIBED BY HIMSELF, AND ILLUSTRATED BY ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

By B. K. Field.

ON the 9th June, 1865, just forty-one years ago, an accident which was remarkable for two reasons occurred to a train at a bridge about two miles from Staplehurst Station, on the South-Eastern Railway.

In that train Charles Dickens was travelling, was in the only carriage that was not badly damaged, and was one of the very few uninjured, enabling him—as would seem natural in such a man—to be of very great help and comfort to those other unfortunates who, owing to the light construction of the rolling-stock of those days, were in some cases almost knotted into the tangled wreck of the unlucky train.

And now, before going on to his own description of the accident, let us explain the very simple, everyday incident which turned a train to matchwood, and killed ten people and injured fifty-two out of a total of one hundred and ten. All the carriages were first-class, second-class tickets being issued only for gentlemen's servants, who nevertheless travelled in first-class compartments. In those days the afternoon boat train from Folkestone to London was known as the "Tidal"—a nickname still used by the railway people for the corresponding train of the present day—for the reason that the running of the train depended on the arrival of the boat, and that on the latter's departure from Boulogne Harbour, which a formidable bar, dredged away some twenty years ago, prevented except at high tide. Thus the train ran at times varying about fifty minutes from day to day, later and later, and the service time-tables were issued every week showing when the train was due to pass the various stations, signal-boxes, etc., along the line. As may be seen from the accompanying photographs, Staplehurst Bridge was made of low cast-iron girders, resting on dwarf brick piers, the girders carrying the sleepers and those the rails. This year the original girders have been replaced by steel-plate spans, but the bridge retains still the same appearance, and may readily be identified by travellers as that between Headcorn and Staplehurst, on running over which the noise of the train is considerably increased. It carries the railway across a stream, which is usually a mere reed-filled ditch, but which after a spell of wet weather overflows and makes a swamp of the fields around.

During the spring of 1865 the bridge—then No. 140, but lately renumbered No. 268—and its permanent-way had been under repair, and on Friday, the 9th of June, at half-past three in the afternoon, the ganger of the platelayers consulted his service-book, and, indicating two lengths of rail about the centre of the bridge, said to his men: "Now, then, lads, there's just a good hour to get these rails out and the new ones in and comfortable before the Tidal's due." It might be safely asserted that not one person in a thousand could say with truth that he had not, at some time or other, been momentarily under the impression that it was, say, Tuesday when it was really Monday, and the ganger, in consulting his time-table, thought for the moment it was Saturday. Consequently, at the time of taking up the rails the train was actually due.

It was a perfect June day, the afternoon sun blazing down on the shingle ballast and at a distance causing objects near the ground to be distorted and obscured in the shimmer-



THIS PHOTOGRAPH GIVES A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE SMASH—THE CARRIAGE IN WHICH CHARLES DICKENS TRAVELLED IS SEEN STANDING ON THE BRIDGE IN THE CENTRE OF THE PICTURE, HIS COMPARTMENT BEING THE ONE NEAREST THE ENGINE.

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LOOKING DOWN THE LINE FROM STAPLEHURST STATION TOWARDS THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT—THE BRIDGE IS JUST BEYOND THE SMALL ARCH SEEN THROUGH THE OTHER TWO—THIS VIEW GIVES A GOOD IDEA OF THE "GALLOPING GROUND."

From a Photograph.

ing waves of hot air. This heat the flagman felt to be against undue exercise, and, instead of walking out the regulation one thousand yards from the scene of the relaying, contented himself with coming to a halt after a stroll of five hundred yards, where, after placing his fog-signal, he leaned on his red flag-pole, and probably occupied his leisure by wishing it were tea-time. A faint but rapidly increasing hum and vibration, added to the droning of the insect-life in the fields and the harping of the light breeze on the telegraph wires, roused his attention, and, turning his head—one can picture the sudden and terrible arousing of his faculties—he saw the "Tidal" tearing towards him, making its fastest speed along the perfectly straight stretch, the "galloping ground," as it was called, of the old South-Eastern main line.

The engine-driver was also apparently enjoying the beauty of the day, and thinking of anything but men with red flags, for though, as may be seen, there was little in the way of cab or wind-screen to obstruct his view of the line, he saw nothing of the flagman or his flag till the frantic fellow actually shook it in his face to the accompaniment of the explosion of the fog-signal and the finest yell he could tune his throat to, as the train rushed past to its destruction.

Then, too late, the driver saw, and shutting off steam reversed the engine, and opened both whistles to attract the attention of the guards at the front and rear of the train, while the fireman applied the brakes. The train was even at that early date fitted with a continuous brake, Cremer's patent, worked with a wheel and cord by the guards, but at the speed the train was travelling—probably over sixty miles an hour—five hundred yards would be covered in a quarter of a minute, and there was hardly time to begin the effort to stop the train before the gap in the metals was reached.

The engine, tender, guard's van, and one carriage got over fairly well, not keeping the rails, as generally understood—they were not there to keep—but, guided by the girders, came to rest fairly upright alongside the line. The remainder of the train, dislocated by the sudden check and derailment of the first part, came to terrible grief, the coaches, so to speak, tumbling over each other and falling into the field below the bridge, with the solitary and wonderful exception of the carriage in which was Charles Dickens. This, too, was derailed and dragged to the very brink by the other vehicles, but the wheels dropped between the girders and the timbers carrying the rails and held the carriage upright, and the couplings breaking it was left safe. By the time the photograph was taken this carriage had been replaced on the line.

In Dickens's letters the following description of the famous novelist's personal experience is given: "I was in the only carriage that did not go into the stream. It was



THE ENGINE AND FRONT PART OF THE TRAIN WHICH GOT ACROSS.

From a Photograph.

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caught upon the turn by some of the ruin of the bridge, and hung suspended and balanced in an apparently impossible manner.

"Two ladies were my fellow-passengers, an old one and a young one. This is exactly what passed—you may judge of the precise length of the suspense. Suddenly we were off the rail and beating the ground as the car of a half-emptied balloon might. The old lady cried out, 'My God!' and the young one screamed. I caught hold of them both (the old lady sat opposite and the young one on my left) and said: 'We can't help ourselves, but we can be quiet and composed. Pray don't cry out.' The old lady immediately answered, 'Thank you; rely on me. Upon my soul, I will be quiet.' We were then all tilted together down in a corner of the carriage, and stopped. I said to them thereupon: 'You may be sure nothing worse can happen. Our danger must be over. Will you remain here without stirring while I get out of the window?' They both answered quite collectedly, 'Yes,' and I got out without the least notion of what had happened. Fortunately I got out with great caution, and stood upon the steps. Looking down, I saw the bridge gone and nothing below me but the line of rails. Some people in the two other compartments were madly trying to plunge out of the window, and had no idea that there was an open, swampy field below them and nothing else. The two guards (one with his face cut) were running up and down, on the down side of the bridge, quite wildly. I called out to them, 'Look at me. Do stop an instant and look at me and tell me whether you don't know me.' One of them answered, 'We know you very well, Mr. Dickens.' 'Then,' I said, 'my good fellow, for God's sake give me your key and send me one of those labourers here and I'll empty this carriage.' We did it quite safely by means of a plank or two, and when it was done I saw all the rest of the train, except the two baggage-vans, down in the stream. I got into the carriage again for my brandy-flask, took off my travelling hat for a basin, climbed down the brickwork, and filled my hat with water. Suddenly I came upon a staggering man covered with blood (I think he must have been flung clean out of his carriage) with such a frightful cut across his skull that I couldn't bear to look at him. I poured some water over his face and gave him some brandy, and laid him down on the grass, and he said, 'I am gone!' and afterwards died.



THE CENTRE PART OF THE TRAIN AND SCENE OF MOST OF THE CASUALTIES—THE CARRIAGE ON THE BRIDGE WAS THAT IN WHICH DICKENS WAS TRAVELLING. IT HAD BEEN REPLACED ON THE RAILS WHEN THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN.

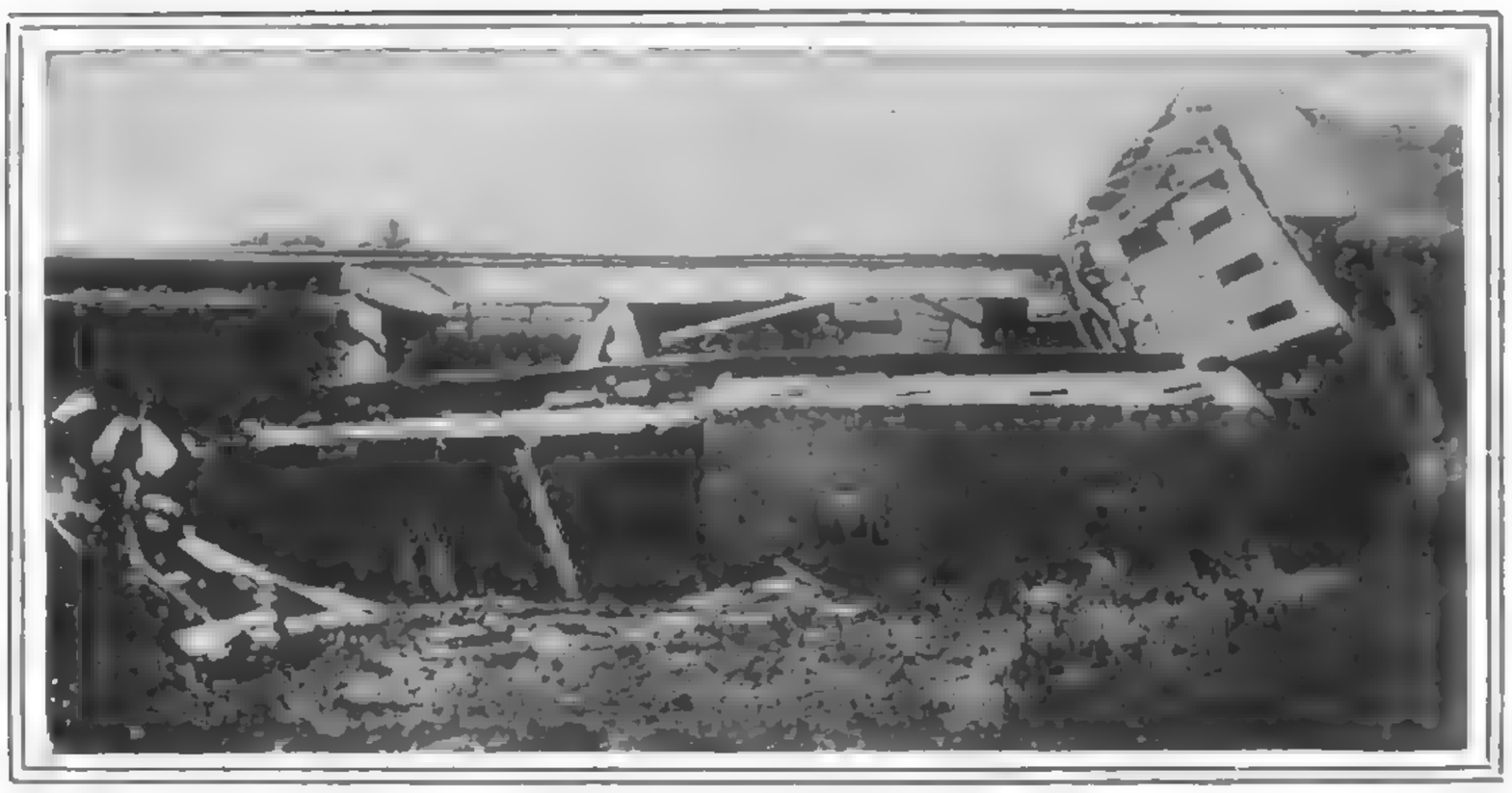
"Then I stumbled over a lady lying on her back against a little pollard tree, with the blood running over her face (which was lead colour) in a number of distinct little streams from her head. I asked her if she could swallow a little brandy, and she just nodded, and I gave her some, and left her for some body else. The next time I passed her she was dead.

"Then a man who was examined at the inquest yesterday (who had evidently not the least remembrance of what really passed) came running up to me and implored me to help to find his wife, who was afterwards found dead.

"No imagination can conceive the ruin of the carriages or the extraordinary weights under which people were lying, or the complications into which they were twisted up among iron and wood and mud and water.

"I don't want to be examined at the inquest and I don't want to write about it. I could do no good either way, and I could only seem to speak about myself, which, of course, I would rather not do. . . . I have a—I don't know what to call it—constitutional (I suppose) presence of mind, and was not in

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THE REAR END OF THE TRAIN—IT WILL BE NOTICED THAT THE VAN IS NOT ACTUALLY ON THE BRIDGE AT ALL.
From a] [Photograph.

the least fluttered at the time. I instantly remembered that I had the MS. of a number with me and clambered back into the carriage for it. But in writing these few words of recollection I feel the shake and am obliged to stop."

Another letter written nine days after the accident says: "I had brandy. By an extraordinary chance I had a bottle and a half with me. I slung the half bottle round my neck and carried my hat full of water in my hands. The Mr. Dickenson mentioned had changed places with a Frenchman, who did not like the window down, a few minutes before the accident. The Frenchman was killed, and a labourer and I got Mr. Dickenson out of a most extraordinary heap of dark ruins, in which he was jammed upside down. In the moment of going over the viaduct the whole of his pockets were shaken empty. He had no watch, no chain, no money, no pocket-book, no handkerchief when we got him out. He had been choking for a quarter of an hour when I heard him groaning. If I had not had the brandy to have given him at the moment I think he would have been done for. As it was I brought him up to London with me, and couldn't make him believe he was hurt. He was the first person whom the brandy saved. As I ran back to the carriage for the whole full bottle I saw the first two people I had helped lying dead. A bit of shade from the hot sun into which we got the unhurt ladies soon had as many dead in it as living."

The directors of the railway company sent Charles Dickens a "resolution of thanks" for his assistance, but, although he did not at the time receive any actual apparent injury, he would in all probability have lived many years longer but for this lamentable accident.

The recently-retired stationmaster, who was goods-clerk at Staplehurst Station at the time, told the writer how distinctly he remembered the signalman coming to him, saying that something must be wrong, as he had been advised from Headcorn signal-box that the "Tidal" had passed long since, and how, on their going out to the platform to look down the line, they had seen a panting messenger labouring to the station as fast as his corduroys and the uneven ballast would let him. This handicapped Mercury was Coleman, the carpenter employed on the bridge timbers. He gasped out: "The Tidal's run off the bridge and the whole train's gone into the river."

The goods-clerk ran back to the station and telegraphed to London, Tonbridge, and Ashford for assistance, and then proceeded to the scene of the accident himself, where one of the first things that caught his eye was the sight of an energetic man running with a dripping travelling hat carefully held up with both hands and a bottle hung to his neck by a scarf, who, one of the guards told him, was Mr. Dickens.

Nearly all the dead were taken out of one carriage upon which others fell, and that the casualties were not far greater was due to the soft and swampy state of the ground, the rescued people, ladies in particular, being in a truly pitiable plight, their light summer things soaked with water and plastered with mud, slime, and weed.

At the inquest and inquiry the facts related transpired, the carpenter Coleman stating that after the report of the fog-signal those working on the bridge had only time to throw down their tools and run away when the train was on the bridge and the disaster happening.

As a result, Genge, the ganger, was committed for trial and was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, which was reduced to six on account of his health, and shortly after his release the mental distress resulted in lunacy and he was confined, and died a year or two later. The engine-driver was dismissed the service, and he also, suffering from the bodily and mental shock, died shortly afterwards.

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Puck of Pook's Hill.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

VII.

THE WINGED HATS.

THE next day happened to be what they called a Wild Afternoon. Father and Mother went out to pay calls; Miss Blake went for a ride on her bicycle, and they were left all alone till seven o'clock.

When they had seen their dear parents and their dear preceptress politely off the premises they got a cabbage-leaf full of raspberries from the gardener, and a Wild Tea from Ellen. They ate the raspberries to prevent their squashing, and they meant to divide the cabbage-leaf with Three Cows down at the Theatre; but they found a dead hedgehog which they simply had to bury.

Then they went on to the Forge and found old Hobden the hedger at home with his son, the Bee Boy who is not quite right in his head, but who can pick up swarms of bees in his naked hands, and he told them the rhyme about the slow-worm:—

> "If I had eyes *as* I could see,
> No mortal man would trouble me."

Then they all had tea together, and Hobden said the loaf-cake which Ellen had given them was almost as good as what his wife used to make, and he showed them how to set a wire at the right height for a hare. They knew about rabbits already.

Then they climbed up Long Ditch into the lower end of Far Wood. This is sadder and darker than the Volaterræ end because of an old marlpit full of black water, where weepy, hairy moss hangs round the stumps of the willows and alders. But the birds come to perch on the dead branches, and Hobden says that the bitter willow-water is a sort of medicine for sick animals.

They sat down on a felled oak-trunk in the shadows of the beech undergrowth, and were looping the wires Hobden had given them, when they saw Parnesius.

"How quietly you came!" said Una, moving up to make room. "Where's Puck?"

"The Faun and I have disputed whether it is better that I should tell you all my tale, or leave it untold," he replied.

"I only said that if he told it as it happened you wouldn't understand it," said Puck, jumping up like a squirrel from behind the log.

"I don't understand all of it," said Una, "but I like hearing about the Picts."

"What *I* can't understand," said Dan, "is how Maximus knew all about the Picts when he was in Gaul."

"He who makes himself Emperor anywhere must know everything, everywhere," said Parnesius. "We had this much from Maximus's mouth after the games."

"Games? What games?" said Dan.

Parnesius stretched his arm out stiff, thumb pointed to the ground. "Gladiators! *That* sort of game," he said. "There were two days' games in his honour when he landed all unexpected at Segedunum on the East end of the Wall. Yes, the day after we had met him we held two days' games; but I think the greatest risk was run, not by the poor wretches on the sand, but by Maximus. In the old days the Legions kept silence before their Emperor. So did not we! You could hear the roar run West along the Wall as his chair was carried rocking through the crowds. The garrison beat round him — clamouring, clowning, asking for pay, for change of quarters, for anything that came into their wild heads. That chair was like a little boat among waves, dipping and falling, but always rising again after one had shut the eyes." Parnesius shivered.

"Were they angry with him?" said Dan.

"No more angry than wolves in a cage when their trainer walks among them. If he had turned his back an instant, or for an instant had ceased to hold their eyes, there would have been another Emperor made on the Wall that hour. Is it not so, Faun?"

"So it is; so it always will be," said Puck.

"Late in the evening his messenger came for us, and we followed to the Temple of Victory, where he lodged with Rutilianus, the General of the Wall. I had hardly seen the General before, but he always gave me leave when I wished to take Heather. He was a great glutton, and kept five Asian cooks, and he came of a family that believed in oracles. We could smell his good dinner when we entered, but the tables were empty. He lay snorting on a couch. Maximus sat apart among long rolls of accounts. Then the doors were shut.

"'These are your men,' said Maximus to the General, who propped his eye-corners open with his gouty fingers, and stared at us like a fish.

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"HIS CHAIR WAS CARRIED ROCKING THROUGH THE CROWDS."

"'I shall know them again, Cæsar,' said Rutilianus.

"'Very good,' said Maximus. 'Now hear! You are not to move man or shield on the Wall except as these boys shall tell you. You will do nothing, except eat, without their permission. They are the head and arms. You are the belly!'

"'As Cæsar pleases,' the old man grunted. 'If my pay and profits are not cut, you may make my Ancestors' Oracle my master. Rome has been! Rome has been!' Then he turned on his side to sleep.

"'Enough,' said Maximus. 'We will get to what I need.'

"He unrolled full copies of the number of men and supplies on the Wall—down to the sick that very day in Hunno Hospital. Oh, but I groaned when his pen marked off detachment after detachment of our best—of our least worthless men! He took two towers of our Scythians, two of our North British auxiliaries, two Numidian cohorts, the Dacians all, and half the Belgians. It was like an eagle pecking a carcass.

"'And now, how many catapults have you?' He turned up a new list, but Pertinax laid his open hand there.

"'No, Cæsar,' said he. 'Do not tempt the Gods too far. Take men, or engines, but not both; or we refuse.'"

"Engines?" said Una.

"The catapults of the Wall—huge things forty feet high to the head—firing nets of raw stone or forged bolts. Nothing can stand against them. He left us our catapults at last, but he took a Cæsar's half of our men without pity. We were a shell when he rolled up the lists.

"'Hail, Cæsar! We, about to die, salute you!' said Pertinax, laughing. 'If any enemy even leans against the Wall it will tumble.'

"'Give me the three years Allo spoke of,' he answered, 'and you shall have twenty thousand men of your own choosing up here. But now it is a gamble—a game played against the Gods. You play on my side?'

"'We will play, Cæsar,' I said, for I had never met a man like this man.

"'Good. To-morrow,' said he, 'I proclaim you Captains of the Wall before the camp.'

"So we went into the moonlight, where they were cleaning the ground after the games. We saw great Roma Dea atop of the Wall, the frost on her helmet, and her spear pointed towards the North Star. We saw the twinkle of night-fires all along the guard towers, and the line of the black catapults growing smaller and smaller in the distance. All these things we knew too well; but that night they seemed very strange to us, because the next day we knew we were to be their masters.

"The men took the news well; but when Maximus went away with half our strength, and we had to spread ourselves into the emptied towers, and the townspeople complained that trade would be ruined, and the Autumn gales blew—it was dark days for us all. Here Pertinax was more than my right hand. Being born and bred among the great country-houses in Gaul, he knew the right

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words to give to all—from Roman-born to those dogs of the Third—the Libyans. And he spoke to each as though that man were as high-minded as himself. Now *I* saw so strongly what things were needed to be done, that I forgot things are only accomplished by means of men.

"I feared nothing from the Picts, at least for that year, but Allo warned me that the Winged Hats would come in from the sea at each end of the Wall to show the Picts how weak we were. So I made ready in haste, and none too soon. I shifted our best men to the ends of the Wall, and set up screened catapults by the beach. The Winged Hats would drive in before the snow-squalls—ten or twenty boats at a time, at Segedunum or Ituna, according as the wind blew.

"Now a ship coming in to land men must haul down her sail. If you wait till you see her men gather up the sail's foot, the catapults can jerk a net of loose stones (bolts go clean through the cloth) into the bag of it. Then she turns over, and the sea makes everything clean again. A few men may come ashore, but very few. . . It was not hard work, except the waiting on the beach in blowing sand and snow. And that was how we dealt with the Winged Hats that winter.

"Early in the Spring, when the east winds blow like skinning-knives, they gathered again off Segedunum with many ships. Allo told me they would never rest till they had taken a tower in open fight. Certainly they fought in the open. We dealt with them thoroughly through a long day; and when all was finished, one man dived clear of the wreckage of his ship, and swam towards shore. I waited, and a wave tumbled him at my feet.



"I WAITED, AND A WAVE TUMBLED HIM AT MY FEET."

"As I stooped, I saw he wore such a medal as I wear." Parnesius raised his hand to his neck. "Therefore, when he could speak, I addressed him a certain Question which can only be answered in a certain manner. He answered with the necessary Word—the word that belonged to the Degree of Gryphons in the science of Mithras my God. I put my shield over him till he could stand up. You see I am not short, but he was a head taller than I. He said: 'What now?' I said: 'At your pleasure, my brother, to stay or go.'

"He looked out across the surf. There remained one ship unhurt, beyond range of our catapults. I checked the catapults and he waved her in. She came as a hound comes to a master. When she was yet a hundred paces from the beach, he flung back his hair, and swam out. They hauled him in, and went away. I knew that those who worship Mithras are many and of all races, so I did not think much more upon it.

"A month later I saw Allo with his horses — by the old Temple of Pan, O Faun — and he gave me a great necklace of gold studded with coral.

"At first I thought it was a bribe from some tradesman in the town—meant for Rutilianus. 'Nay,' said Allo. 'This is a gift from Amal, that Winged Hat whom you saved on the beach. He says you are a man.'

"'He is a man, too. Tell him I will wear his gift,' I answered.

"'Oh, Amal is a young fool, but, speaking as men, your Emperor is doing such great things in Gaul that the Winged Hats are anxious to be his friends, or, better still, the

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friends of his servants. They think you and Pertinax could lead them to victories.'

"'Allo,' I said. 'You are the corn between the two millstones. Be content if they grind evenly, and don't thrust your hand between them.'

"'I?' said Allo. 'I hate Rome and the Winged Hats equally, but if the Winged Hats thought that some day you and Pertinax might join them against Maximus, they would leave you in peace while you considered. Time is what we need—you and I and Maximus. Let me carry a pleasant message back to the Winged Hats—something for them to make a council over. We barbarians are all alike. We sit up half the night to discuss anything a Roman says. Eh?'

"'We have no men. We must fight with words,' said Pertinax. 'Leave it to Allo and me.'

"So Allo carried word back to the Winged Hats that we would not fight them if they did not fight us, and they (I think they were a little tired of losing men in the sea) agreed to a sort of truce. I believe Allo also told them we might some day rise against Maximus as Maximus had risen against Rome.

"Indeed, they permitted the corn-ships which I sent to the Picts to pass North that season without harm. Therefore the Picts were well fed that winter, and since they were in some sort my children, I was glad of it. We had only two thousand men on the Wall, and I wrote many times to Maximus and begged—prayed—him to send me only one cohort of my old North British auxiliaries. He could not spare them. He needed them to win more victories in Gaul.

"Then came news that he had defeated and slain the Emperor Gratian, and thinking he was now secure, I wrote again for men. He answered: 'You will learn that I have at last settled accounts with the boy Gratian. There was no need that he should have died, but he became confused and lost his head, which is a bad thing to befall any Emperor. Tell your Father I am content to drive two mules only; for unless my old General's son thinks himself destined to destroy me, I shall rest Emperor of Gaul and Britain, and then you, my two children, will presently get all the men you need. Just now I can spare none.'"

"What did he mean by his General's son?" said Dan.

"He meant Theodosius Emperor of Rome, who was son of Theodosius the General under whom Maximus had fought in the old Piet War. The two men never loved each other, and when Gratian made the younger Theodosius Emperor of the East (at least, so I've heard), Maximus carried on the War to the second generation. It was his fate, and it was his fall. But Theodosius is a good man, as I know.

"I wrote back to Maximus that, though we had peace, I should be happier with a few more men and some new catapults. He answered: 'You must live a little longer under the shadow of my victories, till I can see what Theodosius intends. He may welcome me as a brother Emperor, or he may be preparing an army. In either case I cannot spare men just now.'"

"But he was always saying that," said Dan.

"It was true. He did not make excuses, but thanks, as he said, to the news of his victories, we had no trouble on the Wall for a long, long time. The Picts grew fat as their own sheep among the heather, and as many of my men as lived were well exercised in their weapons. Yes, the Wall looked strong. For myself, I knew how weak we were. I knew that if even a false rumour of any defeat to Maximus broke loose among the Winged Hats, they might come down in earnest, and then—the Wall would go! For the Picts I never cared, but in those years I learned something of the strength of the Winged Hats. They increased their strength every day, but I could not increase my men. Maximus had emptied Britain behind us, and I felt myself to be a man with a rotten stick standing before a broken fence to turn bulls.

"Thus, my friends, we lived on the Wall, waiting, waiting, waiting for the men that Maximus never sent!

"Presently he wrote that he was preparing an army against Theodosius. He wrote, and Pertinax read it over my shoulder in our quarters: 'Tell your Father that my destiny orders me to drive three mules or be torn in pieces by them. I hope within a year to finish with Theodosius, son of Theodosius, once and for all. Then you shall have Britain to rule, and Pertinax, if he chooses, Gaul. To-day I wish strongly you were with me to beat my auxiliaries into shape. Do not, I pray you, believe any rumour of my sickness. I have a little evil in my old body which I shall cure by riding swiftly into Rome.'

"Said Pertinax: 'It is finished with Maximus. He writes as a man without hope. I, a man without hope, can see this. What does he add at the bottom of the roll?

"Tell Pertinax I have met his Uncle, the Duumvir of Divio, and that he has accounted to me quite truthfully for all his Mother's

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moneys. I have sent her with a fitting escort, for she is the mother of a hero, to Nicæa, where the climate is warm."

"'That is proof,' said Pertinax. 'Nicæa is not far by sea from Rome. A woman there could take ship and fly to Rome in time of war. Yes, Maximus foresees his death, and is fulfilling his promises one by one. But I am glad my Uncle met him.'

"'You think blackly to-day?' I asked.

"'I think truth. The Gods weary of the play we have played against them. Theodosius will destroy Maximus. It is finished!'

"'Will you write him that?' I said.

"'See what I shall write,' he answered, and he took pen and wrote a letter cheerful as the light of day, tender as a woman's and full of jests. Even I, reading over his shoulder, took comfort from it till — I saw his face!

"'And now,' he said, sealing it, 'we be two dead men, my brother. Let us go to the Temple.'

"We prayed awhile to Mithras, where we had many times prayed before. After that, we lived day by day among evil rumours till winter came again.

"It happened one morning that we rode to Segedunum, and found on the beach a fair-haired man, half frozen, bound to some broken planks. Turning him over, we saw by his belt-buckle that he was a Goth of an Eastern Legion. Suddenly he opened his eyes and cried loudly. 'He is dead! The letters were with me, but the Winged Hats sunk the ship.' So saying, he died between our hands.

"We asked not who was dead. We knew. We raced before the driving snow to Hunno, thinking perhaps Allo might be there. We found him already at our stables, and he saw by our faces what we had heard.

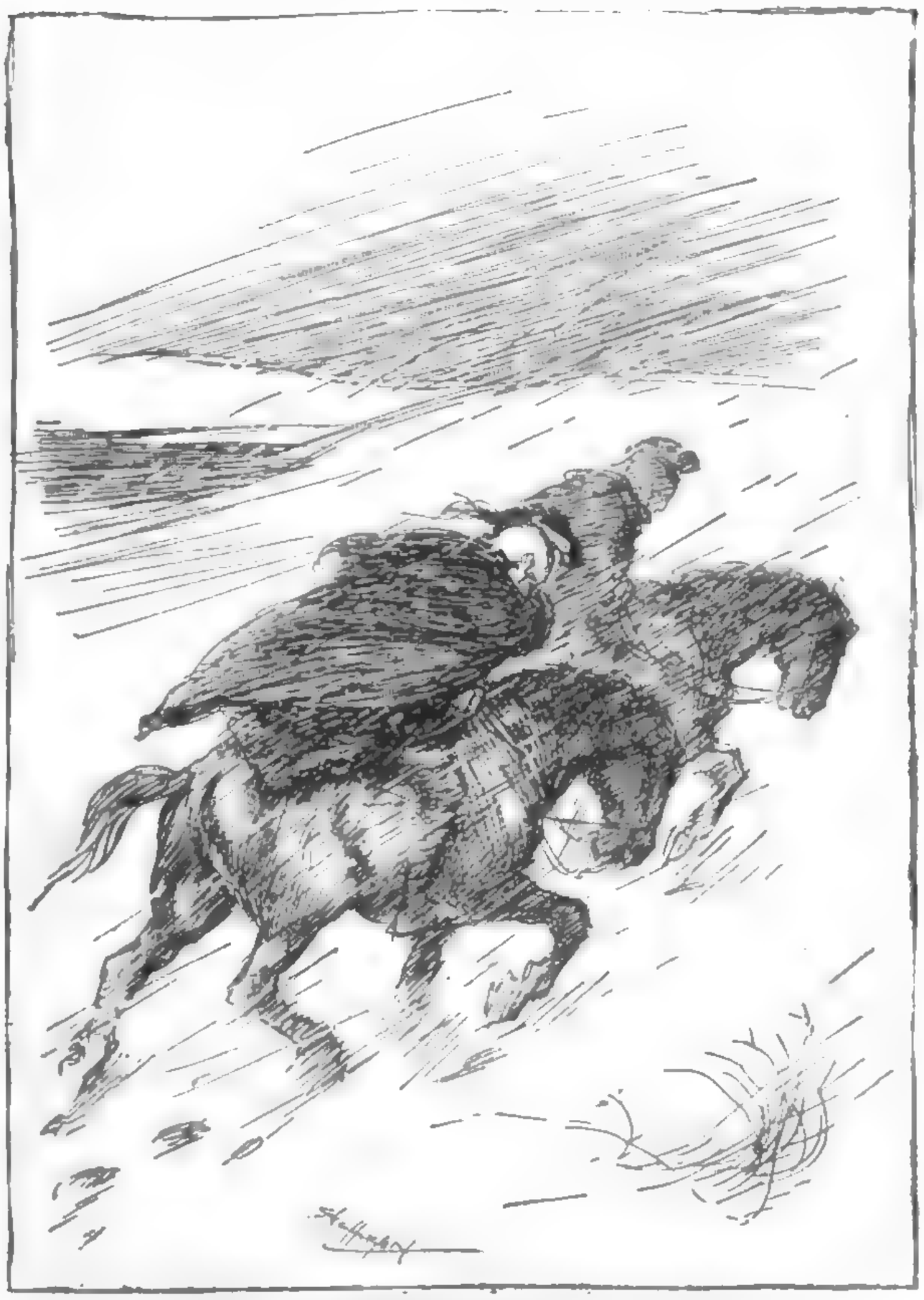
"'It was at a place called Aquileia,' he stammered. 'He was beheaded by Theodosius. He sent a letter to you, written while he waited to be slain. The Winged Hats met the ship and took it. The news is running through the heather like fire. Blame me not! I cannot hold back my young men any more.'

"'I would we could say as much for our men,' said Pertinax, laughing. 'But, Gods be praised, they cannot run away.'

"'What do you do?' said Allo. 'I bring an order —a message from the Winged Hats that you join them this day with your men, and march South to plunder Britain.'

"'It grieves me,' said Pertinax, 'but we are stationed here to stop that thing.'

"'If I carry that answer they will kill me,' said Allo. 'I always promised the Winged Hats that you would rise when Maximus fell. I—I did not think he could fall.'



"WE RACED BEFORE THE DRIVING SNOW TO HUNNO."

"'Alas! my poor barbarian,' said Pertinax, still laughing. 'Well, you have sold us too many good ponies to be thrown back to your friends. We will make you a prisoner, although you are an ambassador.'

"'Yes, that will be best,' said Allo, holding out a halter. We bound him lightly, for he was an old man.

"'Presently the Winged Hats may come to look for you, and that will give us more time. See how the habit of playing for time sticks to a man!' said Pertinax, as he tied the rope.

"'Nay,' I said. 'Time may help. If

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Maximus wrote us letters while he was a prisoner, Theodosius must have dispatched the ship. If Theodosius can send ships, he can send men.'

"'How will that save us?' said Pertinax. 'We served Maximus, not Theodosius. Even if by some miracle of the Gods Theodosius down South sent and saved the Wall, we could not expect more than the death Maximus died.'

"'It concerns us to defend the Wall, no matter what Emperor dies, or makes die,' I said.

"'That is worthy of your brother the philosopher,' said Pertinax. 'Myself I am without hope, so I do not say solemn and stupid things! Rouse the Wall!'

"We armed the Wall from end to end; we told the centurions that there was a rumour of Maximus's death which might bring down the Winged Hats, but we were well sure even if it were true that Theodosius, for the sake of Britain, would send us help. Therefore, we must stand fast. My friends, it is above all things strange to see how men bear ill news! Often the strongest till then become the weakest, while the weakest, as it were, reach up and steal strength from the Gods. So it was with us. Yet my Pertinax by his jests and his labours had put heart and training into our poor numbers during the past years—more than I should have thought possible. Even our Libyan cohort—the Thirds—stood up in their padded cuirasses and did not whimper.

"In three days came seven chiefs and elders of the Winged Hats. Among them was the young man, Amal, whom I had met on the beach, and he smiled when he saw my necklace. We made them welcome, for they were ambassadors. We showed them Allo, alive but bound. They thought we had killed him, and I saw it would not have vexed them if we had. Allo saw it too, and it vexed him. Then in our quarters at Hunno we came to Council. They said that Rome was falling, and that we must join them. They offered me all South Britain to govern after they had taken a tribute out of it.

"I answered, 'Patience. This Wall is not weighed off like plunder. Give me proof that my General is dead.'

"'Nay,' said one elder, 'prove to us that he lives'; and another said, cunningly, 'What will you give us if we read you his last words?'

"'We are not merchants to bargain,' cried Amal. 'Moreover, I owe this man my life. He shall have his proof.' He threw across to me a letter (well I knew the seal) from Maximus.

"'We took this out of the ship we sunk,' he cried. 'I cannot read, but I know one sign, at least, which makes me believe.' He showed me a dark stain on the outer roll



"HE SHOWED ME A DARK STAIN ON THE OUTER ROLL."

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that my heavy heart perceived was the valiant blood of Maximus.

"'Read!' said Amal. 'Read, and let us hear whose servant you are!'

"Said Pertinax, very softly, after he had broken seal and looked through it: 'I will read it all. Listen, barbarians!' He read from that which I have carried next my heart ever since."

Parnesius drew from his neck a folded and spotted piece of parchment, and began in a hushed voice:—

"'*To Parnesius and Pertinax, the not unworthy Captains of the Wall, from Maximus, once Emperor of Gaul and Britain, now prisoner waiting death by the sea in the camp of Theodosius—Greeting and Good-bye!*'"

"'Enough,' said young Amal; 'there is your proof! You must join us now!'

"Pertinax looked long and silently at him, till that fair man blushed like a girl. Then read Pertinax:—

"'I have joyfully done much evil in my life to those who have wished me evil, but if ever I did any evil to you two I repent, and I ask your forgiveness. The three mules which I strove to drive have torn me in pieces as your Father prophesied. The naked swords wait at the tent door to give me the death I gave to Gratian. Therefore I, your General and your Emperor, send you free and honourable dismissal from my service, which you entered, not for money or office, but, as it makes me warm to believe, because you loved me!'

"'By the Light of the Sun,' Amal broke in. 'This is in some sort a man! We may have been mistaken in his servants!'

"And Pertinax read on: 'You gave me the time for which I asked. If I have failed to use it, do not lament. We have gambled very splendidly against the Gods, but they hold weighted dice, and I must pay my stakes. Remember, I have been, but Rome is, and Rome will be! Tell Pertinax his Mother is in safety at Nicæa, and her moneys are in charge of the Prefect at Antipolis. Make my remembrances to your Father and to your Mother, whose friendship was great gain to me. Give also to my little Picts and to the Winged Hats such messages as their thick heads can understand. I would have sent you three legions this very day if all had gone aright. Do not forget me. We have worked together. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!'

"Now, that was my Emperor's last letter. (The children heard the parchment crackle as Parnesius returned it to its place.)

"'I was mistaken,' said Amal. 'The servants of such a man will sell nothing except over the sword. I am glad of it.' He held out his hand to me.

"'But Maximus has given you your dismissal,' said an elder. 'You are certainly free to serve—or to rule—whom you please. Join—do not follow—join us!'

"'We thank you,' said Pertinax. 'But Maximus tells us to give you such messages as—pardon me, but I use his words—your thick heads can understand.' He pointed through the door to the foot of a catapult wound up.

"'We understand,' said an elder. 'The Wall must be won at a price.'

"'It grieves me,' said Pertinax, laughing, 'but so it must be won,' and he gave them of our best Southern wine.

"They drank, and wiped their yellow beards in silence till they rose to go.

"Said Amal, stretching himself (for they were barbarians), 'We be a goodly company; I wonder what the ravens and the dogfish will make of some of us before the snow melts.'

"'Think rather what Theodosius may send,' I answered; and though they laughed, I saw that my chance shot troubled them.

"Only old Allo lingered behind a little.

"'You see,' he said, winking and blinking, 'I am no more than their dog. When I have shown their men the secret short ways across the bogs, they will kick me like one.'

"'Then I should not be in haste to show them those ways,' said Pertinax, 'till I was sure that Rome could not save the Wall.'

"'You think so? Woe is me!' said the old man. 'I only wanted peace for my people,' and he went out stumbling through the snow behind the tall Winged Hats.

"In this fashion then, slowly, a day at a time, which is very bad for doubting troops, the War came upon us. At first the Winged Hats swept in from the sea as they had done before, and there we met them as before—with the catapults; and they sickened of it. Yet for a long time they would not trust their duck-legs on land, and I think when it came to revealing the secrets of the tribe, the little Picts were afraid or ashamed to show them all the roads across the heather. I had this from a Pict prisoner. They were as much our spies as our enemies, for the Winged Hats oppressed them, and took their little stores.

"Then the Winged Hats began to roll us up from each end of the Wall. I sent runners Southward to see what the news

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"'YOU SEE,' HE SAID, WINKING AND BLINKING, 'I AM NO MORE THAN THEIR DOG.'"

might be in Britain, but the wolves were very bold that winter, among the deserted stations where the troops had once been, and none came back. We had trouble too with the forage for the ponies along the Wall. I kept ten, and so did Pertinax. We lived and slept in the saddle, riding east or west, and we ate our worn-out ponies. The people of the town also made us some trouble till I gathered them all in one quarter behind Hunno. We broke down the Wall on either side of it to make as it were a citadel. Our men fought better in close order.

"By the end of the second month we were deep in the War as a man is deep in a snowdrift or in a dream. I think we fought in our sleep. At least I know I have gone on the Wall and come off again, remembering nothing between, though my throat was harsh with giving orders, and my sword, I could see, had been used.

"The Winged Hats fought like wolves—all in a pack. Where they had suffered most, there they charged in most hotly. This was hard for the defender, but it held them from sweeping on into Britain.

"In those days Pertinax and I wrote on the plaster of the bricked archway into Valentia the names of the towers, and the days on which they fell one by one.

"The fight was always hottest to left and right of the great statue of Roma Dea, near to Rutilianus's house. By the Light of the Sun, that old fat man, whom we had not considered at all, grew young again among the trumpets. I remember he said his sword was an oracle. 'Let us consult the oracle,' he would say, and put the handle against his ear, and shake his head wisely. 'And *this* day is allowed Rutilianus to live,' he would say, and, tucking up his cloak, he would puff and pant and fight well. Oh, there were jests in plenty on the Wall to take the place of food.

"We endured for two months and seventeen days—always being pressed from the sides into a smaller space. Three times Allo sent in word that help was coming. We did not believe it, but it helped our men.

"The end came not with shoutings of joy, but like the rest as in a dream. The Winged Hats suddenly left us in peace for a night, and the next day; which is too long for spent men. We slept at first lightly, expecting to be roused, and then like logs, each where he lay. May you never need such sleep! When I waked our towers were full of strange, armed men, who watched us snoring. I roused Pertinax, and we leaped up together.

"'What?' said a young man in clean armour. 'Do you fight against Theodosius? Look!'

"North we looked over the red snow. No Winged Hats were there. South we looked over the white snow, and behold there were the Eagles of two strong legions encamped. East and west we saw flame and fighting, but by Hunno all was still.

"'Trouble no more,' said the young man. 'Rome's arm is long. Where are the Captains of the Wall?'

"We said we were those men.

"'But you are old and grey-haired,' he cried. 'Maximus said that they were boys.'

"'Yes, but that was a year ago,' said Pertinax. 'What is our fate to be, you fine and well-fed child?'

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"'I am called Ambrosius, a secretary of the Emperor,' he answered. 'Show me a certain letter Maximus wrote from a tent at Aquileia, and perhaps I will believe.'

"I took it from my breast, and when he had read it he saluted us, saying: 'Your fate is in your own hands. If you choose to serve Theodosius, he will give you a Legion. If it suits you to go to your homes, we will give you a Triumph.'

"'I would like better a bath, wine, food, razors, soaps, oils, and scents,' said Pertinax, laughing.

"'Oh, I see you are a boy,' said Ambrosius. 'And you?' turning to me.

"'We bear no ill-will against Theodosius, but in War ——' I began.

"'In war it is as it is in love,' said Pertinax. 'Whether she be good or bad, one gives one's best once, to one only. That given, there remains no second worth giving or taking.'

"'That may be true,' said Ambrosius. 'I was with Maximus before he died. He warned Theodosius that you would never serve him, and frankly I say I am sorry for my Emperor.'

"'He has Rome to console him,' said Pertinax. 'I ask you of your kindness to let us go to our homes and get this smell out of our nostrils.'

"None the less they gave us a Triumph!"



"'LET US CONSULT THE ORACLE,' HE WOULD SAY, AND PUT THE HANDLE AGAINST HIS EAR."

"It was well earned," said Puck, throwing some leaves into the still water of the marlpit. The black, oily circles spread dizzily as the children watched them.

"I want to know, oh, ever so many things," said Dan. "What happened to old Allo? Did the Winged Hats ever come back? And what did Amal do?"

"And what happened to the fat old General with the five cooks?" said Una. "And what did your Mother say when you came home?"

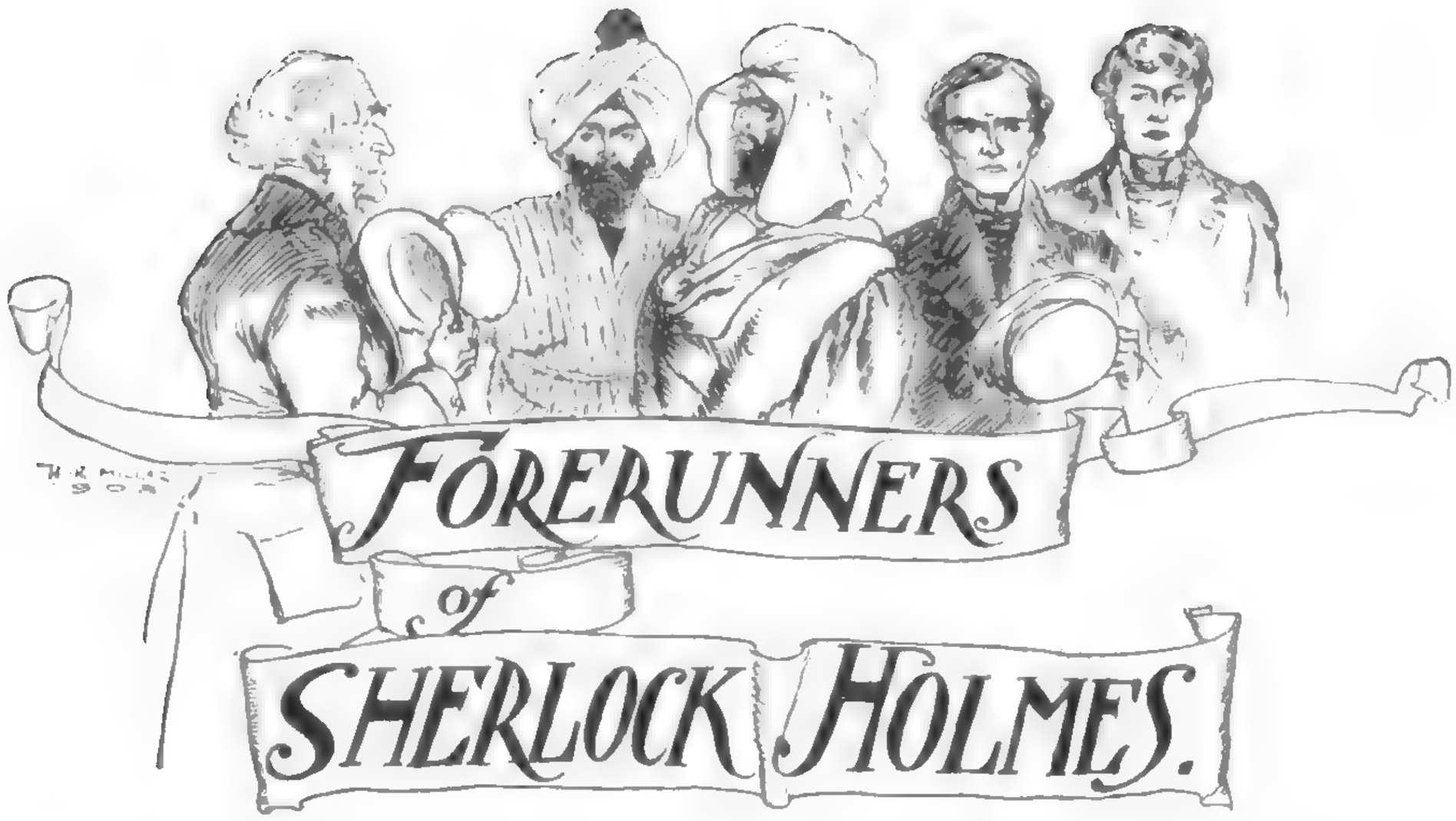
"She'd say you're sittin' too long over this old pit, so late as 'tis already," said old Hobden's voice behind them. "H'st!" he whispered.

He stood still, for not twenty paces away a magnificent old dog fox sat on his haunches and looked at the children as though he were an old friend of theirs.

"Oh, Mus' Reynolds, Mus' Reynolds!" said Hobden, under his breath. "If I knowed all was inside your head, I'd know something wuth knowin'. Mus' Dan an' Miss Una, come along o' me while I lock up my liddle hen-house."

(*To be continued.*)

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SHERLOCK HOLMES has achieved that rarest of all reputations in literature, for he has become the symbol of a vital force in the language, and has taken his place among the small band of men who are types of their calling. For anyone to be described as a Sherlock Holmes is for all the world to understand that he is an individual gifted with an extraordinary sense of logical deduction, the ability to reason clearly from cause to effect, or from effect back again to cause, and to arrange a series of given facts in their ordered sequence for the elucidation of a mystery.

Brilliant creation as he was, however, Sherlock Holmes stands forth as another example of the famous dictum, "There is nothing new under the sun." All his admirers know that the author of his being derived the idea of his character from a famous professor of Edinburgh, under whom Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, as a medical student, studied long before he had any intention of devoting himself to the service of letters.

Professor Bell, however, took to his lecture-room and to the out-patient department of the hospital no new idea, for the process of drawing deductions from established facts was as old as the sun, and the application of the principle to literature had fascinated writers from the earliest ages. Like much of our knowledge, it came from the East. One of its oldest forms is the Eastern fable which may be familiar to many readers, since it has been seized upon for translation in all European languages.

A dervish was journeying alone in the desert, when he met two merchants. "You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants.

"It is true, we have," they replied.

"Was he not blind in his right eye and lame in his left leg?" inquired the dervish.

"He was," replied the merchants.

"And had he not lost a tooth?"

"He had," said the merchants.

"And was he not loaded with honey on one side and wheat on the other?"

"Most certainly he was," they replied; "and, as you have evidently just seen him, we pray you to tell us where to find him."

"My friends," said the dervish, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him except from you."

"A pretty story, truly," said the merchants. "But where are the jewels which formed part of his cargo?"

"I have neither seen your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervish.

On this they seized his person and forthwith hurried him before a justice, where, on the strictest search, no proof could be found against him, either of falsehood or of theft.

They were about to proceed against him as a sorcerer when the dervish, with great calmness, thus addressed the Court: "I have been much pleased with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route. I knew that the animal was blind in one eye

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because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path ; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand. I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth because wherever it had grazed a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn which had dropped on the one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other."

This idea of deduction may be traced in a Persian book called "Nigaristan," which may be translated as "The Picture Gallery." It is a miscellany of stories and poetry on moral subjects, written by Muin-al-din Juvaini in 1335. Later on an Italian found it, and translated it. The Italian work was used by Gueulette as the basis of his "Soirées Bretonnes"—a work on which, it is believed, Voltaire founded "Zadig," the hero of a series of incidents in exactly the same way as Sherlock became the hero of a series of problems, so that the most famous character of THE STRAND MAGAZINE can trace back his ancestry to a period which might make most of our bluest-blooded aristocracy turn green with envy.

Zadig sought his happiness in the study of Nature. "No one is happier," he said, "than the philosopher who reads this great book which God has placed under his eyes. The truths which he discovers are his own ; he nourishes and elevates his soul ; he lives a tranquil life ; he fears nothing from man." "Full of these ideas," we are told, "he withdrew to his house in the country on the borders of the Euphrates. There he occupied himself solely in calculating how many inches of water ran under the arches of a bridge in a second, or if there fell a cubic inch of rain in the Month of Mice more than in the Month of Sheep. It did not enter his imagination to make silk of spiders' webs or porcelain with broken bottles ; but he made a special study of the properties of animals and plants, and he soon acquired a sagacity by means of which he discovered a thousand differences where other men saw nothing but uniformity."

It was this capacity which distinguished him, as it was a similar capacity which distinguished Sherlock, though the latter used his deductive powers only in the elucidation of crime.

One day when Zadig was walking near a little wood he saw the Queen's chief attendants and several officers running towards him. He noticed that they were in great anxiety, for they ran about as if they were quite bewildered, looking for something of great value which they had lost. When they came up to him the chief Eunuch said: "Have you seen the Queen's pet dog ?"

Zadig replied, "It is a little female dog."



"HAVE YOU SEEN THE QUEEN'S PET DOG?"

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"You are right," said the Eunuch.

"It is a very small spaniel," added Zadig; "she has recently had puppies, she has a limp of the left forefoot, and she has very long ears."

"You have seen her, then?" exclaimed the Eunuch, joyfully.

"No," replied Zadig, "I have never seen her. I did not know that the Queen had such a dog."

Precisely at the same time, by an extraordinary coincidence, the most beautiful horse in the King's stable had escaped from the hands of the stable attendants and galloped out on the plains of Babylon. The Grand Vizier and all the other officers ran after it with as much anxiety as the first Eunuch after the spaniel. The Grand Vizier addressed himself to Zadig, and asked him if he had seen the King's horse pass. Zadig replied, "It is a horse which gallops to perfection; it is five feet high, with very small hoofs. It has a tail three and a half feet long; the bit of its bridle is of twenty-three-carat gold; its shoes are of silver."

"What road has it taken? Where is it?" demanded the Vizier.

"I have never seen it," replied Zadig, "and I have never heard it spoken of."

The Grand Vizier and the first Eunuch had no doubt that Zadig had stolen the King's horse and the Queen's dog. They had him conveyed before the Great Desterhan, who condemned him to the knout and to pass the rest of his days in Siberia. The judgment had scarcely been pronounced when the horse and the dog were found. The judges were under the sad necessity of reversing their judgment, but they condemned Zadig to pay four hundred ounces of gold for having said that he had never seen what he had seen. He was first obliged to pay this fine; after which he was permitted to plead his cause before the council of the Great Desterhan. He spoke in these terms:—

"Stars of Justice, Abysses of Science, Mirrors of Truth which have the weight of lead, the hardness of iron and the brilliance of the diamond, and much affinity with gold: Since I am permitted to speak before this august assembly I swear to you by Orosmede that I have never seen the respected dog of the Queen nor the sacred horse of the King of Kings. This is what happened to me. I was walking towards the little wood, where I lately encountered the venerable Eunuch and the most illustrious Grand Vizier. I had seen on the sand the traces of an animal, and I had easily judged that they were those of a little dog. The light and long furrows imprinted on the little eminences of sand between the traces of the feet showed me that it was a female that had lately given birth to pups. Other traces which appeared to have continually raised the surface of the sand by the side of the front feet told me that she had long ears. As I remarked that the sand was always less crushed by one foot than by the three others, I understood that the dog of our august Queen was, if I may dare to say so, a little lame.

"With regard to the King's horse, you must know that while I was walking in the roads of this wood I perceived the marks of the hoofs of a horse. They were all at equal distances. 'Here,' said I, 'is a horse which gallops perfectly.' The dust of the trees in a narrow route only seven feet broad was brushed off here and there, to right and left, at three and a half feet from the middle of the road. 'This horse,' I added, 'has a tail of three and a half feet long, which, by its movement right and left, has scattered the dust.' I had seen under the trees, which formed a canopy five feet high, newly fallen leaves from the branches, and I knew that this horse had touched them, and therefore it was five feet high. As to the bridle, it must be of twenty-three-carat gold, for it had rubbed its bit against a stone, and I had made the assay of it. I judged, finally, by the marks which its shoes had left on the pebbles of another kind, that it was shod with silver of a fineness of twelve deniers."

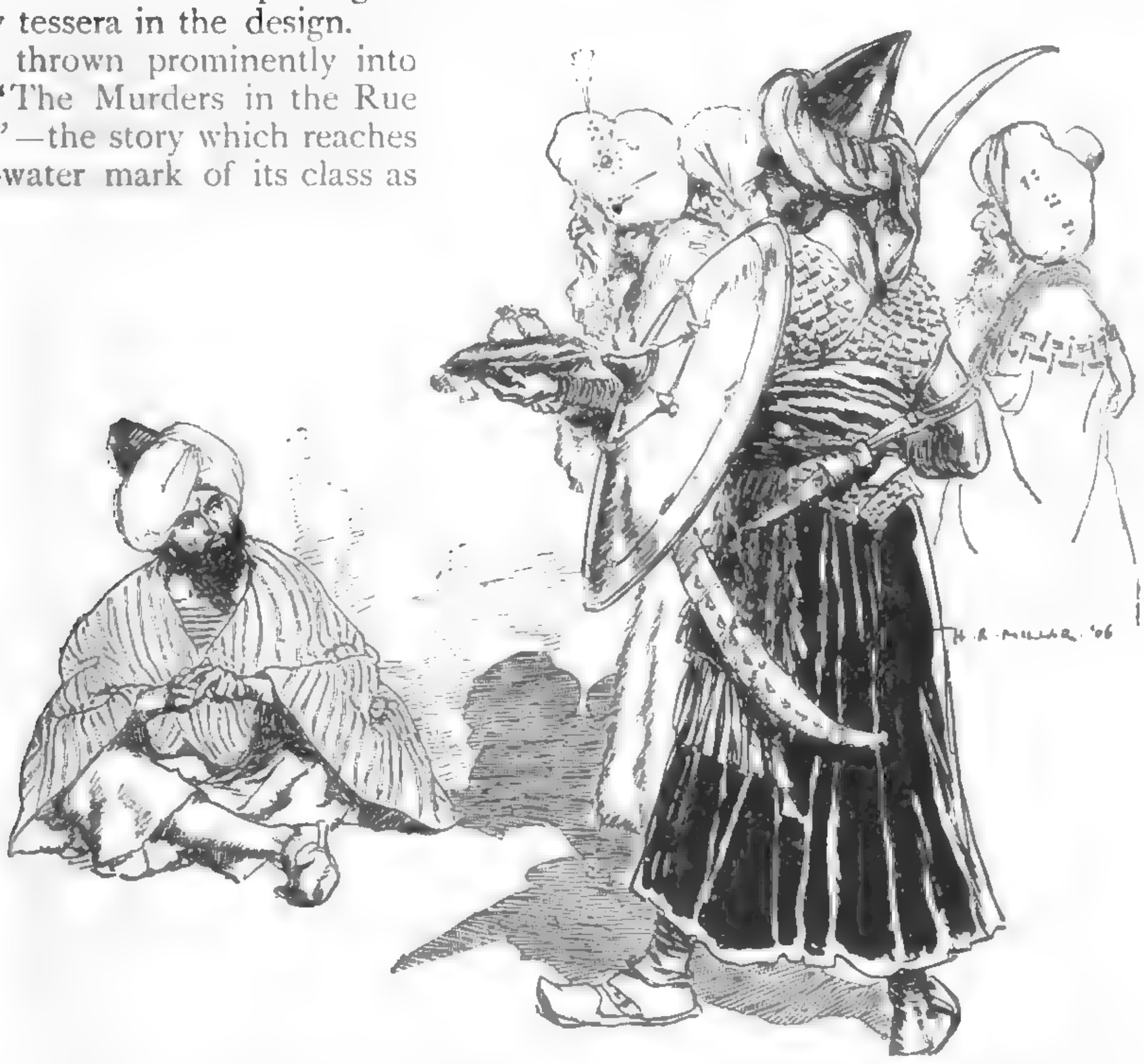
All the judges admired the profound and subtle discernment of Zadig. The news of it reached the King and Queen. Nothing else was spoken of in the ante-chambers, the chambers, and the Cabinet; and though the Magis were of opinion that he ought to be burnt for sorcery, the King ordered that they should give him back the fine of four hundred ounces of gold to which he had been condemned. The officers came to him in their grand robes bearing the four hundred ounces; they only retained three hundred and ninety-eight for the expenses of justice, while their valets demanded a "tip."

The first application of the idea embodied in these stories to the detective belongs to Edgar Allan Poe, who, in the estimation of many competent judges, still holds pride of place, supreme and unassailable, among the short-story writers of the world. In C. Auguste Dupin he introduced a detective whose paternity Sherlock Holmes might be

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proud to claim. Like Sherlock Holmes, he was interested in the detection of crime, not as a professional, but as an amateur, to whom the placing of each insignificant fact in its proper place was as fascinating as to the worker in mosaic is the placing of each tiny tessera in the design.

While thrown prominently into view in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue"—the story which reaches the high-water mark of its class as



"THE OFFICERS CAME TO HIM IN THEIR GRAND ROBES BEARING THE FOUR HUNDRED OUNCES."

an acknowledged masterpiece among short stories, unless Poe's own "Gold Bug" may be regarded as taking its place—the methods Dupin adopted in "The Purloined Letter" may be taken as most typical of his method. In that case, as in so many of Sherlock Holmes's investigations, the police were entirely baffled. The Prefect of the Parisian police went to consult him on the mystery, to which the only objection from Dupin's point of view was that there was no mystery.

Those who have read the story will remember that a document of supreme importance had been stolen from the Royal apartments. The thief was known, for he was seen to take the letter, which was in his possession. He was an exalted personage—a Minister of State. While the lady to whom the letter was addressed was reading it she was interrupted by the unexpected arrival of someone from whom she wished to conceal it. She tried to put it into a drawer, but failed, and she had to leave it on the table, relying on the fact that things which are not hidden at all are often most free from observation. This fact, it may be remarked, was made use of by Sardou in his famous comedy, known in its English dress as "The Scrap of Paper."

As soon as the Minister entered he saw the paper, recognised the handwriting, and, having a letter somewhat similar in his possession, substituted the one for the other. The lady to whom the letter belonged saw what he did, but did not dare prevent him, in consequence of the presence of the third person. The situation thus developed became interesting, for, while the Minister was using the information obtained to his great advantage, the lady robbed was unable to demand her letter from him. She therefore put the case into the hands of the police.

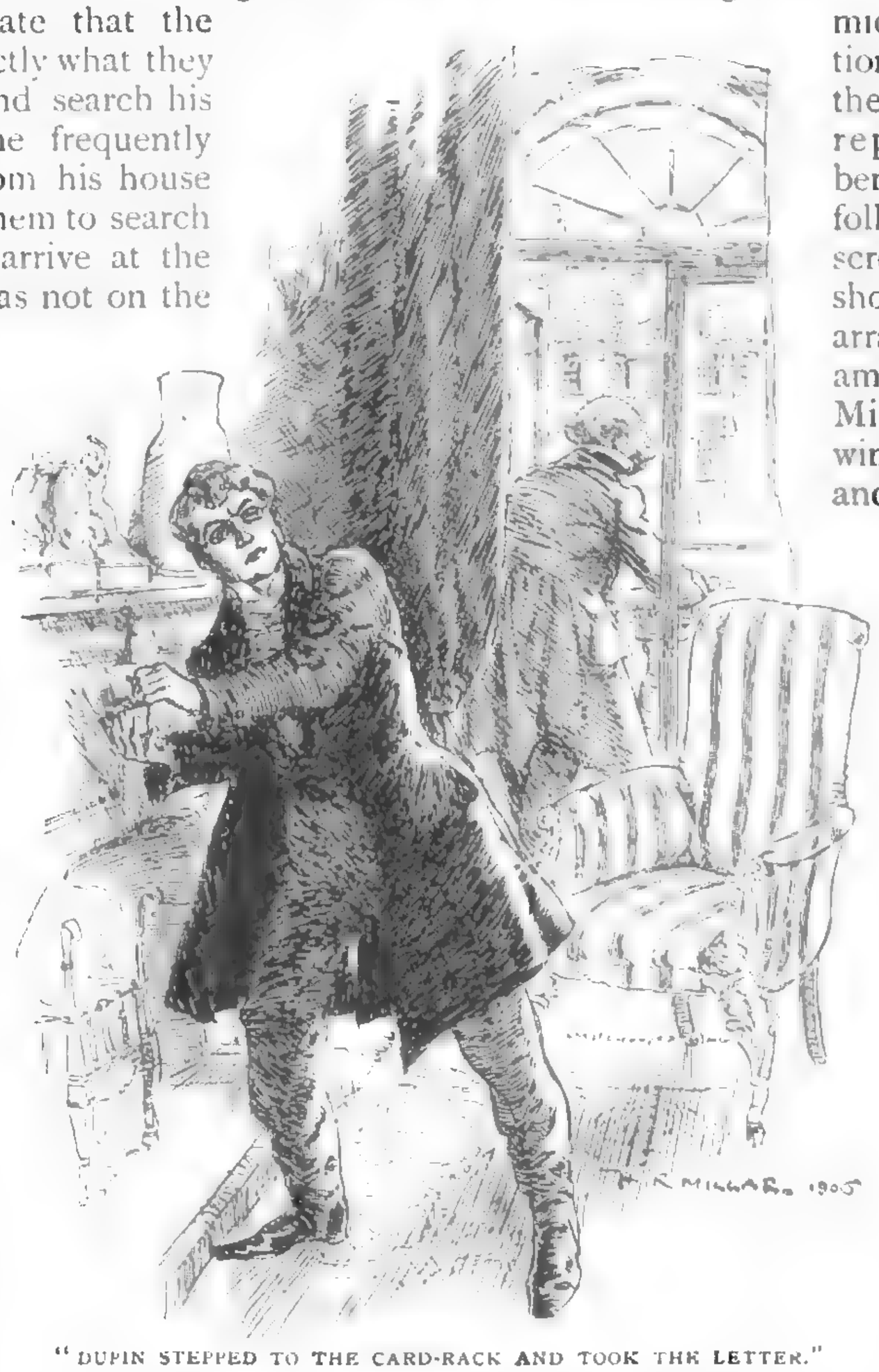
The police searched the Minister's house while he was away, but found nothing. That was the position of affairs when the police called on Dupin, who obtained from them an exact description of the letter. After a few weeks the Prefect returned to the amateur and acknowledged that he had again searched

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the Minister's house without any result. In despair he offered fifty thousand francs for the letter. With exquisite simplicity Dupin replied, "You may as well fill in a cheque for the amount mentioned; when you have signed it I will hand you the letter."

To the amazement of the head of the profession of police Dupin explained his method, which may be said to be summed up in the familiar axiom, "Put yourself in his place," a method which Sherlock Holmes himself adopted with conspicuous success on more than one occasion. The imagination, indeed, which Sherlock so frequently insisted upon in his conversations with Dr. Watson, Dupin applied to the case, and began by putting himself in the place of the Minister, who, being a courtier and a bold intriguer, could not fail to anticipate that the police would do exactly what they did—waylay him and search his house. Indeed, he frequently absented himself from his house in order to enable them to search for the letter, and arrive at the conclusion that it was not on the premises.

Dupin, however, concluded that, as most self-evident things pass unnoticed, the Minister had not attempted to hide the letter at all. Accordingly, he went to his house, where he found the Minister. In order to obtain the excuse of wearing spectacles of smoked glasses Dupin complained of weak eyes, and so minutely examined the room without appearing to do so. While he was talking he noticed a little card-rack of pasteboard dangling by a little dirty blue ribbon from a brass knob beneath the middle of the mantelpiece.



"DUPIN STEPPED TO THE CARD-RACK AND TOOK THE LETTER."

It had three or four compartments, containing five or six visiting-cards and a single letter, which was soiled, crumpled, and torn nearly in two, and had a large black seal bearing the Minister's cipher very conspicuously. It was addressed in a female hand to the Minister himself, and looked as if it had been carelessly thrown into one of the upper divisions of the rack.

Dupin concluded that it was the letter he was in search of, for he noticed that the edges of the paper seemed to be more chafed than was necessary. He concluded that it had been turned inside out, redirected, and re-sealed: for it must be remembered that those were the days in which envelopes were not commonly used. Dupin bade the Minister good day and went away, having taken the precaution to leave his gold snuff-box on the table.

Next morning he called for it. In the middle of a conversation with the Minister there was a sudden report of a pistol beneath the window, followed by fearful screams and loud shouting, all previously arranged for by the amateur detective. The Minister rushed to the window, threw it open, and looked out; whereupon Dupin, to use his own words, "stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, and replaced it by a facsimile carefully prepared at my lodgings." Having secured the letter, Dupin bade the Minister farewell and left.

The firing of the revolver to distract the attention of the Minister is closely akin to the alarm of fire which Sherlock caused his accomplice to raise at the house of the Larrabees when he was investigating the mystery of the purloined documents, which formed the subject of the famous play bearing his name.

Closely allied to Dupin is M. Lecoq, who,

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thanks to the invention of Emile Gaboriau, has become the beau-ideal of the detective in France. Unlike Dupin, however, and therefore unlike Sherlock Holmes, he was not an amateur, but a professional member of the police force, which he entered to make a career for himself. The originality of his methods caused his colleagues to be antagonistic to him, and in this way the author introduced that hostility to the deductive philosophy which has always been characteristic of detective stories.

If one turns to Gaboriau's story, "File No. 113," the closeness of the methods of Lecoq, Dupin, and Holmes is seen at a glance.

A safe has been robbed, and it is of the utmost importance to discover who robbed it. In discussing the matter with one of his subordinates, Lecoq says: "Do you remember the scratch you discovered on the green paint of the safe-door? You were so struck by it that you broke into an exclamation directly you saw it. You carefully examined it, and were convinced that it was a fresh scratch only a few hours old. Now, with what was it made? Evidently with a key. That being the case, you should have asked for the keys both of the banker and the cashier; one of them would have had some of the hard green paint sticking to it."

Might not that little speech, so lucid in its statement, have been made by Sherlock himself?

Lecoq had a photograph made of the safe, which showed the scratch with great exactness. It ran from top to bottom, starting from the hole of the lock, and went from left to right. Although very deep at the keyhole, it ended off in a scarcely perceptible mark.

"Naturally you thought," said Lecoq to his subordinate, "the scratch was made by the person who took the money. Let us see if you are right. I have a little iron box painted with green varnish like the safe. Here it is. Take the key and try to scratch it." The assistant tried and failed. "It is very hard, my friend," said Lecoq, "and yet that on the safe is still harder and thicker, so you see the scratch you discovered could not have been made by the trembling hand of a thief letting the key slip."

"It certainly required great force to make that scratch."

"Yes; but how was that force employed? I have been racking my brains for the last three days, and only yesterday did I come to a conclusion." Lecoq went to the door of the room, took the key from the lock, and called the subordinate over to him. "Now, suppose," he said, "I want to open this door and you don't want it opened; when you saw me about to insert the key what would be your first impulse?"

"To put my hand on your arm and draw it towards me so as to prevent you introducing the key."

"Precisely so. Now let us try it."

The assistant obeyed, and the key, held by M. Lecoq, pulled aside from the lock, slipped along the door and traced upon it a diagonal scratch from top to bottom, the exact reproduction of the one in the photograph.

"What a man you are!" said the subordinate. "Two persons were present at the robbery; one wished to take the money and



"THE KEY SLIPPED ALONG THE DOOR AND TRACED UPON IT A DIAGONAL SCRATCH FROM TOP TO BOTTOM."

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the other wished to prevent its being taken."

If one substitutes the names of Sherlock and of Watson for those of Lecoq and his subordinate, might not the little dialogue have been written by the accomplished hand of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle?

By the way, Lecoq, like Sherlock, always worked alone. He took a pride in his solutions, and refused assistance because he wished to share neither the pleasure of success nor the pain of defeat.

In the course of one of his cases he had occasion to examine a letter composed of printed words cut out and pasted on a sheet of paper—a similar course, it will be remembered, to that which Sherlock Holmes had to adopt in elucidating the mystery of "The Hound of the Baskervilles." From certain words it contained, which men never use, Lecoq quickly came to the conclusion that the letter was composed by a woman. He approached the window and began to study the pasted words with the scrupulous attention which an antiquarian would devote to an old, half-effaced manuscript.

"Small type, very slender and clear; the paper is thin and glossy—consequently these words have not been cut from a newspaper, magazine, or even a novel. I have seen type like this. I recognise it at once."

He stopped, his mouth open and his eyes fixed, appealing laboriously to his memory. Suddenly he struck his forehead exultingly. "Now I have it. Why did I not see it at once? These words have been cut from a prayer-book."

He moistened with his tongue one of the words pasted on the paper, and, when it was sufficiently softened, detached it with a pin. On the other side of this word was printed the Latin word "Deus." "What became of the mutilated prayer-book? Could it have been burnt?" "No," he replied to himself, "because a heavily-bound book is not usually burnt! It is thrown into some corner." And in a corner it was eventually found.

Surely that was Sherlock all over, even to the fact that the man whose very fate depended upon the success of his investigations almost forgot the circumstance in his admiration of Lecoq's method; for his energy, his bantering coolness when he wished to discover anything, the surety of his deductions, the fertility of his expedients, and the rapidity of his movements were astonishing.

In "The Moonstone" Wilkie Collins, the king of constructive novelists, gave us a detective to whom in some respects Sherlock bears a by no means slight resemblance. This is his description:—

"Sergeant Cuff was a grizzled, elderly man, so miserably thin that he looked as if he had not got an ounce of flesh on his bones in any part of him. His face was as sharp as a hatchet, and the skin of it was as yellow and dry and withered as an autumn leaf. His eyes, of a steely light grey, had a disconcerting trick whenever they encountered your eyes of looking as if they expected something more from you than you were aware of yourself. His walk was soft, his voice was melancholy, his long, lanky fingers were hooked like claws. He might have been a parson or an undertaker, or anything else you like, except what he really was."

Sergeant Cuff formulated into words the theory which Sherlock put into action. He was investigating a smear on a newly-painted door when he was called in to unravel the mystery of the disappearance of the moonstone. He was told by the superintendent who had the case in hand that it was made by the petticoats of the women-servants as they crowded into the room for the inquiry.

"Did you ascertain which petticoat?" he asked.

"I cannot charge myself with such trifles," said the superintendent. Cuff's rejoinder might have been made by Sherlock.

"I made a private inquiry last week; at one end of the inquiry there was a murder, and at the other end there was a spot of ink which could not be accounted for. In all my experience along the dirtiest ways of this dirty little world I have never met such a thing as a trifle yet. We must see the petticoat that made the smear, and we must know for certain that the paint was wet."

Not very long ago a writer in one of the weekly papers declared that the detective in literature is passing to decay. It may be doubted, however, whether, so long as deduction exercises its fascination, he will ever disappear from the pages of fiction. The processes on which he works are, as we have seen, of the most remote antiquity, and they have not lost their fascination yet.

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The House of Waiting.

By C. C. Andrews.

THE sudden squall which had whipped the placid water into fury had passed like the wing-swoop of some colossal bird. Severance, struggling up from the bottom of the boat, dizzy from the blow on the head dealt him by the fallen mast as it was swept overboard, was conscious that the tiny craft was rocking like a see-saw in the subsiding swell. He stared about him bewilderedly. The mast, snapped off like a carrot, had bodily carried away the sail and one of his oars. Behind him,



"HE STARED ABOUT HIM BEWILDEREDLY."

rugged, bare, monotonous, unutterably dreary, the desolate hills of the Shetland mainland rose between sky and sea. To the right, other hills marked the island of Yell.

He was not learned in the topography of the Shetlands, but he did know that some of the smaller islands were quite uninhabited, and this might possibly be one of them; the prospect of passing the night, pretty well soaked to the skin, without shelter, and with no better provisions than such as remained in his lunch-basket and spirit-flask, was not alluring. A few minutes were enough to tell him that there was every chance of the prospect being realized—slowly and inexorably the boat was drifting towards the shore-line, which grew each moment nearer. The island might be inhabited. And, whether or no, he could do nothing. But he was moved to heartily curse the freak which had made him embark upon this solitary fishing excursion. It was worthy of the initial freak which had brought him to Lerwick for a holiday. But he was, he had chosen to consider, sick of all ordinary resorts, at home or abroad. The prospect of solitude had appealed to him. Also, incidentally, there was a woman whom he desired to forget.

He was bitterly sore at her treatment of him, and morbidly anxious to avoid even a chance of hearing her name until she should have married the man in whose favour she had jilted him. On this particular day his thoughts had been more gloomily occupied with her than usual. They were gloomily occupied with her still, when presently the boat grounded upon a stretch of flat, shingly beach, and he stepped ashore as utterly lost, he told himself, as though he had been dropped down from the sky.

He hauled in the boat, mooring her to a boulder which lay well beyond the tide-mark, and looked about him. Right and left the stony shore stretched desolate and bare and absolutely empty of any sign of life. He looked inland. From the beach the ground rose slowly to a sort of plateau clothed in coarse grass, and flanked upon its farther side by the low, melancholy hills. Between two, the opening just facing him, there wound a path, or something like a path. Rough as it was, the merest stone-strewn track, it was enough—the island was inhabited, or, at least, men came there; looking more keenly, he saw that its course was marked by posts set up at irregular intervals—plainly that must be his way. It was early evening; there would be hours of

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light before the falling of the short Shetland night, but his search for shelter might be long, and he was already beginning to shiver in his drenched clothing. He mounted the slope, crossed the plateau, and ascended the path. It rose and dipped, rose again, and he saw figures moving in the valley. In a few minutes he was near enough for his voice to carry in a shout. As they stopped in response to it and he drew nearer he made them out to be a shambling man with a Scotch cap covering a shock of red hair, leading a sturdy, pot-bellied, pannier-burdened Shetland pony, and a woman wearing a white mutch, her shoulders rounded under a laden creel, her knitting fingers busy. Both stared as he came up, stared as he explained his predicament, and seemed disposed to do little else. At the end of five minutes he stood possessed of the information that the island was Unst, that there was no inn or approach to an inn, or, indeed, any habitations of any sort beyond a few crofters' cottages scattered among the hills, except the "Lady's House."

Severance repeated, questioningly, "The Lady's House?"

The man, whose contribution to the conversation had so far consisted of grunts, muttered something; beyond that it was certainly Gaelic, it conveyed to the hearer nothing whatever. The woman, in fair English, mercifully translated it into intelligible speech. "It means the House of Waiting, sir."

"The House of Waiting?"

"Yes, sir. The Lady built it herself nigh on fifty years ago. She was a young woman then, I've heard, but not a girl—she must be full eighty now. If you follow the path round the hill there"—she pointed—"you'll come to it. It won't be more than a mile." She seemed to consider the question settled. Severance stopped her as she turned away.

"But could I possibly intrude on a stranger? This house is not an inn——" he began.

The woman, gruntingly confirmed by her husband, explained that the House of Waiting possessed a guest-chamber, which would, as a matter of course, be at the disposal of any such stranded unfortunate as himself. The Lady's hospitality was always extended to anyone in his predicament—the fact that such visitors were few and far between making no difference. He might be sure of both welcome and entertainment upon making his case known. Thanking her, he asked a question. "The name is——?"

"Miss Cleveland, sir."

The woman, her husband, and the pony went one way and he went the other, along the indicated track round the shoulder of the hill. In perhaps a quarter of an hour it brought him to a point from which, looking downward a little, he saw the House of Waiting. Lying in a sort of hollow between that hill and the next, the ground sloping down to the little cove which it directly faced, it was square, heavy, solid, and larger than he had expected to see. The garden that surrounded it was marked off from the hillside by a breast-high stone wall; behind it lay a few rough outbuildings and a stack of peats as large as a cottage. All this his eyes took in as he hurried down the steep path towards a gate in the wall. Passing through it he saw a flutter of skirts in the doorway of one of the outbuildings, and turned that way. In a moment a woman appeared, her woollen gown kilted high above her stout shoes, balancing a pan of milk upon her hip. He advanced.

"I beg your pardon," he began. "I——"

He stopped. The woman, placidly watching his approach, uttered a sudden suppressed scream. As for an instant she stood motionless, staring at him, he saw her high-coloured, hard-featured face absolutely grey with some inexplicable terror; the next she had flung up her hands with a gesture of wild avoidance and repugnance, darting away, and the milk from the shattered pan was trickling over the flags at his feet. Severance was, and knew that he was, a handsome man. Certainly within his experience no woman had ever given him such a look or rushed from him in such a manner. Amazed, half angry, he laughed.

"What on earth is the matter? Dare say I look fairly demoralized, but why the deuce should the woman squeal and bolt like a rabbit? This looks well for my promised welcome! Let's try the house."

A path conducted him down the garden and round the house to a side door which stood open. Seeing neither knocker nor bell, he rapped with his knuckles. In a moment a figure appeared in the passage-way—that of an old man. Observant of the bowed back and shuffling gait, the sparse fringe of white hair round the bald head, the venous hand lifted to shield the blinking eyes, Severance decided that if not ninety he looked as much. He raised his voice a little.

"I beg your pardon," he began as before; "I hope I am not wrong in asking for Miss Cleveland's kind hospitality. I was unlucky enough to be driven ashore, having been caught by the squall, and——"

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The retainers of the House of Waiting were, it seemed, a singular crew. The woman had shrieked and rushed away as though he were plague-stricken; the man, suddenly clutching at his breast, peering eagerly into his face, uttered a sound that was like a feeble, incredulous scream of joy. Severance was never afterwards sure that his hand, caught in those shaking old hands, was not also kissed. Yielding to their tremulous seizure of his arm, he was drawn inside before he could speak again.

"Yes, yes; yes, yes!" the old man quavered. "The squall — yes — I understand. No matter how you came — no, no! The room is ready, sir—quite ready—all is ready." He laid his hand upon the young man's sleeve again. "You are wet and cold and hungry too—yes, yes! You must rest and eat before you see the mistress. She is sleeping. This way—this way!"

He hurried along to the end of the passage and up a flight of stairs, still muttering eagerly. In a minute Severance, alone in the room in which he had been ushered, stood and looked about him in perplexity. Was the guest-chamber of the House of Waiting kept always in this state of preparation for its chance occupants? And was it taken for granted that any such occupant would be a man? Or had he been mistaken in concluding that beyond its servants the house had no inhabitant but its aged mistress, since this was so clearly a man's room? A pair of elaborately-worked slippers were on the rug before the fire; a dressing-gown of a flaring shawl pattern was thrown across an easy-chair; other articles of dress were laid out precisely upon the quilt of the ancient four-poster; shaving materials were upon the wash-stand. He glanced from it to the dressing-table and uttered an exclamation—over the mirror a black curtain hung, shrouding the glass. Drawing it back — the impulse to do so was somehow irresistible—he exclaimed a second time. The backs of the brushes and hand-glass lying there bore in old-fashioned silver lettering his own initials—G.S.; upon the big frilled cushion, across its plump pink top, elaborately traced in coloured pins, were the same letters. Feeling his heart quicken with an odd sense of the uncanny, he turned towards the bed. "By Jove!" he cried.



"THE MAN, SUDDENLY CLUTCHING AT HIS BREAST, PEERING EAGERLY INTO HIS FACE, UTTERED A SOUND THAT WAS LIKE A FEEBLE, INCREDULOUS SCREAM OF JOY."

The clothes that lay there, if not quite unworn, were obviously nearly so; but it was not this which, as he turned them over, caused his ejaculation. In cut, style, material, finish, they were more than out of date—they were obsolete. Examining them, he decided that their fashion was that of nearly sixty years back. Was he supposed to put them on? It seemed so. The old man, as he closed the door, had said that he would find all he needed. Should he do so? The fact that he was shivering miserably in his own drenched garments effectually answered the question. If he wished to avoid an attack of illness there was no choice. Effecting the change as quickly as might be, his inspection of the

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result in the mirror was another surprise. Had the things been made for him they could not have fitted better. Severance laughed.

"Rather recalls a Thackeray sketch of Pendennis," he criticised, "but highly successful on the whole. Would be improved by an inch or so more hair, perhaps. Does the other G.S. go about in this unholy rig, I wonder? If not, it is to be hoped that my hostess's sense of humour isn't overdeveloped. Now for something to eat before I go down. I shall feel more equal to the encounter."

A knock and a jingle of glass and china outside the door had announced the arrival of a tray a few minutes before—he brought it in. Had he been far less hungry than he was he must needs have pronounced its contents excellent, and the accompanying bottle of wine perfect. The mistress of the House of Waiting promised to be, in more ways than one, a remarkable person. Making an end of his meal and leaving the room, he hesitated for a moment between the flight of stairs by which he had come up and another directly facing him. Choosing the latter, he went down, to find himself in what was evidently the hall. Of good size, its stone floor covered here and there by rugs, warmed by a heaped fire of peats upon a raised hearth, and lighted by a large, deeply-sunken window of tiny panes fronting west, the only remarkable thing about it was upon the opposite wall—a long mirror, shrouded, as the one in his room had been, by a dark curtain. About to advance to it—surely it was a mirror?—he stopped, checked by the sound of a quick footstep outside; the door handle was smartly turned, and a girl came in. She pulled off the long brown cloak she wore, standing for a moment outlined against the light, and her strangeness and her beauty struck him together like a blow.

She advanced slowly, as though the haste which had winged her feet were suddenly over. Standing in the shadow by the fire-place, knowing himself unseen, he had leisure to take in the details of her appearance. She was tall, slight, lithe. She wore a blue dress, cut square at the neck, quaintly old-fashioned, close-falling, picture-like. Her golden hair hung in a thick braided plait to her waist like a child's, though she was probably not less than three-and-twenty. Her complexion, delicately browned by sun and wind, ran into milky whiteness at throat and forehead; her straight, clear-cut features were almost faultless. Who was this ideal young Shetland princess? he wondered, admiring her. He made a movement; she turned her head, and astonished him by advancing at once with no show of surprise.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, quickly, and then—"I hoped you would be here, but I did not know. I met Alison Murray—she told me she had sent you—but you might not have been able to find the house. I suppose you saw Peter? Did he give you all you needed? I hope so."

"I have no doubt I saw Peter. I have been more than well treated and am most grateful," said Severance, "If I may venture to say so, Peter seemed glad to see me," he added, smiling.

"Did he? I am glad of that. He is not always pleasant to strangers, perhaps because he sees so few. No"—rather to his dismay she seemed to divine what was in his thoughts—"he is not foolish, really. But he is very old—almost ninety." She paused. "It was fortunate that you met Alison, for otherwise you would not have known where to go."

"Most fortunate." The contrast between the womanliness of her beauty and the naïve, childlike simplicity of her speech and manner was delightfully piquant, he decided. Absolutely free from either self-consciousness or shyness, there was yet a curious hesitancy in them, the mark, it seemed, not of timidity, but of a certain want of use. A nun long immured in her convent might have shown the same, he thought. "So far from knowing where to go, I was not even sure that the island was inhabited. My knowledge of the Shetlands ends with the mainland and Yell. At present I am staying at Lerwick for the fishing."

"Alison told me, and that you had lost your sail and one oar. The squall caught you, of course?"

"I suppose so. It was something equally sudden and unpleasant. You knew there had been a squall?"

"Yes. I saw it coming. One learns to know all sorts of weather signs when one lives in the Shetlands."

"No doubt." The words came out before he had time either to check or consider them. "But *you* do not live here, surely?"

"I have lived here for nearly six years—since I was seventeen," said the girl, simply.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Severance. The ejaculation came as involuntarily as the question had done. Lived here, in the barren, desolate solitude of this forsaken corner of the world! Was it possible that Fate had so entombed such a creature for six of her young

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years? He hastily tried to cover it with something else. "I know my hostess's name," he said, "though I have not yet had the honour of seeing her. May I ask——"

"Mine? Rosamond Cleveland. The lady, Miss Cleveland, is my aunt — my great-aunt. My father was her nephew." She hesitated. "The people—the crofters—generally call her the Lady."

"Of the House of Waiting?"

"Sometimes. But generally they call it the Lady's House. I did not know you knew the Gaelic name."

"The Gaelic name—in Gaelic—would be quite beyond me. It is quaint in English."

"She — chose it." She glanced towards the window. "Sometimes I think the House of Watching would be as good a name. You see, it commands the whole of the bay. We can see the smoke of the Lerwick steamer from here sooner than from anywhere else on the island."

"The steamer comes from Lerwick?"

"To bring our provisions—everything that the garden does not supply. We have our own poultry and milk, of course, and the fishermen bring us more fish than we can use. It comes once a fortnight. But for that I think I should forget that there was a world."

Her voice dropped over the last sentence as though it were spoken to herself. Severance had moved to the window. In a moment she spoke again behind him. "Alison said you were carried ashore on Long Beaches. It is fortunate that you were driven in that direction rather than swept out there. Your one oar would have been worse than useless then."

She pointed obliquely seaward. Upon the otherwise placid surface of the water a ring of frothy white showed wickedly. "A whirlpool?" Severance questioned.

"Yes. They call it the Witch's Cauldron."

"Is it dangerous?"

"For small boats. It has sucked down larger ones than yours would be. Last year—ah!"

Severance had turned his head; the light, still bright in the western sky, was full upon his face. As he did so the girl, close behind him, recoiled with a scream. If the woman by the outhouse had grown grey, she grew death-white as, with her blue eyes wildly dilated, she stretched out her hands as if to keep him off. "You—you are Godfrey Severance!" she gasped.



"'YOU—YOU ARE GODFREY SEVERANCE!' SHE GASPED."

She fell against the table, staring at him. In blank astonishment Severance stared back at her.

"I am certainly Godfrey Severance, though I don't know how you guess it. I have not been asked my name and have not mentioned it. What do you mean?"

"Mean? Do you pretend that you came here by chance?"

"Chance? Here—to Unst? Completely by chance. You must know it. I don't understand you."

"You don't understand me?"

"Not in the least. I never knew of the existence of this house until to-night, or heard your name. Certainly I did not imagine that you had ever heard mine."

"Oh—had ever heard yours! Ever heard it!" The amazement and reproach—surely

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it was reproach?—were dying out of her face; its bewilderment remained; she put out her hand with an appealing gesture, like a child pleading for pardon. "Oh, I am foolish," she said, piteously. "I—forget. But I have lived here so long, and it has been so lonely! I have been afraid sometimes that I should get infected—that I should come to believe it too. But, of course, I do not, and, of course, you are speaking the truth. You—you are young—it is I who am absurd." She stopped. "You are not angry?"

The tone was as childlike as the gesture with which she had given him her hand. "My dear child—angry!" he said, soothingly.

"You might have been angry—I almost said you were lying—I believed you were for a moment. I was startled—and in that dress——" She broke off. "Oh, I can't explain, but please, please go away before you have done any harm, before—ah! Yes, yes, Aunt Theodora, I am coming!"

She stopped with a frightened face; her backward movement dragged away her hand; a door across the hall had opened; she ran to the figure that appeared there. Severance, looking, knew that this must be the Lady of the House of Waiting.

He had thought to see a strange figure, but not so strange a one as the figure before his eyes; he had known it would be that of an old woman, but he had never seen an old woman such as this. The girl Rosamond was tall; Miss Cleveland, her stately height unbowed by her eighty years, was taller; the girl Rosamond was beautiful; Miss Cleveland in her youth must have been still more lovely. Her straight-chiselled features had kept their regularity; her delicate skin was covered with a network of wrinkles so fine that at a little distance it appeared smooth, and retained a faint bloom like a withered rose; her hair, dressed in a coronet of plaits at the back of her head, and drooping in long ringlets beside her cheeks, had still a tint of the girl's gold. The style of her dress matched the style of her hair—the full-flowing double skirt, the tight, low bodice, with the short, puffed sleeves and berthe of lace, belonged as much to the early fifties. But the long, gaunt arms and shrunken neck which it left bare were piteous; she seemed not like a woman who had grown old, but as though she had been struck with age in her youth, as a tree in its green spring may be blasted by lightning. As he hesitated, perplexed, doubtful what to do, she turned her head and saw him.

"Godfrey! Godfrey! Godfrey!" Her thin, quavering voice, rising higher with each repetition of the word, shrilled into a toneless, cackling laugh. Bewildered, amazed, dismayed, the young man felt that she would have thrown herself at his feet, but that he caught her hands.

"You—you expected me?" he stammered.

He hardly knew what he said. She laughed again and turned to the girl, standing by helpless and white.

"Expected you! Do you hear him, child? That is like a man! That is how one will treat you when you are a woman, my dear! Ah, they pretend to wonder at it, but if they were away for ten years they would in their hearts expect to find us waiting. And it has not been so long as that, Godfrey, not nearly so long, though there have been summer and winter and winter and summer again since we said good-bye. How long is that? I have not counted, because it would have made it longer." She turned to the girl again. "This is Rosamond, my niece—see, she is almost grown up—would you think I could have one so old? Look! her eyes are the colour of mine, and her hair—she is blue and golden like me—another Theodora. Perhaps you would not know the difference if I were not the taller. But she may grow as tall. She has been with me a long time—months, I think. It was lonely before she came—a little lonely. She has helped me watch for the steamer in the bay. Rosamond, why did we not watch to-day, the day that he has come?"

She had laughed little hysterical, giggling laughs between the sentences — a pitiful travesty of how she might have laughed, a girl, sixty years ago; her dry, chalk-white, trembling fingers still held Severance's hand. Rosamond answered, her voice shaking.

"It is not the day for the steamer. It was a little boat," she said, faintly.

"A little boat? Ah, that was because he could not wait. Of course he could not wait!" She dropped the young man's hand to lay her own on his shoulders; her sunken eyes, still with some trace of their young blue, searched his face eagerly. "You are browner, dear—is that India?—and older and graver, but only a little, a very little. I like you better so—oh, much better!" She glanced down at his dress. "So Rosamond took you to your room. Good child; but it should have been I who did that." Her eyes strayed to herself; she gave a cry of dismay. "Ah, this ugly gown, and a colour you hate! Wait a little while—only a little while, and you shall see. Jean! Jean! Jean!"

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"SHE DROPPED THE YOUNG MAN'S HAND TO LAY HER OWN ON HIS SHOULDERS."

She ran across to the stairs; her shrill, tremulous cry of the name was repeated as she hurried up them, disappearing into the shadows. Severance swung round upon the girl.

"In the name of wonder, what does it mean?" he demanded, and, as he asked the question, answered it. "She is mad!"

"No, no—not really! Only in one way—that one dreadful, cruel way. Oh, I can't tell you—perhaps you won't believe me. I must show you—I must! Come here."

Severance never knew into what kind of room he followed her; he retained afterwards no impression of it; his eyes went at once to the object towards which she pointed—a picture upon an easel. "Good heavens!" he cried.

"You see," she said, hoarsely.

"See!" He stared at the face, which might have been his own face; at the figure dressed to the smallest detail as he was now dressed, and back at her bewilderedly. "It might be myself! How came it here?"

"It has been here for fifty years."

"Fifty years! Who is it?"

"It is Godfrey Severance."

"Godfrey Severance?"

"Yes." She hesitated, doubtfully. "Your—your father?"

"My father's name was Charles; my grandfather was Godfrey. I have been told that I resemble him. I suppose it is true; I don't know. He died before I was born."

"Died?"

"Forty years ago—more. And this is his portrait—it must be. Is it possible that she—that she——"

"She takes you for him. She was engaged to marry him," said the girl.

"To marry him? And he deserted her?"

"Yes. It is nearly sixty years ago. She was younger than I am—twenty-two He went to India." She paused. "You know that?"

"Yes. He married there—a rich woman. Well?"

"He was to be gone four or five years, then to come back, and they were to marry. His letters came regularly for a year or two; then, without warning—oh, it was cruel!—he wrote and broke with her. The shock nearly killed her. For a long time she was out of her mind. When she recovered she had forgotten."

"Forgotten?"

"That he had broken with her. She believed that she had only to wait for him to come back. Then she built this place—the House of Waiting. Oh, poor Aunt Theodora!"

She covered her eyes and sobbed. "Why here?" asked Severance, gently, presently.

"I am not sure. But I know they had met first somewhere in the Shetlands. I have a fancy that it was perhaps here that he asked her to marry him. Or there may have been no real reason for her belief that he would come here to find her. She was sane enough otherwise, but the doctors said that if she were thwarted she might go quite mad again. She was independent; her people were obliged to let her have her own way. She brought Peter—he had always been devoted to her—but she would have no one else until I came." She faltered. "I have

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fancied sometimes, been afraid, that since he grew so very feeble and old he has begun to think as she thinks and believe as she believes."

Severance recalled the old man's welcome, the exuberant senile joy that had puzzled him, and understood—he, like his mistress, believed that the forty-years-dead Godfrey Severance had in truth come back. A glance at the picture explained the woman's terror.

"Any day, every day, she has expected him," Rosamond went on. "His room has been always ready—you have seen it. It was when she had lived here about a year that her mind seemed to—stop."

"To stop?"

"I don't know how to express it better. She—went back to her girlhood again. She thinks she is a girl now. She covered the mirrors; it did not matter how she looked until he came back, she said. She has not looked at herself for almost fifty years."

"Good heavens!" Severance ejaculated. He was gripped by the ghastly, farcical pathos of the thing. He looked from the face that was like the reflection of his own to the girl's bowed golden head. "Do you mean, child, she believes, poor soul, that she is young, beautiful—like you?"

"Nearly always—I'm sure nearly always. But now and then she stops, as it were, and stares at me as if she were wondering—wondering! I have seen her look at her hands and arms and shudder, and once or twice stand before the great mirror in the hall as though she tried to pull the curtain away, and dared not—dared not! It seems as if in her heart of hearts she knew and was afraid. But she has never asked me whether she is changed and does not know that I have been with her for six years. She thinks it is a few months—you heard what she said." She turned upon him with a sudden vehemence. "You are not to laugh at her!" she cried. "You shall not dare to laugh!"

"Laugh! Do I seem so great a brute? Could any man be cad enough to laugh at such a tragedy? I should do it less than any, remembering who was the cause. What shall I do?"

"Do?" she echoed, questioningly.

"How shall I best atone for the misfortune of having come here? But for my doing so she might have kept her delusion to the last. I will do whatever you please and think best. If I go away now, is it likely that to-morrow she will forget having seen me?" He hesitated. "I suppose—forgive me—she believes that I have come back to marry her?"

"Yes," she answered, hopelessly.

"Then what shall I do? How best undeceive her? Dare we venture to tell her——"

He broke off. The door was flung open, and an elderly woman-servant rushed in.

"Miss Rosamond, Miss Rosamond, come to the mistress, for pity's sake!" She turned on Severance fiercely. "Eh, man, whoever you are, you did a cruel piece of work in coming here! My dear, my dear, I don't know what to be at. She's putting on her wedding-gown!"

"Her wedding-gown?"

"Aye—her wedding-gown that's fifty years old. It's lain by in lavender the thirty years that I've been here, as my own mother packed it away twenty years before me. She bade me tell Diarmid to have the boat ready against daylight to take her over to Lerwick to be married. Mr. Severance would not wait, she said, and when he went away she had promised that she would be ready when he came back. What shall we do?"

"She is coming!" Rosamond gasped.

She ran out into the hall and Severance followed her. Miss Cleveland was descending the stairs. As the white bridal-dress she wore must have fitted her in her slender youth, so it fitted her in her shrunken age; more than ever she looked like a creature miraculously smitten old. The wide bell-skirt was flounced to the waist with cascades of yellowing lace; the lace veil that covered her head was crowned with a wreath of orange blossoms; jewels glittered round her withered throat and in her faded hair; she was a figure terrible, piteous, grotesque. The one last possible touch was given in the little foolish, girlish laugh with which, spreading out the rustling satin in a sweeping curtsy, she ran across to the two.

"Is not this better, Godfrey—more like the Theodora you left? I wore white when we said good-bye. Do you recollect? But not a gown like this. Child, why do you look at me so? Are you jealous of my wedding-dress? Dear, you shall wear one too—when you are a woman. But you must find your lover first, and he shall not go away like Godfrey—no, no! You might fret, you might not be sure that he would come back, you might grow old in waiting. Is my veil right? Jean would not help me—she cried out and ran away. I don't think she likes me to be married. I told her to bring me a looking-glass, and she did not—I wanted to see myself again. Ah—I was forgetting—this is better."

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"IS THIS NOT BETTER, GODFREY—MORE LIKE THE THEODORA YOU LEFT?"

Neither Severance nor Rosamond had moved; each had watched, listened, helplessly. Now, as she stretched out her hand to the curtain enshrouding the mirror, the girl threw herself in the way.

"Aunt Theodora, no, no!" she implored.

Miss Cleveland stood suddenly rigid. Her arm dropped to her side.

"Aunt Theodora, not now!" She flung her arms round the stiffly erect figure. "Don't look! Wait a little while. Wait until the morning."

"Why?"

"The—the light will be brighter—you will see better. Do, do wait until then."

There was a moment's dead silence. The woman Jean broke it by bursting into wailing sobs. Miss Cleveland slowly lifted her hands and drew herself free. She looked round her blindly, bewilderedly, looked from the man to the girl and back again, lifted a fold of her veil and looked at that, and with the indescribable change that came upon her face uttered a single moan. When she spoke, looking at Severance, her voice was a thin whisper, sounding far off.

"You are Godfrey Severance," she said, slowly. "Godfrey Severance as he bade me good-bye. Tell me—are you my lover?"

"Dear madam, no," he answered, gently.

"No." She repeated the word like an echo. "No. You have his voice, his eyes, his hair, his hands, you wear his dress. Who then are you—if not my Godfrey?"

He helplessly answered with the truth again. "I am his grandson."

"His grandson—his grandson! Godfrey's grandson!" For an instant she swayed and caught at Rosamond's arm. Then she pointed a finger at the mirror. "How long," she asked, slowly, "has that been hidden so?"

"Oh, Aunt Theodora, don't ask! Dear, dearest, don't ask!" sobbed the girl.

"How long," she repeated, in a hollow voice—"how long is it since I saw my face?"

As helplessly as Severance has spoken it the girl sobbed the truth. "Fifty years."

"Fifty years!" Her repetition of the words rose into a quavering shriek; in an instant she tore the curtain aside and looked. She stared—an awful stare—a withered ghost in the wedding finery of her youth—her whole body seemed to shrink, dwindle, shorten, and she fell as though lightning had smitten her indeed.

The old man Peter tottered out from where he had stood watching, and crouched moaning over her.

Severance's first conscious thought as he awoke was one of surprise that he should have slept. When he threw himself down upon the couch of the guest-chamber of the House of Waiting it had been with no thought of sleep. But the hours of the short Shetland night were over; the eastern sky fronting the unshuttered window was red; he saw it through a blurring mist in which the shapes of the furniture loomed ghostly and unreal. He lay looking at it. Had he dreamed of a choked call outside, of a sound like a stumb-

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ling fall? The mist seemed to curl and waver—it was growing thicker—it——he sprang to his feet. Good heavens! the room was full of smoke!

He tore open the door; it rolled in, dense and acrid; with it came a loud, snapping crackle of burning wood. He shouted and ran out, treading upon something which seemed to twist and coil as though it were alive. With a horrible premonition of what it was he stooped to find himself right—his foot was upon the wrist-thick braid of Rosamond's hair; her unconscious body lay across the passage. He caught her up as though she were a child, and, shouting again, groped his way to the stairs and down into the hall. Here the smoke was less dense, for the door stood wide open; staggering and half-stifled, he made his way to it and out into the air. As he laid the insensible girl down upon the rough grass of the slope and darted back to the house the woman Jean, half dressed, came rushing out. Severance caught her arm.



"HE CAUGHT HER UP AS THOUGH SHE WERE A CHILD."

"Your mistress, where is she? Which is her room? Quick!"

"I don't know, I can't find her," cried the woman, distractedly. "She's gone!"

"Gone?"

"Yes, yes. She seemed asleep and I left her. When I smelt the smoke and went back her room was empty. Miss Rosamond——"

"She is here, safe. I found the door open," said Severance, rapidly. "Can Miss Cleveland have gone out? Who else is in the house? Where is the old man?"

"Peter? It's he who fired the place, sir; I'm sure of it. I heard him go shuffling and chuckling past my door before I smelt the fire. And his bed's empty, too." A man came stumbling and gasping out of the smoke. "Here's my husband. Can you find aught of the mistress, Diarmid?"

The man speechlessly shook his head. Rosamond was slowly staggering to her feet. As Severance turned towards the house again she caught his arm.

"No, no!" she gasped. "Aunt Theodora is gone."

"Gone? You are sure?"

"Yes, yes. Peter said so. It was he who set fire to the house—he was there when I ran out at the smoke. There should be an end of the House of Waiting, he screamed, and an end of you who had killed her. He is quite mad. He dragged himself away from me—the door was open—I tried to get to your room to rouse you, but the smoke—— Ah, look, look!" she shrieked.

She pointed seaward. Upon the water a boat was moving. In the stern, erect and stately in her wedding-gown and veil, sat the Lady of the House of Waiting; opposite her an ancient figure, which might have been that of Charon's self, bent to the oars. The girl screamed again, and caught at the man's shoulder.

"The Witch's Cauldron—he is rowing straight for it! They will be sucked down. Quick—quick!" she cried.

Severance rushed down upon the beach. A second boat, its sail furled, its oars ready, lay there. It was only as he pushed off that he realized the presence of the girl. Her oar was in the rowlocks as quickly as his; without a word they rowed as surely man and woman never rowed yet. Once he glanced at the sail, but she shook her head—the wind was against them. From the boat

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"THE TALL WHITE FIGURE ROSE ERECT, GHOSTLIKE IN THE PALE MORNING LIGHT."

they were pursuing it bore presently a cackling, triumphant peal of crazy laughter and a high, thin, quavering voice—the Lady of the House of Waiting went singing to her death. As the whirlpool's current caught them, and the tall white figure rose erect, ghostlike in the pale morning light, Severance dropped the oars he dared use no longer and threw his arms round the girl, pressing her head to his breast that she might not see, and hiding his own eyes against it. When he looked up the wicked mouth of the Witch's Cauldron, foaming whitely on the placid surface, showed no signs of its filling.

Rosamond had not fainted. When presently she moved and he released her she was quite calm. The light brightened over the dimpling water; he kept the boat stationary, feeling that he did not dare to break the silence. Many minutes went by before she spoke.

"We could do nothing," she said. "I knew that. But I could not have stood to see her drown." She stopped. "Even if we could have got near enough to call to her it would have been useless — she would not have come back. She meant — to die. Perhaps it is better that her waiting should end so."

"Try to think so, dear child," Severance answered, gently.

"Yes, I will try." She looked at him suddenly as he took the oars. "Don't go back," she said. "Take me away."

"Away?" He paused, amazed.

"Anywhere. Wherever you are going. I have no home now—nothing—no one belonging to me in all the world. And I know you are kind. Let me go with you. Oh, I am frightened—I am frightened! I can't—I daren't go back!"

He took her into his arms again as she burst into tears. He knew that she had made the request as innocently as a child. He thought of his sister and best friend, fine of heart and head, who would welcome, befriend, protect her. He had no thought of what was to be the truth—that he held love, wife, home, happiness, his whole future in his arms. But it came upon him that the figure of the woman whom he had been striving to forget had become suddenly shadowy and remote. He gently put her from him.

"You shall not go back," he said. "I will take you with me."

A faint smile shone at him from her wet blue eyes. He busied himself unfurling the sail. Some impulse beyond that of mere pity and tenderness prompted him to stoop as he took his seat again and kiss her hand. "You shall be quite safe, dear," he said, gently. "You shall be absolutely safe."

The sail lifted, swelled, filled, as he bent to the oars. Behind them a great spear of flame sprang upward from the House of Waiting and burst into a huge flower of fire against the sky.

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THE HON. SIR JOHN CHARLES BIGHAM—PRESENT DAY.

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MR. JUSTICE BIGHAM.

THE HON. SIR JOHN CHARLES BIGHAM, Justice of the High Courts, Chief Commissioner to the Railway and Canal Commission, and the Chief Judge in Bankruptcy, was born in 1840 at Rodney Street, Liverpool, next door to the house in which the late Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone first saw the light. The son of John Bigham, a Liverpool merchant,



AGE 4.



From the Drawing] AGE 21. *[by William Fyfe.*

he received his first education at the Royal Institution, Liverpool, and afterwards took his degree at the Sorbonne, in Paris.

Called to the Bar at the age of thirty, at the Middle Temple, he joined the Northern Circuit, and thirteen years later received his silk gown, when he immediately became the opponent of Mr. Charles Russell, whose pupil he had been in former years. In the seventies the Northern Circuit enjoyed the distinction of having in its ranks many of the most able members of the Bar, and

AGE 25.



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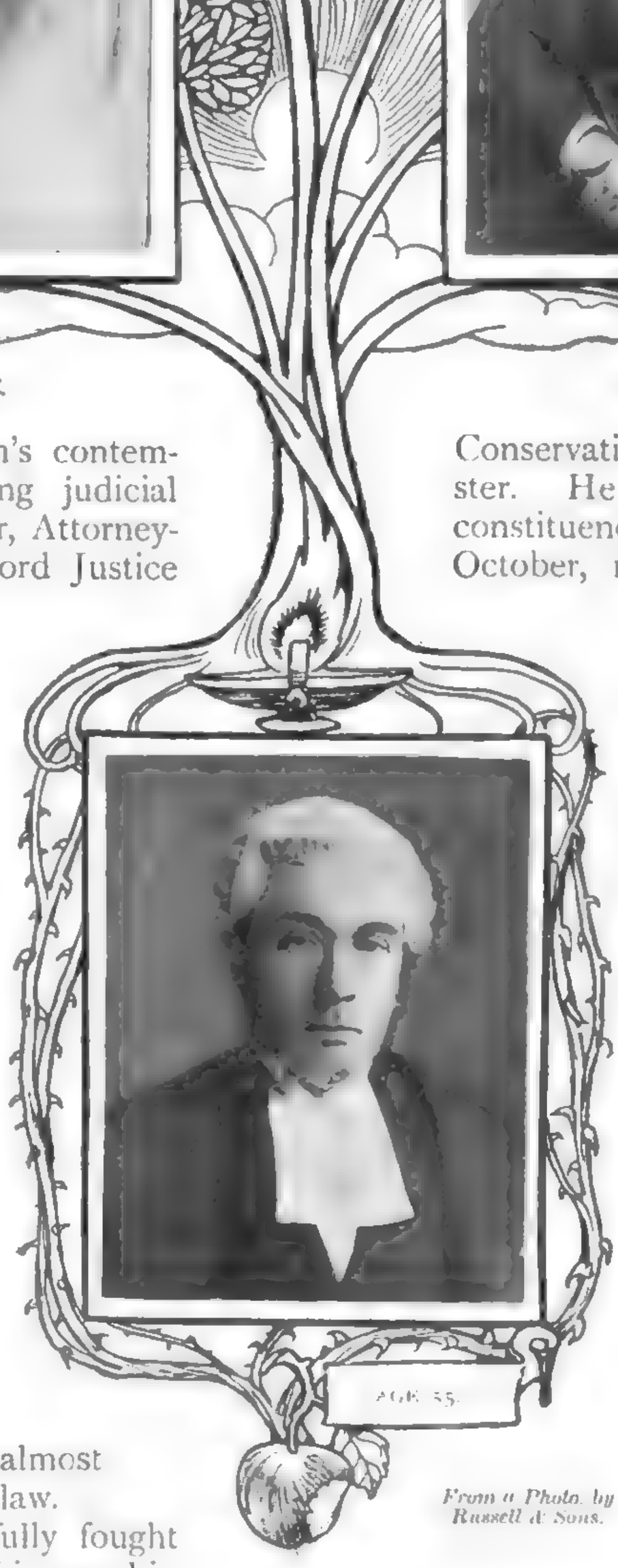


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From a Photo. by Barraud.

amongst Sir John Bigham's contemporaries were such shining judicial lights as Sir John Holker, Attorney-General, and afterwards Lord Justice of Appeal; Sir Farrer Herschell, afterwards Lord Chancellor; Sir Charles Russell, afterwards Lord Chief Justice; and William Court Gully, now Lord Selby, and late Speaker of the House of Commons. Before leaving the Northern Circuit Mr. John Bigham, Q.C., became its acknowledged leader, but owing to a large and lucrative practice in London he was compelled to adopt a special retaining fee, for, in addition to a very large practice in commercial business, his services were in great demand in almost every other branch of the law.



From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

In 1892 he unsuccessfully fought the Exchange Division of Liverpool in the Unionist interest, and three years later he again contested the seat, this time with success. Thus, for the first time in its history, the Exchange Division returned a Conservative member to Westminster. He continued to sit for this constituency of his native city until October, 1897, when he accepted a judgeship and a knighthood. Since being made a judge Mr. Justice Bigham has presided over many celebrated trials, perhaps the best known being the sensational Liverpool Bank robbery case and the famous Whitaker Wright trial, which ended in such dramatic fashion in the suicide of the great financier a few minutes after he had been sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

In 1902 Sir John Bigham went to South Africa as a member of the Royal Commission on Martial Law, in company with his colleague, Lord Alverstone.

A well-known member of the Athenæum Club, a life-long friend of the judge, describes Mr. Justice Bigham in private life as "the most kind-hearted man in the world, and ever ready to help a lame dog over a stile."

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Is the BRITISH CLIMATE Maligned?

A SYMPOSIUM of Eminent TRAVELLERS

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.
Lord Brassey.
Sir Harry Johnston.
Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.
Sir William des Vœux.
Lord Montagu of Beaulieu.
Mr. Harry de Windt.
Maj.-Gen. Baden-Powell.
Maj.-Gen. O'Grady-Haly.
Lord Carrington.
Mr. Arthur Lee, M.P.
Mr. A. G. Hales.
Mr. John Foster Fraser.
Dr. W. Gordon-Stables, R.N.
Lieut.-Col. N. Newnham-Davis.
Mr. Thomas Greenwood.
Mr. Budgett Meakin.
Mr. Cuthbert Christy.
Mr. Bennet Burleigh.
Mr. George Griffith.
Mr. J. Henniker Heaton, M.P.

ENGLISHMEN, it is said, are born with a special privilege—a special propensity to grumble. Upon no point do the grumblers agree with such unanimity as the weather. From time immemorial has the English climate been objurgated, anathematized, vilified, and lampooned, until it would seem that no shred of decent reputation should continue to cling to it. Foreigners at the very mention of our bleak little island in the North Sea have been wont to exclaim, in the language Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the French King:—

> Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
> On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
> Killing their fruit with frowns?

He would be a bold man who should come forward with the declaration that, so far from England's climate being an object of scorn and contumely, it is in reality the very finest climate in the world. Yet, wholly defying foolish prejudices and predilections, that is precisely what a number of eminent and widely-travelled persons have now done. It is too much to hope that the opinion of persons, however exalted and however well-informed, can possibly suffice to lay the British climate bogy. We shall probably still continue to be told, in the words of Walter Savage Landor, that the British climate is a "perennial jest at which no Briton laughs," and to listen to such scathing observations as this of Heine:—

"How human beings are reared in such a climate—scarcely suited to the propagation of any but a low order of slugs—is one of Nature's inscrutable mysteries."

Caricaturists from the time of Hogarth have found a fruitful field of satire in the weather. Sydney Smith argued there must be some mystic strain in the English character that could induce thirty millions of human beings to remain cooped up in a damp, unwholesome island from which escape was comparatively so easy. "True," he said, "in the southern counties the English raise peaches, and it is said these make excellent pickles."

Against these critics of the national weather let us set the supposed paradox of Charles II.,

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"who never said a foolish thing." His Majesty found in the English climate its chief attraction. "There is," he declared, "no country where a man can be abroad so many months of the year or so many hours of the day as in England."

To this encomium we are gratified to be able to add that of his present Majesty King Edward VII. Conversing two years ago with a high diplomatic personage in Homburg, His Majesty, in the course of the conversation, smilingly declared that the Continental conception of the English climate was not altogether just. "I do not leave England," observed His Majesty, "to escape from the weather, but for quite other reasons. *Taken as a whole, the English climate is the best in the world.* That it is certainly healthful, the general physique of our English people shows."

On being informed of this statement on high authority the present writer wrote to His Majesty for permission to quote it, and received from Buckingham Palace a gracious authentication and permission.

From another quarter it was pointed out that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, in the course of a speech in India, had made a similar remark. "I think," observed the Prince, "that the English climate has been unjustly maligned. So far from being 'abominable,' I think it is one of the best, if not the best all-round climate in the world."

To the question whether the constant depreciation of the climate in this country is altogether justified a number of travellers replied. Lord Brassey's is brief, but to the point:—

Lord Brassey begs to say that he shares the view expressed by Charles II. as to the English climate.

Sir Harry Johnston, the well-known explorer and author of many works dealing with the African question, writes:—

I am glad of the opening that you give me to defend, if not the climate of Great Britain, at any rate the climate of the southern half of England from, let us say, the latitude of Leicester southwards, including also the greater part of Wales. I think it has been most unjustly and ridiculously attacked, and facetiæ on the subject are as wearisome and as out of date as jests against a mother-in-law.

All things considered, the average climate of the southern half of England is the best and healthiest in the world. Snow is rare in winter (over the southern half). The summer heats are rarely oppressive — at any rate, for more than three days out of the three hundred and sixty-five; the rainfall is sufficient to maintain a universal and beautiful vegetation, and yet never reaches the violence or volume of the Tropics. Tornadoes are unknown. Our most violent winds, occurring, perhaps, once in the whole year, would be the average daily wind in Newfoundland or in temperate South America for nine months out of the twelve. A serious drought is unknown in our annals. Rain is evenly distributed throughout the whole year, and a glance at statistics will show the liberal amount of sunshine which blesses, at any rate, the southern half of England in every month of the year.

And then there is a delightful absence of monotony, an exquisite unexpectedness about our weather. I have walked down Portland Place steeped in rosy sunshine in mid-January; I have warmed my hands over the glowing embers with comfort in mid-August. With the exception, perhaps, of some parts of Canada, I believe that Great Britain and Ireland possess the healthiest climate in the world, as is evidenced by the general vigour of the people and the statistics of death-rate and longevity.

Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., the eminent author, who has travelled extensively in all five Continents, writes as follows:—

Mine is an unpopular view, but I think that there is no country in the world whose climate, take it day by day all the year round, is as healthy as that of England. There are climates of other countries which for certain months of the year are pleasanter—for instance, that of Egypt, Algeria, France, and Italy—but there are months every year in these countries when the climate is less endurable than that of any month in England. There are portions of the United States where, perhaps, the climate is better all the year round than that of England as a whole; but, while there is a good deal of discomfort attached to the English climate, it is undoubtedly even and temperate, one which may, indeed, be called health-promoting. The air of South Africa is, of course, wonderful, but it has its extreme of heat, and it has seasons of great discomfort which discount its general merit. On the whole we should be content with the English climate. We may go farther and fare much worse sooner or later.

Sir William des Vœux, an ex-Colonial Governor and High Commissioner, writes:—

I am asked whether the English climate is, as often asserted, the worst in the world, or is, as Charles II. declared, one of the best, "as in no other country are there so many days on which one can comfortably take one's walks abroad." To this question I reply without hesitation that the depreciation referred to is *not* justified, and that the English climate, so far from being the worst, is, if not the best, at least one of the best in the world; in fact, on this point, if on no other, I am much inclined to agree entirely with the opinion of Charles II.

The depreciatory view is probably that of people who have experienced only the best seasons of other countries and ignored the weather of the rest of the year. My contrary view is based on experience of all seasons in the following countries and islands: Canada and the Northern United States east of the Rocky Mountains, Newfoundland, British Guiana, St. Lucia, Trinidad, Fiji, and Hong-Kong; and of summer and winter in New South Wales and Victoria. To California, British Columbia, Bermuda, Japan, Central China, Hawaii, New Zealand, New Caledonia, Egypt, the Riviera, Basses-Pyrénées, Bavaria, the Engadine and other parts of Switzerland, I have made only short visits, mostly at the best

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seasons, which, if regarded alone, would mislead the judgment. My estimate of their climates is, therefore, derived chiefly from what I have read or have learned from others.

In no case where I am able to speak of the whole year from personal experience am I able to regard the climate otherwise than as distinctly inferior to that of England. In North America, east of the Rocky Mountains, the extremes of heat and cold are far greater than in England. I have seen the thermometer (Fahr.) at minus thirty-six degrees at Montreal in winter, and the shade temperature at Quebec and New York in summer up to ninety-five degrees and over. Even in Toronto, where the neighbourhood of the great lakes moderates the extremes, eighty-five degrees in the shade in summer and minus fifteen degrees in winter are not uncommon. Moreover, the suddenness of great changes, of which Englishmen are apt to complain, is far surpassed in Canada and the United States. In London, Ontario, I once experienced a change from minus eighteen degrees to seventy-five degrees in the sun—a rise of ninety-three degrees—within thirty-six hours.

In Newfoundland the extremes of temperature are not nearly so great as on the neighbouring continent, but the climate, though a healthy one, cannot be held as equal to ours, as the neighbourhood of icebergs and the cold Arctic current so lower the average heat of summer that wheat and some other cereals fail to ripen.

Tropical countries most Englishmen will probably agree with me in considering altogether out of court. At all times of the year within ten degrees of the Equator, and except for a few weeks in the outer Tropics, the climate is enervating, nor in any of the places so situated are "walks abroad" or any form of exercise particularly agreeable during six to eight hours of the day.

New South Wales and Victoria (Australia) have healthy climates, judging by the physique of our countrymen there. But the former (as regards the coast of which alone I have cognizance) I should certainly not prefer to England in this respect, owing to the dampness of its great heat and its prolonged periods of rainlessness.

Victoria has a lower average and a drier temperature; but the heat even there is at times very great. After a January day at Flemington Races, Government House, Melbourne (the doors and windows having been closed from early morning), gave a chill like that felt in an ice-house, and yet the thermometer was at ninety-two degrees! What must have been the midday heat in the sun may be imagined. This exceptional heat is, however, on account of the dryness, far more bearable than far lower temperatures in tropical islands; and as it rarely lasts for many days together it may be held to be counterbalanced by our English fogs; so that, as regards human sensation, but not in other respects, the Victoria climate may perhaps be regarded as the equal of ours.



GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S DELINEATION OF AN ENGLISH JULY.

The Japanese climate, though on my short visits I found it very enjoyable, is, I imagine, enervating to all but Far Eastern races, if one may judge from the extreme pallor of most of the European residents.

New Zealand and Vancouver's Island may, from what I have heard, possess climates equal, or even superior, to ours, though my short sojourns in each do not enable me to speak from personal experience. But with these possible exceptions, when general regard is had for all that is affected by weather—health, comfort, capacity for work, the requirements of agriculture, etc.—I consider the English climate to be on the whole superior to all others. There are various countries which have periods of weather which are even more agreeable than any of which we can boast. For instance, the Indian summer of North America, which I enjoyed again last year, is, I consider, in this respect unequalled. But there are very few, if any, other countries which, taking the year round, have climates with as few drawbacks as that which we enjoy. We are sometimes tempted to strong language about the east winds

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of our spring, but we should lose heavily by exchanging them for the droughts of Australia or the blizzards and tornadoes of North America. In spite of its fogs, London is the healthiest of the great cities of the world; and though the crowding into towns may have deteriorated the average physique of our race, there are, judging from their rosy cheeks, no healthier people in the world than the country folks of these islands or than most of the town people who live in healthy conditions.

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, who has travelled in America, Japan, China, India, Egypt, and South Africa, writes:—

In my opinion, our climate, taken as a whole, is the most pleasant in the world. Although we have certain long periods of storm, the climate taken altogether, and the variety of contrasts which it produces, is, I believe, one of the reasons which has tended towards rearing one of the finest races in the world. My only regret is that, with the ever-increasing town population and consequent diminution of country population, the climate does not have so much effect on the race as it otherwise would have.

Mr. Harry de Windt, the famous explorer, writes:—

In answer to your question, I should say that the English climate *now* compares favourably with that of any other European country, although this was not always the case.

Americans may jeer at our climate (and they can certainly boast of a winter paradise in Southern California), but when a New Yorker begins to talk about our "samples of weather" I simply remind him that London is far preferable at any season of the year to his own capital, which, with its blizzards, heat waves, gales, and dust, is about the most comfortless city (climatically speaking) in the world.

There is little doubt, however, that seasons have changed with the times, and that the weather conditions over the Continent of Europe have altered for the worse during the past twenty years, while those of Great Britain remain practically unchanged. For instance, only a decade ago it was a common occurrence to leave England on a winter's day, embark at Dover in a dense, chilly mist, and land at Calais in blazing sunshine; whereas now it is often *vice-versâ*! Or, again, take the French and Italian Rivieras, with their grey skies and cutting east winds, which were once the exception, but have now become the rule. Some time ago I was rash enough to purchase a villa at San Remo, and gladly sold it, at considerable loss, after a winter of incessant cold and rain, unrelieved by a solitary ray of sunshine! Moreover, Paris used to be my home, until the atrocious weather which has now become prevalent there compelled me to leave the gloomy "Ville Lumière," and live in brighter London!

All things considered, therefore, I have no grievance whatever against the English climate, and have generally found that the bitterest growlers at home are those who have never suffered the climatic trials which await them abroad.

We are presented with a different view in the following. Major-General Baden-Powell writes:—

Whether a climate is good or bad depends entirely on the temperament of the individual who is experiencing it. What is one man's meat is another man's poison. But the temperament of the individual depends on the condition of his liver. So no definite description of the climate of England, such as would be accepted by everyone, seems to me possible.

As regards Charles II., his statement may be read in two ways. You infer that he considered the English climate the best in the world; but is it not just possible that he meant to say "in no other country would you so often wish yourself abroad to take your walk comfortably"? In either case, was he ever in any other country to judge of its climate, and so qualified to make comparisons?

Another famous soldier, Major-General R. H. O'Grady-Haly, writes as follows:—

In the course of nearly half a century's service I have become familiar with a considerable portion of the earth's surface in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and while I am prepared to admit that it is just possible there may be some portion of the globe afflicted with a worse climate than that of the United Kingdom, I doubt it very much.

In these circumstances I must, with profound regret, dissent from the conclusion arrived at by His late Majesty King Charles II.

Lord Carrington, President of the Board of Agriculture, writes with exquisite cheerfulness:—

I am sixty-three years old and have no fault whatever to find with Old England or its climate.

Mr. Arthur Lee, M.P., late Civil Lord of the Admiralty, writes:—

In my opinion, which is fortified by many years' residence in various parts of the world and by a considerable amount of travel, the British climate is not only not the "worst in the world," but is incomparably the best.

The true worth of a climate cannot be judged by its selected stages of supreme excellence, which the man of leisure and wealth can enjoy and then flit elsewhere, but by the measure of health and comfort which it confers upon the vast bulk of the population, which is practically compelled to live always in one place.

In the United States, for example, the millionaire, who can have his spring and autumn home in New York, his summer home at Bar Harbour or Newport, and his winter home in Florida or Southern California, probably enjoys a succession of the finest climates in the world; but the average American citizen, who has to live and work in any one place all the year round, has to taste the extremes of being almost baked alive in midsummer and frozen to death in winter—not to mention such minor discomforts as mosquitoes, tornadoes, and earthquakes.

From most of these troubles the permanent dweller in England is practically exempt; and whilst I have no great opinion of Charles II.'s judgment in any other matter, I think he very shrewdly hit off the cardinal virtue of the English climate.

Mr. A. G. Hales, the well-known war correspondent, writes:—

The English climate is hard, indeed, to describe. At its best it is as nearly perfect as anything a mortal can ever hope to come in contact with. At its worst it leaves a traveller beggared for phrases in which to

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describe it. I know of nothing more radiant, more genial, more glowing than an English summer's day. I have experienced nothing more depressing than an English November afternoon, nor have I ever experienced conditions more tantalizing or exasperating than a spring day can at times provide, with its weird mixture of sun and shower, warmth and cold, comfort and discomfort. I have known days in this country when it seemed to me that, without shifting from my window, I have sampled the pleasures and pains of all climates, ranging from the temperate to the torrid and from the torrid to the frigid zones. One hour all aglow, the next all ashake; one hour listening joyously to the cheerful whistling of the birds, the next cowering ruefully before the whistling of the wind. One hour I feel fit to swear that I am a boy in the bloom of boyhood, the next old age seems to have arrived with intent to stay. Frankly, England has not got a climate of her own, yet she embraces all others. Climatically she is imperial, inasmuch as she represents in herself all that is good and bad in her world-wide possessions.

Yet, when I come to sum it all up, to compare the English climate with that of other lands, I find as much can be said for it as for any of the others. If I am chilled in the morning, warmed in the noonday hours, and blown off my feet at sundown here, well, it is better than being frizzled or frozen all day and every day for months on end, as often happens elsewhere.



AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CARICATURE DIRECTED AGAINST THE PERPETUAL UMBRELLA-CARRYING HABIT IN ENGLAND.

Mr. John Foster Fraser, the brilliant journalist, who in 1896 made a complete tour round the world on a bicycle, writes:—

When the man of America sees an Englishman walk down Fifth Avenue in New York, or along State Street in Chicago, and notices the visitor has his trousers turned up, he usually nudges his companion and observes, "Say, it must be raining in London!" The habit of many Englishmen always, wet or shine, to have their trousers turned up is ascribed to necessity produced by the vileness of the British climate.

It is no use arguing with the average American about the weather. You might just as well attempt to convince the untravelled Englishman that all Americans do not speak down their nose.

If foreigners find fault with our climate, why should we grumble? Are we ourselves not always finding fault with it? And don't we always "crack up" the climate of other countries? Indeed, we British people are the champion fault-finders with ourselves. As a nation we are always putting out our tongue and deciding we are not healthy.

Now, the Americans are quite certain they have got the best climate in the world, despite folks being killed in blizzards or frizzled in torrid heat. "God's own country; finest in the world, sir!" Why attempt to put them right? It is a mere matter of national temperament.

Besides, if you did put the American right, what an unkindness you would be doing him! It is his special privilege among all men on the earth to be ever engaged in comparison: to the advantage of the "Land of the Free" and the disadvantage of "Johnny Bull." He compares what is best in his land with what is worst in ours and draws deductions. He compares four cents a mile trains in America with one cent a mile trains in England; the residences of Fifth Avenue millionaires with the dens of the poor in the East-end; the charm of the Indian summer with the fogs of London, which we have about five times in five years. But he never tells you about the cheap, safe, and fast travelling on our lines and the dear, unsafe, and dawdling travelling in his own land; about the happy content of English life and the sweat shops in Chicago's Little Italy; the beautiful fragrance of an English summer and the vile rain, sleet, and snow of an American winter. Why should he? If he gets happiness in finding fault with our weather, why should we make him unhappy by

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reminding him of the sweltering heat of summer in New York and the icy blasts and disgusting conditions of Chicago's streets in winter?

I am a mere world wanderer. I've been in thirty-seven or thirty-eight, or it may be forty, different countries. On and off I have lived three years in the United States of America. Excepting for six weeks in September and October, the climate of America is the most vile and uncomfortable in the world. England has the most equable and healthy climate to be found anywhere. But the American will push my testimony on one side by denouncing me as a "gol-darned Britisher." And, for once, he will be quite accurate.

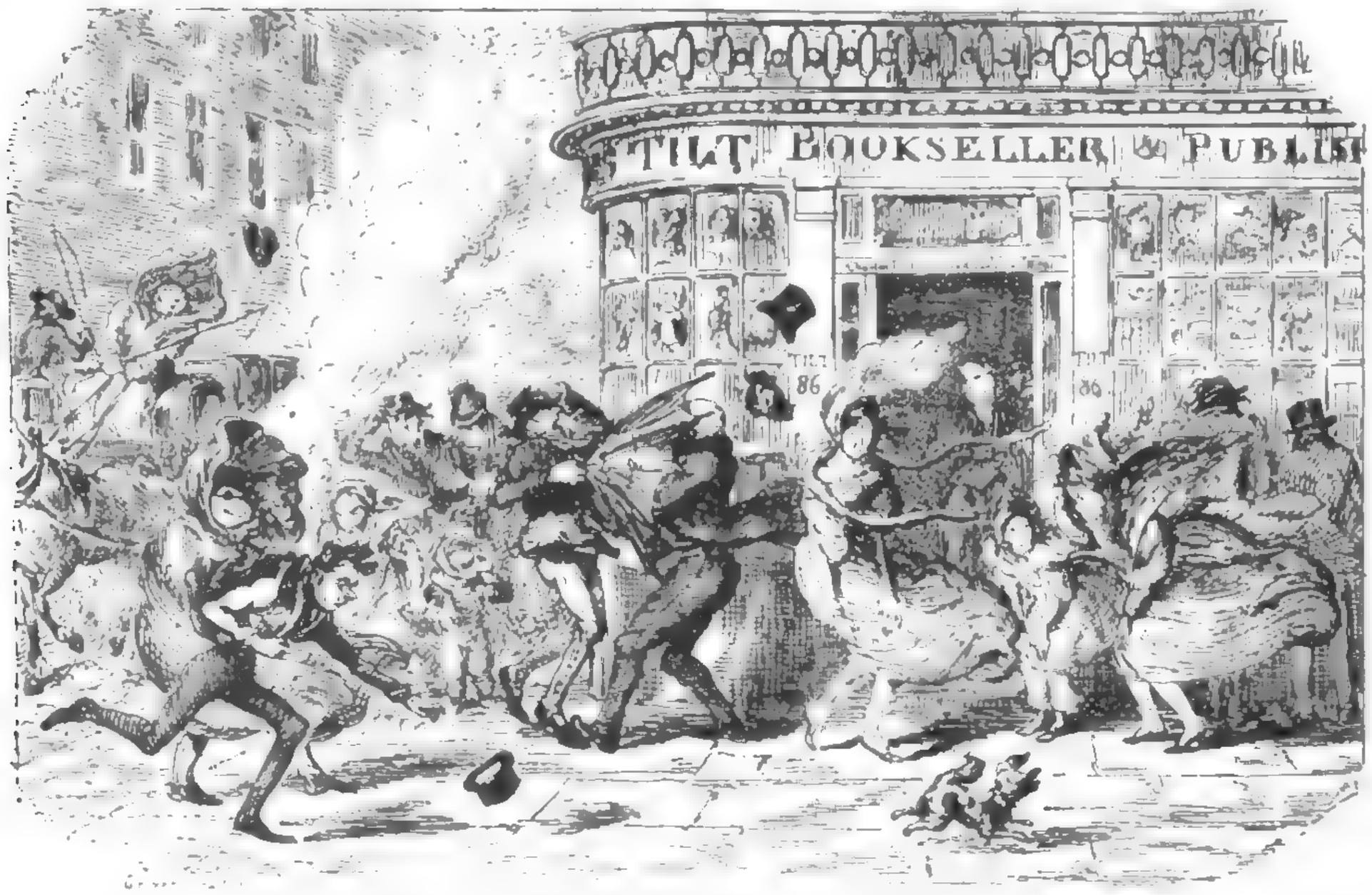
Dr. W. Gordon-Stables, R.N., the well-known novelist, who has not been simply an excursionist or globe-trotter, but has resided in the countries he has visited, writes:—

As a traveller I must say, firstly, that I have never known a model or perfect climate, and, secondly, that these islands have been very much maligned by transient trippers, and sometimes grumbled at even by ourselves, because we seem born to growl. Foreigners speak of our climate just as they may find it, and that is a mere matter of luck. Even should it prove much better than they were led to expect, the individual "doing" the country is always tired and therefore cross, and goes away thinking he has not had enough for his money. Englishmen have given the Scottish Highlands a bad name for the same reasons. If they encounter but one shower of rain, or if a glen is for one day canopied with clouds, it is called a wet place. These maligners will refer you to the rainfall, forgetting that more inches of rain may often be registered in one day in the Highlands than in a week or fortnight round Manchester. Travelling in my pleasure caravan as I have been doing for seventeen springs, summers, and autumns, I know this country well. Round London the climate is often unfavourable. All along the east coast and midlands it is splendid. The shores of Aberdeen are inhospitable only in winter, Edinburgh variable, while Ireland is charming. So is Skye—a summer spent in the winged isle can never be forgotten; but when it rains it rains, and is done with it. We doctors send patients abroad, but we know that it is more the change of scene and diet and the enforced rest than the climate which benefit them. We are apt to forget that, without leaving our own gardens, we have constant and most beneficial changes of climate.

Britain, taken all in all, is a very healthy climate. Moreover, even its disagreeableness has a charm, and really to this we owe our hardiness as a nation and our ability to campaign and fight in any country whatever. For the same reason the Briton, be he English, Irish, or Scottish, makes by far and away the best colonist the world has ever known.

Lieutenant-Colonel N. Newnham-Davis, author and dramatist, and who has travelled extensively in all parts of the world, writes:—

The English climate, like district visitors and flannel underwear, may not be pretty, but it is good, and it suits the Englishman better than any other. Put him down in any earthly paradise in Asia, Africa, or America, and he sighs as he thinks regretfully of London in a pea-soup fog.



THE PLEASURES OF AN ENGLISH SPRING, BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

Mr. Thomas Greenwood, author of several works of travel and natural history dealing with Europe, America, and Africa, writes as follows:—

I have just returned from a quick trip across the Atlantic. After much travel in various parts of the world I am more than ever satisfied with the English climate, and next to the English climate I like that of Canada, so far as I have had experience in the Dominion. It seems to me that it is a question of clothes as much as it is a question of climate. I

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"Why does it always rain, or hail, or snow, upon the day of the Lord Mayor's Show?"
ANOTHER CRUIKSHANK SATIRE.

returned from America during the first ten days in May. Several of the male passengers were shivering as we neared the Irish coast, as there was a cold snap. Two owned that they had made a change that morning into summer garments. I like the English climate for the following reasons :—

1. Its invigorating character and freedom from trying oppressiveness.

2. Its variety is a relief from the monotonous sameness of continuous heat or cold.

3. Its changes are conducive to well-sustained activity in contradistinction to hustle.

4. It may come in samples, but at all events we are free from the violent samples which are not uncommon elsewhere.

5. To dress according to the weather and not according to the calendar aids in a wholesome indifference as to the weather.

6. Our climate has made us a hardy people. There is no need to be afraid of ventilation. A very brief travel in the United States would show any reader the contrast in this respect between the two countries, and this difference in the ventilation of workshops, living, sleeping, and public rooms, stores, steam and road-cars, is a vital one.

Mr. Budgett Meakin, the well-known lecturer, who has spent several years in travel and study of social questions in nearly every country of Europe, Asia, North America, and North Africa, writes :—

Those who calmly suggest that the English climate is the "worst in the world" only display their own ignorance of the conditions prevailing beyond their day's work. Some of them may, indeed, have visited certain other countries at specified seasons, which experience has shown to be the most pleasant there, but this does not afford a fair comparison. During many years of travels amid more climates than I can enumerate, I have come across so many that had worse features than our own, and so few that were better, taking them all the year round, that I do not hesitate in classing the English climate, with all its faults, as well above the average.

Some may prefer more warmth, as I do myself; some, more decided cold; and in this way individual taste, or even questions of health, may lead to strong personal condemnation of the wet and variable conditions under which we live, but such opinions are always misleading. The only true criterion of a climate is its effect on the physical development of the race and the resulting activities. One has only to think of the inertia produced by an excess of heat or cold as one approaches the Equator or poles, or the comparative artistic energy of peoples living on dry plains or amid humid mountains, to realize how much benefit we derive from living under average, and yet diversified, conditions, which prepare us to some extent for any extremes elsewhere. Probably the British races owe more to their vexatiously changeful climate than to any other natural influence.

Mr. Cuthbert Christy, a distinguished traveller and author of several works on tropical diseases, writes :—

I regret that I do not see how I can help you with the elucidation of a subject obviously so many-sided. The attacks from time immemorial which you mention I should be inclined to look upon as strong evidence for the prosecution, but it seems to suit Britishers pretty well. I should confine the inquiry to those who stay at home and know most about it, and who so order their daily life as to fit in with the climatic vagaries. For my part I prefer a warmer one, but each — and I have lived a matter of years in four Continents—has its disadvantages. The word climate has a very restricted sense now to what it had fifteen years ago, when all sorts of fevers and diseases were

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put down to "climate," much in the same way as in days gone by mysterious occurrences were put down to the supernatural—a word for which we now have no use in the language.

Mr. Bennet Burleigh, the well-known war correspondent, writes:—

This surely is a bad year to discuss so tricky a subject. As the American aforetime remarked: of climate we have none, of weather a superabundance. My wife reminds me that but recently there was within the period of twenty-four hours the round of the four seasons of the year. Speaking for myself, as a globe-ranger, I adopt the view of the witty monarch who never said a foolish thing: In England, meaning thereby the United Kingdom, the extremes of temperature are rarely unbearable, and there are few days, or none, in the year wherein a healthy person cannot walk and work out of doors. Where, the world round, can you see such grass and green fields? And that testimony of Nature's beneficent kindness to our homeland is better than the inscribed opinion of men born to ailments.

Mr. George Griffith, who has travelled six and a half times round the world, and who claims to have established a record by having once accomplished that journey in sixty-four and a half days, writes:—

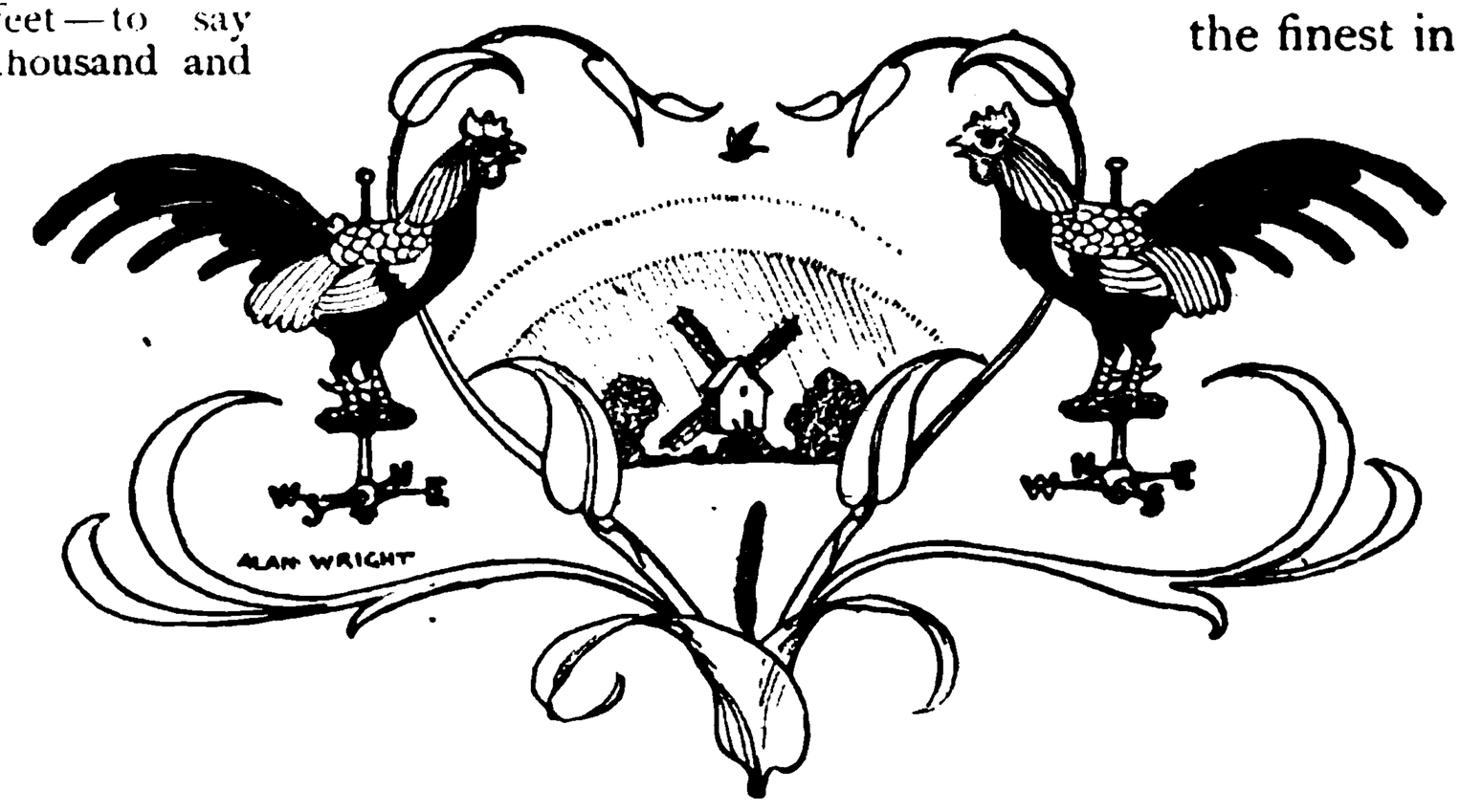
In answer to your question, I have no hesitation in giving a direct negative. The British climate, so far from being the worst in the world, is, for all work-a-day purposes, about the best. The one serious charge that can be properly brought against it is its disgusting changeability, and it is this which leads the hasty observer from other countries to use strong and ill-considered language about it. These people remind me of the French commercial traveller who went to Manchester for three days. It rained every day. Two years afterwards he went back to Manchester and arrived, as it happened, on a wet day. "Ah, *ma foi!*" he said, as he put up his umbrella with a jerk of disgust, "it is raining still!" During a pretty wide experience I have never found really travelled men who run down the British climate, except, perhaps, when they are in England. After a man has made personal acquaintance with blizzards, sand-storms, hot winds, suffocating calms, swamp-reek, every breath of which may carry death, falls of temperature from more than summer heat to ten or fifteen degrees of frost inside half an hour—this happens every night on the eastern slope of the Andes, above seven thousand five hundred feet—to say nothing of the thousand and one pests and scourges which are almost entirely due to climate, he will think twice before he commits himself to any sweeping condemnation of British weather.

And then it must be remembered that, when it is in the humour, the much-maligned British climate can produce days, and nights too, which, as far as I know, are not to be found anywhere else. When I was just finishing my race round the world against time it happened that in the saloon there were about twenty American passengers who were making their first trip across. It was a perfect English May morning. The steamer kept well in shore, and those American passengers kept on deck. Breakfast had no charms for them. They were not going to miss one mile of that marvellous green, sunlit landscape, and they didn't. It was the green that caught them and held them. They had plenty of sunlight and blue sky at home, more than we have here, but they had no green that is really green. It is admitted that the unique charm of these islands is their greenery. There is no other green like it on the face of the earth, and without the British climate you could not have that green; and, after all, even its vagaries only make us use, or think, strong language. They don't keep us thirsting for ten months in the year and drown us in the other two. Nor, if we happen to have planted our homestead in a snug little wooded valley in Kent or Sussex, does the British climate try to improve on the arrangement by heaving it in ill-assorted fragments into the middle of the Essex marshes. We undoubtedly suffer a lot from atmospheric eccentricities in this country, but at least we have them fairly well spread over the year.

Mr. J. Henniker Heaton, M.P., writes:—

You ask for my opinion of our much-maligned climate. If anyone is in doubt as to its excellence, he cannot do better than refer to a book entitled "In Search of a Climate," which gives the experiences of a young fellow in search of health, who, after travelling all over the world, was forced to the conclusion that the English climate was the best after all. My own opinion, formed after a long and varied experience of many lands and climes, may be summed up in the words of the great Duke of Wellington: "There is no place half so good as England for six months of the year, and I know of no better for the other six."

Thus it will be seen that, of the twenty-two authorities who have given their opinion of Britain's climatic qualities, there are only one or two real dissentients from the Royal dictum that the weather of this island, like the British Constitution, is the finest in the world.



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That Bounder Bodley.

By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.

HE is the kind of man that wears a flower-garden in his button-hole and thinks the way to make you his friend is to lunch you lavishly, with dry champagne and cigars that he imports specially. A big, florid chap, expansive and sentimental, though cute as they make them when it comes to finance.

He grew rich suddenly. Of course, for the last ten years — ever since I've known him, in fact — he has done himself well; driven a motor, and so on. But last year he made a scoop; and to-day he must be worth a really high figure.

I've always held off him a bit. Nevertheless, it doesn't do to be on bad terms with him. He's a useful man to know, but he positively reeks of the Stock Exchange; and though I'm in the House myself—being that despicable animal, a younger son—I don't forget that I'm a Lessingham, and I don't care to be seen with a chap whose voice is loud, and who wants to seem intimate. He has an old middle-class mother, they say, in a red-brick palace down Streatham way; and he knows all kinds of impossible people.

The other day he swooped down on me in the House.

"Look here, Lessingham, you've got to lunch with me. I've something to tell you—something I must tell you."

"No good," I said, crossly. "I've just sold a bear of Blue Dip Levels; and I'm not going out till my book's even."

"Blue Dip Levels? I'm a bull of them," he returned, briskly. "Let you have five hundred at an eighth, to even your book. That suit?"

This was pretty decent of him, as they were a rising market. He's kind-hearted enough. We were out in Lothbury before I had time to answer; he had hailed a hansom, and we were off.

"Now!" he said, turning to me with his most expansive manner. "Now, what d'you think? I'm going to be married! What's more, I'm going to marry right into your set! What d'you say to that?"

"Well, of course, I'm not surprised," I said; which was true enough. Our set will swallow any pill that's well gilt.

"Ah!" he said, dropping his voice, and speaking all of a sudden as if he were in church, "I can't believe it yet. The thing only happened yesterday. I don't know whether I'm on my head or my heels! It's little Daisy Delamay, Lord Dacent's youngest."

I stared at him. "What, Dacent! He came finally to grief over the St. Leger—declared bankrupt last Monday—eh?"

He nodded.

"And she accepted you—yesterday?" I whistled, thoughtfully.

He flushed up furiously. "Look here, do you mean to insinuate——"

"Nothing at all, of course. I was only thinking you're a chivalrous chap to marry into a stony-broke lot like that."

He laughed as gaily as a boy—he can't be many years under forty—and passed his hand first under one side, then the other of his scrubby moustache—a trick he has. A diamond ring twinkled on his little finger. The thought of one of the Delamays and that outsider!

I said no more.

"Tell you what it is," he remarked, abruptly, after the cab had put us down at Angelo's; "I feel like hanging her round with ropes of diamonds."

"Don't do that," I said, hastily; "that is, unless you want to settle your hash."

"Hey?" he said, anxiously. "I'm obliged for that hint. You're in her set. I thought you'd coach me a bit. You know what that sort of girl would like."

"Of course," I replied, thawing as I yielded to the benign influence of the excellent lunch Bodley had ordered. "I'll coach you. But now tell me about her; is she a blonde?"

He looked up sharply. "You've never met her?"

"I'm not sure. I met one Miss Delamay, who's a great golfer, at Mrs. Elphinston's."

"That's Penelope," he said, his voice, as it were, wallowing in the elder Miss Delamay's Christian name. "Daisy is very fair as regards hair and skin, but her eyes——" He paused for a simile, and presently remarked in his church voice: "They made me think of dewdrops on very dark purple pansies."

I looked at him with a passing spasm of pity. This girl would use him as a milch cow. I know the modern girl—hard as nails. Daisy Delamay is a gambler's daughter; she has been obliged to know from childhood exactly how many beans make five. She will take all that this unsophisticated idiot pours

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out at her feet—jewels, mansions, gowns, motors, yachts—all the things that make up our "champagne standard." What is he going to get in exchange? A wife who is the Hon. Mrs. Bodley—a hostess for his guests. No, not that. She won't allow him to invite his guests: they will be hers. She may tolerate his presence in his own house so long as the supplies are regular, and he neither gets in the way nor tries to have a voice in the question as to how she uses his money or her time. A poor enough bargain, to all seeming.

But it seemed to content him, and in matters which he understood this man was no fool.

"I suppose you know the terms of the modern marriage?" I said, casually. "It's the girl who scores all along the line. You'll be lucky if she ever allows you to set foot in her private suite of apartments."

His eye lit up with a queer flash. "You're right," he said, under his breath, "you're right. I shall."

Nothing more to be said, obviously, in a case like this.

"She's a fortunate young woman," I remarked, lightly. "Got her picture on you?"

He drew a leather case from his pocket, looked round to see that no waiters were near, and opened it with reverence.

I had a revulsion of feeling.

This was the face of an innocent girl—young, fair, appealing. There was thought in the open brow, refinement in the delicate mouth, the poise of the head was spirited.

This was a pearl indeed. Was this perfect, untainted, untamed being to be given over to that bounder Bodley?

"Why," I said, fairly jolted out of my usual manner, "she's lovely, positively lovely!"

"Ain't she?" he responded, absorbedly. He really said "ain't." I fancy he was off his guard.

"Look here," I stipulated, "if I take you to Scuderi's and tell you what to buy, you've got to introduce me to her—see?"

"Like a shot. Are you playing polo at Ranelagh on Saturday?"

"Yes, for the Cavendish team."

"All right; she's coming."

"She's in town, then?"

"The Elphinstons have invited her to Eaton Square to get her trousseau."

It was a most exquisite June Saturday. I have never seen Ranelagh more crowded or more full of pretty gowns. The climbing roses on the terrace were a mass of bloom, and when I first saw Daisy Delamay she was standing on the terrace all in white, with a white sunshade, patterned with a border of pink roses, behind her head like a frame. She had La France roses fastened in her gown, and she wore as her only ornament the lovely, quaint jewelled necklace that Bodley—or rather I—had chosen for her. Bodley was beside her, introducing her to some terribly full-blown friends of his, in riotous colours. She looked like a snow-maiden among them.

Her eyes—I could see in a moment what Bodley meant about the pansies—her eyes seemed to leap to mine with a kind of recognition. She was drowning in a sea of suburban smiles, suffocated in the wild millinery and aggressive perfume and dyed hair of over-demonstrative creatures, gushing at her with expensive sets of false teeth. She caught at me as at a vestige of the world she knew. When we moved off to the polo ground, somehow I found that Mrs. Elphinston, she, and I were together, and Bodley was con-



"HE DREW A LEATHER CASE FROM HIS POCKET."

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voying the noisy crew behind.

I don't know how he got rid of them, but he did, and came up with us very soon. He was marvellously arrayed; much too obviously so. But I could see that he was as nervous as a colt in Miss Delamay's company.

When she spoke to him he seemed to quiver all over. I will say that he appeared at his worst; he was not always such a juggins: I heartily pitied the poor fellow.

"Frederic," said Daisy, in her low, clear tones, "I think we should be more in the shade on the other side of the course."



"SHE LOOKED LIKE A SNOW-MAIDEN AMONG THEM."

He started forward eagerly to do her bidding. "Hear her call me Frederic?" he murmured to me, in course of carrying their chairs across. "Jove, what shall I feel like when she gets to Freddie?"

The analysis of his probable emotions in such a contingency was beyond me.

Before very long I had to go and change for the match. But afterwards, at tea, I got a chance to talk to her a bit, and when I found she knew all about gees, I took her to the stable to look at my ponies.

I believe that anyhow, in the most ordinary circumstances, it would have been a case of love at first sight with me; but meeting her as I did, with tragedy looming over her, with the shadow of that bounder Bodley across her path, my whole heart went out to her with a special kind of poignancy.

I felt as if she were Andromeda, Bodley the sea-monster, and I Perseus. Her people had handed her over, bound, to the monster; only my strong right arm could free her. But how? Of course, I am not a catch, like Bodley. On the other hand, I am not by any means an ineligible. I could name several—but this is egotism.

"Bodley's given you a charming necklace," I remarked, as we strolled leisurely back to where poor Bodley was boring Mrs. Elphinston, who had declined the visit to the stables.

"Yes," she said, "I like it very much. And it isn't the kind of thing I should have expected him to choose. I wonder how he knew that I like quaint gems?"

I felt very magnanimous in not then and there revealing that I had played Cyrano to Bodley's Chrétien.

"When a man's in love he has flashes of inspiration," I said.

"Does he?" said Daisy.

Bodley was delighted at my praise of his *fiancée*. He was also hugely obliged to me for consenting to make a fourth when he took her and Mrs. Elphinston out, at which times it was natural that we should occasionally change partners. It was understood that we never intruded till after lunch, for they were busy shopping trousseau all the morning. But I found it so easy to elicit from Mrs. Elphinston the fact that Daisy would be going alone to Conduit Street or Bond Street next forenoon, that I could not avoid the surmise that she saw how matters

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stood with me, and was conniving at the plot. She did not make much secret of her own distaste for the unhappy Bodley, who grew more and more nervous and ill-assured as his marriage drew nearer.

He was the most docile of lovers. His old mother was to be left in undisputed possession of the red-brick Streatham palace, and Daisy was to be installed in a charming little house in Green Street.

To Mrs. Elphinston fell all the arrangement of the wedding. In fact, as it was to be from her house, she had the game largely in her own hands. She had to settle with Bodley as to which of his friends she would allow to be invited. Daisy said she did not in the least mind what curious people came to see her married. "It is Frederic's wedding as much as mine, I suppose!" she said, with the quiet, dignified reserve which she always wore, like a coat of mail.

"My dear, he's paying for most things, but he's *not* paying for the wedding, and I suppose I may select the people who come to my own house?" said Mrs. Elphinston, with pardonable warmth.

"Then you must tell him so; I won't," quoth Daisy.

Bodley confessed to me one day, when, to his bliss, he had succeeded in persuading Daisy to a whole day's motoring, that he achieved very little progress towards intimacy.

"These high-bred girls are so dashed self-possessed and calm," he said. "I'm so nervous of her, I can't speak, not to say what I mean. I sit there with my heart thumping and my brain tingling with all I want to tell her; and the only things I can get off my chest are drivel about the motor and the new house and the weather."

"Doesn't she help you out?"

He shook his head gloomily. "I think she's shy, too. You know"—he paced up and down my room—"you know, the day I brought her that necklace, the first one I gave her, she was so pleased and lifted her face so exquisitely that I—kissed her." Overcome with the memory he went to the mantelpiece and covered his eyes with his hand.

"She—I give you my word, I don't think she minded; she didn't seem to draw away at all. I, by Jove—I was in the seventh heaven! But, if you'll credit me, Lessingham, I've never had the pluck to do it again."

I could easily believe it. Yes, *once*—before she had seen me and before she knew how to strengthen her defences—he had overleaped them. But there would be no recurrence of such opportunity. Poor wretch, I pitied him; and a kind of anger arose in my soul against the girl who, however hard pushed, would take and throw away a feeling which, uncouth enough, was so manifestly genuine.

No sooner had this feeling arisen, however, than I perceived the answer.

I have not been to see Bernard Shaw's plays for nothing. I have realized that there is no such thing as a fixed code of morals. Everything depends on personal judgment. Courage is the virtue of virtues, and if I had the courage to snatch Daisy from the fate that awaited her, and to face the consequences, was a conventional standard of fidelity to a friend to interfere with me? Bodley wasn't my friend in any true sense of the word.

No, thank the Fates! Bodley may be bourgeois, but I am not. Bodley likes a good melodrama, and feels his big chest heave with a responsive thrill when the incorruptible hero stammers out, "No; you are his—his! Not even for the kisses of your lips will I betray my friend!"

Such claptrap has no appeal for me.

Right and wrong indeed! Which is right in our case, I should like to know? Which is wrong?

Throughout these days Daisy's behaviour was perfect. She liked me—I felt sure of that; but her armour of dignity never deserted her. She greeted me always with frank pleasure when we met; but she was not at all an easy girl to be on an intimate footing with. However, I could make her talk sometimes about impersonal things—about my philosophy of life and my contempt for conventional standards.

"Conventional standards are so middle-class," I said.

"Are they the worse for that?" asked Daisy.

"Are you an admirer of mediocrity?" I retorted.

"I think you are confusing two ideas," she replied, quite simply. "To be middle-class is surely not to be mediocre. I am thinking of the class that produced Dr. Johnson, Keats, Goethe, Robert Browning—just to mention one or two that jump into one's mind at random."

I was a little surprised. "Don't you stick up for your own class?" I asked.

"My class?" She looked squarely at me. "I suppose you mean the criminal class," she said, incisively; "the class that gambles with money that belongs to other people."

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"Oh, you hurt me—you really hurt me!" I complained. "Are you learning this inflated nonsense from Bodley? Read 'Widowers' Houses,' and you'll find that Bodley's millions come from just as tainted a source, only he's never thought about it. We are all wrong together. Nobody is right. The desire to be right is the eternal pharisaism. One can only do what one dares."

"What one dares?" said Daisy. She looked at me with those deep eyes kindled, her lovely little face transfigured. "I am learning," she said, under her breath—"learning life so fast; getting in touch with the meaning of things——"

I was in a whirl. I hardly knew what I had said to move her so, but I felt that we had made an enormous stride towards intimacy. It was hard that just at that psychical moment we reached Mrs. Elphinston's doorstep, and she held out her hand to say good-bye.

Reflecting on what she had said, I saw that she was most unusually intellectual—for a woman. She had thought over things about which I never should have credited her with having an opinion. I was sure that, in consenting to marry Bodley, she was doing what seemed to her an act of heroism; and it flashed upon me that, if I could only convince her that she was mistaken, my cause was won.

It so happened that on the following day Bodley was intending to run down on his motor to see a little place he was going to take for part of his honeymoon, and Daisy would be alone.

People must do what they dare. I felt that I must dare that day or never. The wedding-day drew uncomfortably near. And, after all, I was extraordinarily uncertain as to the progress I had made.

Mrs. Elphinston was in the drawing-room, and smiled enigmatically when I appeared. We chatted a few minutes, and then, rising languidly, she opened the boudoir door.

"Daisy, I must write a note," she said. "Come and amuse this man for a few minutes." So saying, she went out.

Daisy was visible through the doorway, seated at a writing-table with her back to me. A jewel-case and a letter—I recognised Bodley's neat little commercial script—lay beside her. She had half turned round on her chair at her friend's summons, but she kept her face averted; and I saw, with a great bound of my heart, that her handkerchief was held to her eyes.



"SHE HELD OUT HER HAND TO SAY GOOD-BYE."

There was something tremendous in my having come upon her with her guard down. It was almost as great a shock to me to see her crying as it would have been to see a man do it. For a moment an instinctive something made me inclined to turn and hurry away with a heartfelt apology for intrusion. But I remembered in time that I must dare —not turn tail. It seemed to me that there could be but one cause for her tears, and the notion agitated me profoundly. It was my moment, doubtless.

"Daisy! Daisy!" I burst forth.

She sprang to her feet, faced round, and her society smile came out.

"Oh—is it you?" She caught her breath. Her eyes were heavy and bore the unmistakable, swimming look of tears recently shed.

I put down my hat, went to her, and firmly took both her hands in mine. When I felt

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her mute resistance, I inly vowed to conquer with a high hand. I made her sit down on a little Chesterfield that stood near the writing-table, and I seated myself beside her, still grasping her two slight hands.

"I love you," I said, kissing first one of them, then the other. "You are not to marry that bounder; I forbid it. Do you understand? I forbid it."

She determinedly drew away her hands from mine, but she did not flinch; she looked more astonished than agitated. "That—bounder?" she repeated, to gain time, I thought.

"That bounder Bodley!" I vehemently cried. "I came just in time to prevent your being sacrificed!"

She looked at me in the strangest way. "Do you know what you are saying, Mr. Lessingham?" In my impetuosity I went down on my knees at her feet.

"Do I know?" I said, in tones of the deepest earnestness. "It is the only thing I feel I have ever known with certainty; and you know, too, quite well; don't try to keep up pretences with me! From the first time our eyes met, that day at Ranelagh, I have known that you are mine, and you have known it, too, though you dare not admit it to yourself. I could not tell how to claim you until, yesterday, Fate put a word in my mouth. This word: *We must do what we dare.*"

As she drew herself away from me, I caught a look of something like terror on her face. She was going to say and do the usual thing, not because she herself was artificial, but because all the old, insincere traditions so clung to her that she could not shake them off. "Don't!" I cried, sharply. "Don't, for pity's sake! Don't urge your broken faith to him; that's the flimsy guile of the old morality! Look at the thing clearly. You know you can never belong to him in any but the mere physical sense! Even from the conventional point of view you break faith with him more completely by marrying him than by telling the truth! . . ."

My voice broke off. I caught my breath; for Daisy was sitting very still, a strange smile on her face, looking over my head. I turned, and got abruptly to my feet; there in the open doorway stood poor Bodley, just returned. His hands were full of carnations; a flower was in the button-hole of his jaunty, grey frock-coat. But on his face the most awful, stricken look I ever saw. For a moment, when I first saw that look, I declare I felt like apologizing, so strong are the chains of old habit. Then, of course, I realized that this was the best thing that could possibly have happened. It was something that had to be gone through, and the sooner the better. All now depended upon my showing Daisy that I had the courage of my opinions; I nerved myself for the conflict, but as I was opening my mouth Daisy, who had risen from her seat, quietly spoke with the utmost composure.

"Come in, Frederic; I am very glad to see you. Mr. Lessingham has—has something to tell you."

Bodley came in. A new, wonderful dignity was on his face. Its unusual pallor fined him down, so to speak, and let you see what a good-looking chap he was.

"It doesn't need any telling," he said, hoarsely, but quite temperately. "I've got eyes; I can see."

He stood by the table, on which he laid the flowers he had brought to propitiate his victim; something in his bearing checked me in the act of beginning my apologia; and after a minute's pause he said, more shakily, "Lessingham, I trusted you."

That gave me the fillip I needed and unloosed my tongue.

"Oh, you must allow me to deprecate your use of such a meaningless phrase," I said, hastily. "If Miss Delamay had been yours in any real sense, could I have succeeded?"

"That's true," he returned, heavily.

Daisy had withdrawn a little, as if she would leave the development of the situation to him and me. She stood by the writing-table, where lay a lovely bit of enamel he had sent her, with I know not what foolish words. She laid her hand over his letter with what I could have fancied was a caressing gesture; and then, as if with a sudden resolution, she turned to him, very pale.

"Frederic, if I should tell you that I find I have made a mistake—if I should say that I want to correct it before it is too late; if I say that I am sorry, but that I own I was wrong and wish to do right now; that I will still keep my promise to you if you require it of me now that you know—what should you say to me?"

He had been staring miserably down at the flowers while she got out her faltering words; now he raised his eyes and fixed them on her little pale face. I had never thought any man's eyes could express such love and agony—much less that man's.

"You know," he said, with difficulty. "What could I say? Only that you must do what will be for—your happiness."

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His whole big body was tense with the strain of saying those few words without break of voice. He looked towards the half-open door as if he would rush from this torture-chamber.

But Daisy let fall a few more faltering words.

"Should you blame me—very much?"

"Blame you?" He broke off, struggled fiercely with emotion, and conquered. "God forbid!" he said, almost majestically.

She moved quickly forward on that. I remember her gown was a wondrous delicate shade of blue, and it moved with a rustling like a gentle, whispering wind, so that I thought her like a blue-bell swaying on its stem. She went up close to Bodley, whose head was sunk upon his chest, and took his hand between hers. He made a violent movement to release it, but she held on. I thought her needlessly cruel.

"Now, Mr. Lessingham," said she, in a ringing voice as of triumph, "are you satisfied that you were wrong, and that I am not going to marry *a bounder?*"

I jumped prètty well out of my skin, I was so astonished.

"Thank God for the middle classes! Thank God for conventional morality!" said Daisy, rapidly, and with a passion I had never seen in her. "I'm the daughter of a gambler, a man who broke faith, a dishonest man! But this man trusted me, and this man has won me."

Turning round to her bewildered lover, she stood a-tiptoe and flung her arms round his great, powerful neck.

"Freddie!" she cried, "forgive me! I never had any more intention of marrying Mr. Lessingham than of marrying the man in the moon! He took me unawares just now. When he came in—a minute or two before you did—I was crying to myself over this letter of yours to me—crying for joy of being so loved—I who have had none to love me all my life — wishing something would give me courage to let you see how dearly I love you. Why, Freddie, this man belongs to the wretched, useless class that I've come out of—that you're going to free me from for always and always. He will never be without a sordid sophistry to cover up his selfishness. But you, dear, you don't argue—you just *are!* And when he called you a bounder I felt I simply had to show him his mistake, even at the cost of a few minutes' pain to you!"



"SHE WENT UP CLOSE TO BODLEY, WHOSE HEAD WAS SUNK UPON HIS CHEST, AND TOOK HIS HAND BETWEEN HERS."

I saw his arms go round her. I heard his voice cry "Daisy!" as a man may cry "Water!" in the desert. Nothing seemed left for me but to go. I went.

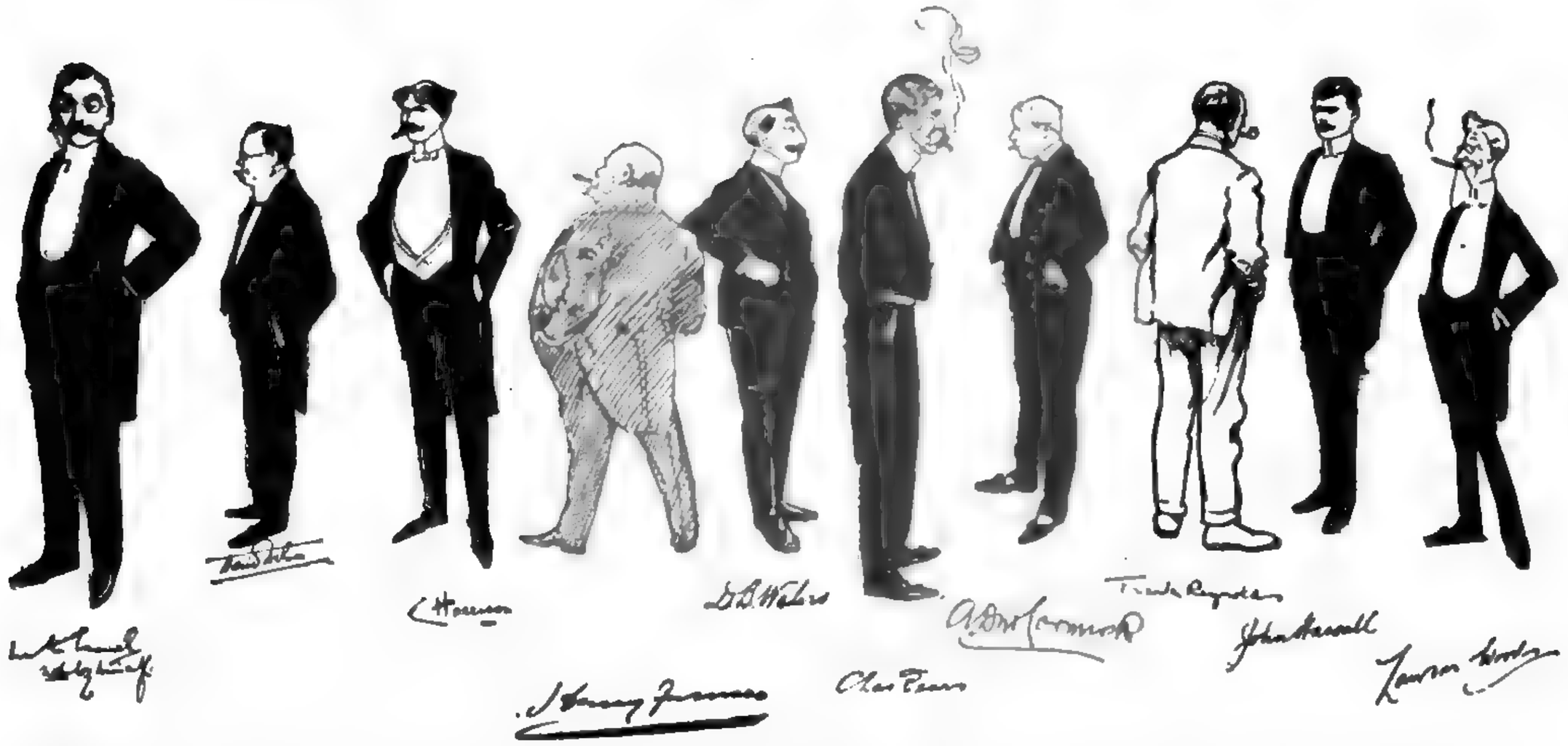
How illogical are human impulses!

But my satisfaction is to believe, with our great dramatist, that a lifetime of happiness is impossible; especially when it is based, as theirs is, on a simply pitiable exhibition of cheap melodrama.

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The Chronicles of the Strand Club.



In the above group a number of Members of the Club have attempted, with more or less success, to delineate themselves. In order that there should be no mistake in identity, each artist has thoughtfully subjoined his autograph.

XIII.

A SOMEWHAT untoward incident happened at the last meeting of the Strand Club. Matters threatened at one time to become rather exciting. Bolman, like Mrs. Peerybingle, began it. He asked Hassall if he would oblige him with "a polite Indian colonel tranquilly partaking of a rappee while riding in a punkah." Hassall inquired if this was intended to be funny. Bolman appeared to resent this. He said that the story he was about to tell was the funniest he had ever heard in his life, but that he could not possibly relate it unless the artist first complied with his request. Whereupon Hassall drew a capital but wholly irrelevant sketch of Bolman in a pugaree helmet astride an ostrich, which evoked roars of laughter. Bolman said this completely put him off his story, but that he had another one which he had asked Arthur Rackham to illustrate, and which he would relate later on in the evening.

In the meantime our clever Gallic confrère, Charles Huard, obliged the company with the following story, accompanied by a spirited sketch.

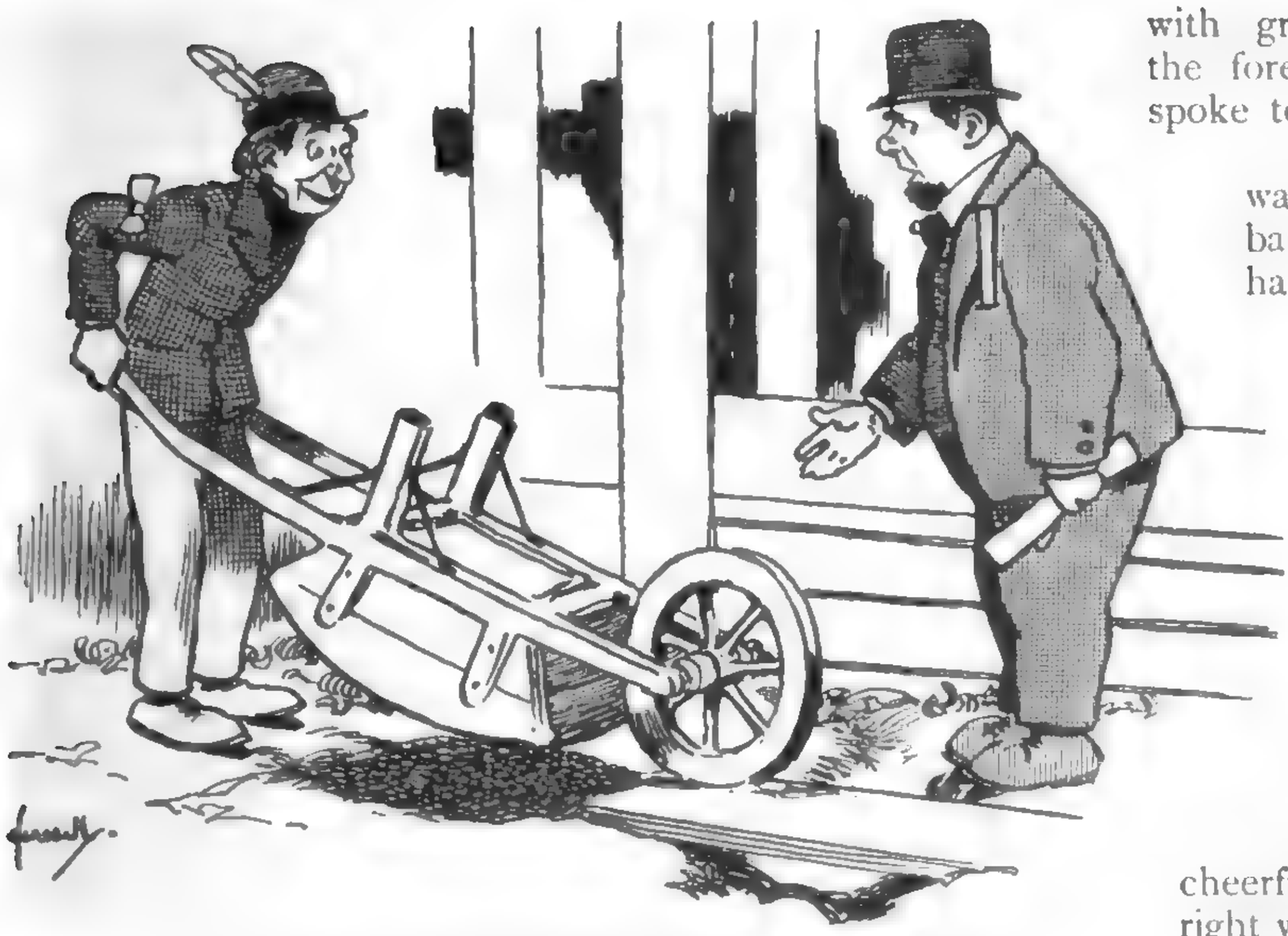
Huard: In one of the cheaper theatres, during the course of a spectacular play, a huntsman was supposed to shoot a bear in the presence of the audience. One evening, after taking careful aim, the hunter pulled the trigger, but his gun refused to work. He tried a second and then a third



HUARD'S ILLUSTRATION TO HIS OWN STORY OF THE POISONED BEAR.

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HASSALL'S DRAWING TO ILLUSTRATE THE LUNATIC ASYLUM STORY.

time, but to no avail. The situation became desperate—nay, ridiculous. A titter went up from the stalls. The huntsman was rapidly losing his head when the actor impersonating the bear saved the day by falling upon the stage, crying: "I am dying, dying—*poisoned!*"

Two of the members related similar instances of presence of mind on the stage, and then Emberton remarked :—

"Absence of mind occasionally exhibits considerable presence of mind."

Emanuel (in the Chair): I don't wish to appear unduly critical, but will you kindly explain what you mean by that remark?

Emberton: Certainly. Here is a case in point. They were building a new wing at the county asylum. One of the able-bodied inmates mingled with the gang of workmen, seized a wheelbarrow, and commenced trundling it up and down. He continued this with great regularity, and the foreman of the gang spoke to him.

"That is not the way to wheel that barrow," he said. "You have got it upside down."

"Oh, no," said the poor fellow. "This is the right side up."

"No; I tell you you've got it upside down. You should turn it up the other way."

"Oh, no," replied the other, cheerfully; "this is the right way. I had it up the other way yesterday and they put bricks in it!"

At the Chairman's request Hassall executed a clever delineation of the incident, which is herewith reproduced.

Emanuel: Speaking of lunatic asylums, I know a very bright young artist whose mind has recently become unhinged owing to a shocking accident in an exhibition catalogue. If you will allow me I will make a rough diagram of how it happened. I may add that I am not a bright young artist myself. (Hear, hear.)

Emanuel, after a protracted interval, during which the Deputy-Chairman, Lawson Wood,



A Wood Nymph. By William Stark.



Miss Emma Drake - the President of the Society for the Propagation of Propriety (in her robes of office). By Helen Higgins.

"SHOCKING ACCIDENT IN AN EXHIBITION CATALOGUE"—BY WALTER EMANUEL.

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FRANK REYNOLDS'S IDEA OF THE OFFICIOUS LADY TRAVELLER AND THE UNGALLANT SAILOR.

sang a comic song about a pathetic young cocoanut which tried to shave itself with a safety razor, produced the illustration on the previous page, which is exactly as he drew it.

Hesketh: I think the remarks sailors on ocean liners have to put up with must be very trying. I heard of one bluff old salt the other day who returned rather an ungallant, but very pertinent, answer to the seventeenth lady who was pestering him with questions. She asked him:—

"Have you ever seen worse weather than this, Mr. Sailor?"

"Take the tip from an old salt, mum," he said; "the weather's never very bad while there's any females on deck a-talking abaht it."

Above is Frank Reynolds's delineation of the marine incident.

The talk ran on amateur photographers, and Hallard said that the worst instance of zeal that he had ever heard of occurred last summer in the Peak district. It seems that a poor, unfortunate climber had got himself caught in a most dangerous position on the side of a precipice, and was clinging on for dear life, expecting every moment to be his last. In fact, he felt he could hardly have clung longer than four or five minutes at the outside. Again and again his cry rang out—"Help! help!" when a dismounted cyclist, attracted by his cries, looked up, and, seeing him in this predicament, called out, "Would you mind — holding on—a few minutes longer, please — I want to run and fetch my camera!"



HALLARD'S DRAWING TO EXPLAIN THE STORY OF THE TOO ENTHUSIASTIC PHOTOGRAPHER.

Lorrison said he had often heard of similar cases of heartlessness in the streets of London. Once, he declared, he overheard a passenger on a



TOM BROWNE'S DELINEATION OF THE 'BUS INCIDENT.

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'bus cry out: "I say, conductor, there's an old gentleman fallen off the 'bus."

"Oh, that's all right, sir," answered the conductor, affably; "he's paid his fare!"

To Mr. Tom Browne, who, by the bye, was on the eve of sailing for America, fell the task of pictorially explaining the scene laconically described by Lorrison. Several members related Board-school stories, some of them quite amusing. The best was related by Boyle, and illustrated by Lawson Wood, which, he said, had actually happened a few days before. One of the teachers, whose complexion was not her strong point, asked the class: "What does w-h-i-t-e spell?" There was no answer. "Don't any of you know what w-h-i-t-e spells?" Again the infants looked puzzled. "Come, now," she continued, encouragingly, "what is the colour of my skin?" Whereupon the class, in loud chorus, vociferated: "Yellow, miss!"

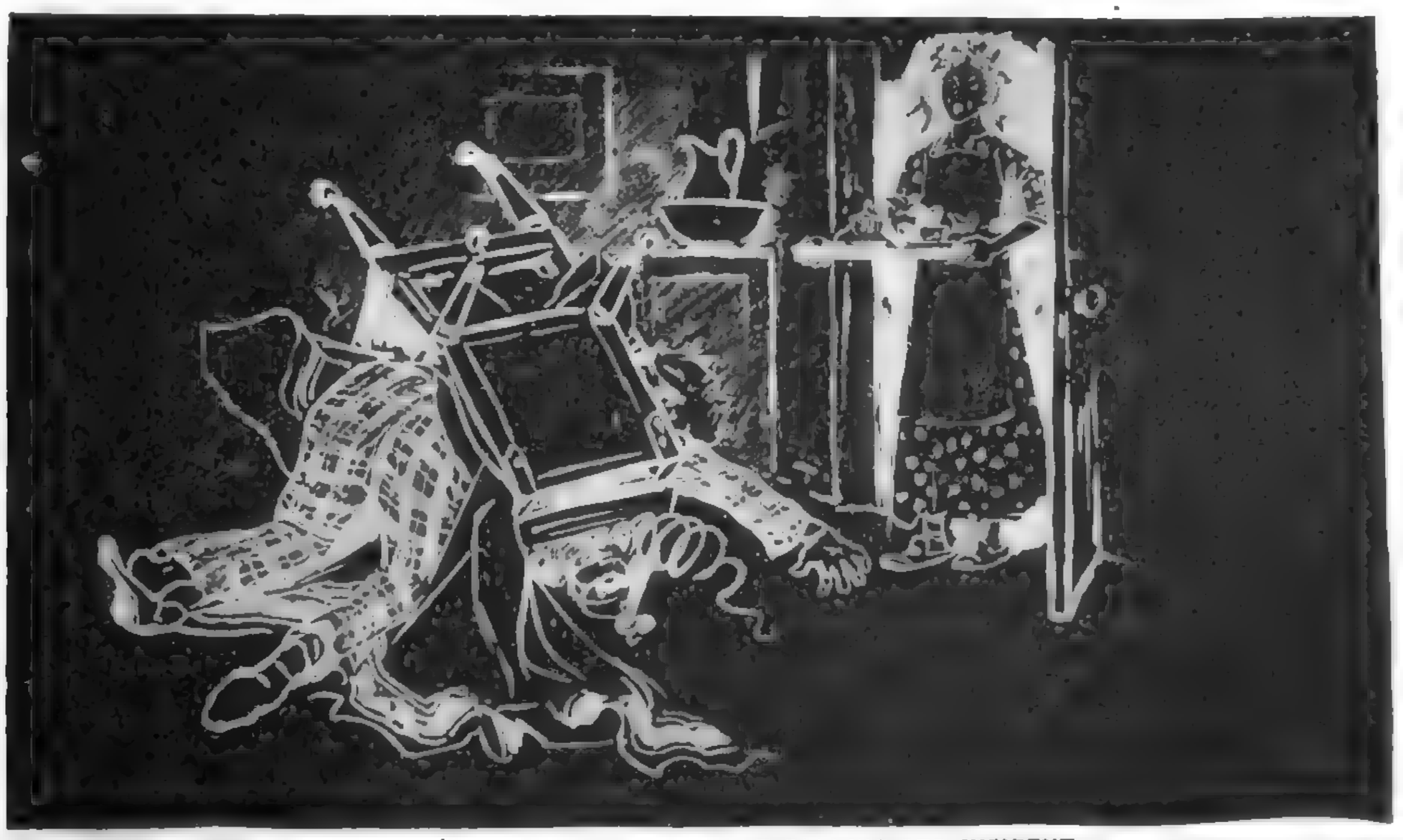


LAWSON WOOD'S ILLUSTRATION TO BOYLE'S STORY OF THE SAFFRON-COMPLEXIONED SCHOOL TEACHER.

On Muttle remarking that he had lately invested in a new patent folding bed, McCormick told of an unfortunate individual of his acquaintance who reached home late one night and flung himself down wearily athwart his ingenious couch, when it suddenly doubled up, and there he lay throughout the watches of the night. In the morning the domestic knocked at the door and entered with the breakfast tray. As the blinds were drawn she did not at first perceive the position, and asked, "Will you have anything else with your breakfast, sir?"

"Anything else!" retorted the victim. "Yes, you can bring me an axe, a couple of hammers, a saw, a pickaxe, and a crowbar."

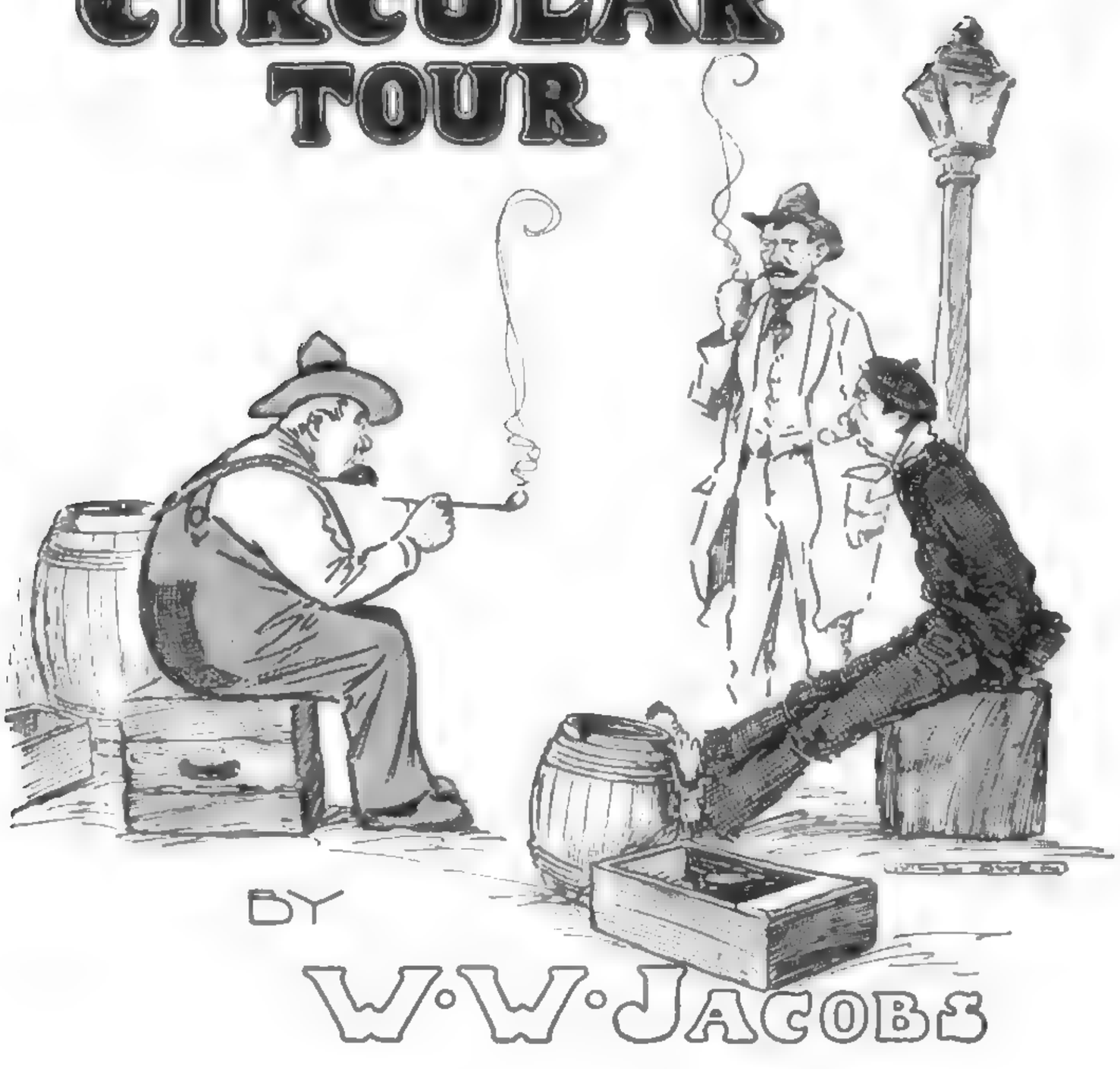
This is the narrator's lightning black-board sketch of his friend's unhappy predicament.



MCCORMICK'S NOTION OF THE PATENT FOLDING BED INCIDENT.

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A CIRCULAR TOUR



BY

W·W·JACOBS

ILLNESS? said the night watchman, slowly. Yes, sailormen get ill sometimes, but not 'aving the time for it that other people have, and there being no doctors at sea, they soon pick up agin. Ashore, if a man's ill he goes to a horsepittle and 'as a nice nurse to wait on 'im; at sea the mate comes down and tells 'im that there is nothing the matter with 'im, and asks 'im if he ain't ashamed of 'imself. The only mate I ever knew that showed any feeling was one who 'ad been a doctor and 'ad gone to sea to better 'imself. He didn't believe in medicine; his idea was to cut things out, and he was so kind and tender, and so fond of 'is box of knives and saws, that you wouldn't ha' thought anybody could 'ave had the 'art to say "no" to him. But they did. I remember 'im getting up at four o'clock one morning to cut a man's leg off, and at ha'-past three the chap was sitting up aloft with four pairs o' trousers on and a belaying-pin in his 'and.

One chap I knew, Joe Summers by name, got so sick o' work one v'y'ge that he went mad. Not dangerous mad, mind you. Just silly. One thing he did was to pretend that the skipper was 'is little boy, and foller 'im up unbeknown and pat his 'ed. At last, to pacify him, the old man pretended that he was 'is little boy, and a precious handful of a boy he was too, I can tell you. Fust of all he showed 'is father 'ow they wrestled at school, and arter that he showed 'im 'ow he 'arf killed another boy in fifteen rounds. Leastways he was going to, but arter seven rounds Joe's madness left 'im all of a sudden and he was as right as ever he was.

Sailormen are more frequent ill ashore than at sea; they've got more time for it, I s'pose. Old Sam Small, a man you may remember by name as a pal o' mine, got ill once, and, like most 'ealthy men who get a little something the matter with 'em, he made sure 'e was dying. He was sharing a bedroom with Ginger Dick and Peter Russet at the time, and early one morning he woke up groaning with a chill or something which he couldn't account for, but which Ginger thought might ha' been partly caused through 'im sleeping in the fireplace.

"Is that you, Sam?" ses Ginger, waking up with the noise and rubbing his eyes. "Wot's the matter?"

"I'm dying," ses Sam, with another awful groan. "Good-bye, Ginger."

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"Goo'-bye," ses Ginger, turning over and falling fast asleep agin.

Old Sam picked 'imself up arter two or three tries, and then he staggered over to Peter Russet's bed and sat on the foot of it, groaning, until Peter woke up very cross and tried to push 'im off with his feet.

"I'm dying, Peter," ses Sam, and 'e rolled over and buried his face in the bed-clo'es and kicked. Peter Russet, who was a bit scared, sat up in bed and called for Ginger, and arter he 'ad called pretty near a dozen times Ginger 'arf woke up and asked 'im wot was the matter.

"Poor old Sam's dying," ses Peter.

"I know," ses Ginger, laying down and cuddling into the piller agin. "He told me just now. I've bid 'im good-bye."

Peter Russet asked 'im where his 'art was, but Ginger was asleep agin. Then Peter sat up in bed and tried to comfort Sam, and listened while 'e told 'im wot it felt like to die. How 'e was 'ot and cold all over, burning and shivering, with pains in his inside that he couldn't describe if 'e tried.

"It'll soon be over, Sam," ses Peter, kindly, "and all your troubles will be at an end. While me and Ginger are knocking about at sea trying to earn a crust o' bread to keep ourselves alive, you'll be quiet at peace."

Sam groaned. "I don't like being too quiet," he ses. "I was always one for a bit o' fun—innercent fun."

Peter coughed.

"You and Ginger 'ave been good pals," ses Sam; "it's hard to go and leave you."

"We've all got to go some time, Sam," ses Peter, soothing-like. "It's a wonder to me, with your 'abits, that you've lasted as long as you 'ave."

"My 'abits?" ses Sam, sitting up all of a sudden. "Why, you monkey-faced son of a sea-cook, for two pins I'd chuck you out of the winder."

"Don't talk like that on your death-bed," ses Peter, very shocked.

Sam was going to answer 'im sharp agin, but just then 'e got a pain which made 'im roll about on the bed and groan to such an extent that Ginger woke up agin and got out o' bed.

"Pore old Sam!" he ses, walking across the room and looking at 'im. "'Ave you got any pain anywhere?"

"*Pain?*" ses Sam. "Pain? I'm a mask o' pains all over."

Sam and Peter looked at 'im and shook their 'eds, and then they went a little way off and talked about 'im in whispers.

"He looks 'arf dead now," ses Peter, coming back and staring at 'im. "Let's take 'is clothes off, Ginger; it's more decent to die with 'em off."

"I think I'll 'ave a doctor," ses Sam, in a faint voice.

"You're past doctors, Sam," ses Ginger, in a kind voice.

"Better 'ave your last moments in peace," ses Peter, "and keep your money in your trouser-pockets."

"You go and fetch a doctor, you murderers," ses Sam, groaning, as Peter started to undress 'im. "Go on, else I'll haunt you with my ghost."

Ginger tried to talk to 'im about the sin o' wasting money, but it was no good, and, arter telling Peter wot to do in case Sam died afore he come back, he went off. He was gone about 'arf an hour, and then he come back with a sandy-'aired young man with red eyelids and a black bag.

"Am I dying, sir?" ses Sam, arter the doctor 'ad listened to his lungs and his 'art and prodded 'im all over.

"We're all dying," ses the doctor, "only some of us'll go sooner than others."

"Will he last the day, sir?" ses Ginger.

The doctor looked at Sam agin, and Sam held 'is breath while 'e waited for him to answer. "Yes," ses the doctor at last, "if he does just wot I tell him and takes the medicine I send 'im."

He wasn't in the room 'arf an hour altogether, and he charged pore Sam a shilling; but wot 'urt Sam even more than that was to hear 'im go off downstairs whistling as cheerful as if there wasn't a dying man within a 'undred miles.

Peter and Ginger Dick took turns to be with Sam that morning, but in the arternoon the landlady's mother, an old lady who was almost as fat as Sam 'imself, came up to look arter 'im a bit. She sat on a chair by the side of 'is bed and tried to amuse 'im by telling 'im of all the death-beds she'd been at, and partikler of one man, the living image of Sam, who passed away in his sleep. It was past ten o'clock when Peter and Ginger came 'ome, but pore Sam was still awake and sitting up in bed holding 'is eyes open with his fingers.

Sam had another shilling's-worth the next day, and 'is medicine was changed for the worse. If anything he seemed a trifle better, but the landlady's mother, wot came up to nurse 'im agin, said it was a bad sign, and that people often brightened up just afore the end. She asked 'im whether 'e'd got a

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fancy for any partikler spot to be buried in, and, talking about wot a lot o' people 'ad been buried alive, said she'd ask the doctor to cut Sam's 'ed off to prevent mistakes. She got



"SHE ASKED 'IM WHETHER 'E'D GOT A FANCY FOR ANY PARTIKLER SPOT TO BE BURIED IN."

quite annoyed with Sam for saying, supposing there *was* a mistake and he came round in the middle of it, how'd he feel? and said there was no satisfying some people, do wot you would.

At the end o' six days Sam was still alive and losing a shilling a day, to say nothing of buying 'is own beef-tea and such-like. Ginger said it was fair highway robbery, and tried to persuade Sam to go to a horsepittle, where he'd 'ave lovely nurses to wait on 'im hand and foot, and wouldn't keep 'is best friends awake of a night making 'orrible noises.

Sam didn't take kindly to the idea at fust, but as the doctor forbid 'im to get up, although he felt much better, and his money was wasting away, he gave way at last, and at seven o'clock one evening he sent Ginger off to fetch a cab to take 'im to the London Horsepittle. Sam said something about putting 'is clothes on, but Peter Russet said the horsepittle would be more likely to take him in if he went in the blanket and counterpane, and at last Sam give way. Ginger and Peter helped 'im downstairs, and the cabman laid hold o' one end o' the blanket as they got to the street-door, under the idea that he was helping, and very near gave Sam another chill.

"Keep your hair on," he ses, as Sam started on 'im. "It'll be three-and-six for the fare, and I'll take the money now."

"You'll 'ave it when you get there," ses Ginger.

"I'll 'ave it now," ses the cabman. "I 'ad a fare die on the way once afore."

Ginger—who was minding Sam's money for 'im because there wasn't a pocket in the counterpane—paid 'im, and the cab started. It jolted and rattled over the stones, but Sam said the air was doing 'im good. He kept 'is pluck up until they got close to the horsepittle, and then 'e got nervous. And 'e got more nervous when the cabman got down off 'is box and put his 'ed in at the winder and spoke to 'im.

"'Ave you got any partikler fancy for the London Horsepittle?" he ses.

"No," ses Sam. "Why?"

"Well, I s'pose it don't matter, if wot your mate ses is true—that you're dying," ses the cabman.

"Wot d'ye mean?" says Sam.

"Nothing," ses the cabman; "only, fust and last, I s'pose I've driven five 'undred people to that horsepittle, and only one ever came out agin—and he was smuggled out in a bread-basket."

Sam's flesh began to creep all over.

"It's a pity they don't 'ave the same rules as Charing Cross Horsepittle," ses the cabman. "The doctors 'ave five pounds apiece for every patient that gets well there, and the consequence is they ain't 'ad the blinds down for over five months."

"Drive me there," ses Sam.

"It's a long way," ses the cabman, shaking his 'ed, "and it 'ud cost you another 'arf-dollar. S'pose you give the London a try?"

"You drive to Charing Cross," ses Sam, telling Ginger to give 'im the 'arf-dollar. "And look sharp; these things ain't as warm as they might be."

The cabman turned his 'orse round and set off agin, singing. It stopped once or twice for a little while, and then it stopped

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for quite a long time, and the cabman climbed down off 'is box and came to the winder agin.

"I'm sorry, mate," he ses, "but did you see me speak to that party just now?"

"The one you flicked with your whip?" ses Ginger.

"No; he was speaking to me," ses the cabman. "The last one, I mean."

"Wot about it?" ses Peter.

"He's the under-porter at the horsepittle," ses the cabman, spitting; "and he tells me that every bed is bung full, and two patients apiece in some of 'em."

"I don't mind sleeping two in a bed," ses Sam, who was very tired and cold.

"No," ses the cabman, looking at 'im; "but wot about the other one?"

"Well, wot's to be done?" ses Peter.

"You might go to Guy's," ses the cabman; "that's as good as Charing Cross."

"I b'lieve you're telling a pack o' lies," ses Ginger.

"Come out o' my cab," ses the cabman, very fierce. "Come on, all of you. Out you get."

Ginger and Peter was for getting out, but Sam wouldn't 'ear of it. It was bad enough being wrapped up in a blanket in a cab, without being turned out in 'is bare feet on the pavement, and at last Ginger apologized to the cabman by saying 'e supposed if he was a liar he couldn't 'elp it. The cabman collected three shillings more to go to Guy's horsepittle, and, arter a few words with Ginger, climbed up on 'is box and drove off agin.

They were all rather tired of the cab by this time, and, going over Waterloo Bridge, Ginger began to feel uncommon thirsty, and, leaning out of the winder, he told the cabman to pull up for a drink. He was so long about it that Ginger began to think he was bearing malice, but just as he was going to tell 'im agin the cab pulled up in a quiet little street opposite a small pub. Ginger Dick and Peter went in and 'ad something and brought one out for Sam. They 'ad another arter that, and Ginger, getting 'is good temper back agin, asked the cabman to 'ave one.

"Look lively about it, Ginger," ses Sam, very sharp. "You forget 'ow ill I am."

Ginger said they wouldn't be two seconds, and, the cabman calling a boy to mind his 'orse, they went inside. It was a quiet little place, but very cosy, and Sam, peeping out of the winder, could see all three of 'em leaning against the bar and making themselves comfortable. Twice he made the boy go in to hurry them up, and all the notice they took was to go on at the boy for leaving the horse.

Pore old Sam sat there hugging 'imself in the bed-clo'es, and getting wilder and wilder. He couldn't get out of the cab, and 'e couldn't call to them for fear of people coming up and staring at 'im. Ginger, smiling all over with 'appiness, 'ad got a big cigar on and was pretending to pinch the barmaid's flowers, and Peter and the cabman was talking to some other chaps there. The only change Sam 'ad was when the boy walked the 'orse up and down the road.

He sat there for an hour and then 'e sent the boy in agin. This time the cabman lost 'is temper, and, arter chasing the boy up the road, gave a young feller twopence to take 'is place and promised 'im another twopence when he came out. Sam tried to get a word with 'im as 'e passed, but he wouldn't listen, and it was pretty near 'arf an hour later afore they all came out, talking and laughing.

"Now for the 'orsepittle," ses Ginger, opening the door. "Come on, Peter; don't keep pore old Sam waiting all night."

"'Arf a tic," ses the cabman, "'arf a tic; there's five shillings for waiting, fust."

"*Wot?*" ses Ginger, staring at 'im. "Arter giving you all them drinks?"

"Five shillings," ses the cabman; "two hours' waiting at half a crown an hour. That's the proper charge."

Ginger thought 'e was joking at fust, and when he found 'e wasn't he called 'im all the names he could think of, while Peter Russet stood by smiling and trying to think where 'e was and wot it was all about.

"Pay 'im the five bob, Ginger, and 'ave done with it," ses pore Sam, at last. "I shall never get to the horsepittle at this rate."

"Cert'inly not," ses Ginger, "not if we stay 'ere all night."

"Pay 'im the five bob," ses Sam, raising 'is voice; "it's my money."

"You keep quiet," ses Ginger, "and speak when you're spoken to. Get inside, Peter."

Peter, wot was standing by blinking and smiling, misunderstood 'im, and went back inside the pub. Ginger went arter 'im to fetch 'im back, and hearing a noise turned round and saw the cabman pulling Sam out o' the cab. He was just in time to shove 'im back agin, and for the next two or three minutes 'im and the cabman was 'ard at it. Sam was too busy holding 'is clothes on to do much, and twice the cabman got 'im 'arf out, and twice Ginger got him back agin and bumped 'im back in 'is seat and shut the

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door. Then they both stopped and took breath.

"We'll see which gets tired fust," ses Ginger. "Hold the door inside, Sam."

The cabman looked at 'im, and then 'e climbed up on to 'is seat and, just as Ginger ran back for Peter Russet, drove off full speed.

Pore Sam leaned back in 'is seat panting and trying to wrap 'imself up better in the counterpane, which 'ad got torn in the struggle. They went through street arter street, and 'e was just thinking of a nice warm bed and a kind nurse listening to all 'is troubles when 'e found they was going over London Bridge.

"You've passed it," he ses, putting his 'ed out of the winder.

The cabman took no notice, and afore Sam could think wot to make of it they was in the Whitechapel Road, and arter that, although Sam kept putting his 'ed out of the winder and asking 'im questions, they kept going through a lot o' little back streets until 'e began to think the cabman 'ad lost 'is way. They stopped at last in a dark little road, in front of a brick wall, and then the cabman got down and opened a door and led his 'orse and cab into a yard.

"Do you call this Guy's Horsepittle?" ses Sam.

"Hullo!" ses the cabman. "Why, I thought I put you out o' my cab once."

"I'll give you five minutes to drive me to the horsepittle," ses Sam. "Arter that I shall go for the police."

"All right," ses the cabman, taking his 'orse out and leading it into a stable. "Mind you don't catch cold."

He lighted a lantern and began to look arter the 'orse, and pore Sam sat there getting colder and colder and wondering wot 'e was going to do.

"I shall give you in charge for kidnapping me," he calls out very loud.

"Kidnapping?" ses the cabman. "Who do you think wants to kidnap you? The gate's open, and you can go as soon as you like."

Sam climbed out of the cab, and holding up the counterpane walked across the yard in 'is bare feet to the stable. "Well, will you drive me 'ome?" he ses.

"Cert'inly not," ses the cabman; "I'm going 'ome myself now. It's time you went, 'cos I'm going to lock up."

"'Ow can I go like this?" ses Sam, bursting with passion. "Ain't you got any sense?"

"Well, wot are you going to do?" ses the cabman, picking 'is teeth with a bit o' straw.

"Wot would you do if you was me?" ses Sam, calming down a bit and trying to speak civil.

"Well, if I was you," said the cabman, speaking very slow, "I should be more perlite to begin with; you accused me just now — me, a 'ard-working man — o' kidnapping you."

"It was only my fun," ses Sam, very quick.

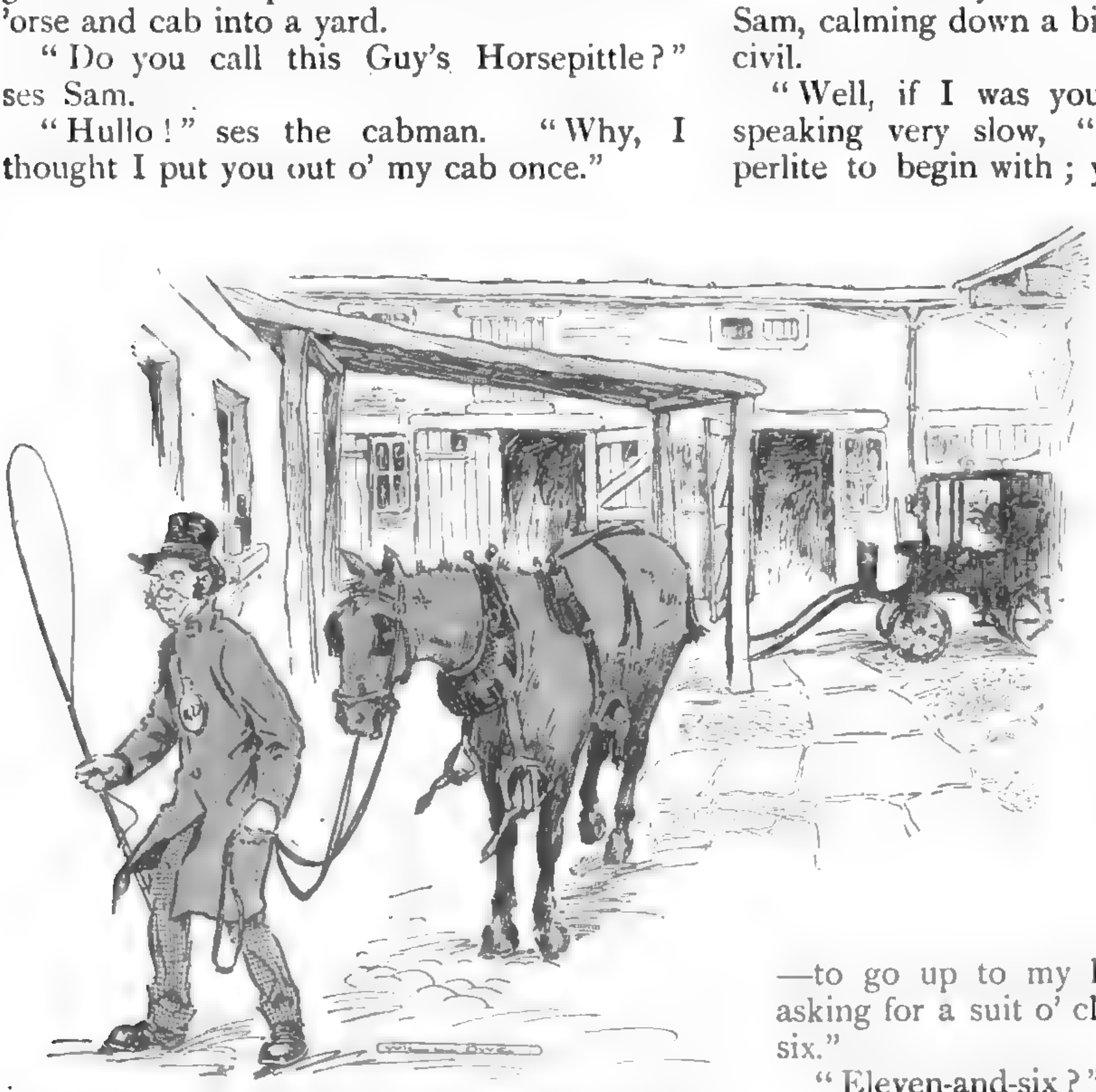
"I ain't kidnapping you, am I?" ses the cabman.

"Cert'inly not," ses Sam.

"Well, then," ses the cabman, "if I was you I should pay 'arf a crown for a night's lodging in this nice warm stable, and in the morning I should ask the man it belongs to—that's me—to go up to my lodging with a letter, asking for a suit o' clothes and eleven-and-six."

"Eleven-and-six?" ses Sam, staring.

"Five bob for two hours' wait," ses the



"'ALL RIGHT,' SES THE CABMAN, TAKING HIS 'ORSE OUT AND LEADING IT INTO A STABLE. 'MIND YOU DON'T CATCH COLD.'"

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cabman, "four shillings for the drive here, and 'arf a crown for the stable. That's fair, ain't it?"

Sam said it was—as soon as he was able to speak—and then the cabman gave 'im a truss of straw to lay on and a rug to cover 'im up with. And then, calling 'imself a fool for being so tender-'earted, he left Sam the lantern, and locked the stable-door and went off.

It seemed like a 'orrid dream to Sam, and the only thing that comforted 'im was the fact that 'e felt much better. His illness seemed to 'ave gone, and arter hunting round the stable to see whether 'e could find anything to eat, 'e pulled the rug over 'im and went to sleep.

He was woke up at six o'clock in the morning by the cabman opening the door. There was a lovely smell o' hot tea from a tin he 'ad in one 'and, and a lovelier smell still from a plate o' bread and butter and bloaters in the other. Sam sniffed so 'ard that at last the cabman noticed it, and asked 'im whither he 'ad got a cold. When Sam explained he seemed to think a minute or two, and then 'e said that it was 'is breakfast, but Sam could 'ave it if 'e liked to make up the money to a pound.

"Take it or leave it," he ses, as Sam began to grumble.

Poor Sam was so 'ungry he took it, and it done 'im good. By the time he 'ad eaten it he felt as right as ninepence, and 'e took such a dislike to the cabman 'e could hardly be civil to 'im. And when the cabman spoke about the letter to Ginger Dick he spoke up and tried to bate 'im down to seven-and-six.

"You write that letter for a pound," ses the cabman, looking at 'im very fierce, "or else you can walk 'ome in your counterpane, with 'arf the boys in London follering you and trying to pull it off."

Sam rose 'im to seventeen-and-six, but it was all no good, and at last 'e wrote a letter to Ginger Dick, telling 'im to give the cabman a suit of clothes and a pound.

"And look sharp about it," he ses. "I shall expect 'em in 'arf an hour."

"You'll 'ave 'em, if you're lucky, when I come back to change 'orses at four o'clock," ses the cabman. "D'ye think I've got nothing to do but fuss about arter you?"

"Why not drive me back in the cab?" ses Sam.

"'Cos I wasn't born yesterday," ses the cabman.

He winked at Sam, and then, whistling very cheerful, took his 'orse out and put it in the cab. He was so good-tempered that 'e got quite playful, and Sam 'ad to tell 'im that when 'e wanted to 'ave his legs tickled with a straw he'd let 'im know.



"HE WAS WOKE UP AT SIX O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING BY THE CABMAN OPENING THE DOOR."

Some people can't take a 'int, and, as the cabman wouldn't be'ave 'imself, Sam walked into a shed that was handy and pulled the door to, and he stayed there until he 'eard 'im go back to the stable for 'is rug. It was only a yard or two from the shed to the cab, and, 'ardly thinking wot he was doing, Sam nipped out and got into it and sat huddled up on the floor.

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He sat there holding 'is breath and not daring to move until the cabman 'ad shut the gate and was driving off up the road, and then 'e got up on the seat and lolled back out of sight. The shops were just opening, the sun was shining, and Sam felt so well that 'e was thankful that 'e hadn't got to the horsepittle arter all.

The cab was going very slow, and two or three times the cabman 'arf pulled up and waved his whip at people wot he thought wanted a cab, but at last an old lady and gentleman, standing on the edge of the kerb with a big bag, held up their 'ands to 'im. The cab pulled in to the kerb, and the old gentleman 'ad just got hold of the door and was trying to open it when he caught sight of Sam.

"Why, you've got a fare," he ses.

"No, sir," ses the cabman.

"But I say you 'ave," ses the old gentleman.

The cabman climbed down off 'is box and looked in at the winder, and for over two minutes he couldn't speak a word. He just stood there looking at Sam and getting purpler and purpler about the face.

"Drive on, cabby," ses Sam. "Wot are you stopping for?"

The cabman tried to tell 'im, but just then a policeman came walking up to see wot was the matter, and 'e got on the box agin and drove off. Cabmen love policemen just about as much as cats love dogs, and he drove down two streets afore he stopped and got down agin to finish 'is remarks.

"Not so much talk, cabman," ses Sam, who was beginning to enjoy 'imself, "else I shall call the police."

"Are you coming out o' my cab?" ses the cabman, "or 'ave I got to put you out?"

"You put me out!" ses Sam, who 'ad tied 'is clothes up with string while 'e was in the stable, and 'ad got his arms free.

The cabman looked at 'im 'elpless for a moment, and then he got up and drove off agin. At fust Sam thought 'e was going to drive back to the stable, and he clenched 'is teeth and made up 'is mind to 'ave a fight for it. Then he saw that 'e was really being driven 'ome, and at last the cab pulled up in the next street to 'is lodgings, and the cabman, asking a man to give an eye to his 'orse, walked on with the letter. He was back agin in a few minutes, and Sam could see by 'is face that something had 'appened.

"They ain't been 'ome all night," he ses, sulky-like.

"Well, I shall 'ave to send the money on to you," ses Sam, in a off-hand way. "Unless you like to call for it."

"I'll call for it," ses the cabman, with a kind smile, as he took 'old of his 'orse and led it up to Sam's lodgings. "I know I can trust you, but it'll save you trouble. But s'pose he's been on the drink and lost the money?"

Sam got out and made a dash for the door, which 'appened to be open. "It won't make no difference," he ses.

"No difference?" ses the cabman, staring.

"Not to you, I mean," ses Sam, shutting the door very slow. "So long."



"SO LONG."

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"PELORUS JACK," THE MYSTERIOUS NEW ZEALAND FISH.

By T. Hemfield.



VIEW FROM PORT HILL, NELSON, LOOKING TOWARDS THE WATERS IN WHICH "PELORUS JACK" HAS HIS HOME.
From a Photograph.

THERE is only one fish in the world known as "the fish." His home is in the distant Antipodes, near the mouth of the beautiful Pelorus Sound, in the far north of the middle island of New Zealand. There the big white fish, from twelve to sixteen feet long, leads a solitary life. He has, apparently to vary the monotony of his existence, made friends with the steamers that navigate the narrow waters of the French Pass.

When he hears, often several times a day, the pulsating engines of a passing steamer he rises to the surface and, with sportive leaps, rushes towards his huge playmate, fearlessly gambolling and leaping around her bows until—and here comes one of the mysteries connected with this remarkable fish—he nears what appears to be the limit of his domains, when he bids her farewell. Sometimes when he is playing with one steamer another comes opportunely from the opposite direction, and as they pass the fish transfers his attentions to the new-comer and accompanies her home.

He is said to have his likes and dislikes; he pays no attention to sailing-vessels or oil-launches; and one steamer from which a ruffian threw a harpoon at him years ago he avoids with uncanny intelligence. On the other hand, the ss. *Wainui* is his especial favourite. It is also said that the ss. *Penguin* bumped roughly against him lately, inflicting a severe gash. Pelorus Jack disappeared for a week or two, and when he resumed his duties he left the *Penguin* severely alone.

The seafaring community, who claim an acquaintance with this fish extending back for the last thirty years, have familiarly named him "Pelorus Jack." He is a recognised institution on the run from Nelson to Wellington, and has become such a curiosity that the New Zealand Government have protected him by an Order in Council. His home is in sheltered waters, and it is an interesting sight to see the passengers armed with cameras crowd the steamers' forecastles eagerly waiting for his appearance.

The story of Pelorus Jack is so remarkable that many Colonists even will not credit it; in fact, the tale is told of one officer who for the first few trips on this run pretended he had seen the fish, and kept up what he thought was a joke until one day, to his unbounded surprise, he accidentally did see the fish.

As I journeyed round the world I heard strange stories from time to time about this wonderful fish; amongst other details I was informed that he escorted steamers through a dangerous passage, piloting them by judicious wags of his tail, much to the disgust of an association that exists in New Zealand for the purpose of seeing that pilots are adequately remunerated. This fish became one

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of our stock jokes, and later on, when we met a man who had the temerity to assert that he had actually seen him, we looked upon the individual as a Baron Munchausen.

At Wellington I booked a passage to Nelson expressly to test the truth of the story. "I want to see the fish," I said to the leisurely clerk behind the counter; "must make a daylight trip, I suppose?"

"He looks very fine at night—see him at night going over, and by daylight coming back."

At half-past eleven that night I stood on the steamer's forecastle and looked around. There was a broad smudge of coast-line on the port bow, an isolated smudge or two to starboard, and an inky darkness ahead, except here and there, where a wavelet broke into a handful of phosphorescent stars. Not a light was visible on the ship, every glimmer being shuttered off so that the officers on the bridge might have nothing to distract their vision.

As I waited there in solitude I had time to realize the absurdity — a globe-trotter who should have known better, standing there at midnight, looking for a myth. I fancied the officers on the bridge were chuckling over my credulity. Then a shadowy figure approached, slowly picking its way over the impedimenta of a crowded forecastle.

"Looking for the fish?"

"Yes," I admitted, shamefacedly, expecting a burst of ribald laughter. He lit a cigarette, and remarked in a matter-of-fact tone, "We're a little early for him yet. I've never seen him come out yet this side of the Chetwodes," pointing to the isolated smudges on our starboard bow.

"Where are we now?" I asked, relieved.

"Just opening up the entrance to the Pelorus Sound."

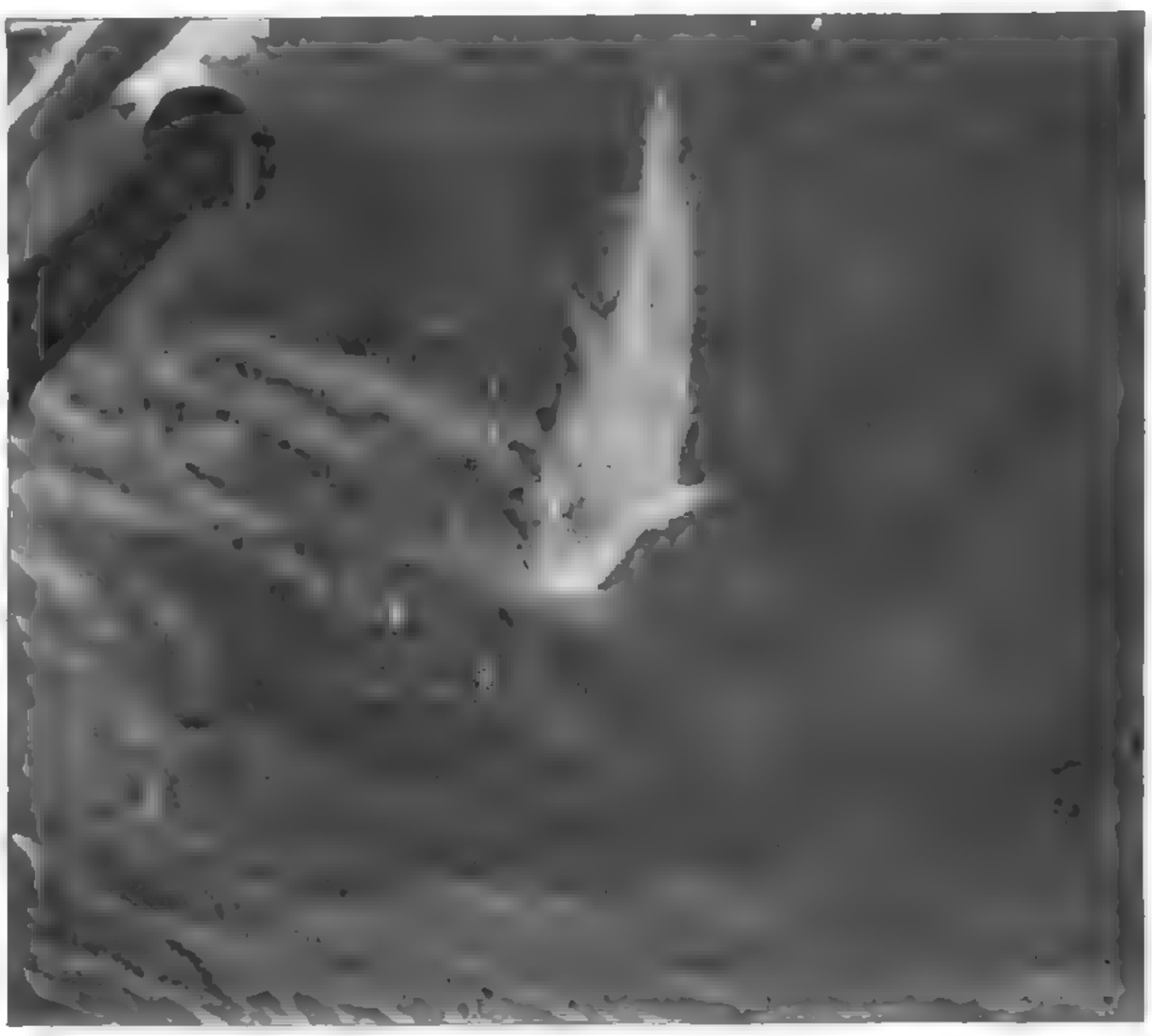
"Does he always come out?" I ask, anxiously.

"I've seen him every trip I've made except one, and I think we missed him that time by not looking soon enough—he doesn't always come out at the same place."

The Chetwode Islands, shadowy masses of gloom, come abreast us and slowly pass astern. I have come up without an overcoat, and the balmy summer breeze strikes chill at midnight. I button my coat and, placing my hand on the pulsating stem, lean over and watch the inky darkness part into two rolls of foam scintillating like diamonds as they rush astern. Then a school of fish leap from under our forefoot in long spokes of glittering light.

"Like a rocket," observes my companion.

The wind freshens as we reach Point Akaterwa, and the sea-horses cover the surface with flashes of phosphorescent light. The distant lighthouse on Stephens Island flashes twice and disappears behind an island.



"PELORUS JACK," AS SEEN FROM THE STEAMER'S FORECASTLE.
From a Photo. by Mr. Roebel.

"That is the point he usually comes off," says my companion, pointing to a darker loom on our port bow. Then, as a larger wave breaks near us, he cries excitedly, "There he is!"

A blaze of light like a fiery torpedo shoots towards us, whirls round and keeps pace with us, darting from side to side of our bows with marvellous rapidity. As we lean over and look down we see a shadowy, luminous shape surrounded by streaks of greenish light broadening into a wide, luminous trail as it darts ahead and leaps out of the water with a resounding splash.

"Looks like a ghost, doesn't he?"

Then he swam steadily beside us for a few seconds, his back fin cleaving the surface and scattering showers of brilliant spray.

"See him rubbing himself against our bow."

I leaned over and watched him carefully. He appeared to me to pivot himself on his tail, which seemed close to our stem, while

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his head and body, almost upright in the water, darted from side to side of our rushing cutwater. Then he dived under our keel, then shot ahead again, and, turning a complete somersault, treated us to what I can only describe as a display of marine hurdle-racing, with a circus exhibition thrown in.

"How long does he stay?" I ask, at length. As though he heard the question, "the fish" shoots round, his tail points to our bows, and he dives under us, disappearing in a whirl of green light.

"He's gone!" I cry. "Will he come back?"

"No, he never comes back; he's done with us for to-night. We may as well turn in. It's about half an hour to the French Pass," adds my companion, as we go below.

We reached Nelson next morning. I provided myself with a hand camera for the return trip, and I chose a steamer that would go through the French Pass in daylight. After about three hours' steaming we come to the pass, between the mainland and D'Urville Island.

I am told by one who has known "the fish" for the last eighteen years, and who has made careful inquiries, that Pelorus Jack never appears outside a limit of five miles from the Chetwodes, and that latterly he has met the steamers more on the French Pass side of this limit. The Chetwode Islands are about fourteen miles east of the French Pass. Others confirm this, and some go so far as to say that he never follows a steamer out of this limit; but this is not so well authenticated. Occasionally, when in a particularly friendly mood, he follows a steamer for a considerable distance, sometimes for half an hour; at other times, possibly when he has pressing business on hand, he only stays a few minutes.

I have chosen the *Wainui*, but to my disgust a larger and faster Union Company's steamer, which sailed after us, overtook us just before we reached the Pass, and we are afraid she will monopolize Pelorus Jack's attention. I join a crowd of passengers on the forecastle, and, choosing a spot, extend myself at full length on the deck and practise aiming and manipulating my camera.

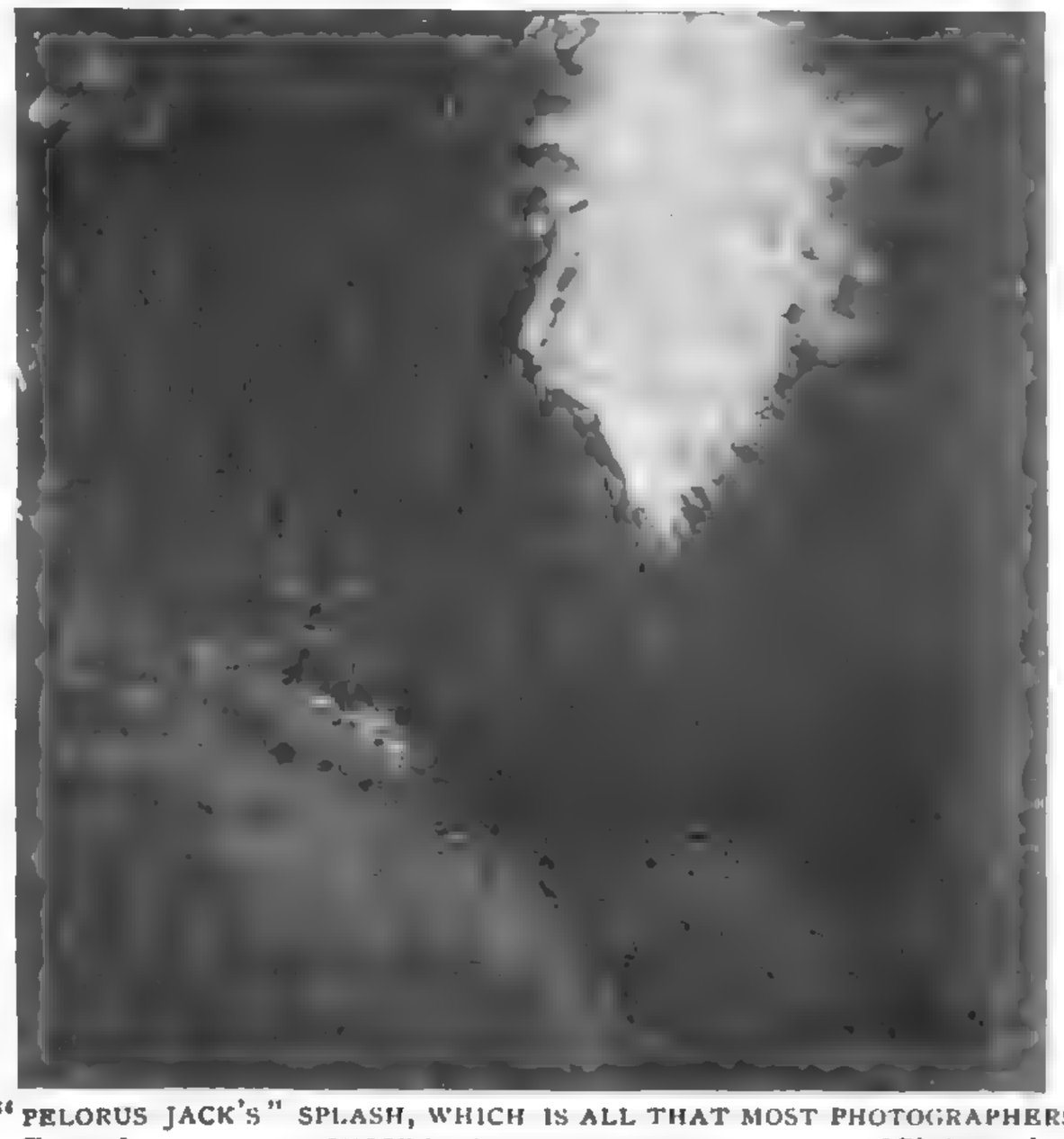
"There he is!"

We can see with our glasses a fish leaping over the water towards the other steamer some two miles ahead. But we are pleasantly disappointed, for after about ten minutes the fish turns his tail on the other steamer and hurries towards us.

"How could he tell we were behind? He couldn't possibly hear us with the other steamer near him."

"Instinct or keen eyesight," suggests someone.

I am a novice in photographing the fish, so I try to catch him as he leaps from the water. I learn afterwards, and can prove the truth of it, that this is an excellent way of getting a photo. of his splash. I find it is useless trying to get him in the little finding mirror, as he darts about too vigorously; so I aim my camera as best I may and snap at him as he leaps from the water. I notice that Pelorus Jack is of a dirty white colour and has tracings of markings; once he bumped against our steamer, and we could feel the bump distinctly on the forecastle.



"PELORUS JACK'S" SPLASH, WHICH IS ALL THAT MOST PHOTOGRAPHERS SUCCEED IN OBTAINING.
From a] [*Photograph.*

Next morning I hand my plates to a photographer to be developed, and anxiously await the result. One negative has the fish's head, eight his splash, and the balance nothing whatever. I managed to obtain a photograph or two in Nelson, so that I have something to show when I talk about Pelorus Jack on my homeward voyage. One day on a P. and O. liner, when the story was received with more than the usual incredulity, I called upon an American friend who had seen the fish twice.

"I never talk about Pelorus Jack," he drawled. "My nationality is against me."

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LEGENDS OF THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

By Charles E. Lorrimer.



From a] THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA. *[Photograph.*

The history of the Great Wall of China is wrapped about with myth and legend. Even such tangible facts as its situation and its length have been discussed and disputed about again and again. A recent newspaper article went so far as to declare its very existence impossible—a laughable error, as the accompanying photographs, perhaps the best ever taken of this great work, are sufficient to prove.

In many places the Great Wall has fallen into decay; often enough it becomes little more than a heap of stones and rubbish; but near Ku Pei Kou it is seen in its original glory, fifteen feet in width and twenty feet in height, with quadrilateral towers built of granite at regular intervals. A few of these towers are in perfect condition, but others have fallen into ruin, and brambles and wild vines scramble among the loose bricks, whose interstices make cosy homes for stiff ferns and nodding bluebells. The country is wild and fascinating apart from the attraction of the wall itself. Range upon range of hills roll away into distant Mongolia, piled one on top of another, jutting out in rocky spurs, towering in inaccessible needles, and wrapt in purple haze.

How the Great Wall was built of brick and granite in a region entirely destitute of clay to make the former and bare of the latter, and whence were collected the army of labourers necessary for such a gigantic work, are certainly mysterious problems. It was planned and built by the illustrious Emperor Chin Ize Wang, the same Sovereign who ordered the famous burning of the books. Thus he made his name notorious by two important works: one of construction, the other of destruction.

The building of one thousand two hundred and fifty miles of wall up hill and down dale was a record achievement which could only have been carried into effect through the genius of such a man as Chin Ize Wang. He brought to the Herculean labour a mind so full of energetic schemes that it compelled activity about it.

His kingdom having suffered considerably from the border raiders, he scoured his boundaries, subdued the people, and levied an indemnity upon them—an indemnity not in hard cash but in manual work, to build in the shortest time possible his wall, at once a barrier and a testimony of his might and power to the hostile tribes living along the Yesuho ("continually flowing") River. From each of the tribal leaders without and

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within the Wanlichangchen (literally, "The thousand-mile-long wall") he exacted fifty thousand men, who were divided into three gangs, each gang working eight hours per diem. It was small wonder that with such an army the building made rapid progress.

When it was well begun, Chin Ize Wang, who had not only energy but original ideas as well, determined that if he could bury deep under his foundation one million men his Great Wall would not only last a million years, but the spirits of his million sacrifices would keep everlasting watch and ward against his enemies and prevent them breaking through to his dominions.

China was already decimated by his great wars, and to depopulate it further would render his kingdom weak. However, he found a way out of this perplexing problem by adopting one of those clever, cheating schemes which suggest themselves so readily and successfully to the Chinese mind. He sought out a man the characters of whose name signified "A million spirits," thinking thus to hoodwink the gods and secure, in burying this unfortunate, the guardianship of the million spirits for his work.

The search discovered one called Wan Tsei-liang, who fulfilled all the requirements. In addition, he was betrothed to a Chinese maiden called Mun-Chiang-nen, whom he intended shortly to make his bride. But the latter personal detail was quite overlooked, and when he had been buried alive near Shan-hai-kuan, which is close by the sea, the work of completing the wall continued rapidly. In the meantime the unfortunate Mun-Chiang-nen waited for her lover until, her patience exhausted, she went in search of him. For many days this faithful and beautiful girl wandered hither and thither, following a flock of geese which she believed were conducting her to the Great Wall. The birds wandered there to collect the scraps of food thrown aside by the builders, and to her troubled mind their cries seemed the wailing of the million spirits over her sorrow.

Her beauty attracted many rich and noble lovers. Even the Emperor himself fell a victim to her charms, but her steadfast answer to them all was a question about her lost lover Wan. The Emperor, finally becoming exasperated at her sorrow and weary of her refusals to come to him, took her and pointed out the place where her lover lay buried, whereupon she wept. But gradually her tears ceased to flow, and she agreed to marry the Sovereign if he would fulfil two conditions. The first was that he should put up a bridge at Shan-hai-kuan; the second that he should build a temple to the memory of her lost love, thus propitiating the gods and insuring their future happiness. Her wedding-day she agreed should be the day when she saw the works completed.



From a] ON THE TOP OF THE GREAT WALL. *[Photograph.*

Accordingly, when, three years later, all was done, the Emperor himself took her hand and led her on to the bridge. When he released her fingers to point out the beauties of the completed temple she seized the long-sought opportunity. With a plaintive cry to her lost lover she leapt into the sea.

The temple is still to be seen perched on a small island. The sea has gradually made a channel between it and the mainland, from which it takes the name of Shan-hai-kuan, or Mountain Sea Pass.

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"FREAK AMUSEMENTS."

By Hartley Davis.



START OF THE "ANIMAL RACE."—THE RACERS, WHO STARTED AT THE SOUND OF THE SODA-WATER SIPHON, INCLUDED GEESE, A LAMB, A HEN, A LION-CUB, AND SOME PIGS.
From a] [*Photograph.*

Gymkhana races came to the United States from India by way of England, and originally meant feats of skill and daring on horseback. These were evolved by British officers stationed in India, who were dependent upon their own resources for amusement. But society in general does not care for tent-pegging, or sabre-slashing at imaginary heads. It demands something more original and laughter-provoking, and hence have been evolved such freak amusements as those represented herewith.

Our first illustration depicts an "animal race" held last summer. Under the rules any animal that would not devour another was eligible, which did not debar a baby lion, it being held that the infantile king of beasts was too young to be dangerous. The other entries included a white turkey, three white and two grey geese, two black pigs and one white one, a tandem of white pigs, a Plymouth Rock rooster, a sheep, two goats, a yearling colt, and a dachshund, each to be driven by the woman making the entry. It was the privilege of the contestants to run, jump, fly, or roll. The spectators rocked with laughter at the frantic efforts of the feminine jockeys to persuade their entries to travel in the direction they should go, shaking the reins of ribbon, shoo-ing, clucking, poking, shouting



From a] A GROUP OF DUMMIES, CONSTRUCTED BY LADIES, READY FOR THE RACE. [*Photograph.*

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THE "WEEK-END" RACE — THE COMPETITORS ARE DONNING NIGHTGOWNS AND PACKING THEIR COATS IN SUIT-CASES.
From a Photograph.

with the enthusiasm of contest. It was in keeping with the eternal fitness of things that a goose should have won the race.

Plainly the "dummy race" is a survival of the age of chivalry, when doughty knights rescued beauty in distress. The modern utilitarian touch is given to this contest by offering a prize to the lady constructing the most grotesque dummy. These lay figures, some of which are shown in one of our illustrations, weigh at least fifty pounds. Each competitor is compelled to race to where the dummies are waiting for the gallant rescuer, who dismounts, throws the figure across his saddle, and urges his horse at top speed back to the winning-post.

Nor is the education of man neglected, as the "Friday-to-Monday" race shows. It is fine training for a week-end visit, when one is not supposed to be accompanied by his valet. At the starting signal each contestant, with a dress-suit case in his hand, stands beside his horse, which he must mount without assistance. He rides as fast as he can to a designated point, where he dismounts, opens the suit-case, and exchanges the nightgown in it for his coat. He remounts, rides to another point, resumes his coat, replacing the nightgown in the suit-case, and then, still carrying the case, speeds to the starting-line.

Many of the gymkhana contests require nerve and strength and skill. There is a good, old-fashioned game of "Babes in the Wood" that has been vastly improved upon. Men on fleet polo ponies gallop pell-mell to a stone wall, dismount, and clamber over it. On the other side of the wall, hidden among the trees, are dolls, one for each contestant, and each must find his own. Having secured it, he foots it to the wall as fast as may be, scrambles over, and then recaptures his mount. Once in the saddle again, with the doll pressed fondly to his bosom, the contestant races to a group of young women attired as nursemaids, each with a doll's



THE DOLL RACE—THE LADIES, ATTIRED AS NURSEMAIDS, HAVE TO TRUNDLE DOLLS IN PERAMBULATORS WITHOUT SPILLING THEM.
From a] [*Photograph.*



THE NEEDLE-AND-THREAD RACE—THE MAN IS HANDING THE THREAD AND NEEDLE TO A YOUNG WOMAN, WHO MUST THREAD IT QUICKLY AND RETURN IT TO THE MAN, WHO RACES BACK WITH IT TO THE STARTING-POINT.
From a Photograph.

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THE GOOSE RACE—THE CONTESTANTS ARE HELD BY THE FOOTMEN OF THEIR FAIR DRIVERS, WHO, BY GENTLE PRODDING AND A JUDICIOUS USE OF THE WHIP, BRING THE UNRULY BIRDS TO THE GOAL.
From a] [*Photograph.*

perambulator in front of her. The doll is placed in one of the miniature vehicles, and then the imitation nursemaid wheels it to the goal as fast as Nature and her skirts will permit, being careful not to upset the perambulator, which would disqualify her.

Anyone can see how the ancient and honourable art of needlework, as well as horsemanship, is stimulated by the thread-and-needle race, in which a man receives a needle and thread, gallops to the other end of the field, where he dismounts, hands them to a young woman, who threads the needle, and the man races back to the starting-point with the needle ready for use.

The remaining contests may be described in a very few words; indeed, the pictures almost explain themselves. First we see a goose race—a simpler form of the "animal race"—with two footmen holding the birds and the fair drivers ready for the starter's signal.

The motor-car contest is an up-to-date modification of the old glass-of-water foot-race. The lady has to hold a glass brim-full of water, while her companion drives the car at top speed. The competitors who arrive at the goal with the most water in their glass, having attained a specified speed, bear off the prize.

Our final illustration is a race among vehicles which may be called the antithesis of motor-cars—carts, wagons, and other wheeled implements of a farm. The load of hay seems badly handicapped, but we understand that it has been known to win.

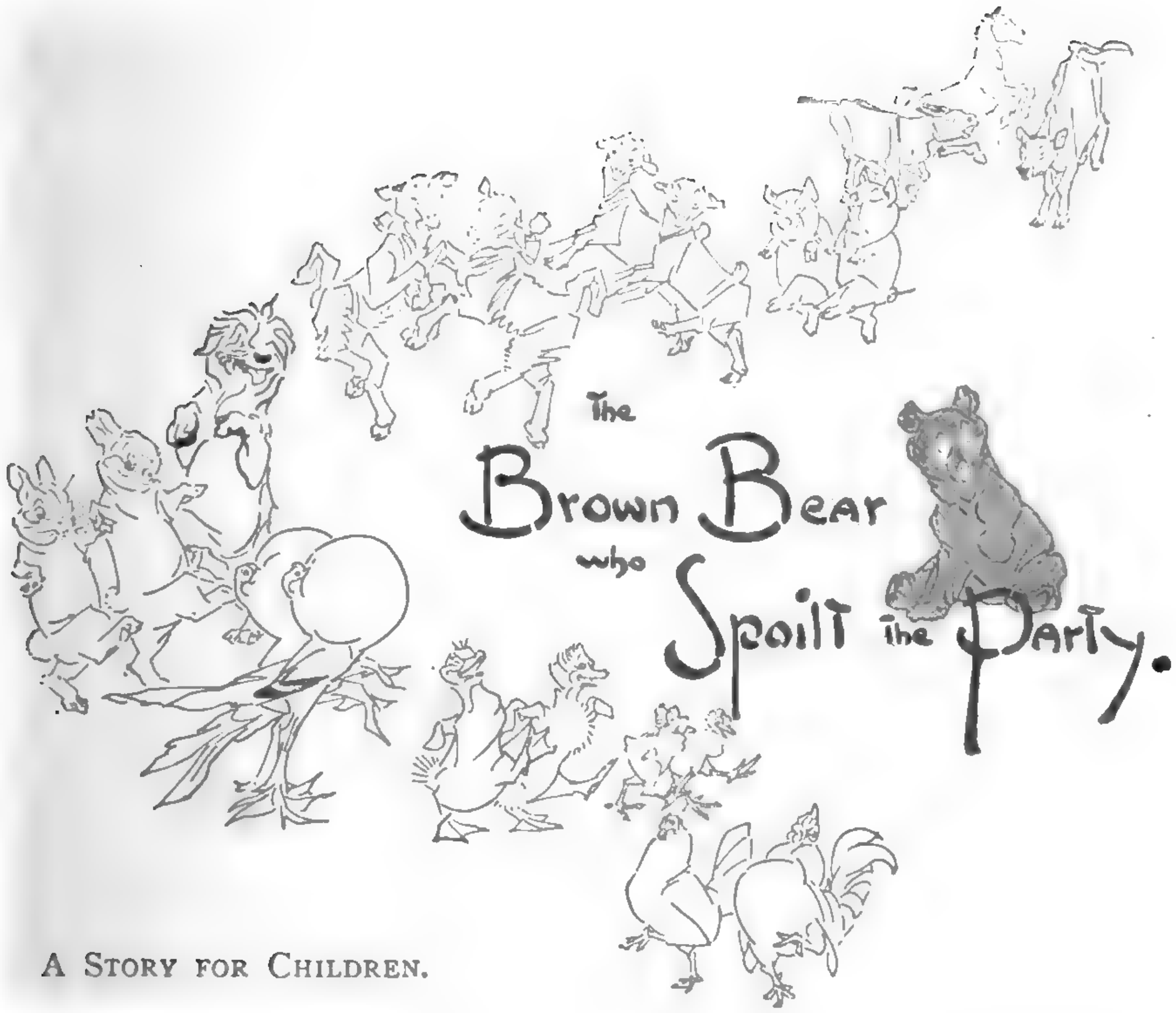


AN AUTOMOBILE-AND-GLASS-OF-WATER RACE—THE LADY IN THE MOTOR MUST CARRY THE FULL GLASS OF WATER TO THE END OF THE COURSE AND BACK SPILLING AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE.
From a] [*Photograph.*



From a] A RACE BETWEEN FARM VEHICLES. [*Photograph.*

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The Brown Bear who Spoilt the Party.

A Story for Children.

IF a brown bear were to drop in at Blackbird Farmyard any fine day he would receive a very warm welcome. Warm —but not in the way that you, doubtless, are thinking. You imagine that the bull would rush at him, the foal would try to kick him, the goat would butt him, and all the cocks and hens would fly at him, screeching and pecking. Far otherwise! for all the creatures at Blackbird Farm would be delighted to see a brown bear, and to greet him in the kindest way.

For one day a brown bear *did* come to Blackbird Farm—and how he interrupted the sports, and how he got himself disliked, and how he was driven away, and how afterwards all the creatures were very sorry that they had treated him so badly because of something he did that certainly saved *some* of their lives—that is this story and does not come into it yet.

This story opens on Midsummer Day, in the middle of the hottest afternoon that any of the creatures at Blackbird Farm could ever remember. All the old creatures could do nothing but sleep, and so, naturally, all the young creatures were putting their heads together and planning mischief.

They were playing on the green forest glade that stretches away from the very gates of the farmyard. All round the farm is the great and beautiful forest. The Brahma hen saw that they were in need of something to do. And so, as she always acted as mother to half the things in the farmyard, she suggested the sports.

"Cluck, cluck!" she had cried, as she strutted out from the barnyard with her family at her heels; "how would you like a grand carnival, children, with a cake-walk, and a tug-of-war, and all kinds of sports?" And at this they had all gone wild with excitement, and the pigs had trodden on the chickens, and the lambs had struggled with the kids, and the ducklings had fallen over one another in their excitement to get near the Brahma hen and hear full details of the sports.

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And the Brahma hen had invented a programme on the spot. This is how it read:—

PROGRAMME
of the
BLACKBIRD FARMYARD MIDSUMMER-DAY SPORTS.
Director, Mrs. Brahma.
Starter, Mr. Peacock. Judge, Mr. Turkeycock.
Event 1.—Grand Procession and Cake-Walk.
Event 2.—Tug-of-War.
Event 3.—Obstacle Race.
Event 4.—Wrestling Match.
Event 5.—Pig-a-Back Race.
Event 6.—Singing Competition.
ALL COMERS WILL BE WELCOME.

"The sports will begin at once," said Mrs. Brahma, when she had finished announcing the programme, "so ring your bells, Mary's lambs, and summon all the young creatures."

Mary's lambs—who were the pets of the children at the farm and had bells round their necks—rang a loud peal, and all the young creatures came flocking up from the farmyard and from out-of-the-way corners of the glade, the Brahma hen brought up Mr. Turkeycock and Mr. Peacock, and so the sports began.

Mrs. Brahma formed up the grand procession; Mr. Turkeycock prepared to judge who walked in the most beautiful style; Mr. Peacock gave the word "Go!"

First of all went Mr. and Mrs. Bantam, strutting bravely along, side by side, lifting their legs very high and crowing with all their power; they looked very fine, and their grand appearance rather disheartened the plover chicks, who strutted behind them, feeling their legs too long for any really beautiful marching.

Behind were the ducklings, who wobbled and rolled like ships in a storm. Next were the pouter pigeons, who puffed out their chests and threw their heads back almost to their tails. Then came two tame rabbits marching on their hind legs, each holding the other's paw, followed by the farmyard's puppy.

The lambs frisked side by side in a very pretty way, and the little pigs tried their best to copy them. The kids gambolled about; the calf sprang up and down with all his four legs held quite stiffly; the foal danced as he went along, as well as he knew how; while last of all came the donkey, walking quite slowly and very sedately, holding his tail straight out behind him, and his neck at full stretch—braying so loudly that the woods rang!

It was a very grand procession, and the cake-walking was so beautiful that Mr.



"I HOPE I DON'T INTRUDE?"

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Turkeycock would have found it difficult to say who of all the creatures marched best—had not something happened that brought the procession to a dead stop before it had fairly got under way. For not a minute had passed after Mr. Peacock had given the word "Go!" when out from the shade of the forest into the bright sunlight of the glade there stole, very softly, very slowly, a little brown bear.

He stood quite still for a moment, with his head on one side, when he saw that everyone had seen him—and then a smile seemed to spread over his face, he tossed his head, and with a grunt or two, as much as to say, "Well, here's a jolly party!" he trotted forward, with a funny, ungainly sort of shuffle, rolling heavily from side to side; and so came to where the procession had stopped.

"How do you do?" said the brown bear, approaching Mr. Turkeycock, who had stepped forward to meet him; "I hope I don't intrude?"

"Certainly not, certainly not," said Mr. Turkeycock; "unless, that is," he added, anxiously, "you ever make a meal of farmyard creatures? Eh? No? Well, then, we are delighted to see you, I'm sure—and may we inquire where you have come from?"

All the animals crowded round the brown bear to hear his answer. As none of them had ever seen a bear before they were naturally very curious—and so, of course, they forgot to be afraid.

"I have just arrived from the other side of the forest," said the brown bear, "and I am lost. My good master is an Italian gentleman, who wanders about the country playing music and singing songs, to which I dance. But this morning he fell asleep in the forest and I wandered away, and I have not been able to find him. But he is sure to find me soon."

"You poor little dear lost thing!" said the Brahma hen. "Pray make yourself at home with us until your master comes, and I'm sure we shall all be glad if you will join our sports."

"Delighted," said the brown bear. "I have been admiring your cake-walk from a distance, and it set me all a-tingling to dance myself—the donkey's music," he went on, bowing to the donkey, "was so inspiring." And then he began to dance on his hind legs.

"Capital," said the Brahma hen. "I'll tell you what: you must join the procession now about to parade round the glade, and see if you can't cake-walk better than any of our young folk. Form up the procession," cried the Brahma. "The brown bear will follow behind the donkey."

And so that is how it came about that the brown bear joined in the farmyard Mid-summer-Day sports. Why it was that he got himself disliked you will very easily understand when I tell you. He won every competition!

He won the cake-walk to begin with, and



"MR. TURKEYCOCK DECLARED HE HAD NEVER SEEN SUCH FINE DANCING IN HIS LIFE."

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"'HE'S A PROFESSIONAL DANCER,' HE SCREAMED AGAIN, AND FLEW UP TO THE LITTLE BEAR AS THOUGH HE MEANT TO ATTACK HIM."

Mr. Turkeycock declared that he had never seen such fine dancing in his life, and this made all the young creatures jealous of the bear.

"It oughtn't to count!" screamed the bantam-cock, in a furious temper, for he had fully expected to win himself, and always hated to be beaten in anything. "He's a professional dancer," he screamed again, and flew up to the little bear as though he meant to attack him, but thought better of it. And the kids and the lambs and the ducklings and all the other creatures who had been beaten by the bear in the cake-walk competition took up the cry, "He's a professional dancer, and it oughtn't to count."

But Mr. Turkeycock, who had no love for the cheeky little bantam-cock, declared that it *must* count.

"It says on the programme," he said, "'All are welcome,' and so, of course, the brown bear may try his luck"; and although the bear, seeing what a disturbance he had created, offered to stand out of the next competition, Mr. Turkeycock insisted that he should enter.

So he said he would pull against all the other animals in the tug-of-war, to make things fair; but though fully twenty young farmyard creatures tugged against him with might and main, he pulled them off their legs with a smile on his face that nearly drove the bantam-cock wild.



"HE PULLED THEM OFF THEIR LEGS WITH A SMILE ON HIS FACE."

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And then he won the obstacle race with the greatest ease; for one of the obstacles was a big, fallen tree-trunk, along which every creature had to walk, and the brown bear was the only one who didn't lose his footing half-a-dozen times at the difficult places before the end of the tree was reached. (The fact is that little brown bears can climb trees almost as well as squirrels.)

The wrestling match he won because no one would wrestle with him, though Mr. Turkeycock tried his hardest to persuade the bantam to pit his strength against the bear's strong arms! But the bantam said he had hurt his leg, and, as everyone else refused to tackle the little bear, of course he was declared the champion wrestler.

The pig-a-back race was a most exciting affair. The bear, the foal, the donkey, and the calf were the starters, each carrying a pig on his back; while all the other creatures crowded round the winning-post, delighted to think that this time the bear would surely be beaten. And beaten he would have been had not the foal and the calf pranced about so much in their excitement and had not the donkey kicked up his heels so often that they continually upset their riders—whereas the bear went slowly and steadily along all the time, and, as his rider never once lost his seat, he won in a walk.

Now, it is certain that all the other farmyard animals would have refused to play any more with the brown bear—so angry had they all become by this time at his repeated wins—had not the next competition been one in which the bear would have no chance at all—for the singing competition was the last on the programme, and who has ever heard of a bear singing?

"I'm sure to win this, at any rate," said Mr. Bantam to his wife, and, just to show what he could do, he sent out a crow at the top of his voice, which was certainly finer than anything the little bear could produce.

Never had there been such an uproar at Blackbird Farm as when Mr. Peacock now gave the word "Go!" and all the creatures lifted up their voices and sang; the bantams crowing till they were blue in the face, standing on tiptoe in their excitement to out-crow everyone; the donkey braying so loudly that he could be heard a mile away; the lambs and the kids bleating, the puppy howling on his haunches, the ducklings quacking, whilst the little brown bear kept up one long, steady, deep growl, like the bottom note of a big organ.

The singing was so infectious that Mr. Turkeycock lifted up his voice too; then Mr. Peacock joined in, and this made matters a hundred times worse, for no one has an uglier voice than the peacock; and away in the farmyard the watch-dog started



"THE PIG-A-BACK RACE WAS A MOST EXCITING AFFAIR."

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"ALL THR CREATURES LIFTED UP THEIR VOICES AND SANG."

howling; the old cart-horse neighed, the old sheep bleated, and the old mother Nanny-goat began rampaging; and where the singing competition would have ended, or who would have been declared winner, no one can possibly say, if suddenly, as though to quell the awful disturbance, the rain had not begun to fall.

There was a flash of lightning, a roar of thunder, and the rain came down in torrents. Mrs. Brahma gathered her chickens together and hastened them off to the chicken-shed; Mr. Turkeycock and Mr. Peacock raced away for the shelter of the farmyard; and the ducklings waddled off to the pond.

And now all the other creatures saw a fine opportunity to take their revenge upon the brown bear for having won all the events. It was the bantam-cock who gave them the idea. "Let's leave him out in the rain," he whispered; "don't ask him in. We don't want any bears in the farmyard, do we?" And so they all turned their backs on the brown bear, and left him standing alone and forlorn in the rain, and began to hurry in to shelter.

The brown bear watched them a moment, and then, hurt at their behaviour, sorry that he had caused offence, he cried out, "Good-night all, and thank you for your entertainment."

At this the whole party stopped and turned round. The bantam-cock was the first to find words. "Go!" he screamed, in a furious rage; "pack off at once, and never let us see you again." And then they all made a rush at the poor little friendly bear—bantams and pigs and calf and donkey, and all the other young creatures—and the bear at this turned and made off for the forest. He knew he could have killed them all, but he simply turned and made off, thinking that everyone hated him.

He had forgotten the Brahma hen, who, a minute later, just as he entered the forest, came out to look for him and to ask him in to the barnyard.

"You may save yourself the trouble," called out the bantam; "the bear's gone off, and a good riddance," and all the other creatures laughed and went to their sleeping-places. The thunder-clouds made it so dark they thought night was coming.

In the forest the first creature the brown bear met was a fox.

The fox had been lying all the afternoon on the edge of the glade, watching the farmyard creatures at play, and working out a plan for a cunning raid. Doubtless he would have caught and killed one of the fattest of the ducklings before now had not the sight of the brown bear playing with the others made him think twice about dashing out from the shade of the trees. He was a little afraid the bear might go for him.

But when he saw how easily the farmyard creatures had driven the bear away he picked

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"'GO!' HE SCREAMED, IN A FURIOUS RAGE; 'PACK OFF AT ONCE AND NEVER LET US SEE YOU AGAIN.'"

up his courage, and when a moment later the bear came up to him he felt no fear at all.

The conversation that took place between the fox and the brown bear was short and to the point.

"Halloa!" said the bear, "what are you doing here?"

"To tell the truth," said the fox, "I am waiting for my dinner. I have my eye on a couple of the fattest ducklings I have seen for a long while; but, failing these, there is a fine hen I have been watching who would make a good meal. She's rather old," said the fox, "but she's fat enough," and he licked his chops and looked slyly at the bear.

"Tell me," said the bear, sitting down very closely to the fox and laying one paw on his shoulder, "do you mean the Brahma hen?"

"Yes," answered the fox; "that's the name of the old lady with the fluffy legs whom I'm going to have for dinner." And he licked his chops again.

"Then let me tell you," said the bear, speaking quite slowly and putting both his arms around the fox—"let me tell you that Mrs. Brahma is a great friend of mine, and you are going to do nothing of the kind."

And this was the end of the conversation, for the brown bear began to squeeze the fox so hard that he could only gasp for breath. He squeezed until there was no breath left in the fox's body. When he stopped squeezing the fox was very nearly dead, and pretended to be quite dead. The bear left him lying on the ground, and climbed up into a tree and curled himself round so that he might go to sleep and dream that he had found his master.

The Brahma hen peered at the fox through the thick bushes at the edge of the glade. She had come to look for the bear in the forest; she had heard every word that had passed between the bear and the fox, and she had seen what the bear had done for her sake. She was just trying to make up her mind as to whether the fox was really dead or was only shamming, when two men came swinging, side by side, along the forest path leading to the farm.

"We will go to Blackbird Farm and see if anything has been heard of your bear," one was saying. He bore a sack on his shoulder, and the Brahma hen knew him at once for a gamekeeper. The other carried a little organ in his arms. He had soft brown eyes, and one glance would have told you he was an Italian organ-grinder.

The fox lay right in their path. His ears

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moved as he heard them coming, but he was too weak to rise. He lay quite still.

When the gamekeeper saw him he stopped dead with surprise. "Well, I never," he said; "what ails this fox?"

He stooped to examine him, then "*Look* out!" he cried; "he's alive!"

In a twinkling he had swung the sack off his back, and in another moment he had bundled the fox into it. He tied a piece of string round the neck of the sack and swung it over his shoulder.

"I'll look after him for a while," he remarked; "he must have been mightily scared by something," and the two men began to examine the ground to see what could have frightened the fox. They peered about in all the bushes, and then they looked up into the trees above their heads.

And just above their heads, in the fork of a big beech tree, they saw the brown bear, fast asleep.

"Ah, my leetle, lettle bear," cried the Italian; "here I have found you at last!" and he ran to throw his arms around his lost child.

The Brahma hen, peering through the bushes at the edge of the glade, looked on at the joyful meeting between the bear and his master. She watched until the two men turned away and strode off again through the forest—the one with a bad fox in a sack on his shoulder, the other leading his bear at the end of a chain. Then she, too, turned and strutted off back to the farmyard, indignation in every feather.

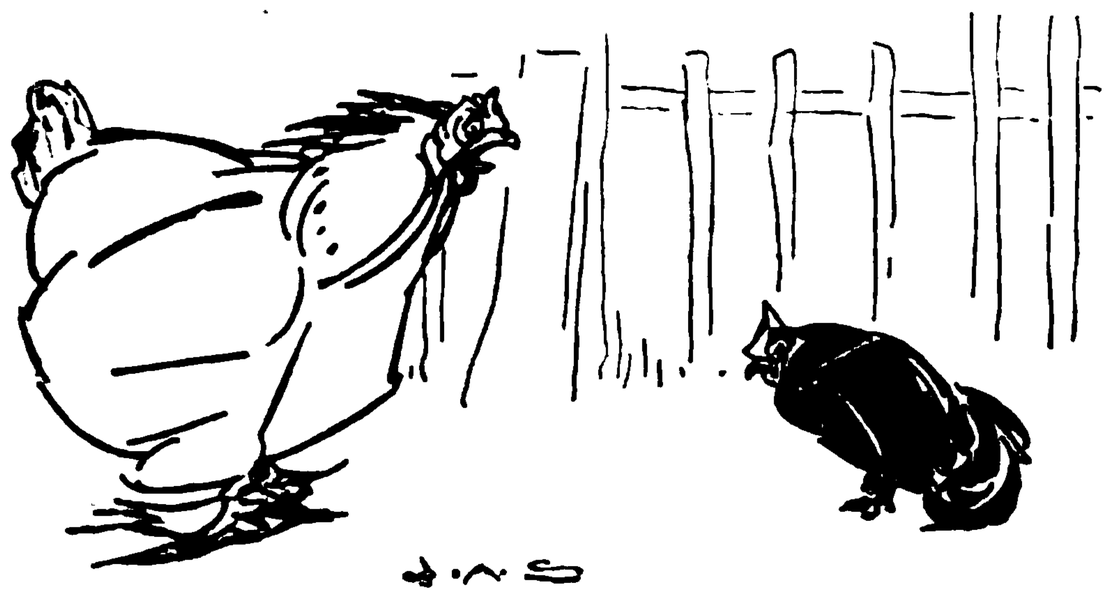
As soon as she entered the yard she began to talk. She stood first on one leg and then on the other, and she talked and talked; up and down she scolded every young creature in the farm one by one, and then all together, and then one by one again, and especially the bantam-cock.

She told them they ought to be ashamed of themselves for the way they had treated the brown bear. He was the best bear in the world, she declared, and had saved all their lives by squashing the fox, in spite of the cruel way in which he had been treated. "Shame on you! shame on you!" she screamed; "you all ought to go and bury your heads in the dust-bin and never raise them again!" It was a torrent of wrath, and every creature, even Mr. Bantam, writhed beneath it.

"Next time when a bear comes to see us," concluded the Brahma hen, at last, "I hope you will all show how sorry you are for your bad behaviour this day. And to think that after all the little brown bear should have saved my life!" And then she broke down, and no more could she speak.

All the young creatures of Blackbird Farm felt very bad.

What happened to the fox I can't say—only the gamekeeper knows.



"IT WAS A TORRENT OF WRATH, AND EVERY CREATURE, EVEN MR. BANTAM, WRITHED BENEATH IT."

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Totems for Famous Authors.

By Stephen Hallett.

IN devising a crest or coat of arms the Heralds' College commonly makes symbolic allusion to some principal achievement in the new armour-bearer's career. If he has built a railway they give him a steel spike; if he is a paper manufacturer they endow him with a roll of paper. Why should not this excellent practice prevail in the literary world? Instead of wearing the crest of his ancestors, would not a "Vanity Fair" booth more happily symbolize William Makepeace Thackeray's genius and labours? Symbols for Scott and Lytton, Dickens and Ainsworth, to mention deceased novelists alone, will quickly occur to all. Why should not Mr. Kipling have "Soldiers Three" on his escutcheon?

But there is a practical side to this matter. A badge or totem would be a mark of identification for the public, which is confused by the presence in the literary world of numerous Smiths, Browns, and Robinsons, and many others of the same or similar names. Pick up any ordinary catalogue, and the reader will notice books from the pen of J. L. Allen—G. Allen; A. Barr—R. Barr; E. Castle—G. Castle; R. N. Carey—W. Carey; F. J. Fraser—W. A. Fraser—Mrs. Fraser; A. K. Green—J. R. Green; J. Hocking—S. Hocking; A. Hope—G. Hope; F. Norris—W. E. Norris; C. Russell—W. Russell—G. H. Russell; H. G. Wells and another Wells. All this confusion could easily be obviated by the simple expedient of a totem. As a clever writer recently put it in a paper before the Society of Authors: "Even," said he, "though a thousand Smiths, Browns, and Robinsons chose each of them to court immortality by that most fallible of methods—a book, one could go to the bookstall:—

"'I want Smith's latest book, please. Er—I'm afraid I've forgotten the title.'

"'Yes, sir; certainly. Perhaps you can remember which Smith it is, sir?'

"'Oh, yes; the Smith who always has a pair of tongs printed on the covers of his book.'

"'Very good, sir.'

"Then to small boy: 'Tom, fetch me down the last thing of Tongs Smith's.'

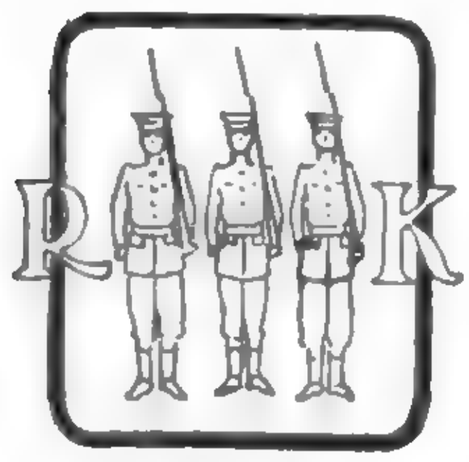
"And there you are."

So it came about that, at a literary symposium recently, a number of novelists set about devising totems for themselves and their friends. The utmost ingenuity was displayed, and in some cases the results were very happy. For example, no fewer than six or seven totems were proposed for Mr. George Meredith, but the one which commanded the greatest number of votes was the walking-stick and pair of lace ruffles, shown herewith, as being perfectly characteristic of the antique charm and polish of Mr. Meredith's work.

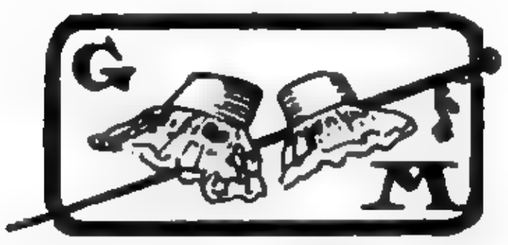
After much deliberation Mr. Thomas Hardy was endowed with a greenwood tree, from the title of one of his earliest novels. The association of Mr. Barrie with a tobacco pipe is hardly more obvious than that of the late Henry Harland with a Cardinal's snuff-box. Of several suggestions for Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, the best was undoubtedly that which bears a vivid pictorial reference to "The Dolly Dialogues," which first made this author famous.

At first blush it would seem as if a pair of handcuffs would be the most fitting totem for Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, if one remembers only the brilliant Sherlock Holmes stories; but Sir Arthur has hopes of being best remembered in another and more classic vein, of which "The White Company" and "Sir Nigel" are examples. Certainly the "Song of the Bow" is a fine performance.

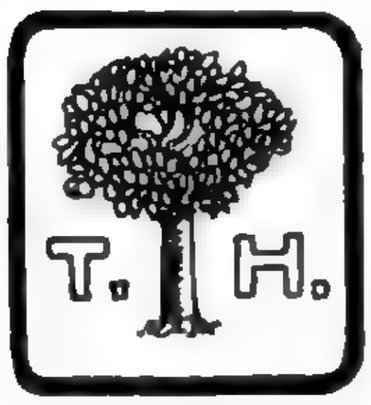
At first sight the allusion in the totem given to Mr. Percy White does not, as the French say, "leap to the eyes." Nevertheless, it seems to have



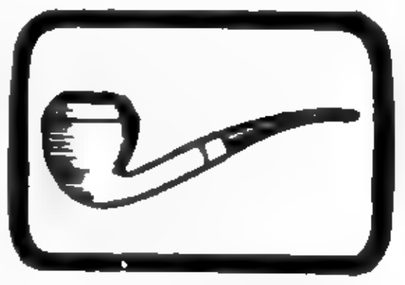
RUDYARD KIPLING.



GEORGE MEREDITH.



THOMAS HARDY.



J. M. BARRIE.



H. HARLAND.

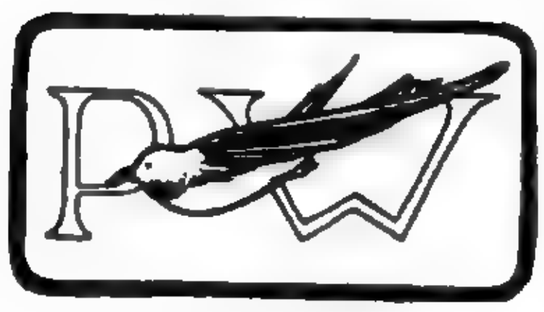


ANTHONY HOPE.

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A. CONAN DOYLE.



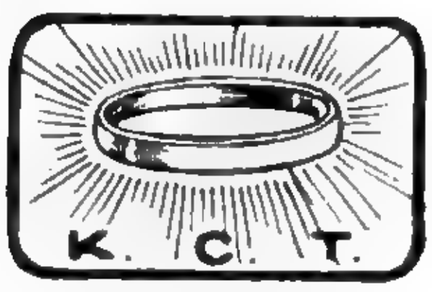
PERCY WHITE.



RIDER HAGGARD.



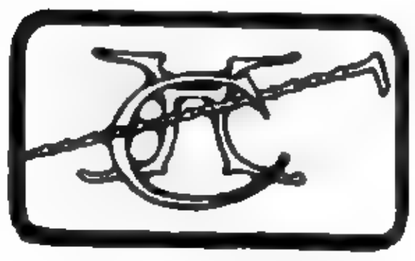
ROBERT HICHENS.



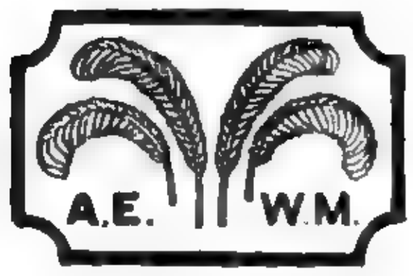
MRS. THURSTON.



EDEN PHILLPOTTS.



HALL CAINE.



A. E. W. MASON.

satisfied the author of "Mr. Bailey-Martin," for he wrote:—

"I am quite willing to accept the symbol. The querulous, inquisitive, restless bird does seem to represent something of my literary attitude towards life, but I should prefer the magpie! —the genus of the fowl is a little obscure — to be depicted with a mouth open uttering a peevish cry."

Whereupon it was pointed out that the bird depicted was a Bailey-Martin, one of that species having built its nest in the eaves of the Old Bailey.

"If," writes Mr. Rider Haggard, "it amuses anyone to give me a literary totem, perhaps they had better extract the ibis from the Egyptian cartouche on my paper. It signifies Thoth, the god of letters. The initials H.R.H. must then come opposite it."

A well-known literary confrère presented Mr. Robert Hichens with a wine-cup, as being, in his opinion, emblematical of his work. "What is in that glass?" wrote back the novelist. "If it's champagne, I dare not be so conceited as to say it is a suitable symbol. If it's small beer —well, you know how vain we authors are!"

Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston was pleased to accept a totem of a somewhat cabalistic character — a delineation of the "Circle." Mr. Eden Phillpotts's totem was more happily inspired, and, in order that there should be no doubt as to the exact locality of "The River," a dart was passed through the initials of the novelist's name.

A hall cane seems almost too obvious a device for the author of "The Christian" and "The Prodigal Son." There can be no doubt as to the propriety of four feathers in the case of Mr. A. E. W. Mason, or of a planet to typify the work of Mr. H. G. Wells. Mr. J. K. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat" is still well within the memory of the reading public, and a totem based on this amusing story would be easy of recognition.

Mr. E. F. Benson has approved of the Dodo. "I suppose," he wrote, "by right of primogeniture the enclosed is correct, and I can't deny the legitimacy of my first-born."

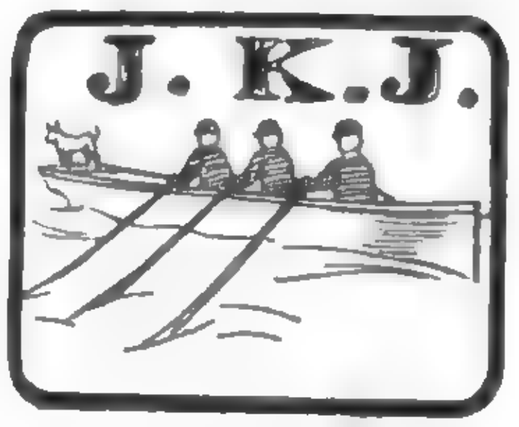
A spur, presumably "splendid," has been allotted to Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch.

Much animated discussion accompanied the proposals of a totem for Mr. Bernard Shaw, and the one that was finally adopted and dispatched to that gentleman was a tribute to his powers of paradox. "Mr. Shaw," according to the inventor of the totem, "has succeeded more than any other man living in turning society and its conventions upside down."

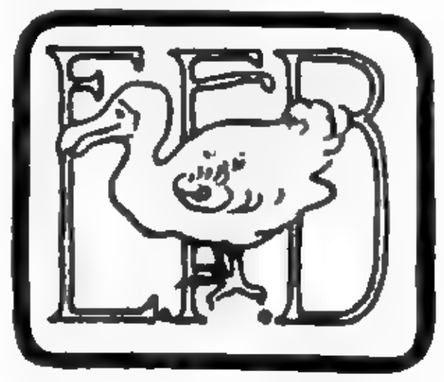
The figure of a bargee is just as appropriate to the genius of Mr. W. W. Jacobs as that of Sam Weller to the genius of Dickens. There was an amusing diversion over the selection of a totem for Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, but the general con-



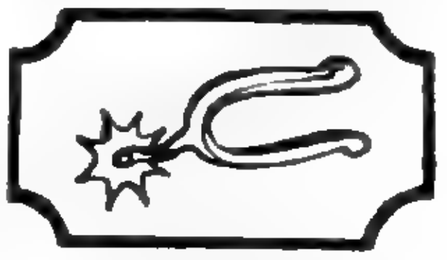
H. G. WELLS.



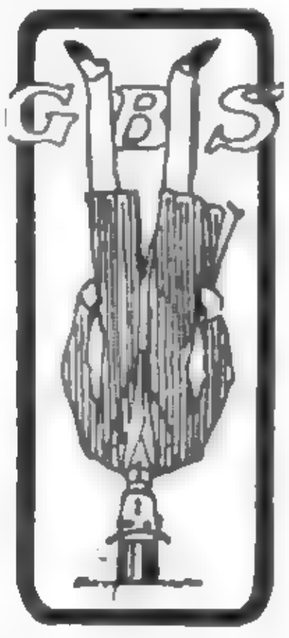
J. K. JEROME.



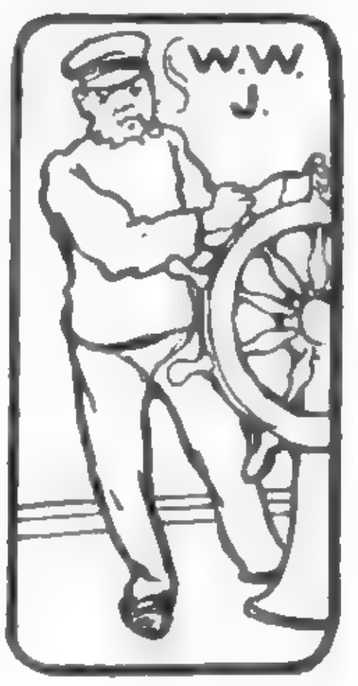
E. F. BENSON.



QUILLER COUCH.



BERNARD SHAW.

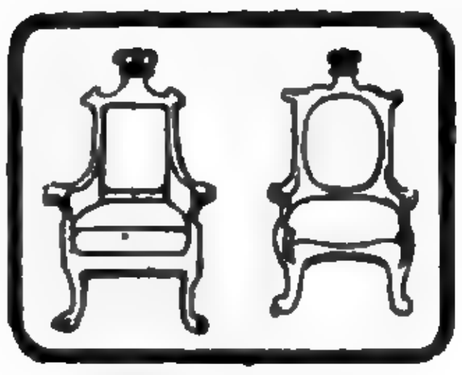


W. W. JACOBS.

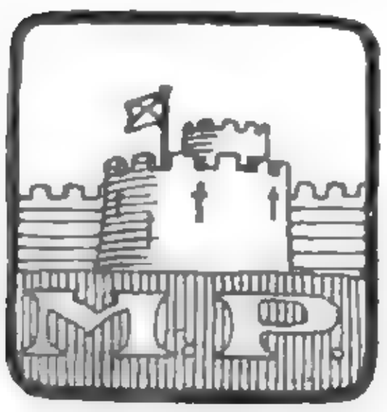


CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

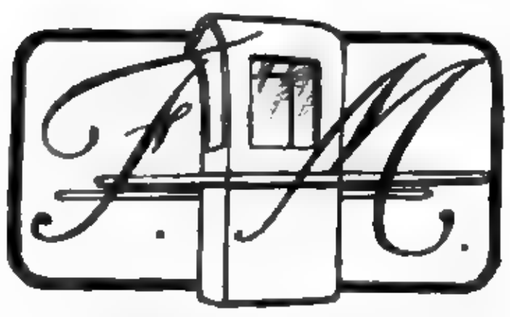
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GILBERT PARKER.



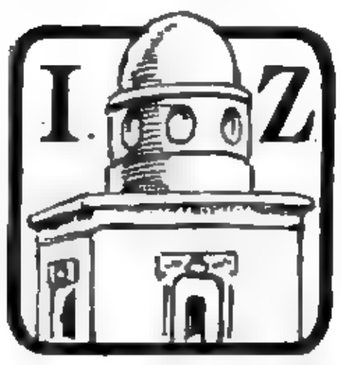
MAX PEMBERTON.



FRANKFORT MOORE.



ARTHUR MORRISON.



I. ZANGWILL.



PETT RIDGE.



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

sensus of the wits present seems to have pointed towards a kettle as a token of the prodigious captain of that name. The author of "Captain Kettle," however, insisted upon another device, which he drew himself. "The enclosed," he wrote, "which is intended to represent a tramp steamer rampant on a sea agitated, is more my idea of the trade-mark than the weapon you sketch."

A difficulty was encountered in fitting a totem to Sir Gilbert Parker, but the design we give was finally adopted—"The Seats of the Mighty." Mr. Max Pemberton expressed himself pleased with the totem designed for the author of "Kronstadt"; but Mr. Frankfort Moore was a little perplexed as to the exact significance of the device in which allusion was made to "A Gray Eye or So."

"I rather think," he wrote, "that if the eye were drawn with a wink on its lid it would be more suggestive of my literary attitude. It just occurs to me that, as my most popular books are those dealing with the eighteenth century, the totem of a Sedan chair would be more easily understood by my readers."

The totem we reproduce is invented for Mr. Arthur Morrison, author of "Tales of Mean Streets." Of several compiled for Mr. Zangwill, the tower of a synagogue is undoubtedly the best. It is to be hoped that Mr. W. Pett Ridge will accept in the proper spirit the pork-pie and sausages, which are seemingly in reference to certain phases of low life which this clever author has made familiar to us all.

The same satirist contributed a totem for the author of "Robert Elsmere" in the shape of a curate standing reading before a stained-glass window. Mr. H. A. Vachell, author of "The Hill," wrote: "I am delighted with the totem, and shall adopt it gratefully." The association of a medieval knight's helmet with the work of Mr. Maurice Hewlett wants little argument to make it convincing. As regards a tramp steamer for Mr. Morley Roberts, that author wrote:—

"I regret that I cannot approve it, as only about one-tenth of my work deals with the sea. The other nine-tenths seem to be too various to be suggested by anything whatever, unless it were some conventional sign such as a conventionally-drawn compass, or something of that character."

Whereupon the above device was produced.

An appropriate emblem is that shown in the totem of Miss Elizabeth Robins, author of "The Magnetic North."

Finally, there were totems for Mr. F. T. Bullen, Mr. William Le Queux, and Mr. C. B. Fry, author of numerous books on athletics and editor of *Fry's Magazine*, who wrote:—

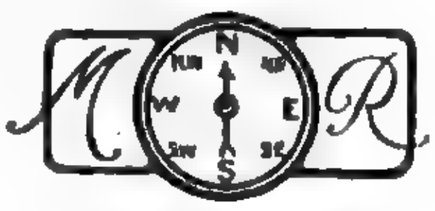
"Might I have, perhaps, an open book in front of the bat, as suggested in my rough amendment? It suggests something besides cricket."



H. A. VACHELL.



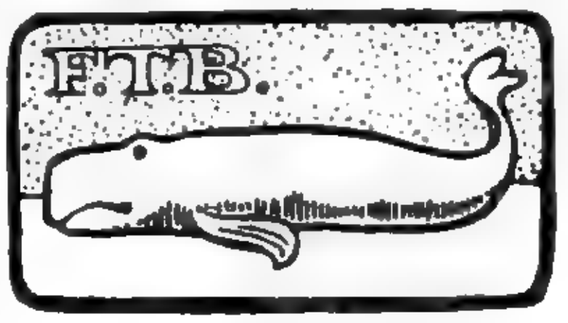
MAURICE HEWLETT.



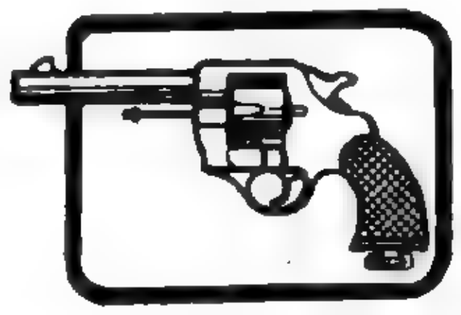
MORLEY ROBERTS.



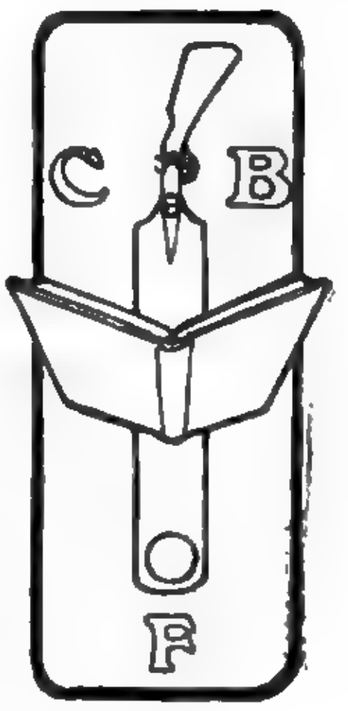
ELIZABETH ROBINS.



F. T. BULLEN.



W. LE QUEUX.



C. B. FRY.

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Curiosities.

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[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]



A NATURAL CANNON-BALL.

THIS is a photograph taken below the cliffs at one extremity of Anstey's Cove, Torquay, Devon, on the 25th October, 1903. The cliffs here are of great height. A fall of a quantity of the cliff occurred one night, when a piece of limestone about four feet square bounded across the intervening space of some three hundred feet like a cannon-ball, burying itself in the wall of a cottage, remaining half in and half out.—Mr. W. Williams, 95, Marlborough Road, Wood Green, N.

WHAT IS IT?

HERE is a very funny photograph, sent to me from Russia, and when I first looked at it I thought it represented a poor revolutionist's head stuck on a spear, but when I turned the picture lengthways I saw that the head was only my beloved pussy-cat, taken on the ledge of a wall.—Miss M. Ofrossimoff, Villa Souvenir, Ouchy, Lausanne, Switzerland.



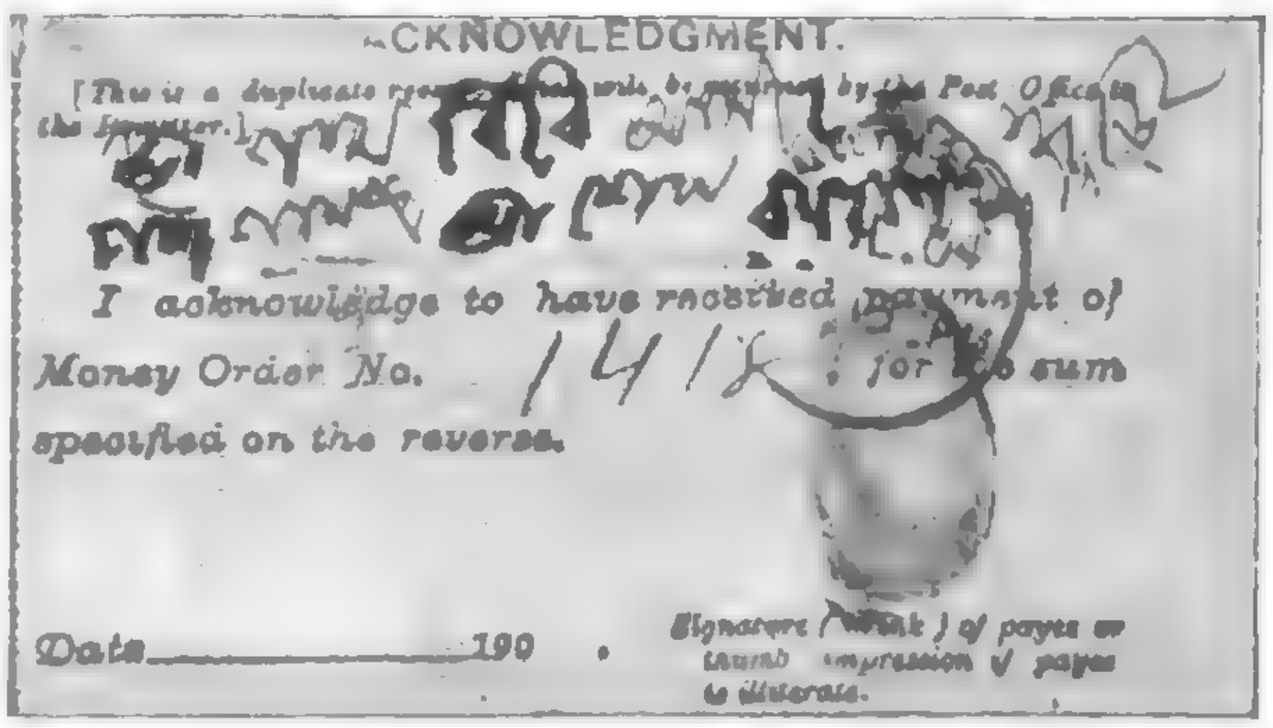
THE SWANS' DINNER BELL.

I SEND you a post-card taken by myself of the swans at the Bishop's Palace, Wells. They are in the habit of daily ringing for their dinner. A string is connected with the bell in the tower, and the birds one after another pull at the string and are rewarded by having a meal thrown to them through the window.—Miss I. B. Riky, Staplegrove, Taunton, Somerset.



A THUMB-IMPRESSION SIGNATURE.

THIS is the first time that I have seen the thumb-impression put to this peculiar use. As will be seen if the receipt is examined closely, the thumb-mark takes the place of the recipient's signature in acknowledgment of a sum of money received. The receipt comes from Bombay. — Mr. R. W. Wiling, care of Cory Brothers, Limited, Suez.



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"BIRTHDAY APPLES."

HERE is a photo. of two large apples, contained in two ordinary glass bottles. The question naturally arises, "How did they get there?" When both apples were very small, scarcely larger than nuts, they were placed in the necks of the bottles. Both bottles were tied to the tree and the apples allowed to grow in the neck of the bottles. Naturally, in time the apples grew, and grew inside the bottles. When they



were fully developed their stalks were cut, and we have the apples as seen in the photo. Gin was then poured into the bottles, which were well corked and sealed. The apple in the larger bottle is at least fifteen years old, while the other is about seven years old. We have one in the family which is over sixty years old. Both apples were put in to commemorate births in the family.—Mr. F. Mann, The Willows, Earl's Colne, Essex.

AN "ALTAR OF CURSING."

INNISHMURRAY lies some eight miles off the coast of Sligo, and contains ruins of great antiquarian interest. The photograph shows the "altar of cursing" inside the cashel, or fort. If a person wishes to curse a foe he has to go a certain number of times round the altar (some say three and others nine times) and mutter the proper prayers and turn a stone as he passes. One account says it is necessary to go round the altar on your hands and knees. If the person cursed is guilty, the curse will fall on him; if not, it will return and fall on the person who uttered it. Tradition also says that no person can count the



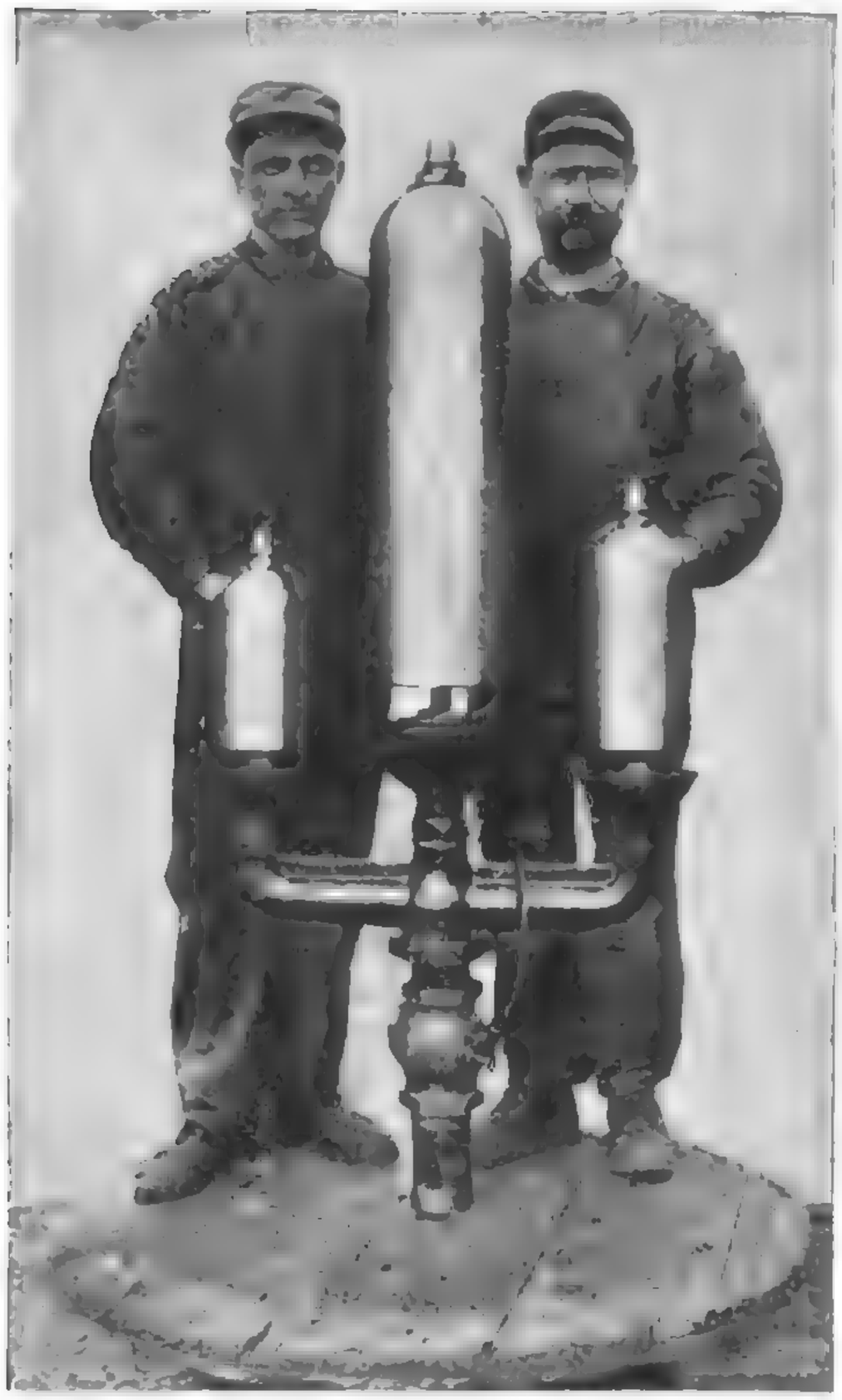
cursing stones and get the same number twice. The cursing stones proper are the round ones on the top of the altar. I took the photograph on a recent trip to the island.—Mr. Cuthbert Harrison, Ballincar, Sligo, Ireland.

"L'ENFANT TERRIBLE" AGAIN!

THE amateur photographer is notoriously guilty of exaggerating the figures and features of his "subjects," and the lady in the picture below expressed herself with spirit and conviction when she found her counterfeit presentment equipped with more than the normal number of feet. This time, however, the much-maligned "amateur" was not at fault. Under pretence of helping to arrange matters, a younger brother, with malice aforethought, had seized the opportunity of his seniors' preoccupation to slip another pair of shoes beneath the edge of the fair sitter's gown!—Photo. C. Lavell.



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THE LARGEST WHISTLE IN THE WORLD.

THE inhabitants of East St. Louis, which is a suburban residential quarter of the busy industrial American city of St. Louis, have for many years been the victims of nerve-racking and discordant siren blasts proceeding from the manufactories in the vicinity, summoning the workmen to their daily tasks. Each factory possessed its especial whistle, actuated in accordance with its particular clock. Considering the fact that there are scarcely two time-pieces absolutely synchronized, the din produced by the various sirens, each of which had a distinctive tone, can be well imagined, and the noise thus produced was sufficient to rouse the heaviest sleeper from his bed. In order to remedy this state of affairs Mr. L. C. Haynes, when he succeeded to the general managership of the East St. Louis and Suburban Electric Railroad and became a resident in the district, resolved to devise some means of obviating the discordant din. He communicated with the various industrial companies possessing sirens, with the view of establishing one powerful whistle in a central position which would serve the various factories. Though the siren was to give vent to a loud and penetrating blast capable of being heard for a distance of ten miles, yet it was not to be shrill and objectionable to the residents in the immediate vicinity of the point at which it was stationed. The suggestion was adopted, and Mr. Haynes thereupon arranged for the construction of what is the largest whistle in the world. The siren comprises three whistles, the largest being nearly six feet in height, with the two smaller units placed on either side. It has been set up at the electrical generating station of the railway system, and is connected to an electric clock, which is guaranteed not to vary five seconds during the year. The whistles are blown four times during the day, the first blast being at seven o'clock in the morning, summoning the men to work; the second at twelve, midday, signifying dinner-time; the third an hour later, recalling the men to the factories; and the last at six in the evening, announcing the end of the daily tasks. The residents throughout a radius of ten miles can hear the blast distinctly. —Mr. F. A. A. Talbot.

THE STRENGTH OF A CREEPER'S TENDRILS.

I MADE an experiment recently to show the extraordinary holding power of a single tendril of the common Virginian creeper. The tendril in question had been dead and entirely separated from the plant for several years. Despite this fact it proved capable of sustaining a dead weight of two pounds, as



shown in the photograph. This illustrates the wonderful provision made by the young tendril for anchoring the long arms of the plant in order that they may withstand the assaults of rough winds.—Mr. Percy Collins, The Hatherley Rooms, Reading.



A WEIRD FIGURE.

I CAME upon my little boy arranging this uncanny creature, and was so struck with the weirdness of the object that I got a friend to take a photograph of it. It merely consists of a standard lamp clothed in a dressing-gown, a scarf, walking-stick and gloves, and a mounted black buck's head. The result is very comical. — Mr. E. Newell, 20, Upper Fitzwilliam Street, Dublin.

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THE POWER OF PLANT LIFE.

A GROWING shoot of grass has forced its way through a root with which it came into contact. I have photographed this, as it illustrates in a striking manner the wonderful power and pertinacity of vegetable growth—a subject, by the way, which presents many mysteries to the student of botany.—Mr. Percy Collins, The Hatherley Rooms, Reading.



A MAN WITH A LEAD HEAD.

SOME of the plumbing students at the Technical College, Darlington, made a model of a man's head and hat entirely from sheet lead. It was found that



the lead head, when finished, would fit on the head of one of the junior students. His overcoat entirely hides the rough edge of the lead head. —Mr. S. Barlow Pennett, Ancoats House, Eaglescliffe, R.S.O., Co. Durham.

"LANDSCAPE STONE."

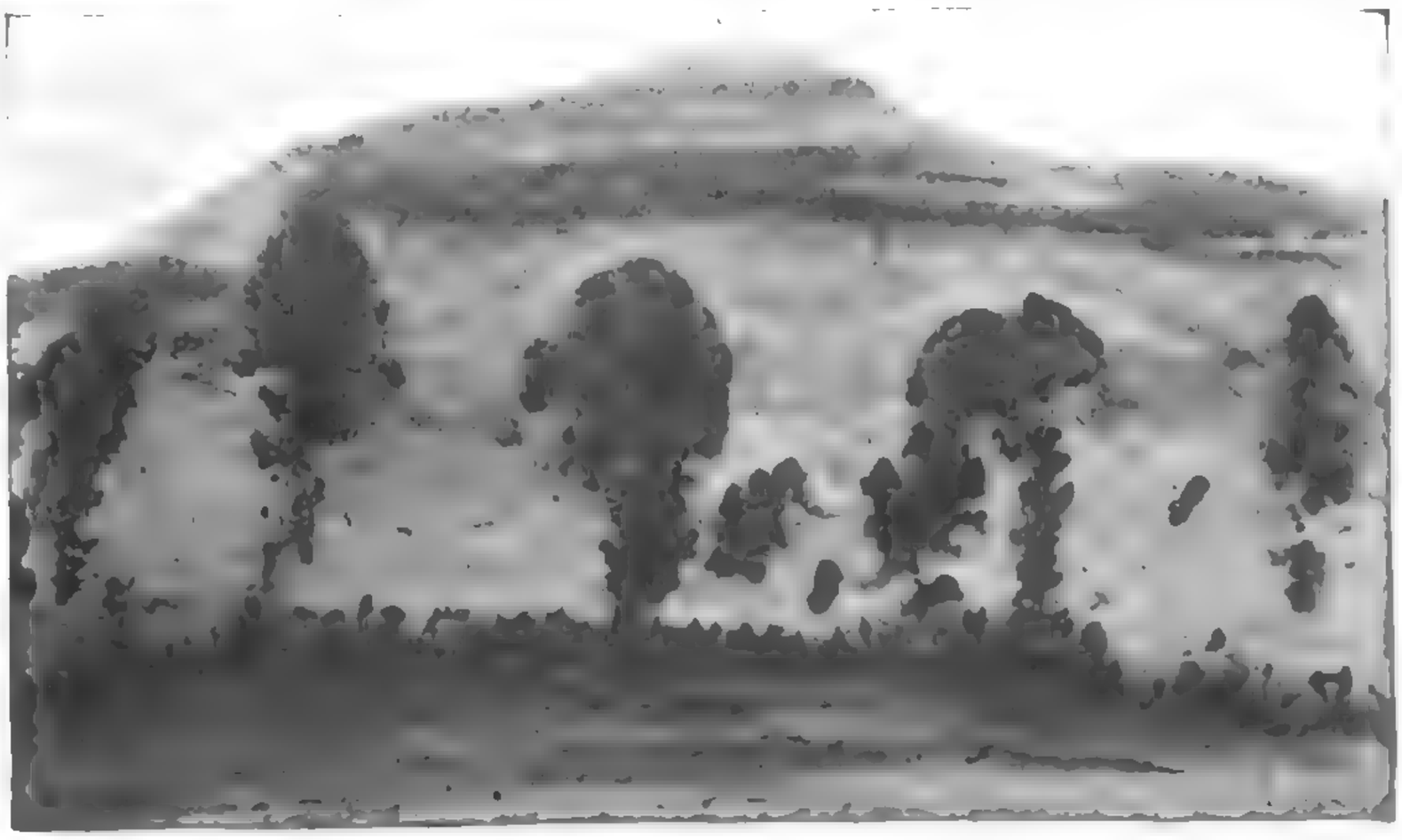
HERE is a photograph taken direct from an actual piece of stone. The piece in question was found in Derbyshire. It is an ordinary-looking rock, which, when polished flat, if a good specimen, produces a very faithful representation of a landscape, with trees, hedges, etc. There is a very fine specimen of the "landscape stone" in the South Kensington Museum. —Mr. L. Hamilton, Cardinal House, Feltham, Middlesex.

EXTRAORDINARY COINCIDENCES.

IN the Tyrol, when a peasant meets with a fatal accident, dies suddenly, or is murdered out of doors, his or her friends erect a "marterl," or small wooden monument, similar to those in the photograph, decorated at the top with a primitive coloured sketch of the tragic event, on, or close to, the spot where it happened. But, although these funny little "memento mori" abound in that part of the world, the three here given are, perhaps, unique of their kind, for each commemorates the death by drowning, while collecting logs of wood in the rapid mountain stream which flows close to where they are



placed, of three workmen, the extraordinary part of it being that, though the accidents took place in different years, the days on which they occurred were, in each case, the 13th September.—A Continental Contributor.



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THE SMALLEST GOVERNMENT CHEQUE EVER DRAWN.

IT is easy enough to believe that some of the biggest cheques that have been drawn were Government cheques, but to be told that any nation on the face of the globe ever got anything done for one cent (a half-penny) causes a smile of incredulity. Yet, in truth, this is the amount that Uncle Sam annually pays a certain Maurice Proctor, of Mineral Point, Wisconsin, as payment in full for carrying the mails from Mineral Point to Dodgeville, a distance of eight miles. Mr. Proctor runs a stage line for passengers and goods between these two towns, and makes a very comfortable and honest living out of it. But he wanted to see the magic legend "U.S. Mail" painted gaily on his coach, so in good faith and in due form he offered to undertake the task of transporting Uncle Sam's epistles. Some twenty other parties were eager to secure the same contract, but none of his competitors could quite underbid Mr. Proctor's one-cent proposal. The Post Office officials, having found Mr. Proctor financially responsible—at least to the extent of one cent, the amount involved in the transaction—awarded him the contract. Twice a day, fair weather or foul, good crops or bad crops, employés of Mr. Proctor carry the mails on this arrangement. It is to be wondered if, the world round, any Government job is so well done for so little. This odd contract was recently renewed for a period of four years, the four cents being payable in four annual instalments. When Mr. Proctor received his first cheque from the Treasury Department he was immediately offered thirty-six dollars for the curiosity, and he sold it at this price. He has a standing offer of twenty-five dollars for the next one when it arrives. The only remark Mr. Proctor has been known to make about his extensive relations with Uncle Sam is that "he hoped they wouldn't reduce his salary if the Government found it advisable to retrench on expenditures."—Mr. Warren Harper, 15, Standish Street, Newton Highlands, Mass.

A DOG AND AN EAGLE.

THE small spaniel shown in the photograph is the heroine of a remarkable aerial adventure. The dog belongs to Wm. Marshman, who has a ranch on Cow Creek, near Encampment, Wyoming. Marshman happened to be in the barn while the dog was running in the pasture close by. On coming out of the barn a little later he saw a large bald eagle swoop down upon the spaniel, seize her with beak and talons, and ascend slowly into the air. He went to the house and returned with his rifle, and by this time the eagle had ascended about one hundred feet, but the dog becoming quite heavy and struggling continually caused the eagle to gradually descend until he came within twenty feet from the ground. A hasty shot from the rifle caused the eagle to drop the dog and soar away before Marshman could get within range for a telling shot. The



dog was considerably lacerated by the beak and talons of the eagle, and the bald spot on her head is one of the scars.—Mr. G. Kuntzman, Encampment, Wyoming.



"A BUSH-RANGER."

THE curiosity in this photograph consists of a bush cut in what is supposed to be the shape of a horse with a rider on top of it. The latter is dressed up as an ordinary huntsman, with red coat, velvet hat, riding breeches, and boots all complete, which some local sportsman annually gives. The clothes are taken down at the end of every season and are renewed at the beginning of the next. This custom is said to have been kept up for over a hundred years, and was first started by a local gentleman who then owned the land. At one time there were toll-gates quite close. No one seems to know exactly why it was put up.—Mr. G. N. Hunnybun, Old Court Hall, Godmanchester, Hunts.

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"OVER THEIR BULWARKS HUNG A CLOUD OF MEN LOCKED TOGETHER IN A DESPERATE STRUGGLE."

(*See page* 125.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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SIR NIGEL.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER XVII.—(*Continued.*)

THE SPANIARDS ON THE SEA.

KING EDWARD had been lying all day in his great ship, the *Philippa*, a mile out from the Camber Sands, waiting for the coming of the Spaniards. Above the huge sail which bore the Royal arms flew the red cross of England. Along the bulwarks were shown the shields of forty knights, the flower of English chivalry, and as many pennons floated from the deck. The high ends of the ship glittered with the weapons of the men-at-arms, and the waist was crammed with the archers. From time to time a crash of nakirs and blare of trumpets burst from the Royal ship, and was answered by her great neighbours—the *Lion*, on which the Black Prince flew his flag; the *Christopher*, with the Earl of Suffolk; the *Salle du Roi*, of Robert of Namur; and the *Grace Marie*, of Sir Thomas Holland. Farther off lay the *White Swan*, bearing the arms of Mowbray; the *Palmer*, of Deal, flying the black head of Audley; and the *Kentish Man* under the Lord Beauchamp. The rest lay, anchored but ready, at the mouth of Winchelsea Creek.

The King sat upon a keg in the fore part of his ship, with little John of Richmond, who was no more than a schoolboy, perched upon his knee Edward was clad in the black velvet jacket which was his favourite garb, and wore a small brown beaver hat with a white plume at the side. A rich cloak of fur turned up with miniver drooped from his shoulders. Behind him were a score of his knights, brilliant in silks and sarcenets, some seated on an upturned boat and some swinging their legs from the bulwark. In front stood John Chandos in a parti-coloured jupon, one foot raised upon the anchor stock, picking at the strings of his guitar, and singing a song which he had learned at Marienburg when last he helped the Teutonic knights against the heathen. The King, his knights, and even the archers in the waist below them, laughed at the merry lilt and joined lustily in the chorus, while the men of the neighbouring ships leaned over the side to hearken to the deep chant rolling over the waters.

But there came a sudden interruption to the song. A sharp, harsh shout came down from the look-out stationed in the circular top at the end of the mast.

"I spy a sail—two sails!" he cried.

John Bunce, the King's shipman, shaded his eyes, and stared at the long fog-bank which shrouded the northern Channel. Chandos, with his fingers over the strings of his guitar, the King, the knights, all gazed in the same direction. Two small, dark shapes had burst forth, and then after some minutes a third.

"Surely they are the Spaniards!" said the King.

"Nay, sire," the seaman answered; "the Spaniards are greater ships, and are painted red. I know not what these may be."

"But I could hazard a guess!" cried Chandos. "Surely they are the three ships with my own men on their way to Brittany."

"You have hit it, John," said the King. "But look, I pray you! What, in the name of the Virgin, is that?"

Four brilliant stars of flashing light had shone out from different points of the cloud-bank. The next instant as many tall ships had swooped forth into the sunshine. A fierce shout rang from the King's ship, and was taken up all down the line until the whole coast from Dungeness to Winchelsea re-echoed the warlike greeting. The King sprang up with a joyous face.

"The game is afoot, my friends," said he. "Busk you, John! Busk you, Walter! Quick, all of you! Squires, bring the harness! Let each tend to himself, for the time is short."

A strange sight it was to see these forty nobles tearing off their clothes and littering the deck with velvets and satins, whilst the squire of each, as busy as an ostler before a race, stooped and pulled, and strained and riveted, fastening the bassinets, the leg-pieces,

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the front and the back plates, until the silken courtier had become the man of steel. When their work was finished there stood a stern group of warriors where the light dandies had sung and jested round Sir John's guitar. Below, in orderly silence, the archers were mustering under their officers and taking their allotted stations. A dozen had swarmed up to their hazardous post in the little tower in the tops.

"Bring wine, Nicholas!" cried the King. "Gentlemen, ere you close your visors I pray you to take a last rouse with me. You will be dry enough, I promise you, before your lips are free once more. To what shall we drink, John?"

"To the men of Spain," said Chandos, his sharp face peering like a gaunt bird through the gap in his helmet. "May their hearts be stout and their spirits high this day!"

"Well said, John!" cried the King, and the knights laughed joyously as they drank. "Now, fair sirs, let each to his post. I am warden here on the forecastle. Do you, John, take charge of the after-guard. Walter, James, William, Fitzallan, Goldesborough, Reginald — you will stay with me. John, you may pick whom you will, and the others will bide with the archers. Now bear straight at the centre, master shipman. Ere yonder sun sets we will bring a red ship back as a gift to our ladies, or never look upon a lady's face again."



"A DOZEN SWARMED UP TO THEIR HAZARDOUS POST."

The art of sailing into a wind had not yet been invented, nor was there any fore and aft canvas, save for small headsails with which a vessel could be turned. Hence the English fleet had to take a long slant down Channel to meet their enemies, but as the Spaniards, coming before the wind, were equally anxious to engage, there was the less delay. With stately pomp and dignity the two great fleets approached.

It chanced that one fine carrack had outstripped its consorts and came sweeping along, all red and gold, with a fringe of twinkling steel, a good half mile before the fleet. Edward looked at her with a kindling eye, for indeed she was a noble sight, with the blue water creaming under her gilded prow.

"This is a most worthy and debonair vessel, Master Bunce," said he to the shipman beside him; "I would fain have a tilt with her. I pray you to hold us straight and stiff, that we may bear her down."

"If I hold her straight and stiff then one or other must sink, and it may be both," the seaman answered.

"I doubt not that with the help of Our Lady we shall do our part," said the King. "Hold her straight and stiff, master shipman, as I have told you."

Now the two vessels were within arrow-flight, and the bolts from the cross-bowmen pattered upon the English ship. These short, thick

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devil's darts were everywhere, humming like great wasps through the air, crashing against the bulwarks, beating upon the deck, ringing loudly on the armour of the knights, or with a soft, muffled thud sinking to the socket in a victim. The bowmen along either side of the *Philippa* had stood motionless, waiting for their orders, but now there was a sharp shout from their leader, and every string twanged together. The air was full of their harping, together with the swish of the arrows, the long-drawn keening of the bowmen, and the short, deep bark of the under-officers—"Steady! steady! Loose! Steady! Shoot wholly together! Twelve score paces! Ten score! Now eight! Shoot wholly together!" Their gruff shouts broke through the high, shrill cry like the deep roar of a wave through the howl of the wind.

As the two great ships hurtled together the Spaniard turned away a few points, so that the blow should be a glancing one. None the less it was terrific. A dozen men in the tops of the carrack were balancing a huge stone with the intention of dropping it over on the English deck. With a scream of horror they saw the mast cracking beneath them. Over it went, slowly at first, then faster, until with a crash it came down on its side, sending them flying, like stones from a sling, far out into the sea. A swathe of crushed bodies lay across the deck where the mast had fallen. But the English ship had not escaped unscathed. Her mast held, it is true, but the mighty shock not only stretched every man flat upon the deck, but had shaken a score of those who lined her sides into the sea. One bowman was hurled from the top and his body fell with a dreadful crash at the very side of the prostrate King upon the forecastle. Many were thrown down with broken arms and legs from the high castles at either end into the waist of the ship. Worst of all, the seams had been opened by the crash and the water was gushing in at a dozen places.

But these were men of experience and of discipline, men who had already fought together by sea and by land, so that each knew his place and his duty. Those who could staggered to their feet and helped up a score or more of knights who were rolling and clashing in the scuppers, unable to rise for the weight of their armour. The bowmen formed up as before. The seamen ran to the gaping seams with oakum and with tar. In ten minutes order had been restored, and the *Philippa*, though shaken and weakened, was ready for battle once more. The King was glaring round him like a wounded boar.

"Grapple my ship with that!" he cried, pointing to the crippled Spaniard, "for I would have possession of her."

But already the breeze had carried them past it, and a dozen Spanish ships were bearing down full upon them.

"We cannot win back to her, lest we show our flank to these others," said the shipman.

"Let her go her way," cried the knights. "You shall have better than her."

"By St. George, you speak the truth," said the King, "for she is ours when we have time to take her. These also seem very worthy ships which are drawing up to us, and I pray you, master shipman, that you will have a tilt with the nearest."

A great carrack was within a bowshot of them, and crossing their bows. Bunce looked up at his mast and he saw that already it was shaken and drooping. Another blow and it would be over the side, and his ship a helpless log upon the water. He jammed his helm round, therefore, and ran his ship alongside the Spaniard, throwing out his hooks and iron chains as he did so. They, no less eager, grappled the *Philippa* both fore and aft, and the two vessels, linked tightly together, surged slowly over the long blue rollers. Over their bulwarks hung a cloud of men locked together in a desperate struggle, sometimes surging forward on to the deck of the Spaniard, sometimes recoiling back on to the King's ship, reeling this way and that, with the swords flickering like silver flames above them, while the long-drawn cry of rage and agony swelled up like a wolf's howl to the calm blue heaven above them.

But now ship after ship of the English had come up, each throwing its irons over the nearest Spaniard, and striving to board her high red sides. Twenty ships were drifting in furious single combat after the manner of the *Philippa*, until the whole surface of the sea was covered with a succession of these desperate duels. The dismasted carrack, which the King's ship had left behind it, had been carried by the Earl of Suffolk's *Christopher*, and the water was dotted with the heads of her crew. An English ship had been sunk by a huge stone discharged from an engine, and her men also were struggling in the waves, none having leisure to lend them a hand. A second English ship was caught between two of the Spanish vessels and overwhelmed by a rush of boarders, so that not a man of her was left

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alive. On the other hand, Mowbray and Audley had each taken the carracks which were opposed to them, and the battle in the centre, after swaying this way and that, was turning now in favour of the islanders.

The Black Prince, with the *Lion*, the *Grace Marie*, and four other ships, had swept round to turn the Spanish flank, but the movement was seen, and the Spaniards had ten ships with which to meet it, one of them their great carrack, the *St. Iago di Compostella*. To this ship the Prince had attached his little cog, and strove desperately to board her; but her side was so high and the defence so desperate that his men could never get beyond her bulwarks, but were hurled down again and again with a clang and clash on to the deck beneath. Her side bristled with cross-bowmen, who shot straight down on to the packed waist of the *Lion*, so that the dead lay there in heaps. But most dangerous of all was a swarthy, black-bearded giant in the tops, who crouched so that none could see him, but rising every now and then, with a huge lump of iron between his hands, hurled it down with such force that nothing would stop it. Again and again these ponderous bolts crashed through the deck and hurtled down into the bottom of the ship, starting the planks and shattering all that came in their way. The Prince, clad in that dark armour which gave him his name, was directing the attack from the poop when the shipman rushed wildly up to him with fear on his face.

"Sire!" he cried. "The ship may not stand against these blows. A few more will sink her! Already the water floods inboard."

The Prince looked up, and as he did so the shaggy black beard showed once more and two brown, brawny arms swept downwards. A great slug, whizzing past, beat a gaping hole in the deck, and fell rending and riving into the hold below. The master mariner tore his grizzled hair.

"Another leak!" he cried. "I pray to St. Leonard to bear us up this day! Twenty of my shipmen are baling with buckets, but the water rises on them fast. The vessel may not float another hour."

The Prince had snatched a cross-bow from one of his attendants and levelled it at the Spaniard's tops. At the very instant when the seaman stood erect, with a fresh bar in his hands, the bolt took him full in the face and his body fell forward over the parapet, hanging there head downwards. A howl of exultation burst from the English at the sight, answered by a wild roar of anger from the Spaniards. A seaman had run from the *Lion's* hold and whispered in the ear of the shipman. He turned an ashen face upon the Prince.

"It is even as I say, sire. The ship is sinking beneath our feet," he cried.

"The more need that we should gain another," said he. "Sir Henry Stokes, Sir Thomas Stourton, William, John of Clifton, here lies our road! Advance my banner, Thomas de Mohun! On, and the day is ours!"

By a desperate scramble a dozen men, the Prince at their head, gained a footing on the edge of the Spaniard's deck. Some slashed furiously to clear a space, others hung over, clutching the rail with one hand and pulling up their comrades from below. Every instant that they could hold their own their strength increased, till twenty had become thirty and thirty forty, when of a sudden the new-comers, still reaching forth to their comrades below, saw the deck beneath them reel and vanish in a swirling sheet of foam. The Prince's ship had foundered.

A yell went up from the Spaniards as they turned furiously upon the small band who had reached their deck. Already the Prince and his men had carried the poop, and from that high station they beat back their swarming enemies. But cross-bow darts pelted and thudded among their ranks till a third of their number were stretched upon the planks. Lined across the deck they could hardly keep an unbroken front to the leaping, surging crowd who pressed upon them. Another rush, or another after that, must assuredly break them, for these dark men of Spain, hardened by an endless struggle with the Moors, were fierce and stubborn fighters. But hark to this sudden roar upon the farther side of them! "St. George! St. George! A Knolles to the rescue!" A small craft had run alongside and sixty men had swarmed on to the deck of the *St. Iago*. Caught between two fires the Spaniards wavered and broke. The fight became a massacre. Down from the poop sprang the Prince's men. Up from the waist rushed the new-comers. There were five dreadful minutes of blows and screams and prayers, with struggling figures clinging to the bulwarks and sullen splashes into the water below. Then it was over, and a crowd of weary, overstrained men leaned panting upon their weapons, or lay breathless and exhausted upon the deck of the captured carrack.

The Prince had pulled up his visor and lowered his beevor. He smiled proudly as he

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"THE NEW-COMERS, STILL REACHING FORTH TO THEIR COMRADES BELOW, SAW THE DECK BENEATH THEM REEL."

gazed around him and wiped his streaming face.

"Where is the shipman?" he asked. "Let him lead us against another ship."

"Nay, sire, the shipman and all his men have sunk in the *Lion*," said Thomas de Mohun, a young knight of the West country who carried the standard. "We have lost our ship and the half of our following. I fear that we can fight no more."

"It matters the less since the day is already ours," said the Prince, looking over the sea. "My noble father's Royal banner flies upon yonder Spaniard. Mowbray, Audley, Suffolk, Beauchamp, Namur, Tracey, Stafford, Arundel, each has his flag over a scarlet carrack even as mine floats over this. See, yonder squadron is already far beyond our reach. But surely we owe thanks to you, who came at so perilous a moment to our aid. Your face I have seen and your coat-armour also, young sir, though I cannot lay my tongue to your name. Let me know, that I may thank you."

He had turned to Nigel, who stood flushed and joyous at the head of the boarders from the *Basilisk*.

"I am but a squire, sire, and can claim no thanks, for there is nothing that I have done. Here is our leader."

The Prince's eyes fell upon the shield charged with the black raven and the stern young face of him who bore it.

Sir Robert Knolles," said he, "I had thought you were on your way to Brittany."

"I was so, sire, when I had the fortune to see this bickering as I passed."

The Prince laughed.

"It would indeed be to ask too much, Robert, that you should keep on your course when much honour was to be gathered so close to you. But now I pray you that you will come back with us to Winchelsea, for well I know that my father would fain thank you for what you have done this day."

But Robert Knolles shook his head.

"I have your father's command, sire, and without his order I may not go against it. Our people are hard pressed in Brittany, and it is not for me to linger on the way. I pray you, sire, if you must needs mention me to the King, to crave his pardon that I should have broken my journey thus."

"You are right, Robert. God speed you on your way, and I would that I were sailing under your banner, for I see clearly that you will take your people where they may worshipfully win worship. Perchance I also may be in Brittany before the year is past."

The Prince turned to the task of gathering his weary people together, and the *Basilisks* passed over the side once more and dropped down on to their own little ship. They poled her off from the captured Spaniard, and they set their sail with their prow for the south. Far ahead of them were their two consorts, beating towards them in the hope of giving help, while down Channel were a score of Spanish ships with a few of the English vessels hanging upon their skirts. The sun lay low on the water, and its level beams

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glowed upon the scarlet and gold of fourteen great carracks, each flying the cross of St. George, and towering high above the cluster of English ships which, with brave waving of flags and blaring of music, were moving slowly towards the Kentish coast.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW BLACK SIMON CLAIMED FORFEIT FROM THE KING OF SARK.

For a day and a half the small fleet made good progress, but on the second morning, after sighting Cape de la Hague, there came a brisk land wind which blew them out to sea. It grew into a squall with rain and fog, so that they were two more days beating back. Next morning they found themselves in a dangerous, rock-studded sea with a small island upon their starboard quarter. It was girdled with high granite cliffs of a reddish hue, with slopes of bright green grassland above them. A second smaller island lay beside it. Dennis, the shipman, shook his head as he looked.

"That is Brechou," said he, "and the larger one is the Island of Sark. If ever I be cast away, I pray the saints that it may not be upon yonder coast!"

Knolles gazed across at it.

"You say well, master shipman," said he. "It does indeed appear to be a rocky and perilous spot."

"Nay, it is the rocky hearts of those who dwell upon it that I had in my mind," the old sailor answered. "We are well safe in three goodly vessels, but had we been here in a small craft I make no doubt that they would have already had their boats out against us."

"Who, then, are these people, and how do they live upon so small and wind-swept an island?" asked the soldier.

"They do not live from the island, fair sir, but from what they can gather upon the sea around it. They are broken folk from all countries, justice-fliers, prison-breakers, rievers, escaped bondsmen, murtherers, and staff-strikers who have made their way to this outland place and hold it against all comers. There is one here who could tell you of them and of their ways, for he was long time prisoner amongst them." The seaman pointed to Black Simon, the dark man from Norwich, who was leaning against the side lost in moody thought, and staring with a brooding eye at the distant shore.

"How now, fellow?" asked Knolles. "What is this I hear? Is it indeed sooth that you have been a captive upon this island?"

"It is true, fair sir. For eight months I have been servant to the man whom they call their King. His name is La Muette, and he comes from Jersey, nor is there under God's sky a man whom I have more desire to see."

"Has he, then, mishandled you?"

Black Simon gave a wry smile and pulled off his jerkin. His lean, sinewy back was wealed and puckered with white scars.

"He has left his sign of hand upon me," said he. "He swore that he would break me to his will, and thus he tried to do it. But most I



"'HE HAS LEFT HIS SIGN OF HAND UPON ME,' SAID HE."

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desire to see him because he hath lost a wager to me and I would fain be paid."

"This is a strange saying," said Knolles. "What is this wager, and why should he pay you?"

"It is but a small matter," Simon answered, "but I am a poor man and the payment would be welcome. Should it have chanced that we stopped at this island I should have craved your leave that I go ashore and ask for that which I have fairly won."

Sir Robert Knolles laughed.

"This business tickleth my fancy," said he. "As to stopping at the island, this shipman tells me that we must needs wait a day and a night, for that we have strained our planks. But if you should go ashore, how will you be sure that you will be free to depart, or that you will see this King of whom you speak?"

Black Simon's dark face was shining with a fierce joy.

"Fair sir, I will ever be your debtor if you will let me go. Concerning what you ask, I know this island even as I know the streets of Norwich, as you may well believe, seeing that it is but a small place and I upon it for near a year. Should I land after dark, I could win my way to the King's house, and if he be not dead or distraught with drink I could have speech with him alone, for I know his ways and his hours and how he may be found. I would ask only that Aylward the archer may go with me, that I may have one friend at my side if things should chance to go awry."

Knolles thought awhile.

"It is much that you ask," said he, "for, by God's truth, I reckon that you and this friend of yours are two of my men whom I would be least ready to lose. I have seen you both at grips with the Spaniards, and I know you. But I trust you, and if we must indeed stop at this accursed place, then you may do as you will. If you have deceived me, or if this be a trick by which you design to leave me, then God be your friend when next we meet, for man will be of small avail!"

It proved not only that the seams had to be caulked, but that the cog *Thomas* was out of fresh water. The ships moored, therefore, near the Isle of Brechou, where springs were to be found. There were no people upon this little patch, but over on the farther island many figures could be seen watching them, and the twinkle of steel from among them showed that they were armed men. One boat had ventured forth and taken a good look at them, but had hurried back with the warning that they were too strong to be touched.

Black Simon found Aylward seated under the poop, with his back against Bartholomew the bowyer. He was whistling merrily as he carved a girl's face upon the horn of his bow.

"My friend," said Simon, "will you come ashore to-night, for I have need of your help?"

Aylward crowed lustily.

"Will I come, Simon? By my hilt, I shall be right glad to put my foot on the good brown earth once more. All my life I have trod it, and yet I would never have learned its worth had I not journeyed in these cursed ships. We will go on shore together, Simon, and we will seek out the women, if there be any there, for it seems a long year since I heard their gentle voices, and my eyes are weary of such faces as Bartholomew's or thine."

Simon's grim features relaxed into a smile.

"The only face that you will see ashore, Samkin, will bring you small comfort," said he, "and I warn you that this is no easy errand, but one which may be neither sweet nor fair, for if these people take us our end will be a cruel one."

"By my hilt," said Aylward, "I am with you, gossip, wherever you may go. Say no more, therefore, for I am weary of living like a coney in a hole, and I shall be right glad to stand by you in your venture."

That night, two hours after dark, a small boat put forth from the *Basilisk*. It contained Simon, Aylward, and two seamen. The soldiers carried their swords and Black Simon bore a brown biscuit-bag over his shoulder. Under his direction the rowers skirted the dangerous surf which beat against the cliffs until they came to a spot where an outlying reef formed a breakwater. Within was a belt of calm water and a shallow cove with a sloping beach. Here the boat was dragged up and the seamen were ordered to wait, while Simon and Aylward started on their errand. With the assured air of a man who knows exactly where he is and whither he is going, the man-at-arms began to clamber up a narrow, fern-lined cleft among the rocks.

It was no easy ascent in the darkness, but Simon climbed on like an old dog hot upon a scent, and the panting Aylward struggled after as best he might. At last they were at the summit, and the archer threw himself down upon the grass.

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"Nay, Simon, I have not enough breath to blow out a candle," said he. "Stint your haste for a minute, since we have a long night before us. Surely this man is a friend indeed, if you hasten so to see him."

"Such a friend," Simon answered, "that I have often dreamed of our next meeting. Now before that moon has set it will have come."

"Had it been a wench I could have understood it," said Aylward. "By these ten finger-bones, if Mary of the Mill or little Kate of Compton had waited me on the brow of this cliff I should have come up it and never known it was there. But surely I see houses and hear voices over yonder in the shadow."

"It is their town," whispered Simon. "There are a hundred as foul-minded cutthroats as are to be found in Christendom beneath those roofs. Hark to that!"

A fierce burst of laughter came out of the darkness, followed by a long cry of pain.

"All-Hallows be with us!" cried Aylward. "What is that?"

"As like as not some poor devil has fallen into their clutches, even as I did. Come this way, Samkin, for there is a peat cutting where we may hide. Aye, here it is, but deeper and broader than of old. Now follow me close, for if we keep within it we shall find ourselves a stone-cast off the King's house."

Together they crept along the dark cutting. Suddenly Simon seized Aylward by the shoulder and pushed him into the shadow of the bank. Crouching in the darkness, they heard footsteps and voices upon the farther side of the trench. Two men sauntered along it and stopped almost at the very spot where the comrades were lying. Aylward could see their dark figures outlined against the starry sky.



"AYLWARD COULD SEE THEIR DARK FIGURES OUTLINED AGAINST THE STARRY SKY."

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"Why should you scold, Jacques?" said one of them, speaking a strange half-French, half-English lingo. "Le diable t'emporte for a grumbling rascal. You won a woman and I got nothing. What more would you have?"

"You will have your chance off the next ship, mon garçon, but mine is past. A woman, it is true—an old peasant out of the fields, with a face as yellow as a kite's claw. But Gaston, who threw a nine against my eight, got as fair a little Normandy lass as ever your eyes have seen. Curse the dice, I say! And as to my woman, I will sell her to you for a firkin of Gascony."

"I have no wine to spare, but I will give you a keg of apples," said the other. "I had it out of the *Peter and Paul*—the Falmouth boat that struck in Creux Bay."

"Well, well, your apples may be the worse for keeping, but so is old Marie, and we can cry quits on that. Come round and drink a cup over the bargain."

They shuffled onwards in the darkness.

"Heard you ever such villainy?" cried Aylward, breathing fierce and hard. "Did you hear them, Simon? A woman for a keg of apples! And my heart's root is sad for the other one—the girl of Normandy. Surely we can land to-morrow and burn all these water-rats out of their nest."

"Nay, Sir Robert will not waste time or strength ere he reach Brittany."

"Sure I am that if my little master, Squire Loring, had the handling of it, every woman on this island would be free ere another day had passed."

"I doubt it not," said Simon. "He is one who makes an idol of woman, after the manner of those crazy knight-errants. But Sir Robert is a true soldier, and hath only his purpose in view."

"Simon," said Aylward, "the light is not over good and the place is cramped for sword-play, but if you will step out into the open I will teach you whether my master is a true soldier or not."

"Tut, man! You are as foolish yourself," said Simon. "Here we are with our work in hand, and yet you must needs fall out with me on our way to it. I say nothing against your master save that he hath the way of his fellows who follow dreams and fancies. But Knolles looks neither to right nor left and walks forward to his mark. Now let us on, for the time passes."

"Simon, your words are neither good nor fair. When we are back on shipboard we will speak further of this matter. Now lead on, I pray you, and let us see some more of this ten-devil island."

For half a mile Simon led the way, until they came to a large house which stood by itself. Peering at it from the edge of the cutting, Aylward could see that it was made from the wreckage of many vessels, for at each corner a prow was thrust out. Lights blazed within, and there came the sound of a strong voice singing a gay song, which was taken up by a dozen others in the chorus.

"All is well, lad," whispered Simon in great delight. "That is the voice of the King. It is the very song he used to sing, 'Les Deux Filles de Pierre.' 'Fore God, my back tingles at the very sound of it. Here we will wait until his company take their leave."

Hour after hour they crouched in the peat-cutting, listening to the noisy songs of the revellers within, some French, some English, and all growing fouler and less articulate as the night wore on. Once a quarrel broke out, and the clamour was like a cageful of wild beasts at feeding-time. Then a health was drunk, and there was much stamping and cheering. Only once was the long vigil broken. A woman came forth from the house and walked up and down with her face sunk upon her breast. She was tall and slender, but her features could not be seen for a wimple over her head. Weary sadness could be read in her bowed back and dragging steps. Once they saw her throw her two hands up to heaven as one who is beyond human aid. Then she passed slowly into the house again. A moment later the door of the hall was flung open and a shouting, stumbling throng came crowding forth, with whoop and yell, into the silent night. Linking arms and striking up a chorus they marched past the peat-cutting, their voices dwindling slowly away as they made for their homes.

"Now, Samkin, now!" cried Simon, and, jumping out from the hiding-place, he made for the door. It had not yet been fastened. The two comrades sprang inside. Then Simon drew the bolts so that none might interrupt them.

A long table littered with flagons and beakers lay before them. It was lit up by a line of torches which flickered and smoked in their iron sconces. At the farther end a solitary man was seated. His head rested upon his two hands as if he were befuddled with wine, but at the harsh sound of the snapping bolts he raised his face and looked angrily round him. It was a strange, power-

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"'LE DIABLE NOIR!' HE CRIED. 'SIMON THE ENGLISHMAN!'"

ful head, tawny and shaggy like a lion's, with a tangled beard and a large, harsh face, bloated and blotched with vice. He laughed as the new-comers entered, thinking that two of his boon companions had returned to finish a flagon. Then he stared hard, and he passed his hand over his eyes like one who thinks he may be dreaming.

"Mon Dieu!" he cried, "who are you, and whence come you at this hour of the night? Is this the way to break into our Royal presence?"

Simon approached up one side of the table and Aylward up the other. When they were close to the King, the man-at-arms plucked a torch from its socket and held it to his own face. The King staggered back with a cry, as he gazed at that grim visage.

"Le diable noir!" he cried. "Simon the Englishman! What make you here?"

Simon put his hand upon his shoulder.

"Sit here!" said he, and he forced the King into his seat. "Do you sit on the farther side of him, Aylward. We make a merry group, do we not? Often have I served at this table, but never did I hope to drink at it. Fill your cup, Samkin, and pass the flagon."

The King looked from one to the other with terror in his bloodshot eyes.

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"What would you do?" he asked. "Are you mad, that you should come here? One shout and you are at my mercy."

"Nay, my friend, I have lived too long in your house not to know the ways of it. No man-servant ever slept beneath your roof, for you feared lest your throat would be cut in the night-time. You may shout and shout if it so please you. It chanced that I was passing on my way from England in those ships which lie off La Brechou, and I thought I would come in and have speech with you."

"Indeed, Simon, I am right glad to see you," said the King, cringing away from the fierce eyes of the soldier. "We were good friends in the past, were we not, and I cannot call to mind that I have ever done you injury. When you made your way to England by swimming to the Levantine there was none more glad in heart than I."

"If I cared to doff my doublet I could show you the marks of what your friendship has done for me in the past," said Simon. "It is printed on my back as clearly as on my memory. Why, you foul dog, there are the very rings upon the wall to which my hands were fastened, and there the stains upon the boards on which my blood has dripped! Is it not so, you King of Butchers?"

The pirate chief turned whiter still.

"It may be that life here was somewhat rough, Simon, but if I have wronged you in any way I will surely make amends. What do you ask?"

"I ask only one thing, and I have come hither that I may get it. It is that you pay me forfeit for that you have lost your wager."

"My wager, Simon? I call to mind no wager."

"But I will call it to your mind, and then I will take my payment. Often have you sworn that you would break my courage. 'By my head,' you have cried to me, 'you will crawl at my feet!' And again—'I will wager my head that I will tame you!' Yes, yes, a score of times you have said so. In my heart, as I listened, I have taken up your gage. And now, dog, you have lost, and I am here to claim the forfeit."

His long, heavy sword flew from its sheath. The King, with a howl of despair, flung his arms round him and they rolled together under the table. Aylward sat with a ghastly face, and his toes curled with horror at the sight, for he was still new to scenes of strife, and his blood was too cold for such a deed.

When Simon rose he tossed something into his bag, and he sheathed his bloody sword.

"Come, Samkin, our work is well done," said he.

"By my hilt, if I had known what it was I would have been less ready to come with you," said the archer. "Could you not have clapped a sword in his fist and let him take his chance in the hall?"

"Nay, Samkin, if you had such memories as I, you would have wished that he should die like a sheep and not like a man. What chance did he give me when he had the power? And why should I treat him better? But, Holy Virgin, what have we here?"

At the farther end of the table a woman was standing. An open door behind her showed that she had come from the inner room of the house. By her tall figure the comrades knew that she was the same that they had already seen. Her face had once been fair, but now was white and haggard, with wild, dark eyes, full of a hopeless terror and despair. Slowly she paced up the room, her gaze fixed, not upon the comrades, but upon the dreadful thing beneath the table. Then, as she stooped and was sure, she burst out into loud laughter and clapped her hands.

"Who shall say there is no God?" she cried. "Who shall say that prayer is unavailing? Great sir, brave sir, let me kiss that conquering hand!"

"Nay, nay, dame, stand back! Well, if you must needs have one of them, take this, which is the clean one."

"It is the other I crave—that which is red with his blood. Oh, joyful night when my lips have been wet with it! Now can I die in peace."

"We must go, Aylward," said Simon. "In another hour the dawn will have broken. In daytime a rat could not cross this island and pass unseen. Come, man—and at once."

But Aylward was at the woman's side.

"Come with us, fair dame," said he. "Surely we can at least take you from this island, and no such change can be for the worse."

"Nay," said she, "the saints in heaven cannot help me now until they take me to my rest. There is no place for me in the world beyond, and all my friends were slain on the day that I was taken. Leave me, brave men, and let me care for myself. Already it lightens in the east, and black will be your fate if you are taken. Go, and may

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"SHE BURST OUT INTO LOUD LAUGHTER AND CLAPPED HER HANDS."

the blessing of one who was once a holy nun go with you and guard you from danger!"

Sir Robert Knolles was pacing the deck in the early morning when he heard the sound of oars, and there were his two night-birds climbing up the side.

"So, fellow," said he, "have you had speech with the King of Sark?"

"Fair sir, I have seen him."

"And he has paid his forfeit?"

"He has paid it, sir!"

Knolles looked with curiosity at the bag which Simon bore.

"What carry you there?" he asked.

"The stake that he has lost."

"What was it, then? A goblet? A silver plate?"

For answer Simon opened his bag and shook it on the deck. Sir Robert turned away with a whistle.

"'Fore God!" said he, "it is in my mind that I carry some hard men with me to Brittany."

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW A SQUIRE OF ENGLAND MET A SQUIRE OF FRANCE.

SIR ROBERT KNOLLES, with his little fleet, had sighted the Breton coast near Cancale, they had rounded the Point du Grouin, and finally had sailed past the port of St. Malo and down the long, narrow estuary of the Rance until they were close to the old walled city of Dinan, which was held by that Montfort faction whose cause the English had espoused. Here the horses had been disembarked, the stores were unloaded, and the whole force encamped outside the city, whilst the leaders waited for news as to the present state of affairs, and where there was most hope of honour and profit.

The whole of France was feeling the effects of that war with England which had already lasted some ten years, but no province was in so dreadful a condition as this unhappy land of Brittany. In Normandy or Picardy the inroads of the English were periodical, with intervals of rest between, but Brittany was torn asunder by constant civil war apart from the grapple of the two great combatants, so that there was no surcease of her sufferings. The struggle had begun in 1341 through the rival claims of Montfort and of Blois to the vacant Dukedom. England had taken the part of Montfort, France that of Blois. Neither faction was strong enough to destroy the other, and so, after ten years of continual fighting, history recorded a long, ineffectual list of surprises and ambushes, of raids and skirmishes, of towns taken and retaken, of alternate victory and defeat, in which neither party could claim a supremacy. It mattered nothing that Montfort and Blois had both disappeared from the scene, the one dead and the other taken by the English. Their wives caught up the swords which had dropped from the hands of

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their lords, and the long struggle went on even more savagely than before. In the south and east the Blois faction held the country, and Nantes, the capital, was garrisoned and occupied by a strong French army. In the north and west the Montfort party prevailed, for the island kingdom was at their back and always fresh sails broke the northern skyline bearing adventurers from over the Channel. Between these two there lay a broad zone comprising all the centre of the country, which was a land of blood and violence, where no law prevailed save that of the sword. From end to end it was dotted with castles, some held for one side, some for the other, and many mere robber strongholds, the scenes of gross and monstrous deeds, whose brute owners, knowing that they could never be called to account, made war upon all mankind, and wrung with rack and with flame the last shilling from all who fell into their savage hands. The fields had long been untilled. Commerce was dead. From Rennes in the east to Hennebon in the west, and from Dinan in the north to Nantes in the south, there was no spot where a man's life or a woman's honour was safe. Such was the land, full of darkness and blood—the saddest, blackest spot in Christendom—into which Knolles and his men were now advancing.

But there was no sadness in the young heart of Nigel as he rode by the side of Knolles at the head of a clump of spears, nor did it seem to him that Fate had led him into an unduly arduous path. On the contrary, he blessed the good fortune which had sent him into so delightful a country, and it seemed to him as he listened to dreadful stories of robber barons, and looked round at the black scars of war which lay branded upon the fair faces of the hills, that no hero of romancist or trouveur had ever journeyed through such a land of promise, with so fair a chance of knightly venture and honourable advancement. The Red Ferret was one deed towards his vow. Surely a second, and perhaps a better, was to be found somewhere upon this glorious countryside. He had borne himself as the others in the sea-fight, and could not count it to his credit where he had done no more than mere duty. Something beyond this was needed for such a deed as could be laid at the feet of the Lady Mary. But surely it was to be found here in fermenting, war-distracted Brittany. Then with two done it would be strange if he could not find occasion for that third one which would complete his service and set him free to look her in the face once more. With the great yellow horse curveting beneath him, his Guildford armour gleaming in the sun, his sword clashing against his stirrup-iron, and his father's tough ash-spear in his hand, he rode with a joyous heart and a smiling face, looking eagerly to right and to left for any chance which his good fate might send.

The road from Dinan to Caulnes, along which the small army was moving, rose and dipped over undulating ground, with a bare, marshy plain upon the left where the River Rance ran down to the sea, while upon the right lay a wooded country with a few wretched villages, so poor and sordid that they had nothing with which to tempt the spoiler. The peasants had left them at the first twinkle of a steel cap, and lurked at the edges of the woods, ready in an instant to dive into those secret recesses known only to themselves. These creatures suffered sorely at the hands of both parties, but when the chance came they revenged their wrongs on either in a savage way which brought fresh brutalities upon their heads. The new-comers soon had a chance of seeing to what lengths they would go, for in the roadway near to Caulnes they came upon an English man-at-arms who had been waylaid and slain by them. How they had overcome him could not be told, but how they had slain him within his armour was horribly apparent, for they had carried such a rock as eight men could lift, and had dropped it upon him as he lay, so that he was spread out in his shattered case like a crab beneath a stone. Many a fist was shaken at the distant woods and many a curse hurled at those who haunted them, as the column of scowling soldiers passed the murdered man, whose badge of the Molene cross showed him to have been a follower of that house of Bentley whose head, Sir Walter, was at that time leader of the English forces in the country.

Sir Robert Knolles had served in Brittany before, and he marshalled his men on the march with the skill and caution of the veteran soldier, the man who leaves as little as possible to chance, having too steadfast a mind to heed the fool who may think him over-cautious. He had recruited a number of bowmen and men-at-arms at Dinan, so that his following was now close upon five hundred men. In front, under his own leadership, were fifty mounted lances, fully armed and ready for any sudden attack. Behind them on foot came the archers, and

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"HE WAS SPREAD OUT IN HIS SHATTERED CASE LIKE A CRAB BENEATH A STONE."

a second body of mounted men closed up the rear. Out upon either flank moved small bodies of cavalry, and a dozen scouts, spread fan-wise, probed every gorge and dingle in front of the column. So for three days he moved slowly down the Southern Road.

Sir Thomas Percy and Sir James Astley had ridden to the head of the column, and Knolles conferred with them as they marched concerning the plan of their campaign. Percy and Astley were young and hot-headed, with wild visions of dashing deeds and knight-errantry, but Knolles, with cold, clear brain and purpose of iron, held ever his object in view.

"By the holy Dunstan and all the saints of Lindisfarne!" cried the fiery Borderer, "it goes to my heart to ride forward when there are such honourable chances on either side of us. Have I not heard that the French are at Evran beyond the river, and is it not sooth that yonder castle, the towers of which I see above the woods, is in the hands of a traitor who is false to his liege lord of Montfort? There is little profit to be gained upon this road, for the folk seem to have no heart for war. Had we ventured as far over the marches of Scotland as we now are in Brittany we should not have lacked some honourable venture or chance of winning worship."

"You say truth, Thomas," cried Astley, a red-faced and choleric young man. "It is well certain that the French will not come to us, and surely it is the more needful that we go to them. In sooth, any soldier who sees us would smile that we should creep for three days along this road as though a thousand dangers lay before us, when we have but poor broken peasants to deal with."

But Robert Knolles shook his head.

"We know not what are in these woods or behind these hills," said he, "and when I know nothing it is my wont to prepare for the worst which may befall. It is but prudence so to do."

"Your enemies might find some harsher name for it," said Astley, with a sneer. "Nay, you need not think to scare me by glaring at me, Sir Robert, nor will your ill-pleasure change my thoughts. I have faced fiercer eyes than thine, and I have not feared."

"Your speech, Sir James, is neither courteous nor good," said Knolles, "and if I were a free man I would cram your words down your throat with the point of my dagger. But I am here to lead these men in profit and honour, not to quarrel with every fool who has not the wit to understand how soldiers should be led. Can you not see that if I make attempts here and there, as you would have me do, I shall have

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weakened my strength before I come to that part where it can best be spent?"

"And where is that?" asked Percy. "'Fore God, Astley, it is in my mind that we ride with one who knows more of war than you or I, and that we would be wise to be guided by his rede. Tell us, then, what is in your mind."

"Thirty miles from here," said Knolles, "there is, as I am told, a fortalice named Ploermel, and within it is one Bambro, an Englishman, with a good garrison. No great distance from him is the Castle of Josselin, where dwells John of Beaumanoir, with a great following of Bretons. It is my intention that we should join Bambro and so be in such strength that we may throw ourselves upon Josselin, and, by taking it, become the masters of all mid-Brittany, and able to make head against the Frenchmen in the south."

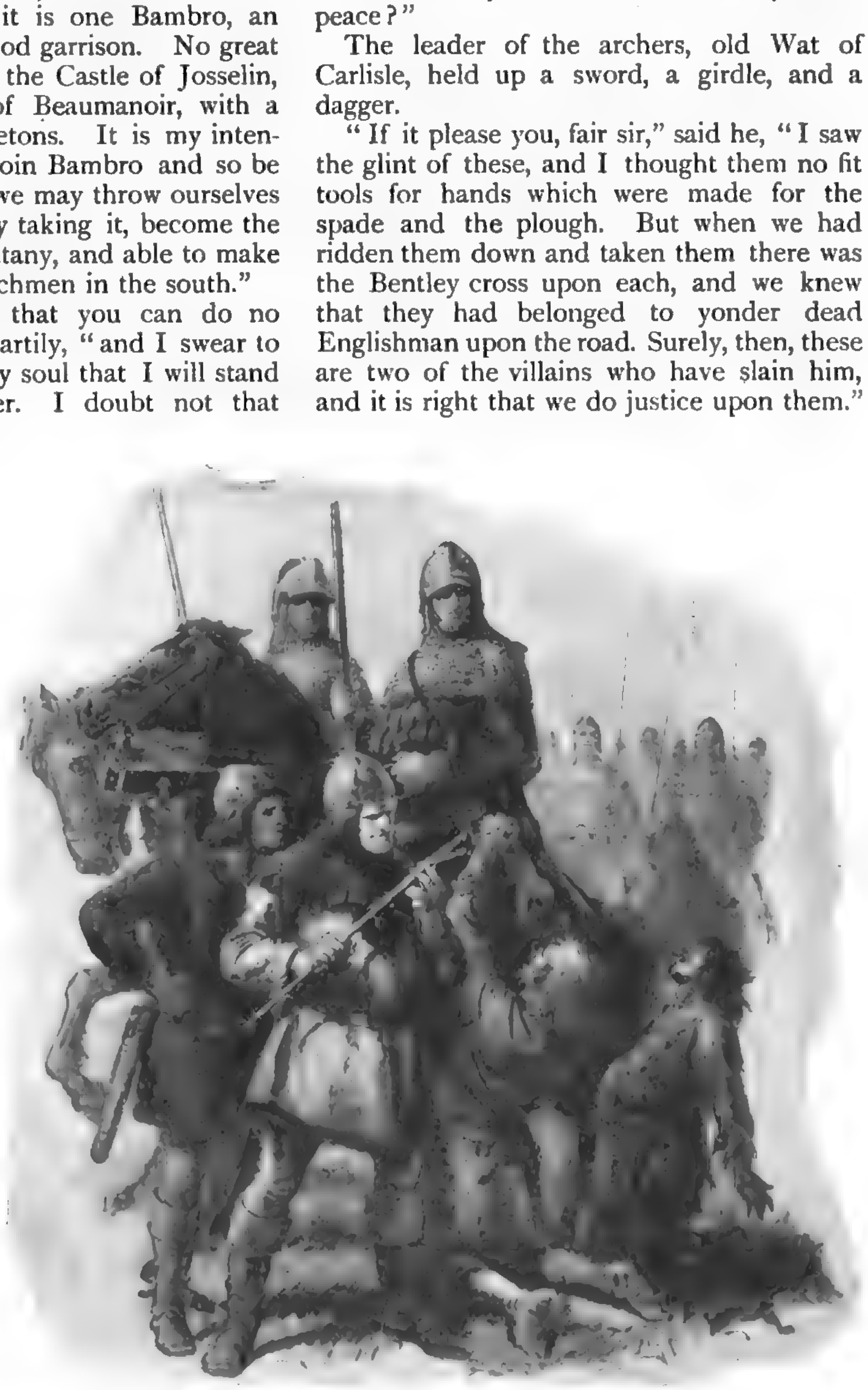
"Indeed, I think that you can do no better," said Percy, heartily, "and I swear to you on jeopardy of my soul that I will stand by you in the matter. I doubt not that when we come deep into their land they will draw together and do what they may to make head against us; but up to now I swear, by all the saints of Lindisfarne, that I should have seen more war in a summer's day in Liddesdale or at the Forest of Jedburgh than any that Brittany has shown us. But see, yonder horsemen are riding in. They are our own hobelers, are they not? And who are these who are lashed to their stirrups?"

A small troop of mounted bowmen had ridden out of an oak grove upon the left of the road. They trotted up to where the three knights had halted. Two wretched peasants whose wrists had been tied to their leathers came leaping and straining beside the horses in their effort not to be dragged off their feet. One was a tall, gaunt, yellow-haired man, the other short and swarthy, but both so crusted with dirt, so matted and tangled and ragged, that they were more like beasts of the wood than human beings.

"What is this?" asked Knolles. "Have I not ordered you to leave the countryfolk at peace?"

The leader of the archers, old Wat of Carlisle, held up a sword, a girdle, and a dagger.

"If it please you, fair sir," said he, "I saw the glint of these, and I thought them no fit tools for hands which were made for the spade and the plough. But when we had ridden them down and taken them there was the Bentley cross upon each, and we knew that they had belonged to yonder dead Englishman upon the road. Surely, then, these are two of the villains who have slain him, and it is right that we do justice upon them."



"THEY DROPPED WITH INARTICULATE HOWLS UPON THEIR KNEES."

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Sure enough, upon sword, girdle, and dagger shone the silver Molene cross which had gleamed on the dead man's armour. Knolles looked at them and then at the prisoners with a face of stone. At the sight of those fell eyes they had dropped with inarticulate howls upon their knees, screaming out their protests in a tongue which none could understand.

"We must have the roads safe for wandering Englishmen," said Knolles. "These men must surely die. Hang them to yonder tree."

He pointed to a live oak by the roadside, and rode onwards upon his way in converse with his fellow-knights. But the old bowman had ridden after him.

"If it please you, Sir Robert, the bowmen would fain put these men to death in their own fashion," said he.

"So that they die I care not how," Knolles answered carelessly, and looked back no more.

Human life was cheap in those stern days, when the footmen of a stricken army or the crew of a captured ship were slain without any question or thought of mercy by the victors. War was a rude game with death for the stake, and the forfeit was always claimed on the one side and paid on the other without doubt or hesitation. Only the knight might be spared, since his ransom made him worth more alive than dead. To men trained in such a school, with death for ever hanging over their own heads, it may well be believed that the slaying of two peasant murderers was a small matter. And yet there was special reason why upon this occasion the bowmen wished to keep the deed in their own hands. Ever since their dispute aboard the *Basilisk* there had been ill-feeling betwixt Bartholomew, the old bald-headed bowyer, and Long Ned of Widdington, the Dalesman, which had ended in a conflict at Dinan, in which not only they but a dozen of their friends had been laid upon the cobble-stones. The dispute raged round their respective knowledge and skill with the bow, and now some quick wit amongst the soldiers had suggested a grim fashion in which it should be put to the proof, once for all, which could draw the surer shaft.

A thick wood lay two hundred paces from the road upon which the archers stood. A stretch of smooth, grassy sward lay between. The two peasants were led out fifty yards from the road with their faces towards the wood. There they stood, held on a leash, and casting many a wondering, frightened glance over their shoulders at the preparations which were being made behind them. Old Bartholomew and the big Yorkshireman had stepped out of the ranks, and stood side by side, each with his strung bow in his left hand and a single arrow in his right. With care they had drawn on and greased their shooting glove and fastened their bracer. They plucked and cast up a few blades of grass to measure the wind, examined every small point of their tackle, turned their sides to the mark, and widened their feet in a firmer stance. From all sides came chaff and counsel from their comrades.

"A three-quarter wind, bowyer," cried one; "aim a body's breadth to the right!"

"But not thy body's breadth, bowyer," laughed another. "Else may you be over wide."

"Nay, this wind will scarce turn a well-drawn shaft," said a third. "Shoot dead upon him and you will be clap in the clout."

"Steady, Ned, for the good name of the Dales," cried a Yorkshireman. "Loose easy and pluck not, or I am five crowns the poorer man."

"A week's pay on Bartholomew," shouted another. "Now, old fat pate, fail me not!"

"Enough! Enough! Stint your talk!" cried the old bowman, Wat of Carlisle. "Were your shafts as quick as your tongues there would be no facing you! Do you shoot upon the little one, Bartholomew, and you, Ned, upon the other. Give them law until I cry the word, then loose in your own fashion and at your own time. Are you ready? Holà, there, Hayward, Boddington, let them run!"

The leashes were torn away, and the two men, stooping their heads, ran madly for the shelter of the wood amid such a howl from the archers as beaters may give when the hare starts from its form. The two bowmen, each with his arrow drawn to the pile, stood like russet statues, menacing, motionless, their eager eyes fixed upon the fugitives, their bow-staves rising slowly as the distance between them lengthened. The Bretons were half-way to the wood and still old Wat was silent. It may have been mercy or it may have been mischief, but at least the chase should have a fair chance of life. At six-score paces he turned his grizzled head at last.

"Loose!" he cried.

At the word the Yorkshireman's bow-string twanged. It was not for nothing that he had earned the name of being one of the deadliest

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archers of the North, and had twice borne away the silver arrow of Selby. Swift and true flew the fatal shaft and buried itself to the feather in the curved back of the long, yellow-haired peasant. Without a sound he fell upon his face and lay stone-dead upon the grass, the one short white plume betwixt his dark shoulders to mark where Death had smote him. The Yorkshireman threw his bow-stave into the air and danced in triumph, whilst his comrades roared their fierce delight in a shout of applause which changed suddenly into a tempest of hooting and of laughter. The smaller peasant, more cunning than his comrade, had run more slowly but with many a backward glance. He had marked his companion's fate and had waited with keen eyes until he saw the bowyer loose his string. At the moment he had thrown himself flat upon the grass, and had heard the arrow scream above him and seen it quiver in the turf beyond. Instantly he had sprung to his feet again, and amid wild whoops and halloos from the bow-



"HE HAD SPRUNG TO HIS FEET AGAIN, AND AMID WILD WHOOPS AND HALLOOS FROM THE BOWMEN HAD MADE FOR THE SHELTER OF THE WOOD."

men had made for the shelter of the wood. Now he had reached it, and ten-score good paces separated him from the nearest of his persecutors. Surely they could not reach him here. With the tangled brushwood behind him he was as safe as a rabbit at the mouth of his burrow. In the joy of his heart he must needs dance in derision and snap his fingers at the foolish men who had let him slip. He threw back his head, howling at them like a dog, and at the instant an arrow struck him full in the throat and laid him dead among the bracken. There was a hush of surprised silence, and then a loud cheer burst from the archers.

"By the rood of Beverley," cried old Wat, "I have not seen a finer roving shaft this many a year. In my own best day I could not have bettered it. Which of you loosed it?"

"It was Aylward of Tilford—Samkin Aylward," cried a score of voices, and the bowman, flushed at his own fame, was pushed to the front.

"Indeed I would that it had been at a nobler mark," said he. "He might have gone free for me, but I could not keep my fingers from the string when he turned to jeer at us."

"I see well that you are indeed a master bowman," said old Wat, "and it is comfort to my soul to think that if I fall I leave such a man behind me to hold high the credit of our craft. Now gather your shafts and on, for Sir Robert awaits us on the brow of the hill."

(*To be continued.*)

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"My Best Picture."

THE CHOICE OF EMINENT BELGIAN PAINTERS.

By Adrian Margaux.

[The previous articles of this series—which aims to reproduce the masterpieces of the chief living artists of the world, selected by themselves—have included those of England, France, Germany, and Italy. The next will contain the selection of Dutch painters.]

AS a recent exhibition at the London Guildhall served to remind us, Belgium, of all the smaller countries of Europe, has best maintained through several centuries until the present day the power and vigour of its national art. The country which produced Rubens, Van Dyck, Teniers, Memling, and Van Eyck rejoices to-day in the possession of painters whose names, full allowance being made for historical perspective, are not unworthy of association with theirs. Van Beers and Wauters have obtained, of course, world-wide celebrity, and in Brussels and Antwerp a number of other artists are at work, some of whom, in the fullness of time, will doubtless obtain similar recognition.

Jan Van Beers found it impossible to limit his preference to one canvas; two pictures at least had an equal place in his own heart.

"If it is supposed," said M. Van Beers, "that a painter can be as good a judge of his own works as the public, I should wish to mention 'The Yacht Siren' and 'A Summer Evening.' In these two pictures there is, in my opinion, as part of the more or less picturesque aspect of their composition, a certain air of mystery which pleases the public, especially the feminine public.

"I based 'A Summer Evening' upon the description of one of my friends who had seen during a country walk a sculptured figure of Pan who had lost his head, but continued to play the flute. The spectator asks of himself before this picture, 'Of what can this girl be dreaming, as she sits there alone among the roses, at the sunset of a rose-coloured day?' Thus it is left to the imagination of the spectator to found what story he pleases upon the theme given by the artist.

"As there is no great new thing under the sun, it is extremely difficult to find poetical subjects of this kind, and the proof is to be found in the fact that few painters can discover more than one such successful subject in the course of their career."

The painter's preference for poetical subjects reminds us that his father was a popular poet—"the Longfellow of the Netherlands," as he has been described. At the time of



"A SUMMER EVENING." By JAN VAN BEERS,

Selected by the Artist as his Best Picture.

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his death he was Professor at the University of Antwerp and a member of its municipal council, but in his early manhood he had been a teacher of languages in the town of Lierre, where the painter was born in 1852. One of Van Beers's two favourite pictures, "The Yacht Siren," was exhibited at the Paris Salon as long ago as 1881, when his reputation was yet in the making; but the other, "A Summer Evening," is a more recent production. He took up his residence in Paris about the date just mentioned, but amidst its strong artistic influence he has preserved the individuality of style, so well exemplified in these two subjects, which manifested itself during his student days in Antwerp.

Although he has painted historical pictures, such as "The Madness of Hugues van der Goes," in the Brussels Gallery, and Oriental subjects such as "The Market at Cairo" and "The Serpent-Charmer," Emile Wauters is celebrated for portraiture, and it was naturally in portraiture that he found his best work. But "The Young Cavalier," as I have ventured to call it, although painted as the portrait of the son of M. Somzée, a Brussels engineer and member of the Belgian Parliament, has all the interest of a subject-picture. It was painted in 1889 from studies made on the shore at Heyst, near Ostend.

"I consider it," M. Wauters avows, "as one of my most artistic works, and also the most delicate in colouring. The child is dressed in dark blue velvet, whilst the pony is of light grey, with a black tail. The sky is very cloudy, with an occasional patch of blue. A small bulldog has just come out of the water, carrying the boy's whip between his teeth. In the distance, beyond the dunes, appear the square towers of Heyst."

This equestrian portrait has won medals at international exhibitions in Paris, Berlin, Munich, Vienna, and Antwerp. It was produced when the artist was in his forty-third year, with a well-established reputation. At nineteen M. Wauters, as a pupil of the Brussels Academy under Portaels, began his highly successful career by winning the Prix de Rome. In the following year he exhibited his first picture at the Paris Salon, "Ulysses and Calypso," to be followed three years later by an English subject, "The Battle of Hastings." In 1878 he had made such progress in his art as to be chosen to take part in the decoration of the Hôtel de Ville, Brussels, the *tableau* he produced—"Marie of Burgundy Swearing to Respect the Liberties of the City"—securing the gold medal at the Salon.

Paris has since so far exercised her fascination upon this Belgian artist as to cause



"THE YOUNG CAVALIER." By EMILE WAUTERS.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

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"LIFE'S FRAILTY." By THEOPHILE LYBAERT.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

him to have a studio there also. But M. Wauters has retained his Brussels studio, and during part of the year he works in the city where he was born in November, 1846, and where his father filled the office of clerk to the court at the Tribunal of First Instance.

Many visitors to the Guildhall exhibition of Flemish art will doubtless remember Théophile Lybaert's "Life's Frailty," and

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they will probably not be surprised to learn that—in his own estimation, at any rate—it was the best picture of this well-known Ghent painter. Five years ago Lybaert had a picture in the Royal Academy which attracted no small amount of attention, although his name was then unknown in England except to a few connoisseurs. The canvas, too, was comparatively small, but it compelled attention by sheer power of the brush with which it had been painted. It was called "The Evening of Life," and was the picture of an aged nun sitting with an open book upon her lap in a convent garden, the withered hands clasped and the wrinkled face bent as in prayer.

"Life's Frailty," which was exhibited at Burlington House two years later, may be regarded as a sequel to "The Evening of Life." It was painted in the same convent garden, but the picture is of youth, not of age; across the sunlight in which the young nun is sitting, however, full of health and vigour, death may be seen to have cast its shadow. The sombre meaning of the picture is in weird contrast to the brightness of its colouring, producing an effect which must impress if it also displeases.

Lybaert has been described by some of his admirers as "the modern Memling," and all his life he has been an enthusiastic disciple of this old master in Gothic art. Circumstances have compelled him, however, to paint many pictures quite different in aim and style from "Life's Frailty." The son of a heraldic painter who could make little provision for his family, Lybaert had a long period of struggle before he could establish his position as an artist. At the age of twenty he painted a Christ as his first important effort. But this was coldly received, and for some years he was driven to produce "pot-boilers"—pretty soubrettes as powdered marquises in Pompadour costume being his chief speciality. In later years he produced military pictures, more particularly of scenes in the American War of Independence, of which subject he made an exhaustive study. But at the age of fifty-eight M. Lybaert doubtless realizes that it is by these religious and semi-religious works in the medieval spirit, into which he has put his whole heart and soul, that he will live in the art annals of his country.

Ghent is one of the most medieval towns in Europe, and it is probably not altogether accidental that it should have become the place of residence of another Belgian painter, M. Edmond Van Hove, who has devoted himself almost entirely to subjects such as the Old Masters chiefly painted. Van Hove, in fact, is celebrated as a painter of the Virgin,



"MATER PURISSIMA." By EDMOND VAN HOVE.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

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and his work is mostly in demand for the decoration of churches. One of these Virgins he has selected as his best picture — the "Mater Purissima" which was purchased for the art gallery of his native city of Bruges, a circumstance giving it pre-eminence in his eyes.

Van Hove's early circumstances were even more unpropitious for the cultivation of art than those of Lybaert. He was one of eleven children, and his father followed the humble calling of a barber at Bruges. Nevertheless, by the time he was twenty he managed to reach Paris and to become a pupil of Cabanal. From 1871 to 1878 Van Hove remained in Paris, supporting himself by painting on glass and on fans, but spending much of his time in copying the Old Masters at the Louvre. Returning to Belgium, his skill and facility soon brought him plenty of employment in a country where the adornment of churches is regarded as a matter of supreme concern.

"The painter of 'The Sphinx' is himself a sphinx" was said of M. Fernand Khnopff when he exhibited a picture bearing the title. "The Blue Wing," the subject by which M. Khnopff has chosen to be represented in this article, is as enigmatical as most of the other productions of his brush. The painter is kind enough to give me, however, some explanation of his choice:—

"Although forming an independent picture, 'The Blue Wing' is a preparation for the first panel of a series of seven, entitled 'The Destroyers of Flowers,' and representing some idle women amusing themselves destroying flowers by means more or less refined. The first crushes the flower between her fingers, the second strangles it in her hair."



"THE BLUE WING."
By FERNAND KHNOPFF.
Selected by the Artist as his Best Picture.

There is something about this picture which reminds one of Burne-Jones, and, in point of fact, Fernand Khnopff has been much influenced by him, as well as by Rossetti and Holman Hunt. In 1889, at the age of thirty-one, Khnopff visited London in connection with the exhibition of his picture, "The Sphinx," and for the first time he became acquainted with the work of these English artists. The result was that in subsequent years he revisited England in order to study it, as well as that of Watts, Ford Madox Brown, William Morris, and Walter Crane. "The Blue Wing" was painted in 1894—one of the first results of this new influence in his artistic life, which hitherto, apart from academic training in Brussels, had been based on a few months' study in Paris under Lefebvre.

Of all Belgian painters Fernand Khnopff has one of the most interesting personalities. The son of an eminent barrister of Austrian descent, he was born in September, 1858, at the family château of Gremberger. His father wished him to become an advocate also, and with that view he studied law at Brussels University, but was eventually allowed to leave it for the Academy, where he carried off all the prizes. After a short stay in Paris he began work in a Brussels studio in 1880, at first devoting himself to portraits until the painting of "The Sphinx" and the visit to London had the consequences just described. Occasionally he has turned from painting to sculpture,

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always with some amount of success. M. Khnopff's versatility has been further shown by lectures, the play of "Hamlet" and the work of William Morris being among his subjects.

The career of Fernand Khnopff has been commonplace, however, compared with that of Guillaume Van Strydonck. A student in Paris for two years, where he was a contemporary of Sargent under Gérôme, he has, in the pursuit of his art, since travelled extensively. He has successively visited England, Holland, Italy, America, and, lastly, India, where for six years he was painting Rajahs' portraits. In the words of a biographer, Van Strydonck has seen "all the ups and downs of an artist's life in Brussels and in Paris; he has been a gentleman in London and a settler in America, a *grand seigneur* in India, and a brave peasant at Malines."



"THE EVICTION." By VAN STRYDONCK.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

It is as "the brave peasant at Malines," after all his wanderings in search of subjects for his brush, that M. Van Strydonck makes choice of his best picture. Called "The Eviction," it is, he explains, the first of a series illustrating the seamy side of rural life. The idea of these paintings had its origin, he frankly confesses, at the time of the Boer War, and, as first conceived, they were to depict the distresses of the Dutch farmers. But the feeling engendered by the war quickly passed away, and M. Strydonck determined that the pictures should have their *locale* in his own native Flanders.

"The Eviction" is a picture which explains itself. Although full of faithful detail, it is a very modest work compared with some of those M. Van Strydonck has produced. Whilst residing in India, for instance, he painted a canvas, fifteen feet by six, representing the Dusserah procession. The picture was painted for the Maharajah of Mysore, who intended to present it to Queen Victoria. But before this intention could be carried out the work was unfortunately destroyed in a fire at the Mysore Palace. Another important picture, "Tobias and the Angel," was purchased by the Belgian Government and is now in the Bruges Gallery. In the prime of life, M. Van Strydonck, after his many years of exile, is now settled in Brussels as Professor of its Royal Academy of Painting.

M. Victor Gilsoul, who represents in this article such landscape painters as Belgium can boast of, is the youngest of its artists to achieve a European reputation. He is on the sunny side of forty, and exhibited his first picture at Brussels at the early age of seventeen, while still attending a high school at Antwerp. It was with great difficulty that he persuaded his father, a merchant, to allow him to leave the study of literature and science for that of art at the Antwerp Academy. His first important picture, "The

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"NEAR THE SEA SHORE." By VICTOR GILSOUL.

Selected by the Artist as his Best Picture.

Canal de Viliorde," was severely criticised in Brussels, but the young artist had his revenge when it was sent to the Munich Exhibition and won the gold medal.

The picture reproduced here is typical of several which M. Gilsoul has painted on the sea-coast of Belgium, depicting the flat, sandy soil and the line of trees bent by the prevalent north-west wind. Painted a few years since, the picture was purchased by the King of the Belgians, and now hangs in the Royal Palace at Brussels.

It is a familiar scene in every Catholic country that Professor Franz Lemputten has painted as the subject of the picture which he deems his best—the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament, or "Procession with Candles," as he terms it, from the fact that the carrying of lighted candles is its distinctive feature. The picture, which was painted



"THE PROCESSION WITH CANDLES." By FRANZ LEMPUTTEN.

Selected by the Artist as his Best Picture.

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in 1903 at Montaigu, a little town about thirty miles from Antwerp, was exhibited last year at the Liége International Exhibition and has been purchased by the Royal Academy of Antwerp, where the painter fills a professorial chair, for its permanent collection.

"All my life," says Professor Van Lemputten, in explaining his choice, "it has been my aim as a painter to depict the peaceful life (*mœurs paisibles*) of the Flemish people." Another of his pictures of the same kind has a national reputation, and was purchased by the nation for the Brussels Gallery. It is called "Palm Sunday in the Campine," the Campine, of course, being the moorland country near Antwerp.

Professor Van Lemputten was born in the district he delights to paint in December, 1850, at the village of Werchter, near Malines. His father had a talent for drawing and the ambition to become an artist. He died with no more satisfaction for this ambition than was to be derived from the work of restoring pictures in the galleries of Brussels. But this semi-artistic employment doubtless made easier the path of the son who inherited his ambition, in whose success he found consolation for his own failure. The King of the Belgians has delighted to honour a man who has thus triumphed over the disadvantage of birth, and Professor Van Lemputten is a Chevalier of the Order of Leopold.

The Comte Jacques de Lalaing, another representative Belgian painter, on the other hand, bears one of the most illustrious names in the history of his country. The present bearer of the title was born in London in 1858, and was educated in England as a naval officer. On reaching manhood, however, he returned to Belgium to study art under Portaels and Cluysenaar, two of the most successful Brussels painters of that period.

The portrait of a cavalry officer by which the Comte de Lalaing has chosen to be represented, although it won a gold medal in Paris and has been acquired for the Ghent



"A CAVALRY OFFICER." BY THE COMTE DE LALAING.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

Art Gallery, hardly indicates the wide scope of his work. This has included numerous subject-pictures, such as "Prisoners of War" and "The Intercepted Courier" (Lille Gallery) and "The Prehistoric Hunter" (Brussels Gallery), as well as several historical *tableaux* for the Brussels Town Hall and Senate House. This equestrian portrait was painted in 1884, and had as its model a General in the Belgian army. The Comte de Lalaing has also worked as a sculptor, and the Waterloo monument in the cemetery at

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Evian, near Brussels, is an example of his skill.

Women are taking so active and promising a part in Belgian art that it would be ungallant, perhaps, altogether to ignore their work in this article. Up to the present, however, they have distinguished themselves most in portraiture, although Mme. Ronner, for many years a resident of Brussels, yet a native of Holland, has obtained great celebrity by her pictures of cats, which probably owe their success more to artistic posing than to any other quality.

Of the feminine portrait painters, Mme. Mathilde Philippson, of Brussels, is an excellent representative, whilst Mlle. M. A. Marcotte, of Antwerp, has made a name by figure-pictures in the style of the French impressionists, whom she has diligently studied in Paris. Mme. Philippson's art is more of a home growth, and the portrait group of children reproduced on this page is typical of the domestic feeling she puts into her work.



"THE REHEARSAL." By MME. PHILIPPSON.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HER BEST PICTURE.

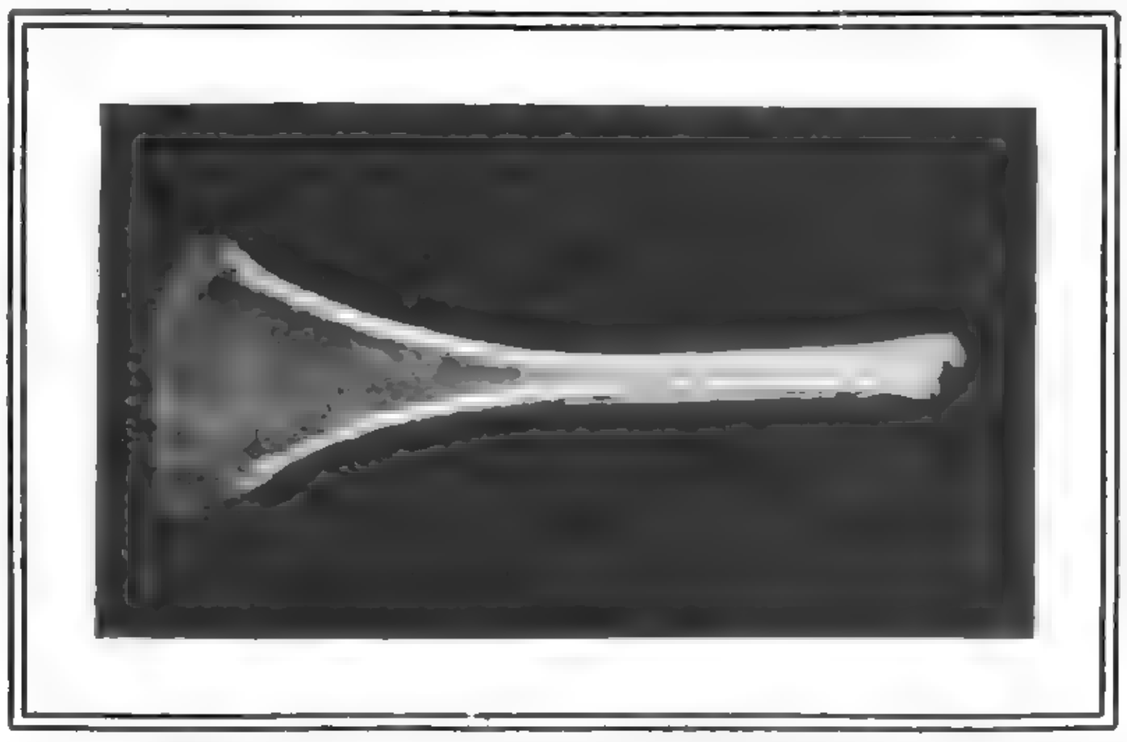
"I am exceedingly fond of children," the lady explains, "and, as my own girl was studying the violin at the time, it interested me to paint a group of children playing instruments." Portraits painted in this spirit and not in the ordinary way of a portrait-painter's business might be expected, Mme. Philippson could have added, as she probably thought, to reveal at their best her natural and spontaneous qualities.

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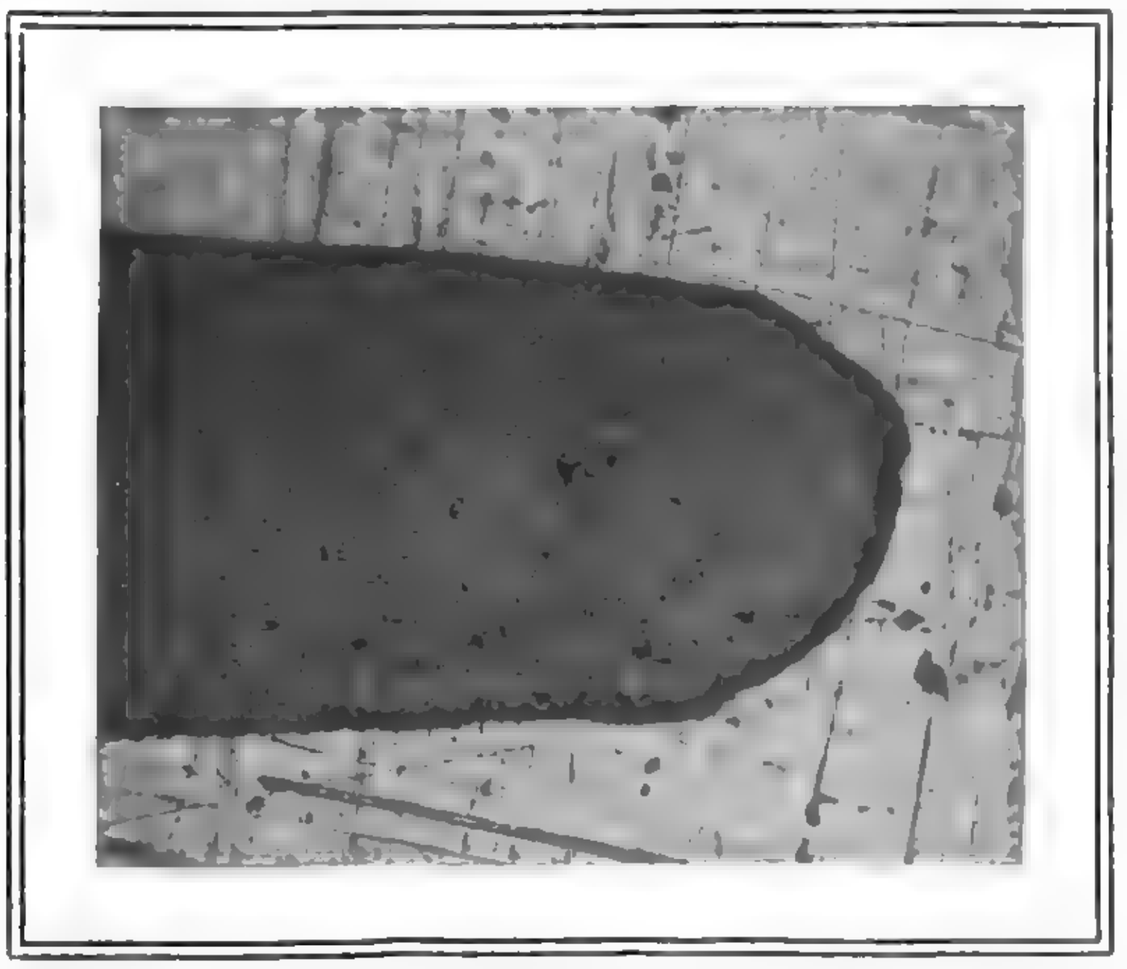
Curiosities of a Razor-Edge.

By Walter Rosenhain.

TO most people the edge of a good razor suggests the very type of smooth, keen sharpness, and yet, if we look at such an edge closely enough, we shall see that it is not really "sharp" and very far from being smooth. The unaided eye will not, of course, be able to detect these departures from our ideas of perfection, but when the edges of razors are suitably prepared and then examined by the aid of a powerful microscope a whole series of interesting and rather unexpected facts is revealed—facts quite as interesting in their way as the wonders of minute plant and animal life which we are accustomed to look for beneath the magic lenses. First of all, however, we must see how the edge of a razor—or of any cutting tool, for that matter—can be looked at under the microscope. Although it seems simple enough, it is really not an easy matter to get a good view of the cutting edge of a blade under the microscope, because, in order to see the real shape of the blade and to perceive the real degree of sharpness or bluntness of the edge, it is not enough to look down upon the blade sideways, but the blade must be cut through across its greatest length, and the surface or "section" laid bare by such a cut must be examined. Looked at in this way, an ideally sharp blade would appear as a narrow oblong, terminating on the side of the edge in a perfectly sharp point. As a matter of fact, we shall see presently that no actual blade ever appears really sharp when thus examined. But, even before the blade of a razor or knife can be cut through in this way, it must first be embedded in some hard material which will preserve the true shape of the blade and edge, and the material used for this purpose is a layer of copper about one-eighth of an inch thick, which is deposited upon the surface of the blade, before it is cut, by the ordinary process of electro-plating. When this has been done the blade can be slowly cut or ground through by means of an emery wheel, and the surface thus laid bare is polished and cleaned very carefully until we see nothing but a narrow, blue-looking streak of steel—the actual blade itself—surrounded by a mass of pinkish-red copper. The general appearance of such a section is shown in our first picture (No. 1), which shows a razor-blade thus embedded, magnified about three times. In order to see the real shape of the edge, however, very much greater magnification than that must be used. The section of the edge of an ordinary table-knife is shown in our next picture (No. 2), also embedded in the copper, but magnified



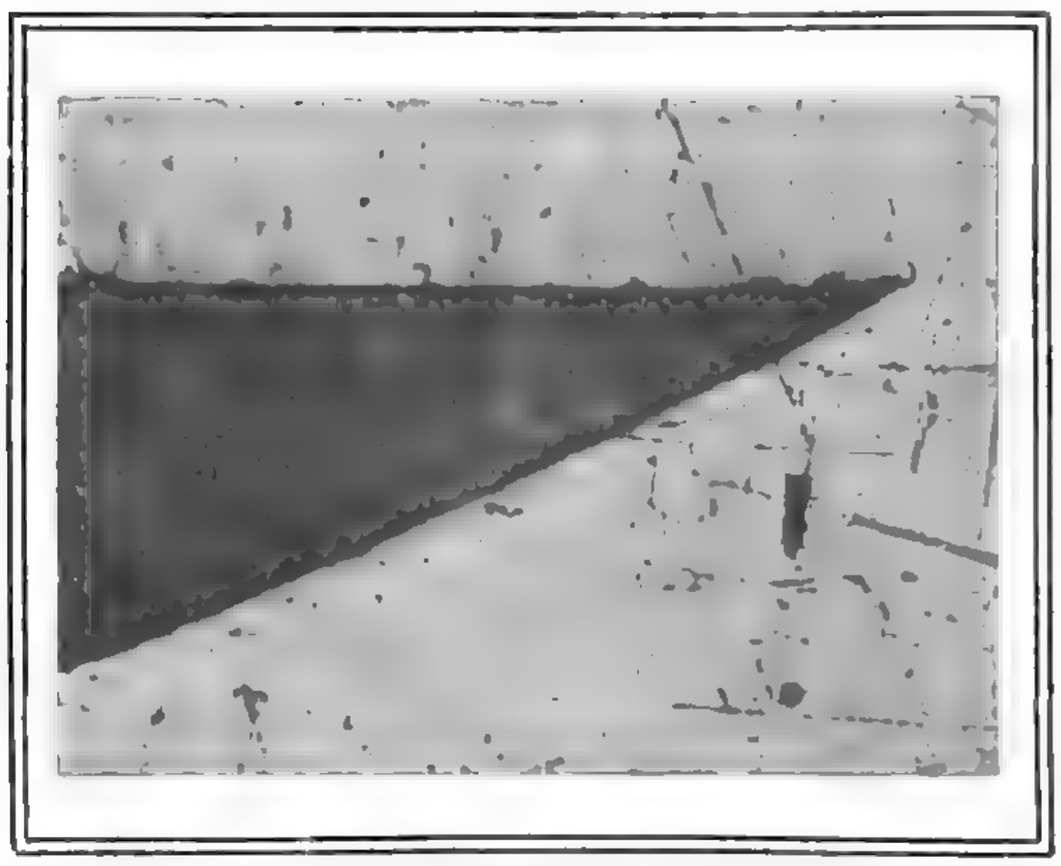
NO. 1.—SECTION OF A RAZOR-BLADE EMBEDDED IN COPPER, MAGNIFIED ABOUT THREE TIMES.



NO. 2.—SECTION OF THE EDGE OF A TABLE-KNIFE, MAGNIFIED ABOUT FORTY TIMES.

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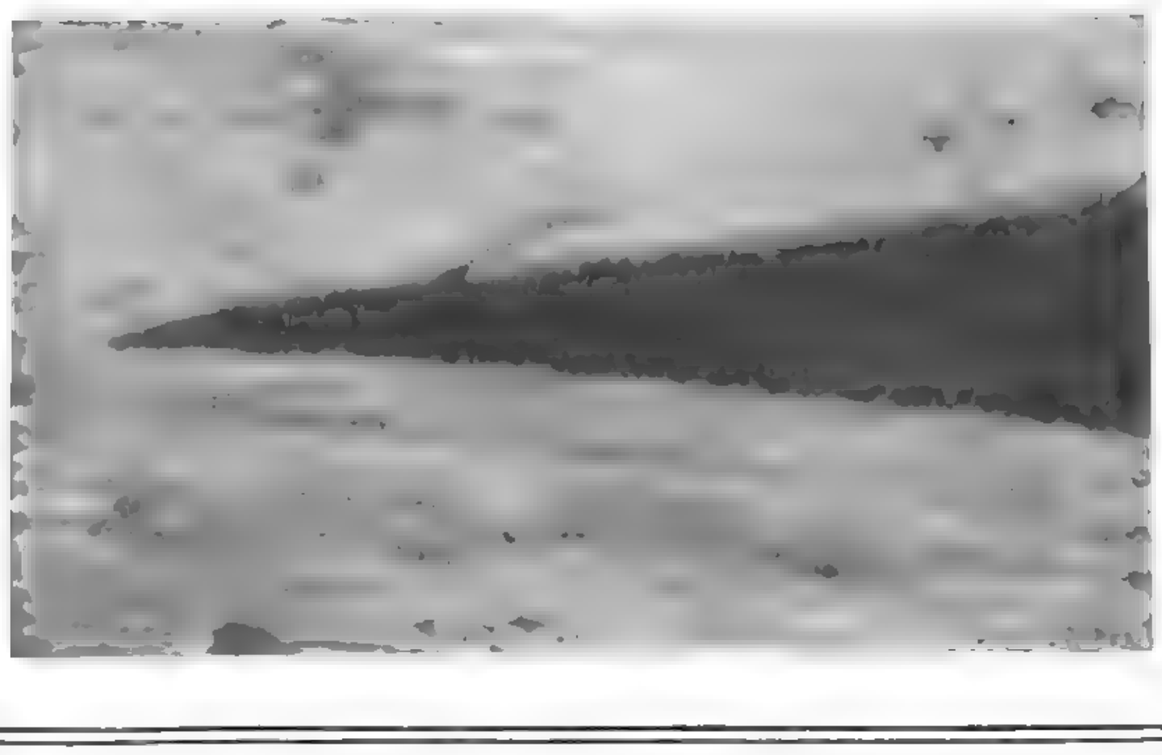
about forty times. The "edge" here, instead of appearing as a sharp angle, shows a broad, rounded outline, and its appearance rather makes one wonder how such an "edge" can ever cut anything at all. It is only fair to say, however, that the knife illustrated in the picture was a new one taken direct from the stock of a good cutler, so that the picture rather represents the edge of a new knife than that of one which has been whetted down to a much finer edge by frequent rubbing on the domestic knife-board. The section of a much sharper kind of edge can be obtained by examining a sharp penknife or carpenter's chisel; the next picture (No. 3) represents the edge of a freshly-ground carpenter's chisel, this time magnified one hundred times. In all these pictures the darker parts represent the steel, the lighter area representing the surrounding mass of copper upon whose surface the grooves and scratches produced during the cutting and grinding have not been quite obliterated. We see at once that the chisel—and the picture would stand equally well for a penknife—is much sharper than the table-knife; here the two sides of the blade meet very nearly at an actual angle, although it will be seen, on looking closely, that where the actual point of meeting should be a very small fin of steel projects outwards into the copper. This little fin is the last trace of the peculiar "burr" which is always formed when steel edges are ground,



NO. 3.—SECTION OF THE EDGE OF A CHISEL, MAGNIFIED ABOUT ONE HUNDRED TIMES.

and the skill of the grinder consists chiefly in removing these fins as completely as possible; the microscope, however, shows us that even the best grinders never quite remove the last trace of the fin, while the extreme end of the fin itself is seen to be quite round.

When we come to examine the edge of the razor itself in this way still higher magnifications must be used—in fact, the extreme magnification that the modern microscope can yield is called into requisition for this purpose, and in the next picture (No. 4) we have a sectional view of the edge of a good razor in excellent condition, shown under a magnification of fifteen hundred times. Bearing in mind this enormous degree of enlargement in the picture, and comparing it with the view of the chisel shown above under much smaller magnification, the difference between the two implements becomes strikingly apparent. We can realize the extreme tenuity of the metal forming the razor edge when we measure the width of the thickest part of the blade as we see it on the photograph—it measures as nearly as possible three-fifths of an inch, so that the thickness of the real blade at this point is only one twenty-five-thousandth of an inch; that is, it would take twenty-five thousand such blades packed tightly next to one another to occupy one inch. This measurement is taken at a distance of one five-hundredth of an inch from the extreme edge. If now we look at the photograph closely we see that, thin as this edge is, the two sides do not meet actually in a point, but that again, at the point where the two sides should meet, there



NO. 4.—SECTION OF THE EDGE OF A SHARP RAZOR, MAGNIFIED ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED TIMES—IT WOULD TAKE TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND SUCH EDGES TO OCCUPY AN INCH.

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is a very minute fin ending in a flat or, at all events, rounded outline, so that the edge is not perfectly sharp, since it has an actual and measurable width. What is the real width of such a razor-edge? On the photograph the width is very nearly one-thirtieth of an inch, and since the photograph is one thousand five hundred times as large as the real object, the real width of the extreme edge is about one half-millionth of an inch; in other words, it would take one half-million such edges, placed next to one another, to occupy the width of one inch. Therefore, although to the eye of science the sharpest razor falls far short of ideal sharpness, since in that case the edge would have no width at all, yet in practice such an edge is probably the minutest object regularly produced by the art of man.

This highly-magnified sectional view of a razor-edge shows another very interesting fact; we see that the extreme edge of the section is distinctly bent to one side. This is nearly always seen in razor-edges, and if we remember how extremely thin the metal is at this part of the blade we shall not be surprised to find that it is slightly bent when it is pressed sideways against any object—the actual bend, as seen in the photograph, represents the effect of the last stroke on the strop which this blade had received. Now this bending of the metal quite near the edge, minute as it is, has some very important practical consequences. If the razor be used in such a way that the bend is *towards* the skin, there will be a tendency for the edge itself to burrow downwards into the skin instead of sliding easily over the surface and merely cutting away the projecting hairs. If, on the other hand, the blade be applied to the face in such a way that the bend of the edge is *away* from the skin, the edge will slide much more smoothly, with less tendency to cut or scratch the skin, while it will act upon the hairs in a slightly upward direction and thus tend to pull them tight while cutting them. This latter condition is much the more favourable for good shaving, and the difference will be easily realized by anyone who makes the experiment. This is easily done, because the direction of the bend of the edge can be regulated by the last few strokes on the strop; two or three gentle strokes on the same side of the blade in succession will secure that the direction of the bend will be away from that side of the blade which was in contact with the strop, and that same side of the blade should then be used next to the skin. The degree of the effect will, of course, vary a little with different razors, since the thickness of the blade near the edge and the hardness of the steel will differ from one blade to another, and the degree of bending produced will vary accordingly. The most marked effects are found with very thin hollow-ground blades.

This minute amount of bending undergone by the metal near the extreme edge of a razor-blade has another practical result. We all know that a piece of wire which will quite easily stand being bent double will be broken if it be bent backwards and forwards many times. Usually we do this by bending the wire a few times through a large angle, but it can be done equally effectively by only bending the wire a little each time, but repeating the process a great many times. What really takes place is that the metal, which was strong and ductile to begin with, is gradually made hard and brittle and then finally breaks off. Now the metal near the edge of a razor is being subjected to very similar treatment; every turn on the strop reverses the direction of the bend near the edge, and although the amount of bending is too slight ever to bring about actual breakage of such an elastic metal as hardened steel, it is yet sufficient to bring about a change in the metal which renders it less elastic and less able to stand up to the really severe strain which the process of shaving produces in these very thin edges. This is why a razor which has been used long ultimately ceases to cut well or to hold a good edge. Now it has been discovered—in quite another connection, as it happens—that steel which has lost its proper elastic qualities by such a process of "fatigue," as it is called, is capable of recovering its good qualities under favourable circumstances. It will recover in this way if left at rest, though this is a comparatively slow process, which explains the fact, found out long ago by those who work with razors and other edge tools, that a tool which has become useless through continued use will be as good as ever after a prolonged rest. But experiment has shown that recovery will take place much more rapidly if the steel be warmed, so that a few minutes' exposure to the temperature of boiling water will bring about recovery to an extent that would have required several days' rest at the ordinary temperatures. This fact explains the advantage to be derived from the familiar practice of "steaming" a razor before use; it has often been thought that the effect of this operation was a purely sanitary one in destroying any bacteria that

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might be present on the blade, but we now see that the real gain is to the elasticity of the steel itself.

Before we leave the razor and the microscope, it is well worth while looking at the edge in a different way; this time the razor-blade need not be embedded in copper or submitted to any treatment rendering it useless for future shaving—it is merely necessary to lay the blade sideways under the microscope in such a way that the edge comes into the field of view. The smoothness—or roughness—of the edge can be well seen in this way, and the appearance presented by a razor in good condition, capable of shaving without scratching or dragging, is seen in the above picture (No. 5). The edge is full of minute irregularities, distinctly reminding one of the teeth of a tiny saw. At first sight one would imagine that these irregularities must be a disadvantage and interfere with the smooth cutting of the razor. Now, although it is by no means an easy matter to get rid of these minute irregularities from the edge of a razor, by the aid of special materials and appliances it can be done, and a perfectly smooth edge is then produced. Such an edge is shown in our last picture (No. 6), which, like No. 5, is magnified five hundred times. If such a smooth edge be tried in the hope of obtaining an easy shave a great disappointment will await the enthusiastic experimenter; a blade with such an edge simply will not cut at all — it has no "bite" in it and slips harmlessly over hairs or other small obstacles.



NO. 5.—A SIDE VIEW OF THE EDGE OF A RAZOR IN GOOD CONDITION, SHOWING THE SAW-LIKE IRREGULARITIES WHICH MAKE SHAVING EASY.

The microscope has thus shown us several somewhat unexpected facts about razors and the way in which they do their work; it has shown us that the edge of the sharpest razor still has a minute but measurable width, that the direction of our last stroke on the strop affects the way the razor works, and that a really sharp razor-edge must resemble an extremely minute saw, while finally the microscope helps us to understand why razors "go stale" if used too long without a rest. Had we pursued the matter farther, our sections could have been made to show us the minute details of the structure of the steel itself, and from this we could have seen whether the steel of which the razor was made was of good quality, and whether it had been properly hardened and tempered when the blade was made; but these are matters more for the man who makes razors, while those which we have tried to explain really concern every man who uses a razor, and will, perhaps, give him a little more interest and respect for the delicate instrument he handles.



NO. 6.—A RAZOR WITH A PERFECTLY SMOOTH EDGE, WITH WHICH IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO SHAVE AT ALL.

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TWO ON AN ISLAND.

By C. C. Andrews.

AFTERWARDS the Duchess never understood precisely what it was that had roused her from her reverie. It is certain that she glanced up with a sudden remembrance of herself, of the island, of everything, and, doing so, uttered a cry of dismay. There, at a distance of some two miles or so, stretched the line of the shore, and midway between herself and it was the boat which had brought her, rowing placidly away. Lost in her thoughts, she had failed to hear the boatmen call their passengers together, and it had occurred to nobody that their cargo was one short. She was alone on the island.

As this appalling conviction came home to her the Duchess scrambled briskly to her feet. Slipping in shoes inconveniently high-heeled, she ran down to the edge of the water. She waved an ineffectual handkerchief, she stamped an unavailing foot, she shouted in a voice which, in her own ears, sounded ridiculously inadequate and small—the boat floated on, undisturbed, unheeding. Finally, she sat down upon a rock and bitterly told herself that she was a fool!

It had been foolish, absurd, to come to the island at all; she had never taken the slightest interest in that rocky little haunt of gulls and curlews, or felt the least inclination to examine it. Perhaps she had been seized with the impulse as she strolled upon the sands this afternoon because the just-about-to-embark cargo of trippers had seemed so cheerful. And she herself was feeling quite the reverse of cheerful. To listen to the inconsequent talk and laughter of these people would distract her thoughts. And the island looked singularly remote and peaceful. A little peace, a little solitude, seemed to be just the things she needed—before the evening. Once the evening was over—well, things would be different. Eleanor would be delighted, Charles congratulatory, she herself—settled. During the year of her widowhood they had been very good to her, but even the kindest of sisters and the best of brothers-in-law may occasionally jar. They had not concealed their opinion that it did not become her to remain a widow. The fact that her eight years of matrimony with her elderly Duke had not been in any sense a success did not apparently affect them—the Duke's temper, the Duke's jealousy, had been in fault. Also they were very happy themselves, which is, with some people, a clinching argument in favour of the rest of

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the world being so if only it chooses. That she retained her comfortable settlements in the event of re-marriage was another reason why she should essay a second venture. The Duke's jealousy, sufficiently objectionable and active in his lifetime, had not expressed itself in his will.

So, almost without a second thought, she had stepped into the boat. Even if these people looked at her they would see nothing to excite their curiosity in her plain holland frock, since the fact that it had been cut by a Bond Street *modiste* would naturally escape them. Such of these people as had looked at her had seen a slim young woman with a red belt round her holland waist and a red hat shading her grey eyes and covering her blonde hair. The Duchess had lately taken to looking for grey threads among that blonde hair—a process which, so far, was absurdly unnecessary.

The Duchess, seated on her rock, stared helplessly at the receding boat, growing smaller and smaller as it neared the hopelessly unattainable shore. Nobody had seen her leave the house, she remembered; she might not be missed for hours. And when she was missed nothing short of an absolute inspiration would suggest the island to anybody. It was possible—possible?—it was horribly probable!—that she might have to remain where she was all night! The Duchess was not specially strong-minded. Another moment would have launched her in the full tide of a flood of tears, when she looked up and saw the secretary coming.

She almost ran to meet him in her relief and delight; she very nearly stamped her foot in her anger and chagrin. It was such a joy to know that she was not alone on this horrible island; it was so intensely annoying that this particular man should be there. She had never attempted to disguise her conviction that Charles thought a great deal too much of his secretary. The man, of course, was clever, good-looking, well bred; she acknowledged all that, but—she objected to him. It was an added irritation that she could not quite clearly express why; certainly she would never have dreamed of telling Charles that there were times when the man's whole manner, the man's eyes, speaking through a bearing conventionally perfect, said things to her which they had no right to say. The few vague phrases in which she had more than once endeavoured to convey her dissatisfaction with the secretary had been received by Charles with a density that was a little trying; he would be lost, the busy politician declared, without Stanmore. His laudatory expressions with regard to Stanmore she had found only a degree less provoking than his stupidity. So the man remained, and his eyes, when sometimes she met them, his hand when—very rarely—it touched hers, continued to say things to her.

The Duchess rose to her feet. The secretary came up, lifting his cap. He wore light tweeds, and looked well in them.

"You are marooned, your Grace," he observed, quietly.

"Something like it, it seems!" The Duchess's tone was impatient; it suddenly dawned upon her that he did not look surprised. "You knew I was here?" she challenged him flatly.

"Certainly. I saw you arrive in the boat. And I did not see you go away in it. The other side of the island is the more picturesque; I thought you might be there, and have been looking," the secretary explained.

"Somehow I did not hear the boatmen call the people together—I was foolish to come; it is all most annoying!" said the Duchess. The faintest of blushes appeared in her pale face; perhaps because to say the words was to recall both her reverie and its subject. "I was not aware, Mr. Stanmore, that you were in the habit of coming here—if you are; but I am at any rate glad that you are here to-day. You rowed yourself over, of course? I shall have to trouble you to row me back again."

"I am happy to be of use and entirely at your Grace's service, of course," returned the secretary. "My boat is on the other side of the island. Shall I row her round? But if you will walk it will save time. The path is pretty rough, though."

The path was very rough. The Duchess, electing to save time, execrated her folly once again and wished her Louis heels anywhere. As for the vaunted picturesqueness of the other side of the island, it may have been there, but she did not see it; she kept her eyes fixed upon the broad grey back before her—the secretary was a tall man. Once, when at a particularly ankle-twisting part of the way, he turned and took her hand to help her, he held it with a commendable lack of expression. And he said nothing, which was precisely what she wished him to say. By the time they reached the spot where his boat lay moored she had—for the nonce—almost forgiven him. A few yards before her he stopped and turned.

"I'm afraid your troubles are not over, Duchess!"

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His look was peculiar; his tone was no less so. Without knowing why, the Duchess felt a qualm of dismay.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

The secretary shrugged.

"That the genus tripper is objectionable at all times, and that when it is developed in the form of boy it is absolutely demoniacal," he returned. "The boat is scuttled."

"Scuttled?" cried the Duchess.

"Some young angel of that cargo has heaved a great lump of rock into her. She is half full of water."

The Duchessswept by and took one look; it was enough to turn her pale face paler with blank consternation.

"We can never row in that!"

"Quite impossible," confirmed the secretary.

"And there is no other way of leaving the island?"

"Until the tide goes down — none whatever."

"Why, that will be hours — six or seven!" cried the Duchess.

"Rather longer. As far as I recollect, it is not high tide until eight o'clock—a little more than two hours from now."

"Which means that we shall be able to walk—when?" the Duchess demanded.

The secretary consulted his watch.

"I should imagine," he said, consideringly, "somewhere between two and three o'clock in the morning."

"Two—and three——"

There was a convenient rock handy; the Duchess collapsed upon it. In the minute of awful silence which followed a gull overhead squawked derisively.

"I'm a fairly decent swimmer," began the secretary, slowly. "If——"

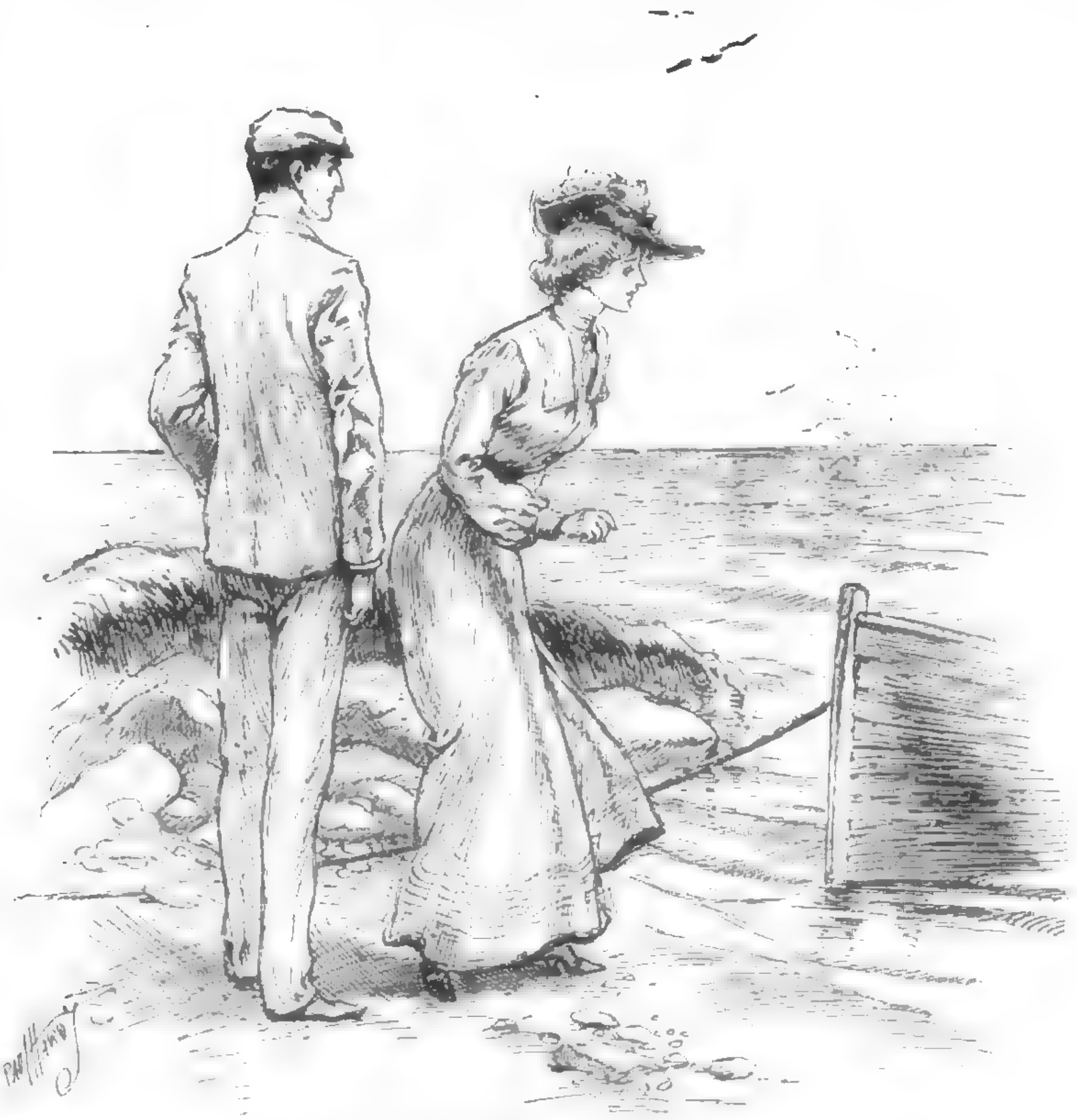
"Oh, don't talk nonsense!" said the Duchess, sharply. There are times when dignity perforce deserts the best of us. "You know it would be fearfully dangerous—there are those horrible freshet holes. And as though I should dare to be left alone here when it gets dark." She paused. "A boat may come near enough to see us," she suggested, hopefully.

"It may," allowed the secretary.

"You mean you don't think it is likely?"

"I have never seen one do so," said the secretary.

There was another silence. The Duchess,



"WE CAN NEVER ROW IN THAT!"

sitting forlorn on the rock in her holland frock, staring hopelessly across those two dreadful miles of water, looked young and helpless and very sweet. The secretary, standing at her side, put his hands in his pockets with an air of being on the whole resigned to circumstances. She spoke first, recovering, as far as might be, her usual manner. Alone, she could have comforted herself by crying. As things were, it was an indulgence not to be thought of

"It is most annoying," she said—"worse than annoying. But I suppose that I—we—must make the best of it. Fortunately an August night is not likely to be cold.

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Perhaps you can show me some sheltered spot where I can sit down."

"I think I can," said the secretary.

He led the way. The Duchess made no objection when presently, with a word of apology, he took her arm to help her along a rugged track which could not be called a path; there was, she reflected, something comforting and supporting in having one's arm taken. Also, it flashed into her head that, putting his objectionableness on one side, he was the man for the situation. His proximity was cheering, sustaining, in those respects resembling his hold upon her arm. "I'm afraid this is the best I can do, your Grace."

The Duchess looked about her. The track had terminated in a cave in a high granite wall. At its entrance it was more than high enough to stand erect in. Its floor was the softest yellow sand. Two or three shelving points of rock were at a convenient height for seats. She sat down.

"Is this your private retreat, Mr. Stanmore?"

"I don't claim exclusive proprietorship, though I don't fancy many people know of it," returned the secretary. His manner changed, losing its formality; he laughed with a boyish gaiety and ease. "You said just now, Duchess, that we must make the best of it. Allow me to help you to do so. You would like a cup of tea?"

"Don't!" beseeched the Duchess, piteously.

"Why 'don't'?"

"Because it is impossible."

"Impossible? Not at all."

He dived into the back of the cave; to her amazement he disappeared in the darkness. In a minute he became visible again, carrying a great hamper-like basket, and trailing a rug and a cloak over his arm.

"I believe in precaution," he remarked. "If any trippers ever do invade the cave, I don't think they discover either my storehouse or my little conveniences. If you will stand up I can make your seat more comfortable with this rug."

The Duchess stood up. Sitting down again upon the folded rug, she looked at the very complete and commodious tea-basket which he was opening. And it was at this juncture that she smiled for the first time.

"One would fancy," she suggested, "that you had expected to be marooned here."

"You think so? No; I can't say that the idea ever occurred to me," returned the secretary. "But the island is rather a favourite haunt of mine, and I have reached an age when I like my comforts. Hence my tea-basket, which I am sorry to say contains nothing more substantial in the eating line than biscuits. The milk difficulty I have got over by discovering a brand of jugged cream which remains all that cream should be for quite a respectable length of time, if judiciously treated. The rug I have often found handy, and my old cloak—which you may be glad of presently—has been half over the world with me. This spirit-stove is a gem in its way, and will not keep you waiting long. As to water, do you hear nothing? Listen."

The Duchess listened.

"Running water," she said.



"'ONE WOULD FANCY,' SHE SUGGESTED, 'THAT YOU HAD EXPECTED TO BE MAROONED HERE.'"

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"Yes; a natural spring in the rock. In the course of Heaven knows how many ages it has worn a basin and groove for itself, and leaves the rest of my storehouse dry."

The Duchess made no reply. She sat watching him as he disembowelled the tea-basket, absently noting his broad shoulders, his close-cropped dark head and square forehead, the really excellent lines of his mouth and chin. To look at, the man was certainly all that a man need be — she had always acknowledged it. The boyish gleam of gaiety which brightened his dark eyes was an improvement upon his usual gravity. Not for the first time, something vague, swift, intangible, flitted across her — he reminded her of something, of somebody; the impression had never been so strong before. And then, in a flash, her fancy conjured up the vision of another face. Its high, thin features, cold blue eyes, and light hair, scanty and grey upon the temples, did not appeal to her any more than did the narrow-shouldered, slightly-stooping figure, or the somewhat harsh, always pragmatical, voice. She remembered that, according to "Debrett," infallible and merciless, Lord Arthur Culverton would be fifty-two upon his next birthday.

The tea was perfect; the secretary showed himself an adept in its making. The Duchess, sipping it, and eating biscuits from a Japanese serviette spread over her holland knees, found herself presently talking and even laughing as though this catastrophe were in reality the merriest of jokes. In spite of her eight years of matrimony—and the Duke—there were times still when she was very young. She shivered a little presently, and the secretary took up the cloak.

"You are cold. Let me put this round you," he said.

His manner was pleasantly authoritative; he had retained his easy gaiety. The Duchess shook her head. The delicate colour in her generally pale cheeks had faded suddenly.

"Thank you—presently. I am not cold." She looked past him at the distant shore; the setting sun was turning sky and sea into a flaming picture of blazing scarlets, gorgeous purples, gleaming golds. "It is growing late, is it not?"

"About half-past six, I should fancy," said the secretary. He looked at his watch. "Twenty minutes to seven," he announced. He returned the watch to his pocket. "Otherwise," he concluded, deliberately, "Lord Arthur is due in something under a quarter of an hour."

"Oh!" ejaculated the Duchess.

She stared—the stare was haughtily interrogative. The secretary made a deprecating gesture.

"Oh, yes," he confessed, composedly, "I know. Sir Charles, as you are aware, is good enough to treat me—well, confidentially."

The Duchess declined a reply; she was too angry to make one. She would never, she thought wrathfully, forgive Charles for this. It was a betrayal of confidence! He had no right—absolutely no right—to tell anyone whatsoever that the note she had written to Lord Arthur, though containing nothing but an assurance that she would receive his proposed visit with pleasure, was really equivalent to an acceptance of the proposal which she knew he would come to make. How much less right, then, to tell this particular man? It was unspeakably annoying, humiliating; Charles, when she saw him, should certainly suffer. But since the man did know—well, so much the better. It would put an end, at once and effectually, to the absurd ideas, presumptions, pretensions, which she declined to particularize to herself. But it had been execrable taste in him to tell her that he knew—a liberty not excusable. She looked up and found him looking at her. The look lasted. Under it she was furious to feel her cheeks blaze.

"No," he said, composedly, and as if she had spoken. "You are quite mistaken, Duchess. It will not make the least difference in the world."

"Difference?" the Duchess echoed.

"In what you meant when you looked at me," said the secretary.

"I don't know what you mean," said the Duchess, haughtily.

"No? I mean," explained the secretary, "your engagement to Lord Arthur. Until you have absolutely married him—or somebody else—I shall never give up hoping that I may make you understand how infinitely much better it will be for you to marry me."

"Oh!" the Duchess gasped again. Perhaps she had never before poignantly regretted that she was a person of inconsiderable inches and no particular presence—she made the most of what she possessed of both, "I will not say, Mr. Stanmore, what I think of your having chosen this time and place for such a—such a declaration. And I prefer not to speak of the annoyance which I have suffered from your manner in the past. You

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forget yourself—your position—and mine. I shall speak to Sir Charles. He will hardly, I think, disregard such a complaint as I shall make. You will be good enough, if you please, to consider yourself as no longer in his employment."

The Duchess had risen; now she sat down again. She would have liked to march out of the cave, but to do so would look so abjectly like running away. Let him go, whipped by her tirade. She was fluttered by having delivered it; she was naturally a sweet-tempered person.

"In one thing, at least, I am entirely at one with your Grace," said the secretary, quietly. "A complaint from you to Sir Charles will, of course, ensure my dismissal. If it is to be made——"

"It will certainly be made!" declared the Duchess.

"Since it is to be made," corrected the secretary, imperturbably, "it follows that I may consider myself—to quote your Grace's words—as no longer in Sir Charles's employment. Being, therefore, no longer in a—shall we say—in a subordinate capacity——"

"It is absolutely immaterial," said the Duchess.

"In a subordinate capacity," continued the secretary, "I may be permitted to say a little more. I fear you consider that I have taken a liberty?"

"An unpardonable liberty!" amended the Duchess, with severity.

"That seems hard," complained the secretary.

"Hard?" echoed the Duchess, helplessly.

"Very hard," affirmed the secretary. "A man is hardly to be blamed for falling in love with the most charming woman of his acquaintance. And having done so he is surely within his right if he does his best to get her." He paused and sighed. "I understand that I am unequivocally rejected?"

"Most unequivocally!" declared the Duchess.

"It's a great pity!" said the secretary, sadly.

"Pity?" repeated the Duchess, still more helplessly.

"For your sake as well as for mine," explained the secretary, hastily. "I am not, I hope, taking a purely selfish view." He stared before him with an air regretfully contemplative. "You see, if you had given me a chance we would have had such an awfully good time!"

"Really, Mr. Stanmore——" began the Duchess, satirically.

"Yes, really," confirmed the secretary. He had been looking shoreward; now he looked at her. "An awfully good time, which at any rate might have claimed the attraction of novelty. For I should fancy that even the Duke——"

"The Duke!" echoed the Duchess. A sudden spasm of recklessness invaded her. He knew—oh, without doubt he knew!—that she had never wanted to marry the Duke, and what a dreary and ignominious failure had been those eight years! "When a girl marries—is married to a man five-and-thirty years older than herself," she said, bitterly, "she hardly expects a good time."

"Quite so," agreed the secretary. "Which makes it, if I may say so, singular that you do not exhibit more prudence in your present arrangements. Now, Lord Arthur——"

"Lord Arthur," stated the Duchess, firmly, "is an excellent man."

"The word photographs him!" declared the secretary, admiringly. "Only——"

"Whatever your opinion may be—and it doesn't in the least matter," resumed the Duchess, loftily—"he is a man of whom you must of necessity speak well."

"He is a man," agreed the secretary, in a consoling voice, "of whom everybody speaks well!" He paused and sighed again. "Regarded as the prospective husband of a wife whose interests are bounded by the Budget and Blue-books, by the Far East and the Fiscal Question, he is altogether admirable—perfect! But as for giving her—that is, you—a good time——"

"Really," interrupted the Duchess, icily, "I don't wish to rebuke you again for taking liberties, but——"

"But," pleaded the secretary, "being no longer in a subordinate capa——"

"Don't use that ridiculous phrase!" cried the Duchess, irritably.

"May I suggest," went on the secretary, "that Lord Arthur—shall we say—in the domestic circle——"

"I prefer not to discuss the subject," said the Duchess.

"Naturally," agreed the secretary, soothingly.

There was a silence. The Duchess shivered once more; the cave was chilly. The secretary took up the cloak.

"You will take cold; you must let me put this round you," he said.

His manner was masterful; the Duchess submitted. Sitting down again, she put up her hands to her hat. Even an offended

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silence cannot last for ever. She broke it, her tone petulant.

"It is heavy—it hurts my head," she said.

"Allow me," said the secretary.

Her fingers had fumbled; his found the pins with remarkable dexterity. But he must have been clumsy in some way, for a long coil of blonde hair fell shining down her shoulder. She began to twist it up again, the red hat upon her knees.

"It is just as yellow," said the secretary.

The Duchess, pausing, stared.

"I have sometimes wondered," went on the secretary, thoughtfully, "whether it was quite as bright, but now I see it so near I see there is no difference — no, not the veriest shade."

"What do you mean?" demanded the Duchess.

"Look!" returned the secretary.

He had drawn a case out of his pocket. From it he took a packet folded in silk paper, opened, and put it into her hands. The Duchess gave a cry. A long tress of yellow hair curled over her fingers, of the very shade of the fallen coil. She stared from it to him, her grey eyes wide.

"Oh!" she cried. "Why, it looks like my hair."

"It is your hair."

"Mine?"

"Yours."

"In your possession!" cried the Duchess.

"Why not? You gave it to me," said the secretary.

"I gave it to you?"

"Certainly."

"To you? I did?"

"You did. If I had become possessed of it in any other way I might not have valued it quite so much." He smiled. "In one respect it is like my old cloak—it has been half over the world with me."

"With you?" repeated the Duchess, confusedly. She had sprung to her feet as she stared at him; the unheeded hat fell into the tea-basket. Now her pale cheeks suddenly fired red; she caught his arm. "Oh!" she gasped, "you can't be—you are not Jim —Jim Lorrimer?"

"I have wondered for almost a year whether you would find it out or I should have to tell you after all," said the secretary.



"'OH!' SHE GASPED, 'YOU CAN'T BE—YOU ARE NOT JIM—JIM LORRIMER?'"

"But—but your name is Stanmore!" cried the Duchess.

"Yes—now. I came into some money from an uncle on condition that I took his name," explained the secretary. "Not a great fortune, but enough, I thought then, to enable me to marry." He paused. "So I came back to England as quickly as I could. You had been married just six weeks."

"And — and then?" murmured the Duchess.

"I went away again. It seemed the only thing to do. I felt, I confess, that the Fates had treated me rather scurvily." He paused as before. "I came back when you had been a widow a month," he concluded, quietly.

The Duchess said nothing. She was, perhaps, remembering that she had been a

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widow of only two months, swamped in crape, when he had made his first appearance as Charles's secretary. He moved a pace nearer.

"Do you remember, Nan," he asked, gently—"now?"

The Duchess made no answer. Her eyes were fixed upon the long blonde tress in her hand. Did she remember? How well she remembered—now! Nan had been her favourite brother Frank's pet name for her; she had often thought bitterly that she would not have been cajoled and tormented into marrying the Duke if only Frank had lived. Jim Lorrimer had been his friend at school and college; he had spent nearly the whole of one brilliant summer with them in the old place close by the sea, but it was only when no one but Frank could hear that he, too, had been permitted to call her Nan. Neither her mother nor Eleanor would have approved of it, although she was but a slip of a girl, with yellow hair in a fleece down to her waist and skirts up to her ankles, and he a dark-eyed, sunburnt boy barely of age. One day, the last of his stay—for he was going abroad to be secretary to the secretary of some very great man—they had had a picnic among the sandhills, and she and Jim had wandered away and lost themselves for a while. It was then that he had begged for the lock of hair. Neither of them had possessed scissors, but Jim had a knife; they had hacked it off somehow. Perhaps she had promised that she would never forget him; certainly he had declared that he would get rich and come back. And—and there had been something else, too. Of course she had not meant it. But Jim's dark eyes had been so imploring, he had looked so handsome and so much in earnest, and Eleanor—who should have looked after her better—was coming very near. So—well, she had given him—no, he had taken—something besides the hair. Surely he did not recollect that? She met the dark eyes which it now seemed impossible that she could ever have forgotten. To her horror, he spoke as if that last dismaying thought had been blurted into speech.

"Yes," he said, deliberately, "there was something else. I couldn't take it away with me, like the hair, but I recollect that I was a thousand times more bent upon getting it. But you knew that, of course, or you would not——"

"I never did!" denied the Duchess, hotly.

"Pardon me," said the secretary.

"You say I——" began the Duchess, indignantly.

"Twice," affirmed the secretary, with decision. He stared shoreward with his former contemplative air. "If your sister," he observed, slowly, "had not been quite so near I almost believe that it might have——"

"If I did," amended the Duchess, hurriedly, "you know perfectly well that I did not understand."

"Oh, I protest!" exclaimed the secretary.

"Protest?" echoed the Duchess.

"I decline altogether," declared the secretary, firmly, "to believe that even at one-and-twenty I was such a fool as to fail to make you most completely understand."

"I was sixteen," said the Duchess, impatiently.

"It was young," admitted the secretary. He looked at her. "It would be mere unmeaning flattery to assert that at present you look no older."

"Older! It is fifteen years ago," said the Duchess, mournfully.

"Just fifteen," assented the secretary. He smiled. "No—I'm afraid there is no denying it."

"Denying what?" asked the Duchess.

"That it makes you thirty-one," said the secretary.

"I know," sighed the Duchess.

"At present," added the secretary.

"At present?" echoed the Duchess.

"As the wife of Lord Arthur, I can hardly imagine you feeling—or looking—a day under forty-five," explained the secretary.

"You need not say so, I think!" observed the Duchess, with resentment.

"It does seem unkind," allowed the secretary. He touched the yellow lock as it lay across her knee. "It is a good deal jagged at the end, where it was cut, you see. Do you remember the knife, and how you——"

"I remember nothing whatever about it!" asserted the Duchess, stiffly.

"I am more—unfortunate," returned the secretary. "But I have walked so often in my fancy among those old sandhills that I suppose it is natural. I told you that day that if I lived I would come back, and asked you if, when we were both old enough and I was rich enough, you would——"

"No, no, you did not! You said you would ask me nothing then—it should be when you came back," contradicted the Duchess, hastily.

"It is extraordinary," commented the secretary, reflectively, "how little one really forgets, after all!"

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The Duchess said nothing. She bit her lips, wrathful that she had not bitten them sooner. The secretary stooped and drew the blonde lock away.

"This at least is mine," he observed, quietly. The Duchess made no answer. She rose and moved slowly out of the cave. In a moment his voice spoke at her shoulder.

"Was it good to be sixteen, Nan?" he asked, gently.

"I—suppose so." She would not look at him; her eyes were full of tears.

"Why, so do I—that it was good to be one-and-twenty!" He laughed suddenly; it was just Jim's old laugh. "Be sixteen again, Nan," he said.

"Again?" echoed the Duchess. She looked at him, forgetting her wet eyes.

"Yes; for a little while, why not? You are going to marry Lord Arthur; the old time can never come back; you will never give me a lock of your hair or—anything again. But the next few hours are ours, at any rate. The island is sufficiently like the sandhills; we can lose ourselves if we try. Shall we pretend to be boy and girl again, who are going to say good-bye—to-morrow?"

"Pretend? At thirty-one? Oh, as if one could!" sighed the Duchess, wistfully.

"Your hair is just as yellow, Nan," said the secretary.

"It is so—absurd," hesitated the Duchess.

"To pass the time," urged the secretary.

"Well, it might do that," allowed the Duchess, doubtfully. She, too, laughed—it was rather hysterical. "How does one pretend, pray?" she demanded.

"It will come absolutely easy, once we start," declared the secretary. "Do we pretend, then?"

"I—perhaps—if you like," faltered the Duchess. "But——"

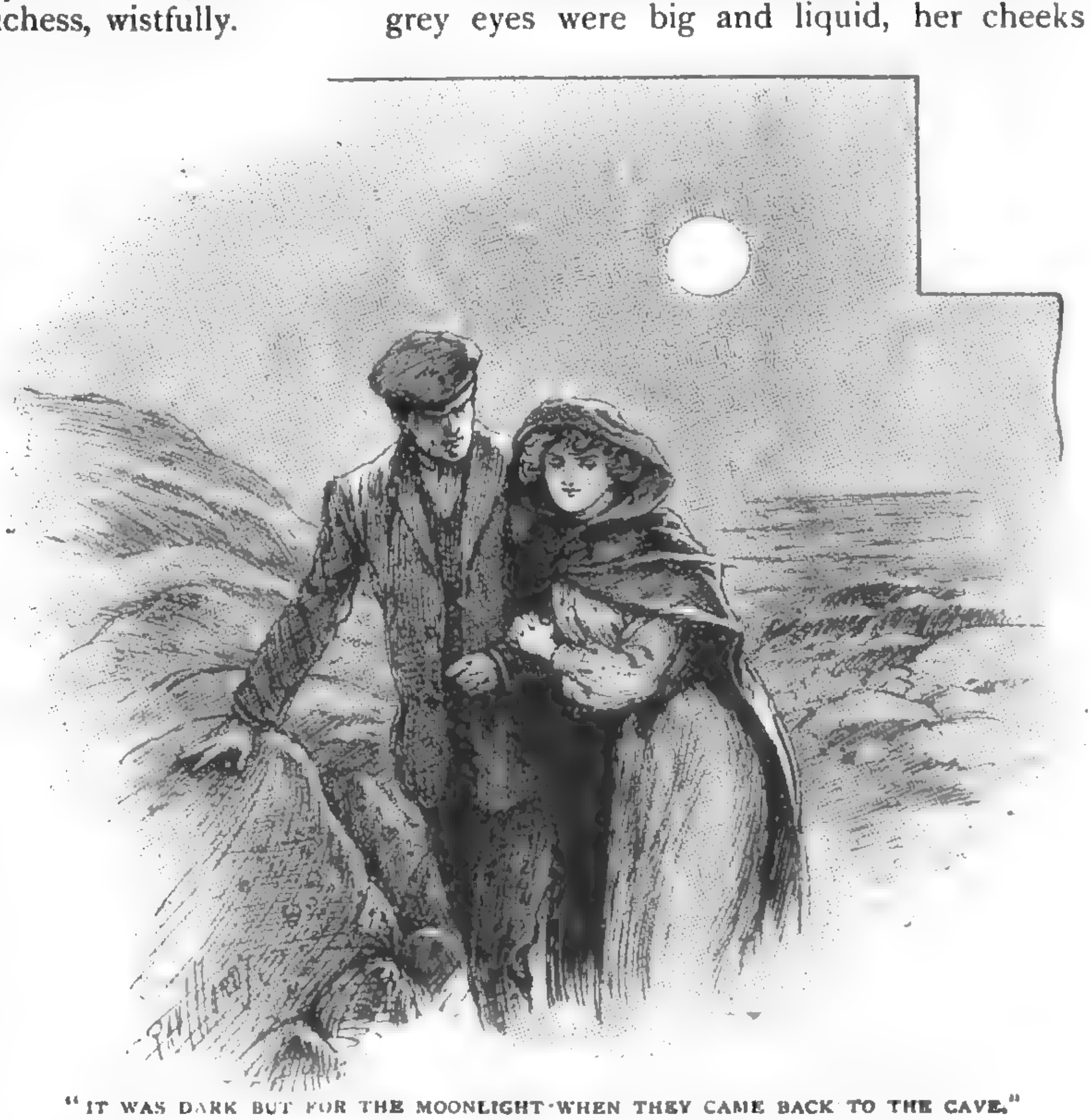
"But has nothing to do with pretending," interrupted the secretary. "To begin with, let me fasten that cloak for you, dear." He stopped as she drew back from his advance. "It might occur to you," he said, reproachfully, "that in a case of this sort a man can't possibly pretend by himself!"

"I—suppose he can't," conceded the Duchess.

"For instance, I have a name," suggested the secretary.

"So you have," agreed the Duchess. A second spasm of recklessness seized her; perhaps never since she was sixteen had the dimple beside her lips been so deep in a cheek so pink as when she lifted her chin to have the cloak fastened. She laughed gaily and took his arm. "The other side of the island looks pretty, Jim," she said. "Let us go and see what we can find over there."

They found nothing in particular over there, unless it was seaweed and puddles. Possibly they did not look. The glamour of the sandhills rested upon the island and the sea; the girl of sixteen walked again with the boy of one-and-twenty. It was dark but for the moonlight when they came back to the cave. Under the cape of the old cloak, folded hoodwise over her head, the Duchess's grey eyes were big and liquid, her cheeks



"IT WAS DARK BUT FOR THE MOONLIGHT WHEN THEY CAME BACK TO THE CAVE."

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dimpled and pink ; the pretending had been a great success, it seemed.

"You are tired?" asked the secretary.

"Absurdly sleepy," owned the Duchess.

"But not cold?"

"Not in the least cold."

"You will not be, in the cave, if you keep the cloak well round you, and I hope you will sleep." He dropped her hand—he had been holding her hand ; it was so, he had reminded her, that the boy and girl had walked among the sandhills—there was a return of formal stiffness to his voice. "By the time the tide is out it will be light enough for me to walk ashore. You will not be nervous at being alone?"

"No-o-o," said the Duchess, rather faintly.

"I'll rouse up your maid and bring a carriage as far as it can come. For the first half-mile you must walk, I'm afraid—I'll see that the maid brings you a cloak and some better shoes for the purpose. Now, I'll spread out that rug. You may as well be as comfortable as circumstances admit of."

"Thanks. What will you do?" asked the Duchess.

"I? Oh, I'll walk up and down here and smoke until it's light. You need not be nervous," returned the secretary, curtly.

In the cave it was quite dark. The Duchess laughed half hysterically as she felt her way to where the rug lay spread on the couch of yellow sand. She put out her hand in the velvet blackness.

"Good night," she said.

"Good night," answered the secretary.

His clasp closed warmly over her fingers. The Duchess half started back, suddenly scared and scarlet. But she only felt his lips upon her hand. She fell asleep to the sound of his footsteps as he paced to and fro before the cave.

The Duchess awoke with a start and a shiver. The grey light of early morning filled the cave ; the secretary's tall figure stood at the entrance. He advanced as she confusedly struggled to her feet.

"I have brought the carriage, your Grace," he said, formally, "and your maid is here. I am sorry that you must walk the first half-mile, but it is unavoidable. There are some rather deep rivulets to cross, but you will manage well enough if you allow me to help you. I will wait outside until you are ready."

He waited outside until the Duchess came out, sensibly shod, decorously cloaked and hatted. Across the dismal waste of wet sand, intersected by the rivulets of which he had spoken, and dotted with islets and layers of seaweed-covered rock, the waiting carriage was visible in the slowly-brightening grey light. The maid, French, brisk, miraculously neat, much disgusted with the footway, went first, carrying the shoes with the Louis heels. The Duchess broke the silence as she was helped over the first rivulet.

"Francine tells me," she said, "that Lord Arthur did not arrive last night."

"So I understand," rejoined the secretary.

"He wired to Sir Charles that business unavoidably detained him."

"A man so devoted to so many duties naturally lets less important things slide," said the secretary.

"He wired that he would take the night train from town," said the Duchess.

"Your Grace," rejoined the secretary, gravely consulting his watch, "will reach the house a good three hours before him."

Silence. A gull screamed overhead. The first brightness of the rising sun spread across the dismal stretch of sand. The maid, with a sharp little staccato scream and much frantic clutching at nothing, just saved herself from collapse upon a particularly slippery rock.

"Jim!" said the Duchess, in a little voice.

"Yes," answered the secretary, stopping.

"It—it was you who left off pretending, you know," murmured the Duchess.

"Pretending," retorted the secretary, staring straight before him, "appears to me to be an unsatisfactory sort of business."

"Not if you don't leave off, perhaps," suggested the Duchess, in a still smaller voice. "And—if you like—we might go on a little longer."

"Until we get to the carriage? Thanks—it hardly seems worth while," said the secretary, dryly.

"You are abominably unkind!" declared the Duchess.

They were close upon another rivulet—a very deep one. The secretary, springing across and turning to look at her, saw her grey eyes all ada zle with tears.

"If I keep you standing there until Lord Arthur is translated into the Upper House or the seventh heaven," he threatened her, "you shall tell me what you mean!"

"Oh!" the Duchess stammered, rosy as a schoolgirl, "you--you know!"

"Ah!" said the secretary.

He was prompt—startlingly prompt—in proving that he knew. The maid, chancing to glance round at the moment, was so

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utterly transfixed that she stopped short in a puddle, open-mouthed, to stare. The Duchess, set upon her feet on the shoreward side of the rivulet—she had been lifted up like a baby—was rosier than ever.

"I suppose," said the Duchess, with an air of circumspect consideration—"I suppose about as much as I do now."

The maid had further cause for amazement. They walked on. The maid, recovering, got herself out of the puddle. They were silent. Walking hand in hand, like the boy and girl of the sandhills, it seemed that they had nothing to say. The Duchess spoke as they reached the last rivulet, beyond which the carriage stood, the sleepy coachman yawning on the box.



"SHE HAD BEEN LIFTED UP LIKE A BABY."

"You should not!" she said, reproachfully.

"But it isn't for the first time," remonstrated the secretary.

"It was dear of you not to—last night," murmured the Duchess.

"It was heroic. Particularly as there was no one to see," agreed the secretary.

"Francine saw now," rebuked the Duchess.

"I wish she were Lord Arthur!" said the secretary.

"It was disgraceful of you to make me say it," complained the Duchess.

"Having been unequivocally rejected with what I should call contumely——" began the secretary.

"Don't be a goose!" reproved the Duchess.

"It naturally rankled," continued the secretary. He laughed, looking down at the shining eyes, pink cheeks, smiling lips, and tumbled blonde hair, which might well have been those of the girl of sixteen and the sandhills. "Nan, how much did you really hate me—before yesterday?"

"I believe," she said, accusingly, "that you scuttled that boat yourself! On purpose! Didn't you? Confess, now!"

The secretary carefully helped her over the last rivulet.

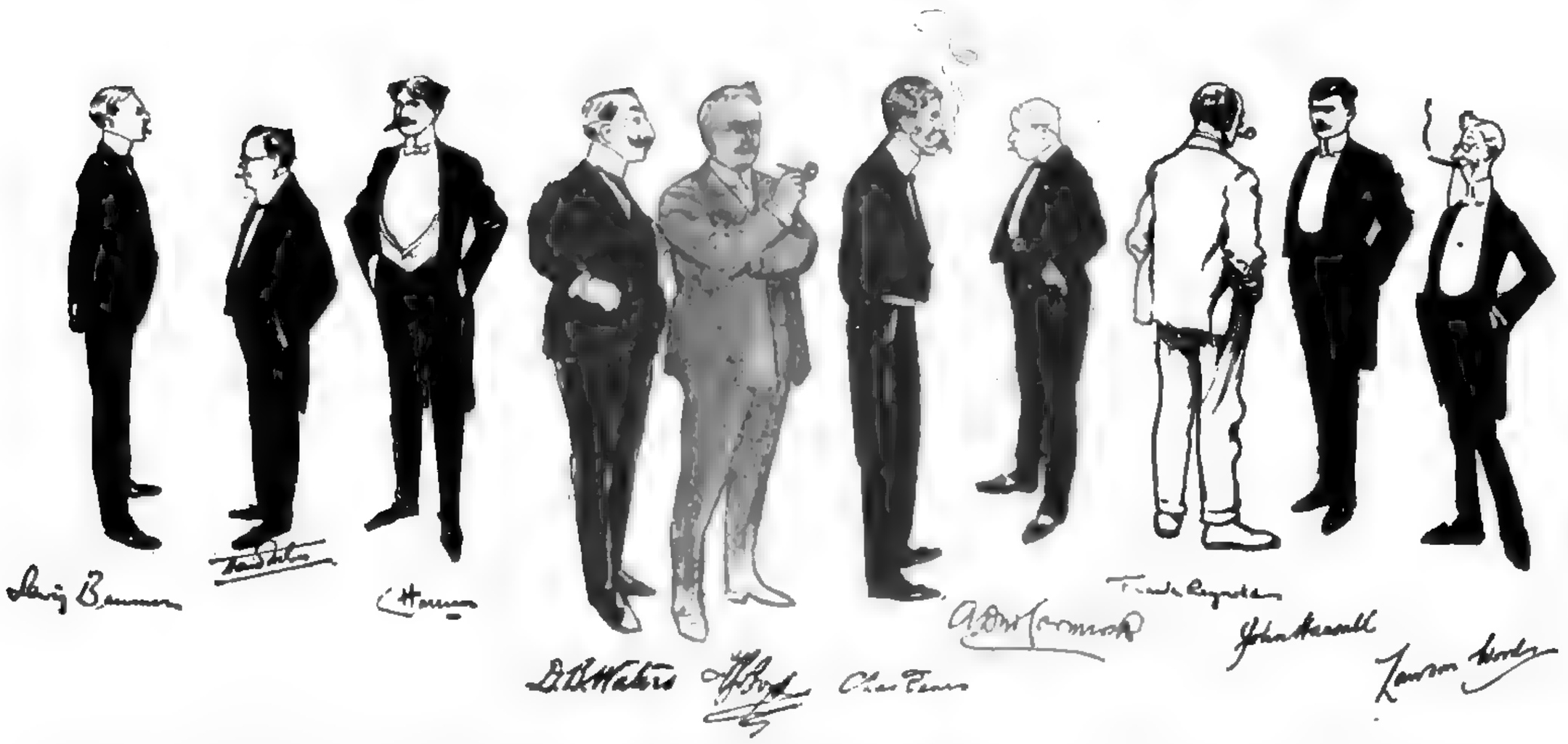
"Oh, I am innocent," he protested, gravely. "All I did was to throw half a crown to the young imp who heaved the rock into her. It was just before the other boat pushed off, and I knew you were not there." He paused. "It was money well invested," he said, critically. "For otherwise you——"

"Don't!" whispered the Duchess.

She turned and kissed her hand to the island. In the light of the rising sun it shone glorified, enchanted, like a fairy island in a dream.

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The Chronicles of the Strand Club.



In the above group a number of Members of the Club have attempted, with more or less success, to delineate themselves. In order that there should be no mistake in identity, each artist has thoughtfully subjoined his autograph.

XIV.

"IS British Humour Doomed?" was the title suggested for a paper to be read by Artemus W. Dolamore at the second annual meeting of the Strand Club. Hassall kindly volunteered to illustrate it by a series of lantern slides representing extinct humorists and subjects of British humour.

"Even the Zoo," murmured Boyle, "is not so funny as it was. Look at the lion! How ineffably comic he used to seem to me in those dear, bygone days when our friend Shepherd drew him waltzing pleasantly through the verdant pleasances of Regent's Park with a coquettish alligator!"

"But there are the Royal Academy and Mr. Plowden!" pleaded Lorrison.

"Nothing can atone for the loss of the 'bus-driver," returned Hassall, sadly. "And the cabman is fast disappearing!"

Lorrison: That reminds me. Here is a conversation I overheard this morning. One pedestrian remarked to a cabman:—

"How's the cab trade, mate?"

"'Orrid! W'y, it's that low I have to feed the 'oss on shavings."

"Shavings! Does he eat 'em?"

"Eat 'em? Look at 'im for a 'appy 'oss! I



HALLARD'S IDEA OF THE HORSE THAT WORE GREEN SPECTACLES.

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bought 'im a pair of green spectacles, and blow me if 'e doesn't think 'e's a-feastin' on lettuce!"

At the personal request of the Chairman Hallard gave a comic rendering of the incident. Hallard's horses, it may be pointed out, are not at all like Rosa Bonheur's.



BOOTH'S ILLUSTRATION TO HIS OWN STORY OF THE WITTY CABMAN.

Booth: I also overheard rather a funny thing the other day. A jovial-looking Jehu had narrowly escaped fouling a very attenuated member of his own profession, who proceeded to express in vigorous language his profound contempt for the miscreant's person in general, and for his eyesight in particular.

"Couldn't yer see me?" he gibed.

Instantly came back the retort: "'Ow could I? *Yer had yer whip in front of yer.*"

After a brief pause, during which the narrator roughly indicated the diagram illustrative of his narration, the topic of conversation shifted naturally from cabs to motors.

Hesketh declared that he had—or, at least, a friend of his had—seen a most original motor advertisement.

Hesketh: There have been so many motor accidents that victims are almost a drug in the market. I won't attempt to explain verbally, but with your permission I will call upon my friend David Waters to delineate the novel advertisement I spoke of.

Whereupon Waters rapidly sketched in the drawing reproduced below.



WATERS'S EXPLANATION OF THE NEW MOTOR-CAR ADVERTISEMENT.

Emberton: Apropos of lions—I think someone mentioned lions a few moments ago—a theatrical manager told me a story the other day of a lion in a travelling menagerie who was discovered one day by the patrons of the show literally heaped with floral wreaths. Someone asked the lady lion-tamer—"dompteuse," I believe they call them—"Why is your lion covered with wreaths?"

"Alas, sir!" she replied. "It is the anniversary of my husband's death. The lion swallowed him!"

The Chairman promptly called

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HASSALL'S ILLUSTRATION TO EMBERTON'S MENAGERIE REMINISCENCE.

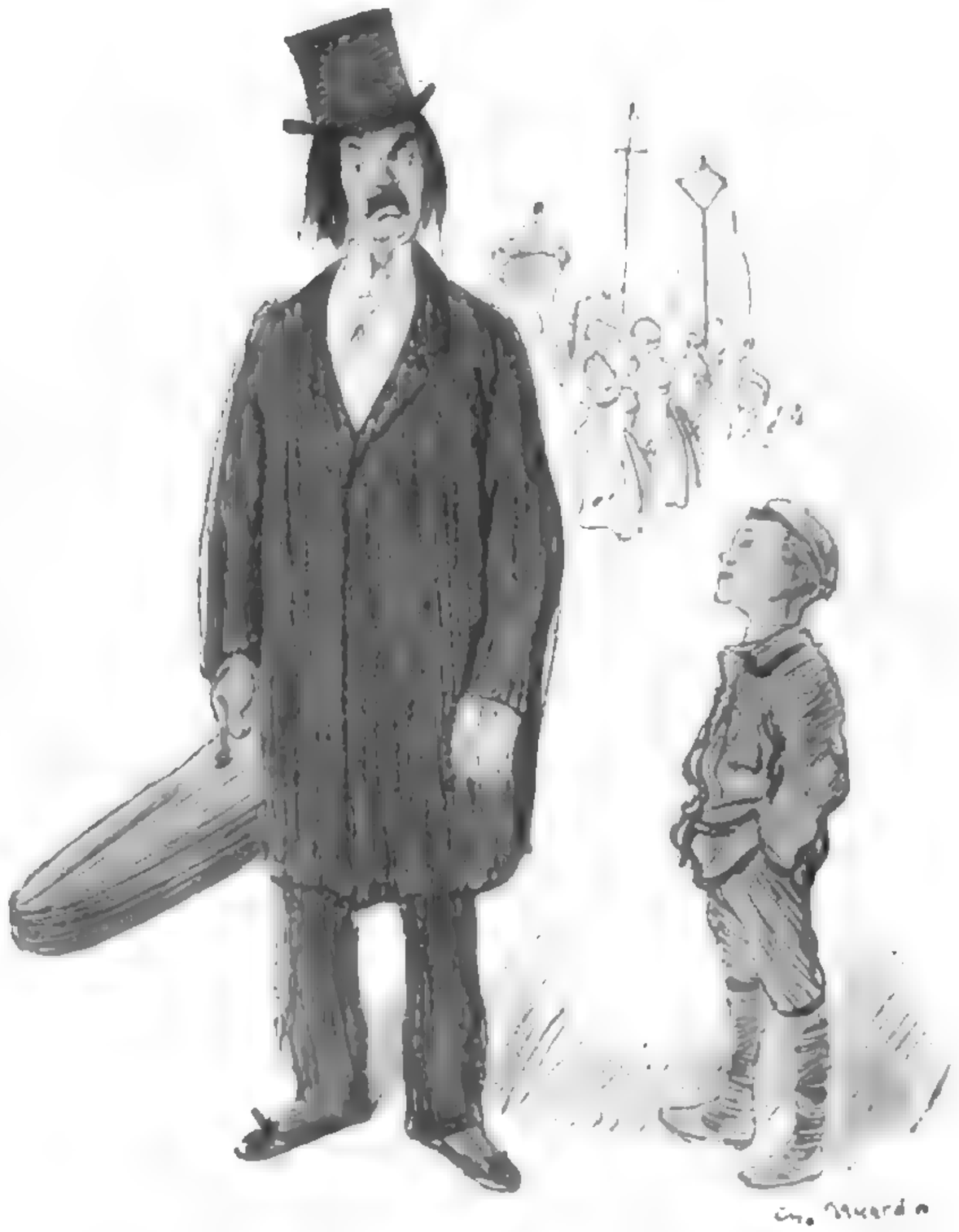
upon Hassall to produce a lion lightly limned at lightning speed.

"No slavish imitation of Briton Rivière will be tolerated," said the Chairman, and Hassall obeyed the injunction.

You may search Mr. Briton Rivière's works in vain and you will not come across a lion like that.

When Huard's turn came to oblige the company he remarked that he would simply set down as faithfully as he could, in the brief time he had at his disposal, a little scene he had recently witnessed in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden.

Huard: *Dramatis personæ:* A musician and a small boy. The musician looked like this—and with a few bold, well-placed strokes the artist produced an excellent portrait of a hirsute violinist on his way to the theatre, while at his side he portrayed a typical street gamin in the act of airing his recently-acquired Biblical knowledge: "Wot O, Absalom! Mind the tree!"



HUARD'S DELINEATION OF THE MUSICIAN AND THE STREET ARAB.

Garry: There is a good deal in the force of suggestion. The most amusing instance that I can recall happened to a friend of mine who was going picnicking with his family. He happened to be wearing a most ill-fitting pair of flannel trousers—the result, I suspect, of having been dipped in the river. I do not know whether you can

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BAUMER'S ILLUSTRATION TO GARRY'S CORK-SCREW ANECDOTE.

understand the kind of trousers I mean, but Baumer will oblige me by making it clear to you. I have already told him the story. Well, they had just left the house with the hamper and things when the wife suddenly caught sight of her husband's trousers.

"Oh, George!" she cried. "One of us will have to run back. We have forgotten the corkscrew!"

Nobody gazing upon the trousers delineated in Baumer's illustration could possibly forget such a thing as a corkscrew.

The anecdote related by Hesketh of the novel motor advertisement reminded Wornung of another yarn of the same kind. A sculptor had erected a statue of a certain statesman with his arm outstretched in close proximity to a small but enterprising tailor's shop. It occurred to the tailor that a good stroke of business might be achieved, so he hung up an intimation on the arm of the statue to the effect that frock-coats in that style could be had at a great reduction. Then he would go out and hail passers-by, who stopped to admire the proportions of the effigy, and call their attention to the fit of the deceased worthy's clothes, "which he had the honour of making himself."

David Wilson, who hastily sketched the scene, wondered it had not occurred to the tailor to fit one of his own coats on the statue, while another member suggested that the name of the tailor might be given to all sculptured garments. "Take the Peel statue!" he said. "Peel always went to Shoot's for his coats and Poole's for his trousers. Why shouldn't their respective names be inscribed on the bronze?"



DAVID WILSON'S SKETCH TO EXPLAIN THE STORY OF THE ADVERTISING STATUE.

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BOYD'S ILLUSTRATION TO HIS OWN STORY OF THE PUGNACIOUS COOK.

Boyd related a pathetic story of a diminutive gentleman who, after repeated trials, resolved to discharge his cook. He summoned her to his presence and informed her of his intention.

"Ho!" responded the gentle creature. "An' may I arsk what arrangements you are makin' for my removal?"

"Arrangements! What do you mean?"

"Well, it took six policemen to get me hout of my last place, and two of 'em was in 'orspital for a fortnight arterwards."

Pears: Gentlemen, you all seem to be full of misplaced ingenuity this evening. Might I suggest something practical as well as pictorial? A friend called upon me the other day with an idea which he intends to patent. It is a quadruplicate picture, really four pictures in one. It all depends on the way you hang it. This is the sort of thing I mean.

The artist then proceeded to illustrate the great invention which is to create a sensation in the picture-buying and picture-producing world.

"Think," he continued, "of the great saving in cost and in room to the patron who desires more than one picture. If you get tired of Orpheus supplicating, turn it upside down, or sideways, and you have excellent representations of the death of Thersippos, of a Greek acrobat, or of a warrior swimming. There ought to be thousands of pounds in the idea."

With Pears's sketch, the last on the Club easel, the evening, so far as jokes and stories were concerned, came to an end.



PEARS'S DIAGRAM TO EXPLAIN THE NEWLY-INVENTED QUADRUPLICATE PICTURE.

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Puck of Pook's Hill.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

VIII.

HAL O' THE DRAFT.

A RAINY afternoon drove Dan and Una over to play pirates in the Little Mill. If you don't mind rats on the rafters and oats in your shoes, the mill-attic, with its trap-doors and inscriptions on beams about floods and sweethearts, is a splendid place. It is lighted by a foot-square window, called Duck Window, that looks across to Little Lindens Farm, and the place where Jack Cade was killed.

As they climbed the attic ladder (they called it the mainmast tree, out of the ballad of Sir Andrew Barton, and Dan "swarved it with might and main," as the ballad says) they saw a man sitting on the window-sill. He was dressed in a plum-coloured doublet and tight plum-coloured hose, and he drew busily in a red-edged book.

"Sit ye! Sit ye!" Puck cried from a rafter overhead. "See what it is to be beautiful! Master Harry Dawe—pardon, Hal—says I am the very image of a head for a gargoyle."

The man laughed and raised his dark velvet cap to the children, and his grizzled hair bristled out in a stormy fringe. He was old—forty at least—but his eyes were young, with funny little wrinkles all round them. A satchel of embroidered leather hung from his broad belt, which looked interesting.

"May we see?" said Una, coming forward.

"Surely—sure-ly!" he said, moving up on the window-seat, and returned to his work with the silver-pointed pencil. Puck sat as though the grin were fixed for ever on his broad face, while they watched the quick, certain fingers that copied it. Presently the man took a reed pen from his satchel, and trimmed it with a little ivory knife, carved in the semblance of a fish.

"Oh, what a beauty!" cried Dan.

"'Ware fingers! That blade is perilous sharp. I made it myself of the best Low Country cross-bow steel. And so, too, this fish. When his back-fin travels to his tail—so—he swallows up the blade, even as the whale swallowed Gaffer Jonah. . . . Yes, and that's my ink-horn. I made the four silver apostles round it. Press Luke's head. It opens, and then———"

He dipped the trimmed pen, and with careful boldness began to put in the essential lines of Puck's rugged face, that



"THEY SAW A MAN SITTING ON THE WINDOW-SILL."

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had been but faintly revealed by the silver point.

The children gasped, for it fairly leaped from the page.

As he worked, and the rain fell, he talked —now clearly, now muttering, now breaking off to frown or smile at his work. He told them he was born at Little Lindens Farm, and his father used to beat him for drawing things instead of doing things, till an old priest called Father Roger, who drew illuminated letters in rich people's books, coaxed the parents to let him take the boy as a sort of painter's apprentice. Then he went with Father Roger to Oxford, where he cleaned plates and carried cloaks and shoes for the scholars of Merton College.

"Didn't you hate that?" said Dan.

"I never thought on't. Half Oxford was building new colleges or beautifying the old, and she had called to her aid the master-craftsmen of all Christendie—kings in their trade and honoured of Kings. I knew them. I worked for them: that was enough. No wonder ——" He stopped.

"You became a great man," said Puck.

"They said so. Even Bramante said so."

"Why? What did you do?" Dan asked.

The artist looked at him queerly. "Things in stone and such, up and down England. You would not have heard of 'em. To come nearer home, I re-builded this little St. Bartholomew church of ours. It cost me more trouble and sorrow than aught I've touched in my life. But 'twas a sound lesson."

"Um," said Dan. "We had lessons this morning, please."

"I'll not afflict ye, lad," said Hal, while Puck roared; "only 'tis strange to think how that little church was re-built, re-roofed, and made glorious, thanks to some few godly Sussex ironmasters, a Bristow sailor lad, a proud ass called Hal o' the Draft because, d'you see, he was always drawing and drafting; and"—he dragged the words slowly—"*and* a Scotch pirate."

"Pirate?" said Dan. He wriggled like a hooked fish.

"Even that Andrew Barton you were singing of on the stair just now." He dipped again in the ink-well, and held his breath over a sweeping line.

"Pirates don't build churches, do they?" said Dan. "Or *do* they?"

"They help mightily," Hal laughed. "But you were at your lessons this morn."

"Oh, pirates aren't lessons. It was only Bruce and his silly old spider," said Una. "Why did Sir Andrew Barton help you?"

"I question whether he ever knew it," said Hal, twinkling. "Robin, how a mischief's name am I to tell these innocents what comes of sinful pride?"

"Oh, we know all about *that*," said Una. "If you get too beany—that's cheeky—you get sat upon, of course."

Hal considered a moment, pen in air, and Puck said some long words.

"Aha! that was my case too," he cried. "I was proud of—of such things as porches—a Galilee porch at Lincoln for choice—proud of Torrigiano's arm on my shoulder, proud of my knighthood when I made the gilt scroll-work for *The Sovereign*—our King's ship. But Father Roger sitting in Merton Library, he did not forget me. At the top of my pride, when I should have builded the porch at Lincoln, he laid it on me with a terrible forefinger to go back to my Sussex clays and re-build, at my own charges, my own church, where us Dawes have been buried for ten generations. 'Out! Son of my Art!' said he. 'Fight the Devil at home ere you call yourself a man and a craftsman.' And I quaked, and I went. . . . How's yon, Robin?" He flourished the finished sketch before Puck.

"Me! Me past, peradventure," said Puck, smirking like a man at a mirror. "Ah, see! The rain has took off! I hate housen in daylight."

"Whoop! Holiday!" cried Hal, leaping up. "Who's for my Little Lindens? We can talk there."

They tumbled downstairs, and turned past the dripping willows by the sunny mill dam.

"Body o' me," said Hal, staring at the hop-garden, where the hops were just ready to blossom. "What are these vines? No, not vines, and they twine the wrong way to beans." He began to draw in his book.

"Hops. New since your day," said Puck. "They're an herb of Mars, and their flowers dried flavour ale. We say:—

'Turkeys, heresy, hops, and beer,
Came into England all in one year.'"

"Heresy I know. I've seen hops—God be praised for their beauty! What is Turkis?"

The children laughed. They knew the Lindens turkeys, and as soon as they reached Lindens orchard on the hill the full flock charged at them.

Out came Hal's book at once. "Hoity-toity!" he cried. "Here's Pride in purple feathers! Here's wrathy Contempt and the Pomps of the Flesh! How d'you call them?"

"Turkeys! Turkeys!" the children shouted, as the old gobbler raved and flamed against Hal's plum-coloured hose.

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"THEY TUMBLED DOWNSTAIRS, AND TURNED PAST THE DRIPPING WILLOWS BY THE SUNNY MILL DAM."

"Save Your Magnificence!" he said. "I've drafted two good new things to-day." And he doffed his cap to the bubbling bird.

Then they came through the grass to the knoll where Lindens stands. The old farm-house, weather-tiled to the ground, took almost the colour of a blood-ruby in the afternoon light. The pigeons pecked at the mortar in the chimney-stacks; the bees that had lived under the tiles for generations filled the hot August air with their booming; and the smell of the box-tree by the dairy-window mixed with the smell of earth after rain, bread after baking, and a tickle of wood-smoke.

The farmer's wife came to the door, baby on arm, shaded her brows against the sun, stooped to pluck a sprig of rosemary, and turned down the orchard. The old spaniel in his barrel barked once or twice to show he was in charge of the empty house. Puck clicked back the garden-gate.

"D'you marvel that I love it?" said Hal, in a whisper. "What can town folk know of the nature of housen—or land?"

They perched themselves a-row on the old hacked oak bench in Lindens garden, looking across the valley of the brook at the fern-covered dimples and hollows behind old Hobden's cottage. The old man was cutting a faggot there. It was quite a second after his chopper fell that the chump of the blow reached their lazy ears.

"Eh—yeh!" said Hal. "I mind when where that old gaffer stands was Nether Forge—Master John Collins's foundry. Many a night has his big trip-hammer shook me in my bed here. *Boom-bitty! Boom-bitty!* If the wind was east, I could hear Master Tom Collins's forge at Stockens answering his brother, *Boom-oop! Boom-oop!* and midway between Sir John Pelham's sledge-hammers at Brightling would strike in like a pack o' scholars, and '*Hic-haec-hoc*' they'd say, '*Hic-haec-hoc*,' till I fell asleep. Yes. The valley was as full o' forges as a shaw o' cuckoos. All gone to grass now!"

"What did they make?" said Dan.

"Guns for the King's ships—and for others. Serpentines and cannon mostly. When the guns were cast, down would come the King's Officers, and take our plough-oxen to haul them to the coast. Look! Here's one of the first and finest craftsmen of the Sea!"

He fluttered back a page, and showed them a young man's head. Underneath was written: "Sebastianus."

"He came down with a King's order on Master John Collins for twenty serpentines (wicked little cannon they be!) to furnish a venture of ships. I drew him sitting by our fire telling Mother of the new lands he'd find the far side the world. And he found them, too! There's a nose to cleave through un-known seas! Cabot was his name—a Bristow lad—half a foreigner. I set a heap by him. He helped me to my church-building."

"I thought that was Sir Andrew Barton," said Dan.

"Ay, but foundations before roofs," Hal answered. "Sebastian first put me in the way of it. I had come down here, not to serve God as a craftsman should, but to show my people how great a craftsman I was. They cared not, and it served me right, one split straw for my craft or my greatness. What a murrain call

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had I, they said, to mell with old St. Bartholomew's? Ruinous she had been since the Black Death, and ruinous she should remain; and I could hang myself in my new scaffold-ropes! Gentle and simple, high and low—the Hayes, the Fowles, the Tanners, the Collinses—they were all in a tale against me. Only Sir John Pelham at Brightling bade me heart-up and go on. Yet how could I? Did I ask Master Collins for his timber-tug to haul a beam? The oxen had gone to Lewes after lime. Did he promise me a set of iron cramps or ties for the roof? They never came to hand, or else they were spaulty or cracked. So with everything. Nothing said, but naught done except I stood by them, and then done amiss. I thought the countryside was fair bewitched."

"It was, surely," said Puck, knees under chin. "Did you never suspect anyone?"

"Not till Sebastian came for his guns, and John Collins played him the same dog's tricks as he'd played me with my ironwork. Week in, week out, two of three serpentines would be flawed in the casting, and only fit to be remelted. Then John Collins would shake his head, and vow he could pass no cannon for the King's service that were not perfect. Saints, how Sebastian stormed! I know, for we sat on this bench sharing our sorrows inter-common.

"When Sebastian had fumed away six weeks at Lindens and gotten just six serpentines, Dirk Brenzett, Master of the *Cygnet* ship, sends me word that the block of stone he was fetching me from France for our new font he'd hove overboard to lighten his ship, chased by Andrew Barton up to Rye Port."

"Ah! The pirate!" said Dan.

"Yes. While I am tearing my hair over this, Ticehurst Will, my best mason, comes to me shaking, and swearing that the Devil, horned, tailed, and chained, has run out on him from the church tower, and my men would work there no more. So I took 'em off the foundation, which we were strengthening, and went into the Bell Tavern for a cup of ale. Says Master John Collins: 'Have it your own way, lad; but if I was you, I'd take the sinnification o' the sign, and leave old Bartholomew's Church alone!' And they all wagged their sinful heads, and agreed. Less afraid of the Devil than of me—as I saw later.



"TICEHURST WILL, MY BEST MASON, COMES TO ME SHAKING, AND SWEARING THAT THE DEVIL, HORNED, TAILED, AND CHAINED, HAS RUN OUT ON HIM."

"When I brought my sweet news to Lindens, Sebastian was limewashing the kitchen-beams for Mother. He loved her like a son.

"'Cheer up, lad,' he says. 'God's where He was. Only you and I chance to be pure pute asses. We've been tricked, Hal, and more shame to me, a sailor, that I did not guess it before. You must leave your belfry alone, because the Devil is loose there; and I cannot get my serpentines because John Collins cannot cast them aright. Meantime Andrew Barton lies off the Port of Rye. What for? To take those very serpentines which poor Cabot must whistle for; the said serpentines, I'll wager my share of new continents, being now hid away in Harry Dawe his church tower. Clear as the Irish coast at noonday!'

"'But selling cannon to the King's enemies

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is black treason — hanging and fine!' I said.

"'It is large, sure profit. I have been a trader myself,' says he. 'We must be upsides with 'em for the honour of Bristol.'

"Then he hatched a plot, sitting on the limewash bucket. We gave out to ride o' Tuesday to London and made a show of farewells in the street—especially to Master Collins. But in Wadhurst Woods we turned; rode home to the Watermeadows; hid our horses in a willow-tot at the foot of the glebe, and stole a-tiptoe up hill to the church again. A thick mist, and a moon coming through.

"I had no sooner locked the tower door behind us than Sebastian goes over full length in the dark.

"'Pest!' he says. 'Step high and feel low, Hal. I've stumbled over guns before.'

"I groped, and one by one—the tower was pitchy dark — I counted the lither barrels of twenty serpentines laid out on pease straw—no conceal at all!

"'There's two demi-cannon my end,' says Sebastian, slapping metal. 'They'll be for Andrew Barton's lower deck. Honest—honest John Collins! So this is his warehouse, his arsenal, his armoury! Now, see you why your pokings and pryings have raised the Devil in Sussex? You've hindered John's lawful trade for months,' and he laughed.

"A clay-cold tower is no fireside at midnight, so we climbed the stairs to the bells, and there Sebastian trips over a cow-hide with its horns and tail.

"'Aha! The Devil has left his doublet! Does it become me, Hal?' He draws it on and capers in the slits of window-moonlight —won'erful devilish-like. Then he sits on the stairs, rapping with his tail on a board, and his back-aspect was dreader than his front, and a howlet lit in, and screeched at the horns of him.

"'If you'd keep out the Devil, shut the door,' he whispered. 'And that's another false proverb, Hal, for I can hear your tower door opening.'

"'I locked it. Who a plague has another key, then?' I said.

"'All the congregation, to judge by their feet,' he says, and peers into the blackness. 'Still! Still, Hal! Hear 'em grunt! That's more o' my serpentines. One—two—three—four they bear in! Faith, Andrew equips himself like an admiral! Twenty-four serpentines!'

"As if it had been an echo, we heard John Collins's voice boom up all hollow: 'Twenty-four serpentines and two demi-cannon. That's the full tally for Sir Andrew Barton.'

"'Courtesy costs naught,' whispers Sebastian. 'Shall I drop my dagger on his head?'

"'They go over to Rye o' Thursday in the wool-wains, hid under the wool-packs. Dirk Brenzett meets them at Udimore, as before,' says John.

"'Lord! what a worn, handsmooth trade it is!' says Sebastian. 'I lay we are the sole two babes in the village that have not our lawful share in the venture.'

"There was a full score folk below, talking like Robertsbridge Market. We counted them by voice.

"Master John Collins pipes: 'The guns for the French carack must lie here next month. Will, when does your young fool (me, so please you!) come back from Lunnon?'

"'No odds,' I heard Ticehurst Will answer. 'Lay 'em just where you've a mind, Mus' Collins. We're all too afraid o' the Devil to mell with the tower.' And the knave laughed.

"'Ah! 'tis easy enow for you to raise the Devil, Will,' says another—Ralph Hobden by his cough.

"'Aaa-men!' roars Sebastian, and ere I could check him, he leaps down the stairs—won'erful devilish-like—howling no bounds. He had scarce time to lay out for the nearest than they ran. Lord, how they ran! We heard them pound on the door of the Bell Tavern, and then we ran too.

"'What's next?' says Sebastian, looping up his cow-tail as he leaped the briars. 'I've broke honest John's head.'

"'Get to Sir John Pelham's,' I said. 'He is the only one that ever stood by me.'

"We rode to Brightling, and past Sir John's lodges, where the keepers would have shot at us for deer-stealers, and we had Sir John down into his Great Hall, and when we had told him our tale and showed him the cow-hide which Sebastian wore still girt about him, he laughed till the tears ran.

"'Wel-a-well!' he says. 'I'll see justice done before daylight. What's your complaint? Master Collins is my old friend.'

"'None of mine,' I cried. 'When I think how he and his likes have baulked and dozened and cozened me at every turn over the church ——' And I choked.

"'Ah, but ye see now they needed it for another use,' says he, smoothly.

"'So they did my serpentines,' Sebastian cries. 'I should be half across the Western

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Ocean by now if my guns had been ready. But they're sold to a Scotch pirate.'

"'Where's your proof?' says Sir John, stroking his beard.

"'I broke my shins over them not two hours since, and I heard John give order where they were to be taken,' says Sebastian.

"'Words! Words only,' says Sir John. 'Master Collins is somewhat of a liar at best.'

"He carried it so gravely that, for the moment, I thought he was dipped in this secret traffic too, and that there was not an honest iron-master in Sussex.

"'Name o' Reason!' says Sebastian, and raps with his cow-tail on the table. 'Whose guns are they, then?'

"'Yours, manifestly,' says Sir John. 'You come with a King's order for 'em, and Master Collins casts them in his foundry. If he chooses to bring them up from Nether Forge and lay 'em out in the Church Tower, why they are so much the nearer to the main road and you are saved a day's hauling. What a coil to make of a mere act of neighbourly kindness, lad!'

"'I fear I requited him very scurvily,' says Sebastian, looking at his knuckles. 'But what of the demi-cannon? *They* are not in my order.'

"'Kindness — loving-kindness,' says Sir John. 'Questionless, in his zeal for the King and his love for you, John adds those two cannon as a gift. 'Tis as plain as this coming daylight, ye stockfish!'

"'So it is,' says Sebastian. 'Oh, Sir John, Sir John, why did you never use the sea? You are lost ashore.' And he looked on him with great love.

"'I do my best in my station.' Sir John strokes his beard again. 'But—suffer me!—you two lads, on some midnight frolic into which I probe not, roystering around the taverns, surprise Master Collins'—he thinks a moment—'at his good deeds done by stealth. Ye surprise him cruelly.'

"'Truth, Sir John. If you had seen him run!' says Sebastian.

"'On this you ride breakneck to me with a tale of pirates, and wool-wains, and cow-hides, which, though it hath moved my mirth as a man, offendeth my reason as a magistrate. So I will e'en accompany you back to the tower with some few of my own people, and three or four wool-wains, and I'll be your warrant that Master John Collins will freely give you your guns, Master Sebastian.' He breaks into his natural voice—'I warned the old tod and his neighbours long ago that they'd come to trouble; but we cannot have



"HE HAD SCARCE TIME TO LAY OUT FOR THE NEAREST THAN THEY RAN."

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half Sussex hanged for a little gun-running. Are ye content, lads?'

"'I'd commit any treason for two demi-cannon,' said Sebastian.

"'Ye have just compounded with treason-felony for the same bribe,' says Sir John. 'Wherefore to horse, and get the guns.'"

"But Master Collins meant the guns for Andrew Barton all along, didn't he?" said Dan.

"Questionless, that he did," said Hal. "But he lost them. We poured into the village on the red edge of dawn, Sir John horsed, in half-armour, his pennon flying; behind him thirty stout Brightling knaves, four abreast; behind them four wool-wains, and behind them four trumpets to triumph over the jest, blowing: *Our King went forth to Normandie*. When we halted and rolled the ringing guns out of the tower, 'twas for all the world like Friar Roger's picture of the French siege in the Queen's Missal-book."

"And what did we—I mean, what did our village do?" said Dan.

"Oh! Bore it nobly—nobly," cried Hal. "Though they had tricked me, I was proud of them. They came out of their housen, looked at that little army as though it had been a post, and went their shut-mouthed way. Never a sign! Never a word! They'd ha' perished sooner than let Brightling overcrow them. Even that villain, Ticehurst Will, coming out of the Bell after his morning ale, he all but ran under Sir John's horse.

"'Ware, Sirrah Devil!' cries Sir John.

"'Oh!' says Will. 'Market day, is it? And all the bullocks from Brightling here?'

"I spared him his belting for that—the brazen knave!

"But John Collins was our masterpiece! He happened along-street (his jaw tied up where Sebastian had clouted him) when we



"WE POURED INTO THE VILLAGE ON THE RED EDGE OF DAWN."

were trundling the first demi-cannon through the lych-gate.

"'I reckon you'll find her heavy,' he says. 'If you've a mind to pay, I'll loan ye my timber-tug. She won't lie easy on ary wool-wain.'

"That was the one time I saw Sebastian taken flat aback. He opened and shut his mouth, fishy-like.

"'No offence,' says Master John. 'You've got her so cheap I thought ye might not grudge me a groat if I help move her.' Ah, he was a masterpiece! They say that morning's work cost John two hundred pounds, and he never winked an eyelid, not even when he saw the guns all rolled off to Lewes."

"Neither then nor later?" said Puck.

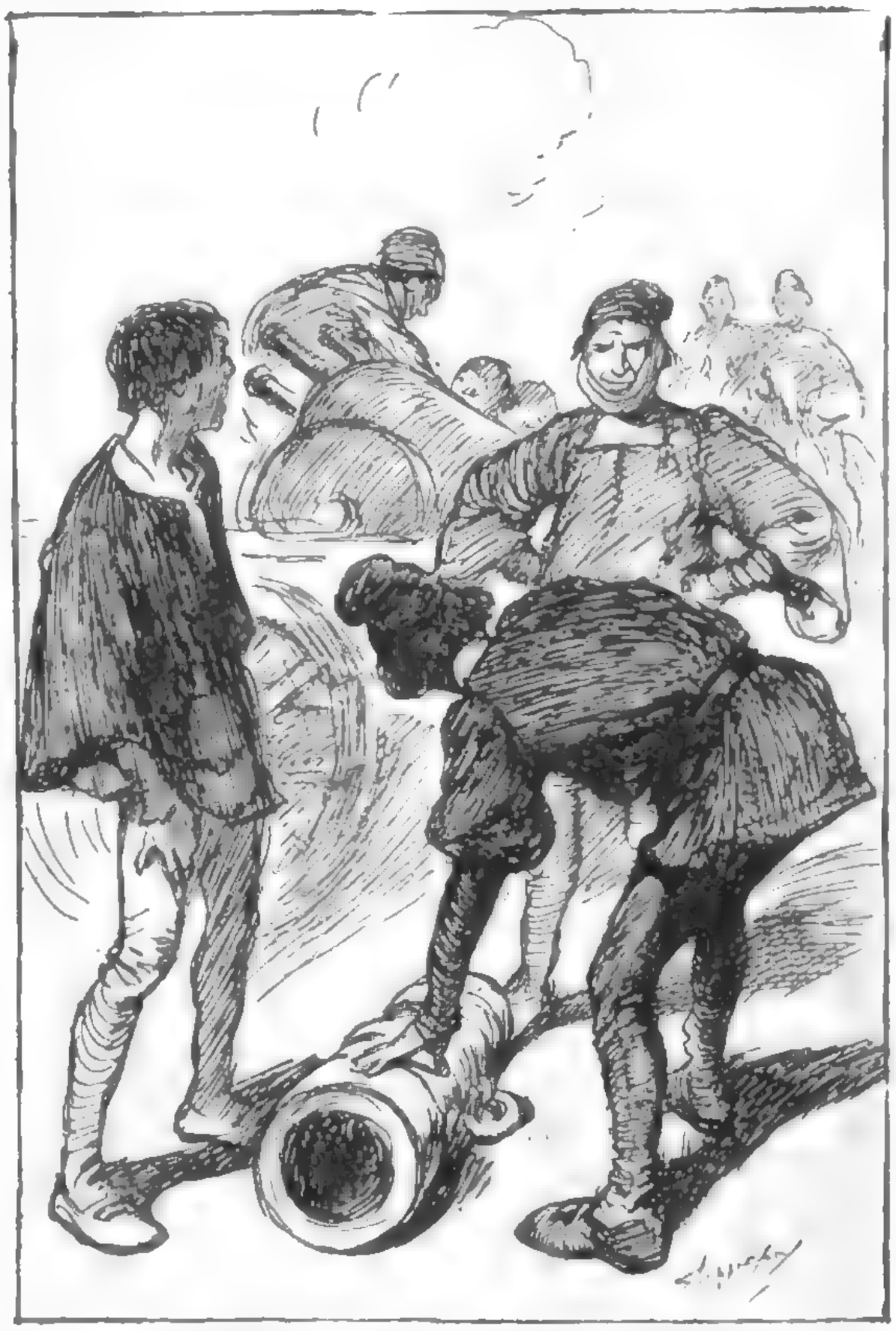
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"Once. 'Twas after he gave St. Bartholomew's the chime of bells. (Oh, there was nothing the Collinses, or the Hayes, or the Fowles, or the Tanners would not do for the church then! 'Ask and have' was their song.) We had rung 'em in, and he was in the tower with black Ralph Fowle, that gave us our rood-screen. The old man pinches the bell-rope one hand and scratches his neck with t'other. 'Sooner she was pulling yon clapper than my neck,' he says. That was all. That was Sussex—seely Sussex for everlastin'!"

"And what happened after?" said Una.

"I went back into England," said Hal, slowly. "But they tell me I left St. Bartholomew's a jewel—just about a jewel! Wel-a-well! 'Twas done for and among my own people, and—Father Roger was right—I never knew such trouble or such triumph since. That's the nature o' things. A dear—dear land." He dropped his chin on his chest.

"What's your Father talking to old Hobden about?" said Puck, opening his hand with three leaves in it.



"'I RECKON YOU'LL FIND HER HEAVY,'" HE SAYS.

Dan looked towards the cottage.

"Oh, I know. It's that old oak lying across the brook. Pater always wants it grubbed."

In the still evening they could hear old Hobden's deep rumble

"Have it *as* you've a mind to," he was saying. "But the vivers of her roots they hold the bank together. If you grub her out she'll all come tearin' down, an' next floods the brook'll swarve up. But have it *as* you've a mind. The mistuss she sets a heap by the ferns on the trunk."

"Oh! I'll think it over," said the Pater.

Una laughed a little bubbling chuckle.

"What Devil's in *that* belfry?" said Hal, with a lazy laugh.

"Why, the oak is the regular bridge for all the rabbits between the Three Acre and our meadow. The best place for wires on the farm, Hobden says. He's got two there," Una answered. "*He* won't let it be grubbed!"

"Ah, Sussex! Silly Sussex for everlastin'," murmured Hal; and the next moment their Father's voice calling up to Little Lindens broke the spell.

(To be continued.)

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Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages—New Series.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON.



AGE 8.
From a Photo. by Baverstock, Marlborough.



AGE 12.
From a Photo. by Baverstock, Marlborough.

ARTHUR FOLEY WINNINGTON-INGRAM, the fourth son of the Rev. E. Winnington-Ingram, rector of Stamford, and, through his mother, grandson of the Bishop of Worcester, was born in 1858. Educated at Marlborough School, he eventually passed to Oxford, where, at Keble, he was under Dr. Talbot, who later became Bishop of Rochester, and was in 1901 His Majesty's nominee for the very See that our subject now controls.

After leaving the University his first curacy was at St. Mary's, Shrewsbury, in 1884-5, after which he was for four years private chaplain to the Bishop of Lichfield, whom he left in 1889 to enter upon the work which ultimately brought him to the head of the Oxford House at Bethnal Green.



AGE 16.
From a Photo. by Baverstock, Marlborough.

During the years which elapsed until he became rector of Bethnal Green in 1895, his strength of character, his strong individuality, and his kindness of heart not only won for him the love of all his parishioners, but attracted general attention. He brought untiring vigour to the work at Oxford House, work which was of so arduous a nature that it had proved almost too much for his predecessor, Canon Henson, who had been forced to relinquish the position after having held it for only a year. His ready wit and great ability in argument stood him in good stead when, Sunday after Sunday, he used to stand, cheek by jowl, beside atheists and other orators in Victoria Park, and speak in defence of Christianity with all the vigour at his command.



AGE 18.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

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AGE 21.
From a Photo. by M. Scherer & H. Engler, Dresden.

In 1896-7 he was appointed Rural Dean of Spitalfields, and, later, Canon of St. Paul's, being raised to the Bishopric of Stepney very shortly afterwards. At that time his work as Bishop was spread not only over East but over North London, so that his duties, until a Bishop of Islington was appointed, were very heavy, though nothing in comparison with those which devolved upon him in 1901, when he was appointed Bishop of London, just seventeen years after his ordination.

An extraordinarily eloquent preacher, it is, however, his intense earnestness that appeals most to his hearers, and so convincing are his arguments and so strong his personality that he has done more to make fashionable people take a serious view of their responsibilities than any other preacher in the Church to-day, while his influence with the poorer classes is quite as strong.

It was, in fact, to his powerful individuality that his success among the toilers of the East-end was so largely due, and many instances might be given of the extraordinary magnetism which he exercised over his humble hearers. On one occasion, for example, he addressed a huge meeting of stokers at Beckton Gas-Works. A strong teetotaler himself, the Bishop made a powerful plea for temperance and sobriety. Suddenly a voice from the crowd called out, "Are you a teetotaler?" "Yes," was the reply. "All right, then," continued the interrupter, "you can go on. If you wasn't, I wouldn't listen to you." Surely no other incident in Dr. Ingram's career could better illustrate the truth of his firm conviction that in the East-end of London, more than in any other part of his diocese, a reformer must, above all things, practise what he preaches.

One of the most striking features of the Bishop's active diocesan work is the extraordinary success that has attended the missions which he has recently conducted in various parts of the Metropolis. The work involved in these spiritual campaigns was naturally enormous, but the Bishop has been able to satisfy himself that he has succeeded in rousing his hearers from that spirit of apathy which unfortunately is so closely associated with modern Church life. That Dr. Ingram's missionary efforts will be even more vigorously directed and, if possible, even more successful in the future is beyond question.



AGE 24.
From a Photo. by Van der Weyde.



AGE 30.
From a Photograph.



AGE 36.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

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THE BISHOP OF LONDON—PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Lafayette.

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Humour by Post.

ILLUSTRATED CHIEFLY FROM DRAWINGS BY PHIL MAY.

EVERY decade has its popular craze, and there can be no doubt postcarditis is at present afflicting several millions of rational human beings. And, to tell the truth, the mania for buying, sending, and collecting picture post-cards has small need of justification. Of course, there are certain lazy individuals who find in the picture post-card a superb labour-saving device. Nowadays, when they go abroad, instead of the lengthy epistles of quondam times descriptive of the Alps, the Italian Lakes, the Riviera, and the Eternal City, they merely expend a matter of five centimes on a postal picture, partially disfigure it by inscribing "Love," "All well and jolly," "Having a ripping time," and drop it into the nearest official receptacle with a sigh of relief and the proud consciousness of having done their duty. Millions of such cards are dispatched annually. It takes a strong-minded man to resist the practice. And why should he resist it? Picture post-cards are got up with the highest artistic skill. Many eminent artists are employed in their preparation. Numbers of them are in themselves miniature works of art.

But there is one description of card which does not pretend to be geographical, topographical, historical, or histrionic, being frankly intended to amuse. It is the lineal descendant of the coloured broadsides of Bunbury, Gillray, Rowlandson, and Cruikshank, having superseded the vulgar comic valentines of the last generation.



Selecting from a wide range of subjects comprising several thousand cards now going through His Majesty's post, let us see what may be considered the public favourites. One of the first comic post-cards to appear in this country was drawn by a Frenchman, and by reason of its novelty enjoyed a great sale. As may be seen from the reproduction here given, it depicted a dozen heads of the fair sex of most entertaining variety: the fat and the thin, the tall and the short, the amiable, the buxom, and the *farouche*. But when the novelty had somewhat worn away the public demanded something more subtle and ingenious.

"We, therefore," remarked Mr. Tuck, whose firm is the chief producers of



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such cards, "set about engaging the most talented humorous artists in the country to compose our postal witticisms. What success they have attained you shall judge for yourself. From time to time our firm offers large prize competitions, whereby we are enabled to ascertain which cards are held in the greatest esteem by connoisseurs. What we call our 'Writeaway' series has probably never been surpassed for humour or wide popularity. The last work undertaken by the late Phil May was a set of this series."

Take the scene depicted in connection with the legend, "I wish I could have persuaded you to stop." The idea of the inscription will probably be obvious to all. It is the beginning of a communication, and we are fortunately enabled to show the sentence as completed by the late Dan Leno to an enthusiastic admirer: "I wish I could have persuaded you to stop applauding me last night. It was a regular mystery to the house."

But the joke is not the uncompleted sentence. It is in the portly bore who insists upon warbling "Tom Bowling" and the desperate host who vainly regrets his lost opportunities.

Another amusing example is by Mr. Lance Thackeray: "If I can manage to get round." There is the radiant and elderly lover endeavouring to encircle the somewhat extensive waist of his enchantress. All the world loves a lover. We are interested in his exploit; will he get round? Sometimes, it is to be feared, there is a great deal of affection going to waist.

There is an amusing sketch by Phil May, who knew so well how to draw such subjects: a costermonger and his "donah" tenderly embracing. The hero in this case has had no difficulty in getting round. But these joint effusions have attracted the attention and shocked the propriety of a prim and vinegary female in the background. Her exclamation naturally suggests the beginning of the sentence: "If you are not engaged——"



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One realizes more than ever how humorous is the idea.

Occasionally the sentence is virtually finished, as a convict might say on the eve of his release. The next card—"I simply had





a ripping time"—might be posted off by any successful tourist from Clacton, Ramsgate, or Blackpool. Only it is to be hoped that the scene depicted would not be taken by the recipient as chronicling any recent incident in the holiday career of his or her correspondent. Most of us have had an adventure with a dog, but a bulldog of these proportions and monstrous appetite for broadcloth would be a subject better fitted, we fear, for tragedy rather than comedy.

"Do you think," asks his stern and unbending jailer of the pathetic-visaged convict immured behind him—"do you think you will be able to get out?" The chances, we feel, are slight. To those correspondents whose most frequent beginning to an epistle is "I have nothing new," and so forth, the figure of the supremely shabby personage with the battered hat and tattered umbrella should make a distinct and irresistible appeal.

One of the funniest of Phil May's drawings of

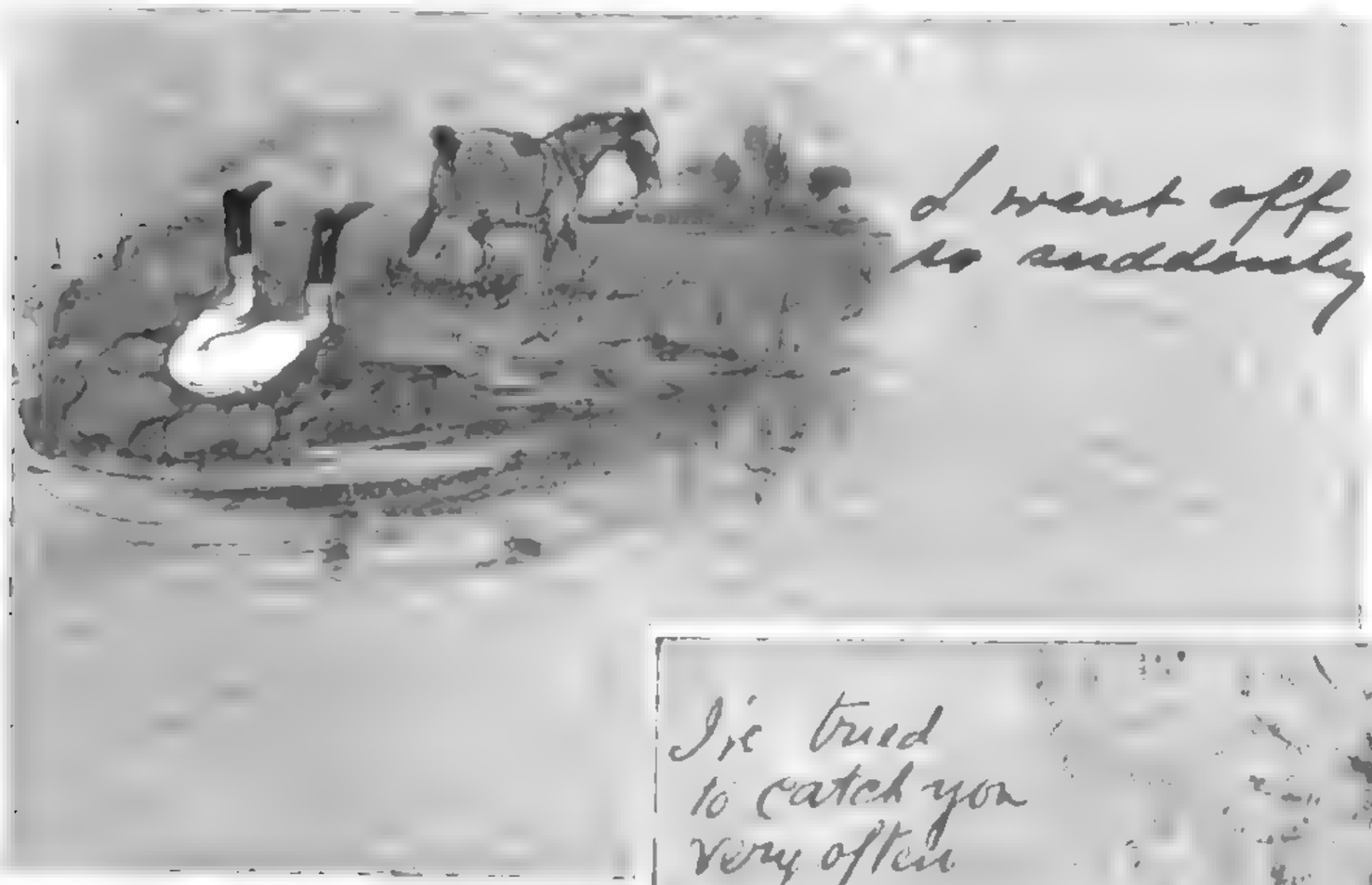


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this "Writeaway" kind represents an amateur equestrian of the 'Arry type, who is mounting his steed right foot foremost in the stirrup, much to the contemptuous hilarity of the stable-boy. But his ejaculation gives the lead to some future correspondent puzzling how to commence his brief missive to—shall we say his mother-in-law?—"How





are you getting on?" This seems a very commonplace epistolary *début*—"I caught the train all right"—but when the train is that of a lady's skirt and the offender a dashing Lifeguardsman who looks as if he had been melted and poured into his clothes, a new point is given to the expression.

To cricket-lovers the plight of the corpulent batsman shown in the next post-card explains itself: "I hope you are not put out." One can imagine hundreds of pretty girls who have employed this card to mollify a somewhat indignant inamorato the evening after the ball or theatre party.

One of Phil May's funniest post-cards introduces us to a patron and a waiter in a cheap restaurant. The patron has stood a great deal, but at last he recoils indignantly from the simpering waiter's ultimate outrage—an ancient but perfervid egg. "It really is too bad."

"I went off so suddenly," begins Gladys in her post-



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card to George, in endeavouring to explain why she had not said "good-bye," and then pauses to gaze upon the luckless sportsman whose horse has landed him in a duck-pond.

A post-card that will appeal with irresistible force to all anglers depicts a patient and long-suffering disciple of Izaak Walton in the act of wistfully regarding the exasperating fish for which he has angled since early dawn, and which still shows no inclination whatsoever of allowing itself to be caught. Even the plaintive appeal, "I've tried to catch you very often," apparently fails to make any impression upon this obdurate fish.

Perhaps few comic post-cards of the day have enjoyed a wider celebrity than the series of water-colours founded upon the intensely amusing drawings by Mr. Raven Hill which appeared in the pages of *Mr. Punch*. How vivid is the scene! How awkward is the situation portrayed in "What Has Dummy Declared?" The irate and irascible colonel who is playing the hand, and his meek, apologetic partner. The man on the right seems about to burst with jubilation. A solid sequence of clubs and two aces and two kings besides, and the little man has not gone "No trumps"! We can almost hear the colonel's voice as he glares at him.

In another of these drawings we are given an easy problem to solve—"Who doubled no trumps?" The odds are a hundred to one that the placid, self-complacent gentleman with the cigar, in the foreground, had a good deal to do with the declaration, which in a misguided moment was bettered by the unhappy *vis-à-vis* of the choleric colonel.

Humorously misquoted Shakespearean quotations furnish forth another series of popular comic post-cards. Thus we have the phrase, "Fly further off, my lord, fly further off," interpreted by a peer who is the victim of a motor misadventure, and is in danger of being impaled upon a fence-post



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unless he can contrive to take his groom's advice.

Anybody might (ungrammatically) make use of the phrase, "Who do you think I ran across," when referring to an unexpected meeting with a mutual friend, but it is to be hoped that all correspondents do not intend it to be taken in the literal sense depicted in the above post-card.

Another amusing card of this series is by Mr. Lance Thackeray. It is impossible to avoid feeling pity for the unfortunate horseman in his awkward predicament. The newspaper-reading world has been edified very much of late by the various legal illustrations of the query, "What is whisky?" In the caricaturist's next drawing is conjured up a somewhat untoward domestic scene. The decanter and siphon explain the sleeping paterfamilias, and the thirst of the intruding small boy is chided by a voice from the decanter: "I am thy father's spirit."

We are indebted to Messrs. Raphael Tuck,



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The Snuff-Box.

By C. Kennett Burrow.

THE heath was a turmoil of wind and rain, blackening into night—a place where it was as easy to get lost as in the streets of an unfamiliar town. One road crossed it, but that was so wandering a way that foot-passengers mostly preferred to strike over the open country. In daylight this was not difficult, but in storm and darkness the traveller plunged through hollows and prickly gorse-bushes in angry uncertainty.

On this particular night, however, the figure making across the heath kept his line of march with tolerable accuracy. Felthorpe knew the way; the instinct of old association was strong in him. It was years since he had trodden the heath, yet when a light shone out ahead of him it seemed that only yesterday he had seen the same signal glimmer from the old house. He paused, and turned his head from the wind to draw a quiet breath. The rain slashed against his neck and made him shiver. "I wonder," he thought, "whether I shall be in time?"

At the southern limit of the heath he came upon a high stone wall, past which ran the single road. In the wall was a heavy, solid gate, which permitted no view of what lay beyond. He turned the handle and set his shoulder against the gate; it gave and he passed through, closing it cautiously behind him. Evidently he was expected.

The front of the house which Felthorpe now approached was dark, save for one lighted window. He mounted the steps surefootedly and tapped gently at the door, which was opened immediately by a manservant carrying a lighted lamp.

"Master George!" the man murmured, in a delighted whisper.

"Well, Brooks," said Felthorpe. "You never expected to see me again, eh?"

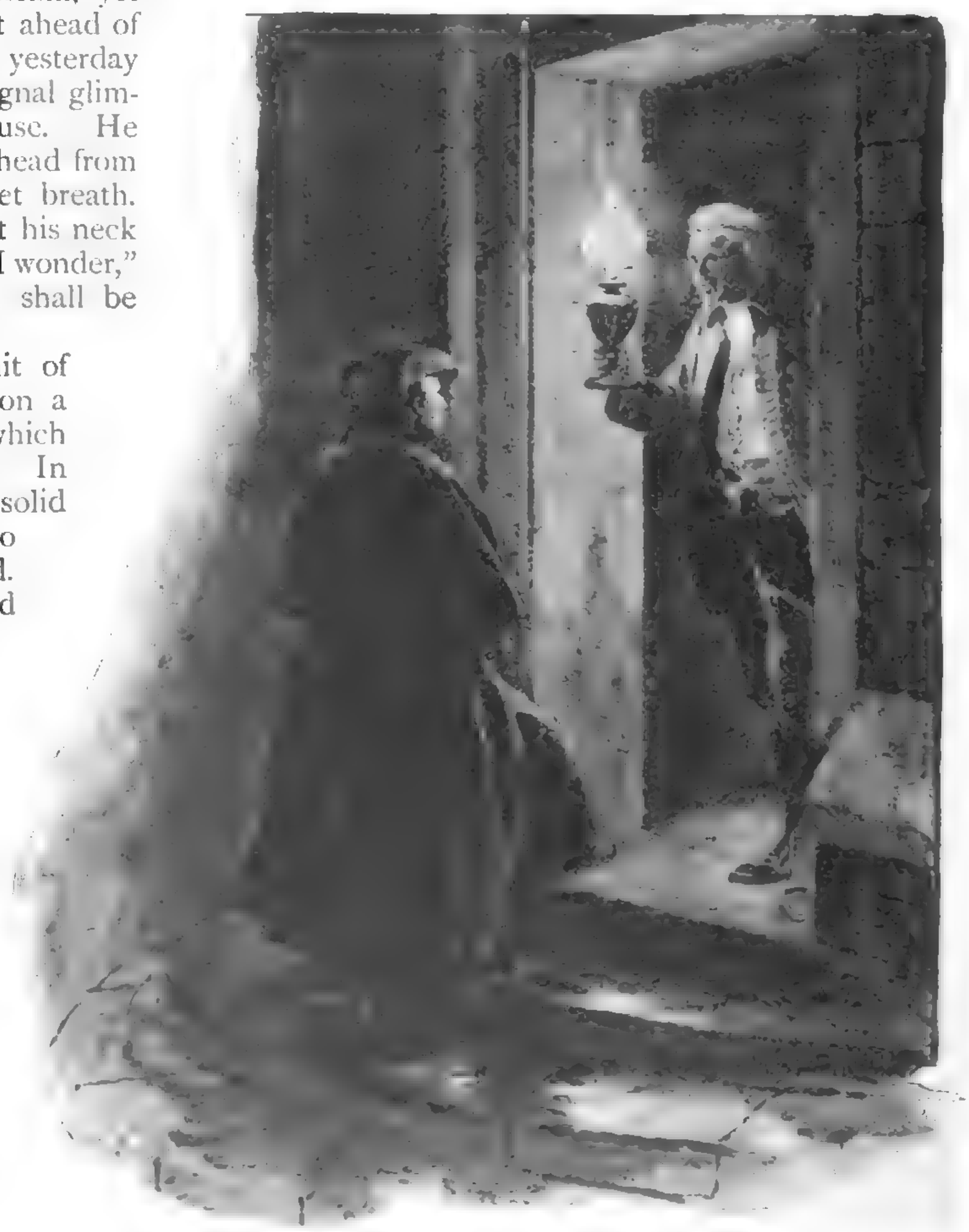
"I knew he'd sent you a message, sir. He told me. No one else knows. I left the outer gate unlocked on purpose."

"Is my cousin Frank Netley here?"

Brooks jerked his thumb towards a door which opened on the back of the hall. "He's in there," he said. "He spends his time rummaging amongst the papers instead of sitting with his uncle. But between you and me, sir, the squire don't fancy his company over much."

"How is your master, Brooks?"

"Going off quietly, sir. I believe his snuff



"'MASTER GEORGE!' THE MAN MURMURED, IN A DELIGHTED WHISPER."

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keeps him alive. Come in here a moment, sir." The man led the way into a little library. It was an extremely small room, but large enough to contain the few books which the squire never read. Brooks set the lamp upon the table.

"Why, sir, you're wringing wet, and I never noticed it before." Felthorpe threw off his cloak and laid it across a chair-back; his three-cornered hat, heavy with moisture, he placed on the table. Brooks stared disconsolately at his soaked stockings and breeches.

"I think I could find a change for you, sir," he said, "though it wouldn't be a fit, and you were always proud of your figure, sir."

"My figure's well enough, Brooks, but it hasn't been much good to me."

"It might have been, sir."

"Ah! I might have sold it, you think? Well, I wasn't that kind of man, Brooks."

Brooks sighed. "You wouldn't care to borrow a change from Mr. Frank?"

"I see you must still have your joke, Brooks. . . . But Frank's welcome to his good luck. I could never play his game. I was born to be a poor man, but I've enjoyed my life, and that's something to nurse in the memory."

"Yes, sir; yes," said Brooks; "but it's a pity to think of Mr. Frank coming into it all."

"I admit," said Felthorpe, "that a few thousands would be most useful to me. Still, I don't complain. When I quarrelled with your master I was in the right of it. Frank took the lady and gets the money. Brooks, bring me some wine to drink him joy of his bargain."

When Felthorpe was alone he stood before the fire, and the steam of his drying garments rose in a cloud about him. He did not mind the discomfort of his situation; amongst other things he had been a soldier and fought in His Majesty's wars. What did trouble him was the thought that the old man who had summoned him was near his end. They had both been too high-spirited and obstinate to agree, particularly over such a delicate matter as the choice of a wife, but Felthorpe retained a very real affection for his uncle, and was saddened by the knowledge that the proud head was declining towards the grave.

Brooks, with characteristic forethought, brought in glasses for two. Felthorpe filled them.

"To my cousin Frank's good fortune," he said, and drained the glass. Brooks's still stood full.

"Come, come, man, drink! If I bear no grudge, why should you?"

Brooks set the wine to his lips reluctantly. "If I wasn't thirsty," he said, "I wouldn't touch it."

"You should think better of your new master."

"He'll never be my master, sir. If he begged on his knees for me to stay I'd never do it. . . . I wanted to ask you, sir, whether I might come to you when the squire's gone?"

"I thank you for the kind thought," said Felthorpe—"I thank you, Brooks. I know you mean it well. But I'm a poor man and have to be content with one servant, and he, poor wretch, doesn't get his wages as regularly as I could wish."

"Let me be the one, sir," Brooks entreated, "and the wages may wait your convenience, sir."

"This is very touching," said Felthorpe. "I always thought well of you; long ago you helped me out of many scrapes. I'll think of it, Brooks, I'll think of it. Now take me to the squire."

As they crossed the hall towards the staircase Mr. Frank Netley emerged from his room. He drew back at the sight of Felthorpe, and bowed stiffly.

"I was not aware," he said, "that we had a visitor, Brooks. Why was Mr. Felthorpe not announced?"

"I am going now, sir," said Brooks, "to announce Mr. Felthorpe to my master."

Mr. Netley winced. "You had first better ascertain whether your master is awake," he said. "Come in here, George, till Brooks returns."

Felthorpe followed him into the room and continued the process of drying himself before the fire.

"Was it wise of you to come here?" Netley asked, laying his thin, clasped hands on the table before him and frowning at the bent fingers. "Considering the strained relations between our uncle and yourself, it strikes me as inconsiderate that you should intrude at such a time."

"Intrude?" cried Felthorpe. "I am here at my uncle's express invitation." Mr. Netley started and unclasped his fingers. "And in any case," Felthorpe added, "I should not hesitate to at least be within call when the head of the house whose name I bear is dying."

"Well, well, we will not argue the point."

Felthorpe drew his sword and wiped a little moisture from the blade.

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"A most uncomfortable night!" he said. The sword slipped back into its place.

"You are careful of your weapon," Netley said.

"As of a child," Felthorpe answered. "A touch of rust makes me feel ashamed. If I were engaged and knew it to be there, I should consider I was doing my adversary a discourtesy. One must keep on as good terms with one's sword as with oneself."

"'Tis an easier matter, I imagine."

"I never found it so," said Felthorpe, lightly. "If ever the day comes when I know myself to have done an unworthy action—not a foolish, mind; one is often foolish—on that day I shall lay aside my sword for ever."

"A very pretty sentiment," said Netley, with a sneer.

"'Tis more than sentiment, I assure you. Such a compact with his weapon keeps a man's hands clean."

"Perhaps," said Netley.

"You and I are not likely to agree upon the point," Felthorpe said, somewhat hotly.

"I fear not," answered the other.

The embarrassed silence which followed was broken by Brooks, who entered to say that the squire wished to see both gentlemen together. "He's awake," Brooks added, "and clear in the head as wine in the glass."

Mr. Netley led the way upstairs in silence. Brooks, who brought up the rear, closed the door after the cousins with a very knowing grin.

Old John Felthorpe, the squire of Mitton, lay on his back in the midst of a great bed. He preferred, he told his nurse, to die on his back, so that he might see out of both eyes to the end. The face was very old and pinched, although some colour still lingered in the weathered cheeks; the eyes were clear and searching, and a curious effect was given to the whole countenance by the blackness of the hair, which time had left unsnowed. He first turned his head towards Felthorpe.

"Ah, George," he said, "so you've come to see the last of an old sinner! Shake my hand—there's not much strength in it now. Have you repented yet?"

Felthorpe smiled and shook his head. "My dear uncle," he said, "let us forget that little matter."

"Frank repented long ago. Didn't you, Frank?"

"I have repented nothing, sir, which I did at your wish."

The squire turned to Felthorpe again. "You were well out of that bargain, George. The lady—but we won't discuss her. . . . I suppose you two are good friends?"

"So far as I am concerned," said Felthorpe. "I have no reason to be other than good friends with Frank. What little envy I felt towards him vanished long ago. I have lived much in the world since then and learnt my lesson. I regret neither my refusal of a wife nor the loss which you decided should follow that refusal. I did not question your motive then, nor do I now. I am only glad that you thought well enough of me to wish to see me again."

"I always thought well of you, sir. It was your stubbornness that set my prickles up. But you took your own way, knowing the consequences. And now, I suppose, you're stubborn still?"

Felthorpe laid a hand over one of the old man's.

"I am stubborn still," he said, "and I have the presumption to believe that you would think more poorly of me if I were not."

"Frank," said the squire, "hand me my snuff-box."

Mr. Netley took from the mantelpiece a jewelled snuff-box and placed it in the old man's palm. It was a large box, suggesting a great capacity for snuff-taking in the owner. In the centre of the lid was a miniature of King Charles I., for the descendants of whose house the squire had the warmest regard, although prudence had prevented him from compromising himself in the '45. The miniature was surrounded by a circle of fine gems, alternate brilliants and sapphires; then came a ring of blue and gold enamel, and outside that again a border of smaller jewels. The sight of so much palpable wealth made Netley's eyes glitter.

"The idiot who presumes to doctor me," said the squire, "insists that my snuff-box shall be kept upon the mantelpiece, out of my reach, so that when I want a pinch I have to ask someone to hand it to me. His idea, poor fool, is that I shall take less so than if the box were within reach. I humour him, you see." He paused to gather breath.

"Sir, you exert yourself too much," said Felthorpe.

"When a man's dying he must say what he has to say as quickly as his breath will let him. . . . This snuff-box, George, I leave to you, with all it contains."

"It will not contain much, sir," said Felthorpe, smiling, "if you keep it so close to you."

"Frank here," continued the squire, "will

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"THIS SNUFF-BOX, GEORGE, I LEAVE TO YOU, WITH ALL IT CONTAINS."

not grudge you so small a thing as the snuff-box; he has all the rest. I give it to you because you bear my name, and the box was presented to a common ancestor for a service which he performed for the old Chevalier St. George. I make only one condition—that you will not part with the box save to one of your own name."

"I accept your gift and the condition gladly," said Felthorpe. "If you had asked me what personal trifle——"

"Trifle?" interjected Mr. Netley.

"Trifle," repeated Felthorpe, "I should have preferred out of all that the house contains, I should have named the snuff-box."

"Frank, as befits an heir," said the old man, grimly, "has, no doubt, in making his calculations, set down the snuff-box as an item. I am sorry, Frank, to give you occasion for any alteration in the total. I should myself value the box at a hundred guineas."

"Having regard to its historical associations," said Netley, "I should put the figure at one hundred and fifty."

"Well, well! . . . You don't grudge your cousin this trifling token of my respect for his obstinacy?"

Mr. Netley waved a deprecating hand. "My dear uncle," he said, "you know how absolutely I respect any decision you may make."

A dry chuckle proceeded from the old throat.

"You may respect the decision," he said, "though not always its results, particularly where such a matter as marriage is involved. But I will name no names of women in my last hours. I wish to die peacefully."

"You speak more bitterly than you feel, sir," said Felthorpe. "There are names which you might breathe with reverence. Do you forget that you were once young?"

"I thank you for the reminder. One so easily forgets small matters!" He lay for some minutes with closed eyes. The lines in his face appeared to soften; the sardonic old lips smiled quite tenderly. "Leave me," he said, and added: "Don't quarrel. I shall not die to-night."

Nor did he. Felthorpe established himself in the library, where he was assiduously attended by Brooks, who declined to wait on Mr. Netley personally. The faithful servant and the young heir to the snuff-box made excursions into the past which had for both of them a thrilling, though benign, association. Of the future destiny of the estate they did not speak; that was beyond their influence, and would pass out of their lives completely; it was as well to leave the subject alone. They knew that directly the breath was out of the squire's body Mr. Netley's wife would descend upon, and take possession of, the house and everything in it. She was staying, Brooks said, at the Goat and Compasses, across the heath. The old man had declined to have her under his roof. "Frank, like a fool, married her at my request," he had said, "and at my request

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she must remain outside my door. I can never forgive George for thwarting me, nor can I forgive Frank for obeying me. Idiots, both of them!"

"Brooks," said Felthorpe, "when all is over I shall go away at once. The funeral would be too much for me with that vixen in attendance."

"But I must wait, sir!" said Brooks, blankly.

"You must follow me to town later. I've decided that if you still, on serious reflection, wish to share my evil fortunes, you may do so. But consider the risks first!"

"I'll take 'em, sir, gladly!"

"Very well," said Felthorpe. "If the experiment fails we can part."

"We sha'n't part, sir."

The following afternoon, on the stroke of three, the squire died. He died with the snuff-box in his hand. Two hours later Mrs. Netley arrived from the Goat and Compasses in a springless cart, intent upon taking up the reins of government. To her astonishment, however, her husband's attitude was not so complacent as she had anticipated. She emerged from an interview with him pale and mortified, tearful and trembling with anger. It appeared that there was nothing for her to do, or, at any rate, nothing which she was to be allowed to do. Reproaches and hysterics, her ancient weapons, had not availed to move the obdurate heir. But as the old house was much more comfortable than the Goat and Compasses, and she could exercise her passion for spying, she stayed to plot revenges.

As for Felthorpe, there remained for him nothing but to take his snuff-box and depart. Yet, as he stood beside the bed and looked into the quiet face which death had touched into complete repose, it seemed little short of sacrilege to transfer from the hand of the dead into the pocket of the living that glittering gift of a King's son. The fingers, too, had closed so fast about it that only by force could it be released. Felthorpe glanced across at Netley, who was keeping watch in the death-chamber lest his cousin should take a fancy to remove some trifle to which he was not entitled.

"Frank," said Felthorpe, "I think I shall not take away my gift, after all. Let it be buried with him. To a man such as I am a piece of honest sentiment is better than a few gems. I'm a fool, no doubt. But it will please me better to think of the old box going with him."

"As you will," said Mr. Netley, indifferently.

"It's a pity," he added, "that the terms of the gift prevent you from selling it."

"In any case I should not have sold it."

"Forgive me if I underestimated your means."

"You could hardly do that. . . . I suppose to you it is inconceivable that a man should prefer to starve rather than to part with such a piece of family history as that?"

"Quite inconceivable," said the other. "And, moreover, I don't believe in the possibility of such folly."

"Ah!" said Felthorpe. "There are follies in the world, believe me, finer than you are ever likely to believe in. Perhaps it is to one's advantage to be blind to them."

Felthorpe bent down and kissed the dead man's forehead reverently. Then he held out his hand to Netley.

"Well," he said, "let us part friends. I bear you no grudge. Good-bye."

"You will not remain to the end?"

"No. To-night I shall post back to town."

"And you have decided to leave the snuff-box?"

"I wish it to be buried with him."

They parted, and Felthorpe went downstairs to the library. There he lingered, loth to leave, for the last time, a house so full of memories. He could not but feel that the maintenance of the old traditions had devolved upon shoulders little inclined to uphold them worthily, though there was some satisfaction in the thought that the new master did not bear the ancient name. But in that fact there was a disturbing element as well, for upon him descended the necessity for handing on the name untarnished—a trust barren in all save honour. Felthorpe did not doubt his own capacity, but his ambition prompted him to make more of a show in the world than could be attained on a credit already somewhat strained.

The afternoon was wearing towards twilight when he summoned Brooks. The old servant was full of pity for himself that he could not at once escape from the new authority.

"It's my belief," he said, sniffing, "that Mr. Netley has locked up his lady to keep her quiet."

"I'm not surprised at that, Brooks," said Felthorpe. "She always had a tongue."

"How are you going, sir?"

"I shall walk to Dorking and post on from there."

"Why walk, sir? There are horses in the stables."

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"Let them remain there. My cousin's property is at his own disposal. . . . My cloak, Brooks."

"I shall follow you in a week, sir."

"Very good. If you think better of your decision and prefer to continue your service here, let me know."

Brooks shook his head. "You're my master now, sir," he said.

They went down to the great gate together and passed through. Darkness was gathering over the heath, blotting out the landmarks, obliterating the heathery hollows.

"Have you got the snuff-box, sir?" Brooks asked.

"What do you know about the snuff-box?"

"I was in the squire's confidence, sir," Brooks answered, proudly. "I knew it was for you."

"No, I haven't got it."

"You left it for that——"

"Hush! I left it in my uncle's hand. He died with it there, and I wish it to be buried with him."

"It's madness! You don't know what you're doing, sir. It'll never be buried with him. Do you think Mr. Netley would let that go underground?"

"Do you mean that he'd dare to take it for himself?"

"Dare! His fingers would itch till he couldn't keep them off it."

"If I thought that!" Felthorpe's hand went to his sword.

"Go back and see!" Brooks almost shrieked in his excitement.

"I might do that," said Felthorpe, "I might do that. But to suspect him of such conduct seems a stain upon myself."

"Go back and see," Brooks repeated, and he pushed the gate open softly. A light shone from the window of the death-chamber, and a shadow moved across the blind.

Felthorpe, closely followed by Brooks, retraced his steps, mounted the stairs quietly, and suddenly entered the still room. The snuff-box was no longer in the dead man's hand; it was in Mr. Netley's, who was examining it with the most eager scrutiny.

"Ah, cousin," said Felthorpe, "I have changed my mind, you see!"

Netley was completely taken by surprise. He drew back with a terrified gasp, and the fleeting blood left his face livid.

"Give it to me!" said Felthorpe, sternly.

"It shall be returned to—to——" He glanced fearfully at the bed.

"Give it to me!" Felthorpe repeated. "To rob the dead! Shame on you, sir!"

"It's no longer yours!" cried Netley.

"We will not argue," said Felthorpe. He drew his sword and advanced the point towards Netley's breast. "Come, this is my way with such as you."

"You dare to draw upon me here?"

"I dare to draw anywhere upon a thief, in this room most of all, where you have laid hands upon the honourable dead. Come, sir, deliver that box to me."

"I will rouse the house!"

"By all means do so," said Felthorpe, advancing his point a little nearer. "Brooks



"HE DREW BACK WITH A TERRIFIED GASP."

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is here already. Do you think a servant in the place would stir a hand against me? I have a mind to carry you before the nearest magistrate; or, if you prefer to fight, draw and be done with this play-acting!"

The steady approach of the keen steel was too much for Mr. Netley. At last he delivered the snuff-box into Felthorpe's hand, not without an assumption of easy grace.

"Once more," said Felthorpe, "I wish you a very good day." With that he turned and departed with the delighted Brooks.

"I must go with you at once, sir," Brooks said. "The house will be too hot for me."

"Yes, I suppose it will. Leave word for your things to be sent to my address. . . . The rascal!"

When the carriage-wheels were spinning townwards between hedgerows just greening to the spring, Felthorpe produced the snuff-box and gravely took a pinch from it. Brooks watched him with an expression of intense curiosity.

"Have you looked it over carefully, sir?" he asked.

"Why, no; not very carefully."

"I'd search it, sir, if I were you."

"You are a most mysterious person, Brooks."

"'The snuff-box and all that's in it,' my master said, sir."

"True," said Felthorpe; "and it's half full of snuff."

Brooks chuckled and rubbed his hands together. "Give it to me for one moment, sir." He closed and tapped the box; then opened it again. "There's more than snuff there, sir," he said. "This belonged to a King."

"Explain!" cried Felthorpe; "explain!"

Brooks dexterously removed the lining of the box and disclosed below a little chamber closely packed with paper.

"There!" he said. "It was his joke—his way. He told me all about it. Mr. Netley, sir, has a surprise in store."

Felthorpe removed the papers, unfolded them, and spread them on his knee. His eyes widened incredulously at the sight of five thousand pounds in so small a compass.

"Brooks," he said, "I have a mind to tear up these notes and throw them out of window."



"HIS EYES WIDENED INCREDULOUSLY AT THE SIGHT OF FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS IN SO SMALL A COMPASS."

"I wouldn't do that, sir."

"No, perhaps not. . . . Do you know that you're a very honest man?"

"I was always that, sir."

"With this sum at my disposal," said Felthorpe, musingly, "I must be a fool if I can't make some way in the world. Yes; I'll take the money. This is my reward for being stubborn, Brooks."

"Yes, sir," said Brooks. His face had assumed its ordinary expression of respectful deference.

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Living Figures.

By Arthur T. Dolling.

THE average reader may have a certain respect for statistics, but with that respect there is generally mingled something of dislike. Columns of figures are apt to overwhelm. Thus was brought into vogue the popular diagram. But the popular diagram, especially when it dealt with human figures to illustrate quantities or qualities, was mathematically absurd. A man six feet high weighs twelve stone; but it does not at all follow that a man three feet high weighs six stone. The popular statisticians in their pictorial embodiments give us height and breadth, but they take account in their mensuration of height alone. It is obvious that this must strike the eye of the least intelligent observer as inexact. Let us present a new method, and with it a hint of how statistical diagrams can be made interesting.

Suppose we begin with the religions of the world. Instead of putting all the figures in a meaningless level row like a squad of tin soldiers suspended in mid-air, of making the Roman Catholics twice the height of the Protestants, let us depict a scene as actually happening. A mere glance shows the proportions of the adherents of each of the seven great religions in existence amongst the inhabitants of the globe. Christianity possesses 563,000,000 adherents, of whom



THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

Taoism 44,000,000. Islamism, 222,000,000. Judaism, 9,000,000. Parseeism, 150,000. Shintoism, 18,000,000. Polytheism, 130,000,000.

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353,000,000 are Catholics and 210,000,000 Protestants. After this comes the Worship of Ancestors (China) with 283,000,000; Brahminism (India), 223,000,000; and Islamism with 222,000,000. Polytheism accounts for some 130,000,000 souls, and Buddhism for some 107,000,000. Taoism comes next with 44,000,000. Shintoism (Japan) numbers 18,000,000, and Judaism, 9,000,000 adherents; while Parseeism brings up the rear with 150,000.

Next we may take the various callings in the United Kingdom. Herewith is depicted a body of workers performing on a see-saw, at one end of which is the fisherman bearing the implements of his calling upon his back. Notwithstanding the Carlylean gospel, labour is not universally loved for itself alone, and the easiest callings would be uncomfortably crowded were they also the most remunerative. One is reminded of the leisurely personage who explained his reduced circumstances as the result of his chosen vocation. He was a fly-catcher in winter and a snow-shoveller in summer. "But I stick to it, ma'am," he added, "because I was bred to the business and I ain't learned no other."

Farming cannot be termed a lucrative calling; wherefore the supply has never, perhaps, anywhere surpassed the demand. But it has great compensating advantages. and to day the Census shows that there are still more farmers than any other class of workers in the United Kingdom. According to the last returns there were 1,153,185 males actually engaged in following agriculture for a livelihood.

After farming, the most numerous industrial class in the kingdom is the miner, who multiplies himself by 937,482. Next to these two numerous classes may be set those engaged in commercial pursuits (631,933), which include clerks and the shop-assistant class. The business man, representing these classes, is shown at the right-hand end of the industrial see-saw, which he bears down with the weight of his superior wealth.

The fourth figure in size is the mill-hand (594,742), embodying all branches of textile manufacture in the kingdom. The 492,149 makers of dress must not be taken as representing tailors alone, but all that class who minister to the outer man and woman.



MALE OCCUPATIONS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

The figures, from left to right, represent: Fishermen, 61,537; Printers, 124,105; Navvies, 137,193; Carpenters, 338,179; Railway Employés, 320,514; Tailors, 492,149; Mill-hands, 594,742; Mining, 937,482; Agriculture, 1,153,185; Costermongers, 52,144; Policemen, 62,437; Domestic Servants, 345,893; Commerce, 631,933.

The next most numerous occupation is that of domestic servants, of whom there are no fewer than 345,893 in the kingdom, being run close by the carpenter. How many people in a thousand would guess the number of carpenters in Great Britain and Ireland? The answer is 338,179. The railway employé comes next with 320,514, which figures include engine-drivers, stokers, guards, porters, signalmen, shunters, and so forth. As to navvies, there are 137,193 of them, being more numerous than printers, of whom there are 124,105. Fishermen come next to policemen with 61,537; but it is a curious fact that there are nearly as many costermongers as fishermen (52,144).

From male we turn to female occupations.

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The first great fact which confronts us is that there are 1,641,154 domestic servants in these isles. Yet, oddly enough, we are constantly told that the demand is greater than the supply. One may reflect, however, that after all this only amounts to one woman in every fourteen is engaged in the very feminine and laudable endeavour to keep, for a pecuniary consideration, another woman's house in order.

After domestics the most numerous female occupation is naturally concerned with dress. We find 903,646 women who are either dressmakers or concerned in the production of dress. After the dressmakers come the mill-hands, or, more properly speaking, the textile factory workers, who number altogether 867,259. These, in turn, are followed by the shop-girls, of whom there are some 325,000.

After the manufacture and fashioning of linen comes the cleansing of it, which accounts for there being 226,690 laundresses in the United Kingdom.

There are 201,716 teachers, which reminds us of the great part played by women in educating the juvenile mind of the community.

A sudden drop is noticed when we come to charwomen, who number 126,696. The bulk of this class is employed in London and the large cities. There are 79,048 trained nurses in our midst, which reminds us of the great strides made in this vocation since the days of Sairey Gamp. We wonder how many people will remember, when they next have an interview with the harmless, necessary landlady, that there are no fewer than 58,475 of her? Quite an immense army, even judged by Continental standards, and fully able to visit justice on 100,000 delinquent lodgers.

Almost an even number of the fair sex chose shopkeeping as a means of livelihood (54,188), which, after all, is less than one female shopkeeper to 800 of the inhabitants. There are 26,098 musicians, but only 6,798 actresses, which will surprise many mere men who have been accustomed to regard the picture post-cards in the shop windows. One would have thought that there were at least as many actresses as musicians. But the most surprising figures are in connection with the lady author or authoress. We have always been told that every woman comes equipped into the world to write a novel, and, judging by the volumes which teem forth from the press, it would almost seem as if

Dressmakers, 903,646; Mill-hands, 867,259; Shop-girls, 325,000; Domestic Servants, 1,641,154.



FEMALE OCCUPATIONS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.
In foreground: Laundresses, 226,690; Charwomen, 126,696; Teachers, 201,716; Sick Nurses, 79,048; Shopkeepers, 54,188; Landladies, 58,475.
On table: Actresses, 6,798; Musicians, 26,098; Authors, 1,327.

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PROFESSIONS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

The figures, from left to right, represent: Lawyers, 27,184; Engineers, 14,052; Schoolmasters, 73,909; Authors and Journalists, 10,973; Actors, 6,470; Clergy, 51,665; Musicians, 23,545; Architects, 13,044; Doctors, 27,592; Artists, 15,294.

every woman, or at least one woman in ten, availed herself of her birthright; albeit, it appears that this is not the case. There are, in fact, only 1,327 professional lady authors and journalists in the United Kingdom, which wholly shatters the notion that there are at least 1,000,000 lady novelists.

Turning to professions, within the four corners of an ordinary room we behold a curious and impressive scene. If the personage who characterized this country as being a nation of shopkeepers had called it a nation of schoolmasters he would have been much nearer the mark. The schoolmaster towers loftily above every other calling. The schoolmaster, of course, embraces all ranks of the teaching profession, from Oxford and Cambridge tutors to the humble first-form master at a small school, or even a primary teacher at a Board school. The class next to him is the clergyman. There are 51,665 clergy of all denominations in these isles—nearly twice the number of barristers or doctors; 27,592 doctors means one doctor for every 1,500 persons in the community. On the whole, one would have thought there was a superfluity of lawyers (27,184), until one learns that the figures also comprise solicitors, and also perhaps when one remembers the vast numbers of briefless barristers that are, according to rumour, to be found within the purlieus of the Temple. We are told that this is not a musical country, yet we have amongst us no fewer than 23,545 musicians, and only a little more than half that number of engineers and surveyors, while there are 13,044 architects in the kingdom.

People say there are no painters nowadays, and yet the figure to the right of the diagram is a vivid assurance of the fact that there are 15,294 of them, all but a scant hundred or so firmly convinced that the Royal Academy is annually doing them an injustice. It

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should be mentioned, however, that these figures include both sculptors and engravers. The figure at the desk, apparently hard at work reporting the confabulation between the schoolmaster and the parson, is intended to represent the literary and journalistic profession. It will be seen that in size he is much smaller than the musician, doctor, or painter.

Few professions make such a stir in the world as that of the actor, and yet there are only 6,470 of him, almost equally balancing the number of actresses. The actor is but a quarter of the physical proportions of the lawyer.

Suppose we now choose another theme upon which to shed a clear, convincing light by means of our animated statistics. If all the petty officers and seamen of the Royal Navy were rolled into one, we should have a figure approaching in physical proportions the honest Jack Tar who is seated in pleasant scrutiny of the admirals of the British Navy, who are embodied in one tiny figure in the palm of his hand. In this scrutiny he is joined by the concentrated essence of the Royal Marines. The next figure in point of size represents the boys of the Navy, of the number of 7,216. Immediately in front are the captains and commanders (4,702) rolled into one. The figure on the coil of ship's cable depicts the coastguard. The two remaining figures represent lieutenants and sub-lieutenants (1,590) and warrant officers (1,836).

Turning to the Army, the reader will note the gigantic proportions of the captain compared with most of his official superiors. Among the commissioned officers we find 4,214 captains and about half that number of majors (2,575). The elderly officer in the centre of the picture who is engaged in superciliously twirling his eye-glasses represents the colonels of the British Army, of whom there are some 670. Almost equal to the colonel in point of size is the lieutenant-colonel, who multiplies himself by 600. The small figure on the left of the colonel, in whose outstretched hand may be seen that weapon which is mightier than the sword, is intended to represent the generals (210), while the remaining figure in the group typifies the eight field-marshals which our Army boasts.

What is the comparative popularity of the various sports in this kingdom? This we see with one rapid *coup d'œil* over the diagram representing sport. Here are shown the devotees of cricket, football, tennis, golf, bowls, and the other familiar pastimes.

The statistics in this department have been obtained with great difficulty, but from so many well-informed sources as to cause the

Petty Officers and Seamen, 89,031; Admirals, 92; Royal Marines, 20,211; Boys, 7,216.



THE BRITISH NAVY.

Coastguard, 4,369. Warrant Officers, 1,836. Captains and Commanders, 4,702. Lieutenants, 1,590.

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THE OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.
Lieutenant-Colonels, 600. Colonels, 670. Generals, 210. Field-Marshals, 8.

proportions given to be relied upon as being accurate in the main. The aggregate of all the cricket clubs, large and small, in the kingdom, combined with an estimate of players who are not members of clubs, including the public schools, gives a total of 570,000 persons, young and old, who participate in the national game. Football comes a good second with 520,000. A Rugby player has here been represented by the artist to typify both styles of the game, although Association football predominates.

As to tennis, a fair estimate of its devotees comes to a total of 403,000. We find the golfer with his 3,130 flourishing clubs (no pun intended) numbers 380,000 players, while few would suspect the enormous popularity of bowls, especially in the North, the figures for which have been compiled at 286,000. Croquet is responsible for 172,000 players, while the proportions of the hockey-player are seen to be nearly the same, with 161,000 devotees.

The exciting and interesting game of badminton is found to number only some 17,000 adherents, while lacrosse furnishes a healthy and successful pastime for 14,000 players. Baseball numbers some 13,000 adherents,



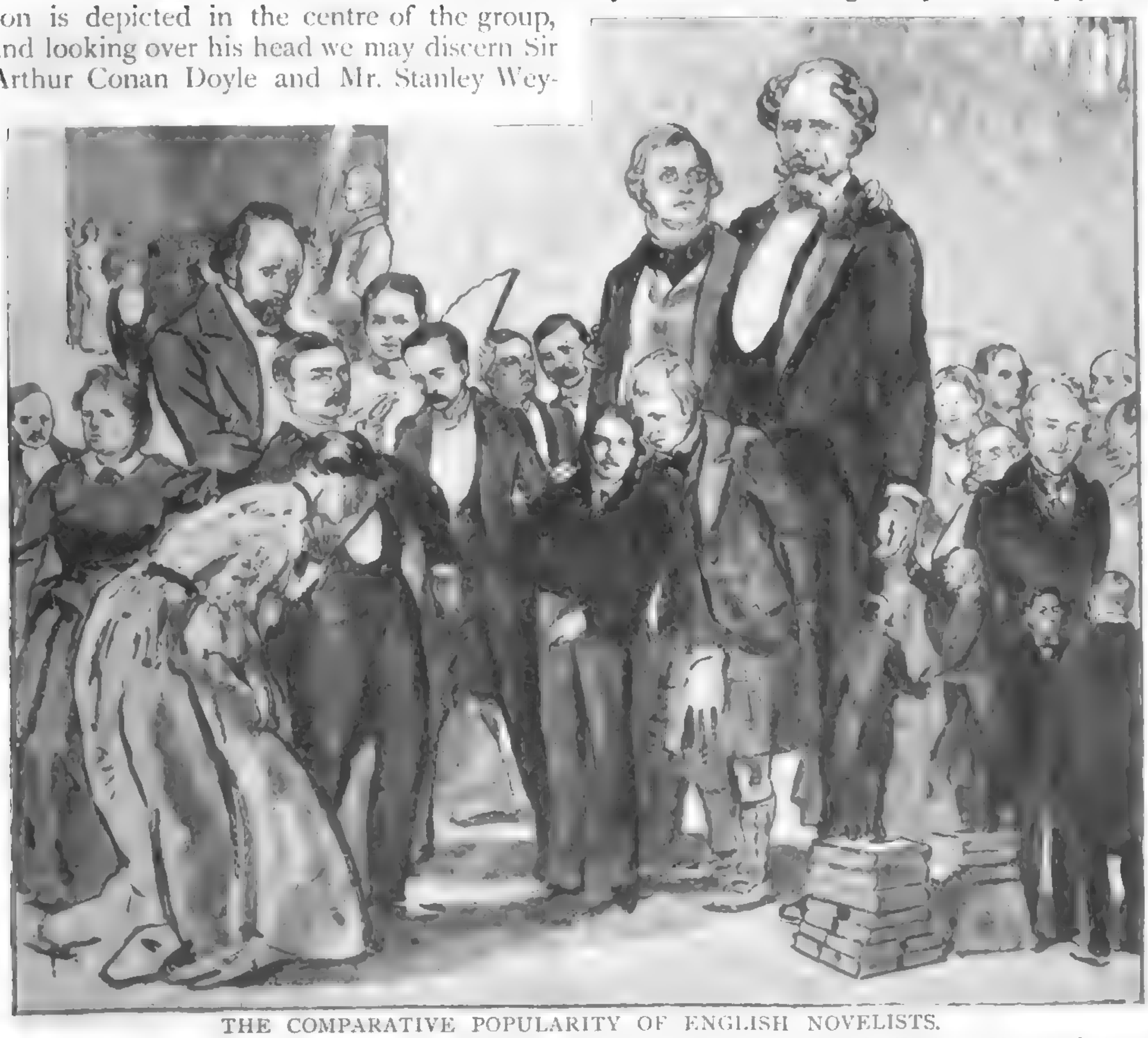
THE COMPARATIVE POPULARITY OF SPORTS.
Cricket, 570,000; Football, 520,000; Tennis, 403,000; Golf, 380,000; Bowls, 286,000; Croquet, 172,000; Hockey, 161,000; Badminton, 17,000; Lacrosse, 14,000; Baseball, 13,000; Polo, 8,000.

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while there are 8,000 polo-players in the kingdom. So much for sport as embodied in characteristic figures of its votaries.

Lastly, it must prove interesting to ascertain the relative popularity of some of the great lights in fiction-writing for the past quarter of a century. This we must do on the basis of figures courteously provided by the great libraries of the kingdom. From Mudie's, on the one hand, to the London Library on the other, we find that the giants of English fiction, Dickens and Thackeray, although somewhat diminished during the last decade, still maintain a great superiority. Mr. Hall Caine's dimensions show an impressive accretion of tissue. Nearly equal to him in physical proportions we find Miss Marie Corelli, who is in turn closely followed by Scott and Lytton. In the foreground we see Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. J. M. Barrie, while close behind them we may recognise the features of the gifted authoress of "Robert Elsmere." Robert Louis Stevenson is depicted in the centre of the group, and looking over his head we may discern Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. Stanley Weyman. Charlotte Brontë, Anthony Trollope, Mr. Zangwill, and Mrs. Henry Wood are to the right of the picture. Charles Reade and Charles Kingsley have run each other close in point of popularity in the course of twenty years, while the demand for their works has been less than the demand for Lytton. Standing on a pile of books, apparently engaged in an animated conversation, are Messrs. Henry James and George Meredith, whom one would have suspected to be larger. Mr. Thomas Hardy and Miss Braddon may be noticed on the extreme left, while the remaining figure in the group is that of Mr. E. F. Benson, whose popularity in the "Dodo" year would have far surpassed Dickens, and here has somewhat unkindly turned his back to the reader.

It should be pointed out that this diagram does not pretend to apportion the degree of contemporary literary reputations. It only shows what kind of fiction has been most read by the masses during the past twenty years.



THE COMPARATIVE POPULARITY OF ENGLISH NOVELISTS.

Reading from left to right the authors depicted are as follows: Mr. Thomas Hardy, Miss Braddon, Miss Marie Corelli, Mr. Hall Caine Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Mr. Stanley Weyman, R. L. Stevenson, W. M. Thackeray, Scott, Dickens, Mr. Henry James, Charlotte Brontë, Mr. George Meredith, Anthony Trollope, Charles Kingsley, Bulwer Lytton, Mr. I. Zangwill, Charles Reade, and Mr. E. F. Benson.

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ALF'S DREAM



BY

W. W. JACOBS

"I'VE just been drinking a man's health," said the night watchman, coming slowly on to the wharf and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand; "he's come in for a matter of three 'undred and twenty pounds, and he stood me arf a pint—arf a pint!"

He dragged a small empty towards him, and after planing the surface with his hand sat down and gazed scornfully across the river.

"Four ale," he said, with a hard laugh; "and when I asked 'im—just for the look of the thing, and to give 'im a hint—whether he'd 'ave another, he said 'yes.'"

The night watchman rose and paced restlessly up and down the jetty.

"Money," he said, at last, resuming his wonted calm and lowering himself carefully to the box again—money always gets left to the wrong people; some of the kindest-'arted men I've ever known 'ave never had a ha'penny left 'em, while teetotaler arter teetotaler wot I've heard of 'ave come in for fortins.

It's 'ard lines though, sometimes, waiting for other people's money. I knew o' one chap that waited over forty years for 'is grandmother to die and leave 'im her money; and she died of catching cold at 'is funeral. Another chap I knew, arter waiting years and years for 'is rich aunt to die, was hung because she committed suicide.

It's always risky work waiting for other people to die and leave you money. Sometimes they don't die; sometimes they marry agin; and sometimes they leave it to other people instead.

Talking of marrying agin reminds me o' something that 'appened to a young fellow I knew named Alf Simms. Being an orphan 'e was brought up by his uncle, George Hatchard, a widowed man of about sixty. Alf used to go to sea off and on, but more off than on, his uncle 'aving quite a tidy bit of 'ouse property, and it being understood that Alf was to have it arter he 'ad gone. His uncle used to like to 'ave him at 'ome, and Alf didn't like work, so it suited both parties.

I used to give Alf a bit of advice some-

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times, sixty being a dangerous age for a man, especially when he 'as been a widower for so long—he 'as had time to forget wot being married's like; but I must do Alf the credit to say it wasn't wanted. He 'ad got a very old 'ead on his shoulders, and always picked the housekeeper 'imself to save the old man the trouble. I saw two of 'em, and I dare say I could 'ave seen more, only I didn't want to.

Cleverness is a good thing in its way, but there's such a thing as being too clever, and the last 'ousekeeper young Alf picked died of old age a week arter he 'ad gone to sea. She passed away while she was drawing George Hatchard's supper beer, and he lost ten gallons o' the best bitter ale and his 'ousekeeper at the same time.

It was four months arter that afore Alf came 'ome, and the fust sight of the new 'ousekeeper, wot opened the door to 'im, upset 'im terrible. She was the right side o' sixty to begin with, and only ordinary plain. Then she was as clean as a new pin, and dressed up as though she was going out to tea.

"Oh, you're Alfred, I s'pose?" she ses, looking at 'im.

"Mr. Simms is my name," ses young Alf, starting and drawing hisself up.

"I know you by your portrait," ses the 'ousekeeper. "Come in. 'Ave you 'ad a pleasant v'y'ge? Wipe your boots."

Alfred wiped 'is boots afore he thought of wot he was doing. Then he drew hisself up stiff agin and marched into the parlour.

"Sit down," ses the 'ousekeeper, in a kind voice.

Alfred sat down afore he thought wot 'e was doing agin.

"I always like to see people comfortable," ses the 'ousekeeper; "it's my way. It's warm weather for the time o' year, ain't it? George is upstairs, but he'll be down in a minute."

"*Who?*" ses Alf, hardly able to believe his ears.

"George," ses the 'ousekeeper.

"George? George who?" ses Alfred, very severe.

"Why, your uncle, of course," ses the 'ousekeeper. "Do you think I've got a houseful of Georges?"

Young Alf sat staring at her and couldn't say a word. He noticed that the room 'ad been altered, and that there was a big photygraph of her stuck up on the mantelpiece. He sat there fidgeting with 'is feet—until the 'ousekeeper looked at them—and then 'e got up and walked upstairs.

His uncle, wot was sitting on his bed when 'e went into the room and pretended that he 'adn't heard 'im come in, shook hands with 'im as though he'd never leave off.

"I've got something to tell you, Alf," he



"'OH, YOU'RE ALFRED, I S'POSE?' SHE SES."

ses, arter they 'ad said "How d'ye do?" and he 'ad talked about the weather until Alf was fair tired of it. "I've been and gone and done a foolish thing, and 'ow you'll take it I don't know."

"Been and asked the new 'ousekeeper to

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marry you, I s'pose?" ses Alf, looking at 'im very hard.

His uncle shook his 'ead. "I never asked 'er; I'd take my Davy I didn't," he ses.

"Well, you ain't going to marry her, then?" ses Alf, brightening up.

His uncle shook his 'ead agin. "She didn't want no asking," he ses, speaking very slow and mournful. "I just 'appened to put my arm round her waist by accident one day and the thing was done."

"Accident? How could you do it by accident?" ses Alf, firing up.

"How can I tell you that?" ses George Hatchard. "If I'd known 'ow, it wouldn't 'ave been an accident, would it?"

"Don't you want to marry her?" ses Alf, at last. "You needn't marry 'er if you don't want to."

George Hatchard looked at 'im and sniffed. "When you know her as well as I do you won't talk so foolish," he ses. "We'd better go down now, else she'll think we've been talking about 'er."

They went downstairs and 'ad tea together, and young Alf soon see the truth of his uncle's remarks. Mrs. Pearce—that was the 'ousekeeper's name—called his uncle "dear" every time she spoke to 'im, and arter tea she sat on the sofa side by side with 'im and held his 'and.

Alf lay awake arf that night thinking things over and 'ow to get Mrs. Pearce out of the house, and he woke up next morning with it still on 'is mind. Every time he got 'is uncle alone he spoke to 'im about it, and told 'im to pack Mrs. Pearce off with a month's wages, but George Hatchard wouldn't listen to 'im.

"She'd 'ave me up for breach of promise and ruin me," he ses. "She reads the paper to me every Sunday arternoon, mostly breach of promise cases, and she'd 'ave me up for it as soon as look at me. She's got 'eaps and 'eaps of love-letters o' mine."

"Love-letters!" ses Alf, staring. "Love-letters when you live in the same house!"

"She started it," ses his uncle; "she pushed one under my door one morning, and I 'ad to answer it. She wouldn't come down and get my breakfast till I did. I have to send her one every morning."

"Do you sign 'em with your own name?" ses Alf, arter thinking a bit.

"No," ses 'is uncle, turning red.

"Wot do you sign 'em, then?" ses Alf.

"Never you mind," ses his uncle, turning redder. "It's my handwriting, and that's good enough for her. I did try writing backwards, but I only did it once. I wouldn't do it agin for fifty pounds."

"If 'er fust husband was alive she couldn't marry you," ses Alf, very slow and thoughtful.

"No," ses his uncle, nasty-like; "and if I was an old woman she couldn't marry me. You know as well as I do that he went down with the *Evening Star* fifteen years ago."

"So far as she knows," ses Alf; "but there was four of them saved, so why not five? Mightn't 'e have floated away on a spar or something and been picked up? Can't you dream it three nights running, and tell 'er that you feel certain sure he's alive?"

"If I dreamt it fifty times it wouldn't make any difference," ses George Hatchard. "Here! wot are you up to? 'Ave you gone mad, or wot? You poke me in the ribs like that agin if you dare."

"Her fust 'usband's alive," ses Alf, smiling at 'im.

"*Wot?*" ses his uncle.

"He floated away on a bit o' wreckage," ses Alf, nodding at 'im, "just like they do in books, and was picked up more dead than alive and took to Melbourne. He's now living up-country working on a sheep station."

"Who's dreaming now?" ses his uncle.

"It's a fact," ses Alf. "I know a chap wot's met 'im and talked to 'im. She can't marry you while he's alive, can she?"

"Certainly *not*," ses George Hatchard, trembling all over; "but are you sure you 'aven't made a mistake?"

"Certain sure," ses Alf.

"It's too good to be true," ses George Hatchard.

"O' course it is," ses Alf, "but she won't know that. Look 'ere; you write down all the things that she 'as told you about herself and give it to me, and I'll soon find the chap I spoke of wot's met 'im. He'd meet a dozen men if it was made worth his while."

George Hatchard couldn't understand 'im at fust, and when he did he wouldn't 'ave a hand in it because it wasn't the right thing to do, and because he felt sure that Mrs. Pearce would find it out. But at last 'e wrote out all about her for Alf; her maiden name, and where she was born, and everything; and then he told Alf that, if 'e dared to play such a trick on an unsuspecting, loving woman, he'd never forgive 'im.

"I shall want a couple o' quid," ses Alf.

"Certainly not," ses his uncle. "I won't 'ave nothing to do with it, I tell you."

"Only to buy chocolates with," ses Alf.

"Oh, all right," ses George Hatchard; and he went upstairs to 'is bedroom and

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came down with three pounds and gave 'im. "If that ain't enough," he ses, "let me know, and you can 'ave more."

Alf winked at 'im, but the old man drew hisself up and stared at 'im, and then 'e turned and walked away with his 'ead in the air.

He 'ardly got a chance of speaking to Alf next day, Mrs. Pearce being 'ere, there, and everywhere, as the saying is, and finding so many little odd jobs for Alf to do that there was no time for talking. But the day arter he sidled up to 'im when the 'ousekeeper was out of the room and asked 'im whether he 'ad bought the chocolates.

"Yes," ses Alfred, taking one out of 'is pocket and eating it, "some of 'em."

George Hatchard coughed and fidgeted about. "When are you going to buy the others?" he ses.

"As I want 'em," ses Alf. "They'd spoil if I got 'em all at once."

George Hatchard coughed agin. "I 'ope you haven't been going on with that wicked plan you spoke to me about the other night," he ses.

"Certainly not," ses Alf, winking to 'imself; "not arter wot you said. How could I?"

"That's right," ses the old man. "I'm sorry for this marriage for your sake, Alf. O' course, I was going to leave you my little bit of 'ouse property, but I suppose now it'll 'ave to be left to her. Well, well, I s'pose it's best for a young man to make his own way in the world."

"I s'pose so," ses Alf.

"Mrs. Pearce was asking only yesterday when you was going back to sea agin," ses his uncle, looking at 'im.

"Oh!" ses Alf.

"She's took a dislike to you, I think," ses the old man. "It's very 'ard, my fav'rite nephew, and the only one I've got. I forgot to tell you the other day that her fust 'usband, Charlie Pearce, 'ad a kind of a wart on 'is left ear. She's often spoke to me about it."

"In—deed!" ses Alf.

"Yes," ses his uncle, "*left* ear, and a scar on his forehead where a friend of his kicked 'im one day."

Alf nodded, and then he winked at 'im agin. George Hatchard didn't wink back, but he patted 'im on the shoulder and said 'ow well he was filling out, and 'ow he got more like 'is pore mother every day he lived.

"I 'ad a dream last night," ses Alf. "I dreamt that a man I know named Bill Flurry, but wot called 'imself another name in my dream, and didn't know me then, came 'ere one evening when we was all sitting down at supper, Joe Morgan and 'is missis being here, and said as 'ow Mrs. Pearce's fust husband was alive and well."



"HE PATTED 'IM ON THE SHOULDRR AND SAID 'OW WELL HE WAS FILLING OUT."

"That's a very odd dream," ses his uncle; "but wot was Joe Morgan and his missis in it for?"

"Witnesses," ses Alf.

George Hatchard fell over a footstool with surprise. "Go on," he ses, rubbing his leg. "It's a queer thing, but I was going to ask the Morgans 'ere to spend the evening next Wednesday."

"Or was it Tuesday?" ses Alf, considering.

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"I said Tuesday," ses his uncle, looking over Alf's 'ead so that he needn't see 'im wink agin. "Wot was the end of your dream, Alf?"

"The end of it was," ses Alf, "that you and Mrs. Pearce was both very much upset, as o' course you couldn't marry while 'er fust was alive, and the last thing I see afore I woke up was her boxes standing at the front door waiting for a cab."

George Hatchard was going to ask 'im more about it, but just then Mrs. Pearce came in with a pair of Alf's socks that he 'ad been untidy enough to leave in the middle of the floor instead of chucking 'em under the bed. She was so unpleasant about it that, if it hadn't ha' been for the thought of wot was going to 'appen on Tuesday, Alf couldn't ha' stood it.

For the next day or two George Hatchard was in such a state of nervousness and excitement that Alf was afraid that the 'ousekeeper would notice it. On Tuesday morning he was trembling so much that she said he'd got a chill, and she told 'im to go to bed and she'd make 'im a nice hot mustard poultice. George was afraid to say "no," but while she was in the kitchen making the poultice he slipped out for a walk and cured 'is trembling with three whiskies. Alf nearly got the poultice instead, she was so angry.

She was unpleasant all dinner-time, but she got better in the arternoon, and when the Morgans came in the evening, and she found that Mrs. Morgan 'ad got a nasty sort o' red swelling on her nose, she got quite good-tempered. She talked about it nearly all supper-time, telling 'er what she ought to do to it, and about a friend of hers that 'ad one and 'ad to turn teetotaler on account of it.

"My nose is good enough for me," ses Mrs. Morgan, at last.

"It don't affect 'er appetite," ses George Hatchard, trying to make things pleasant, "and that's the main thing."

Mrs. Morgan got up to go, but arter George Hatchard 'ad explained wot he didn't mean she sat down agin and began to talk to Mrs. Pearce about 'er dress and 'ow beautifully it was made. And she asked Mrs. Pearce to give 'er the pattern of it, because she should 'ave one like it herself when she was old enough. "I do like to see people dressed suitable," she ses, with a smile.



"HE CURED 'IS TREMBLING WITH THREE WHISKIES."

"I think you ought to 'ave a much deeper colour than this," ses Mrs. Pearce, considering.

"Not when I'm faded," ses Mrs. Morgan.

Mrs. Pearce, wot was filling 'er glass at the time, spilt a lot of beer all over the table-

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cloth, and she was so cross about it that she sat like a stone statue for pretty near ten minutes. By the time supper was finished people was passing things to each other in whispers, and when a bit o' cheese went the wrong way with Joe Morgan he nearly suffocated 'imself for fear of making a noise.

They 'ad a game o' cards arter supper, counting twenty nuts as a penny, and everybody got more cheerful. They was all laughing and talking, and Joe Morgan was pretending to steal Mrs. Pearce's nuts, when George Hatchard held up his 'and.

"Somebody at the street door, I think," he ses.

Young Alf got up to open it, and they 'eard a man's voice in the passage asking whether Mrs. Pearce lived there, and the next moment Alf came into the room, followed by Bill Flurry.

"Here's a gentleman o' the name o' Smith asking arter you," he ses, looking at Mrs. Pearce.

"Wot d'you want?" ses Mrs. Pearce, rather sharp.

"It is 'er," ses Bill, stroking his long white beard and casting 'is eyes up at the ceiling. "You don't remember me, Mrs. Pearce, but I used to see you years ago, when you and poor Charlie Pearce was living down Poplar way."

"Well, wot about it?" ses Mrs. Pearce.

"I'm coming to it," ses Bill Flurry. "I've been two months trying to find you, so there's no need to be in a hurry for a minute or two. Besides, what I've got to say ought to be broke gently, in case you faint away with joy."

"Rubbish!" ses Mrs. Pearce. "I ain't the fainting sort."

"I 'ope it's nothing unpleasant," ses George Hatchard, pouring 'im out a glass of whisky.

"Quite the opposite," ses Bill. "It's the best news she's 'eard for fifteen years."

"Are you going to tell me wot you want, or ain't you?" ses Mrs. Pearce.

"I'm coming to it," ses Bill. "Six months ago I was in Melbourne, and one day I was strolling about looking in at the shop-winders, when all at once I thought I see a face I knew. It was a good bit older than when I see it last, and the whiskers was grey, but I says to myself——"

"I can see wot's coming," ses Mrs. Morgan, turning red with excitement and pinching Joe's arm.

"I ses to myself," ses Bill Flurry, "either that's a ghost, I ses, or else it's Charlie——"

"Go on," ses George Hatchard, as was sitting with 'is fists clenched on the table and 'is eyes wide open, staring at 'im.

"Pearce," ses Bill Flurry.

You might 'ave heard a pin drop. They all sat staring at 'im, and then George Hatchard took out 'is handkerchief and 'eld it up to 'is face.

"But he was drownded in the *Evening Star*," ses Joe Morgan.

Bill Flurry didn't answer 'im. He poured out pretty near a tumbler of whisky and offered it to Mrs. Pearce, but she pushed it away, and, arter looking round in a 'elpless sort of way and shaking his 'ead once or twice, he finished it up 'imself.

"It couldn't 'ave been 'im," ses George Hatchard, speaking through 'is handkerchief. "I can't believe it. It s too cruel."

"I tell you it was 'im," ses Bill. "He floated off on a spar when the ship went down, and was picked up two days arterwards by a barque and taken to New Zealand. He told me all about it, and he told me if ever I saw 'is wife to give her 'is kind regards."

"*Kind regards!*" ses Joe Morgan, starting up. "Why didn't he let 'is wife know 'e was alive?"

"That's wot I said to 'im," ses Bill Flurry; "but he said he 'ad 'is reasons."

"Ah, to be sure," ses Mrs. Morgan, nodding. "Why, you and her can't be married now," she ses, turning to George Hatchard.

"Married?" ses Bill Flurry, with a start, as George Hatchard gave a groan that surprised 'imself. "Good gracious! what a good job I found 'er!"

"I s'pose you don't know where he is to be found now?" ses Mrs. Pearce, in a low voice, turning to Bill.

"I do not, ma'am," ses Bill, "but I think you'd find 'im somewhere in Australia. He keeps changing 'is name and shifting about, but I dare say you'd 'ave as good a chance of finding 'im as anybody."

"It's a terrible blow to me," ses George Hatchard, dabbing his eyes.

"I know it is," ses Mrs. Pearce; "but, there, you men are all alike. I dare say if this hadn't turned up you'd ha' found something else."

"Oh, 'ow can you talk like that?" ses George Hatchard, very reproachful. "It's the only thing in the world that could 'ave prevented our getting married. I'm surprised at you."

"Well, that's all right, then," ses Mrs. Pearce, "and we'll get married after all."

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"But you can't," ses Alf.

"It's bigamy," ses Joe Morgan.

"You'd get six months," ses his wife.

"Don't you worry, dear," ses Mrs. Pearce, nodding at George Hatchard; "that man's made a mistake."

"Mistake!" ses Bill Flurry. "Why, I tell you I talked to 'im. It was Charlie Pearce right enough; scar on 'is forehead and a wart on 'is left ear and all."

"It's wonderful," ses Mrs. Pearce. "I can't think where you got it all from."

"Got it all from?" ses Bill, staring at her. "Why, from 'im."

"Oh, of course," ses Mrs. Pearce. "I didn't think of that; but that only makes it the more wonderful, doesn't it?—because, you see, he didn't go on the *Evening Star*."

"*Wot?*" ses George Hatchard. "Why, you told me yourself——"

"I know I did," ses Mrs. Pearce, "but that was only just to spare your feelings. Charlie *was* going to sea on her, but he was prevented."

"Prevented?" ses two or three of 'em.

"Yes," ses Mrs. Pearce; "the night afore he was to 'ave sailed there was some silly mistake over a diamond ring, and he got five years. He gave a different name at the police-station, and naturally everybody thought 'e went down with the ship. And when he died in prison I didn't undeceive 'em."

She took out her 'andkerchief, and while she was busy with it Bill Flurry got up and went out on tip-toe. Young Alf got up a second or two arterwards to see where he'd gone; and the last Joe Morgan and his missis see of the happy couple they was sitting on one chair, and George Hatchard was making desprit and 'artrending attempts to smile.



"BILL FLURRY GOT UP AND WENT OUT ON TIP-TOE."

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The Games of Animals.

By T. C. Bridges.

OLD-FASHIONED naturalists were wont to declare that animals were actuated entirely by inherited instinct. The impulse to do certain acts was born in them, and the animal in its wild state never did anything else.

Undoubtedly every living creature from man downwards possesses inherited impulses. Young water-snails, for instance, as soon as they come into the world are able to swim and dive exactly like their parents, and caterpillars, whose parents are dead before they are hatched, know instinctively how and where to spin their cocoons.

At the same time it is absurd to imagine that animals have no initiative of their own, and happily most modern Nature scientists hold very different opinions from their predecessors. A previous article in The Strand has clearly demonstrated that many creatures possess a distinct sense of humour. That the wild things should play real games, enjoy them thoroughly, and to a certain extent understand what they are about is a far smaller tax on the imagination.

Human children have two sorts of games. They either play with toys, inanimate objects of some kind or other, or else with one another. Animals do the same. Their games are, of course, not very advanced. They make practically no demands upon intellectual powers, but only upon bodily activity. In fact, they closely correspond with the plays of very young children.

There is nothing that a plump, healthy youngster of toddling age enjoys more than a roll down a grassy bank or the soft side of a haycock. We find more than one wild animal which practises and enjoys a sliding play. Otters go in for regular tobogganing. First choosing a steep, sloping river-bank where the soil is of clay and the water at the bottom fairly deep, they set to work and carefully remove all the sticks and loose stones which might get in their way, and then the fun begins. Climbing up the bank at some spot where it is not too steep, the first otter goes to the head of the slide, lies down flat on his stomach, gives a kick with his hind legs, and down he glides, head foremost, into the water. The second follows his leader's example, and then the third, as rapidly as they can. The bank soon becomes smooth and slippery, and the faster they travel the more the otters enjoy it. They keep on and on until quite tired out, and will come back to the same spot day after day to renew their game. So common is this practice on the part of otters that the relentless trapper long ago came to know it well, and makes a practice of setting his trap just where the poor little beasts leave the water to climb afresh for another slide, and hardly ever



"OTTERS GO IN FOR REGULAR TOBOGGANING."

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fails to secure the leader, generally the old dog-otter.

With otters this tobogganing is not merely a summer pastime. In winter they have the same amusement, the only difference being that they choose a snow-bank instead of a mud one.

Brehm, the German naturalist, has recorded an exactly similar game played by chamois in the Alps. In summer chamois climb to the upper heights, and there, in the midst of the solitudes of perpetual snow, enjoy themselves vastly, leaping from rock to rock, and often playing a game very like "follow-my-leader." But the most curious part of their fun is their tobogganing. They choose a steep, snow-covered slope; the leader throws himself into a sort of crouching position, and, working his legs as though he were swimming, slides down for a distance of a hundred yards or more. Arrived at the bottom, he springs to his feet and climbs up again. The others look on; and then another of them makes trial of the slide. The rest follow one by one.

It may be objected that chamois have adopted this method of travelling down a snow-slope simply because it was the easiest and most convenient; but surely the fact that the same animals have been watched to make the experiment several times over on the same slide is certain proof that the tobogganing is genuine play, and nothing else.

There are many instances on record of dogs having taken to coasting down snow-slopes. But the dog is a domestic animal, and a marvellously imitative one; so for the purpose of proving animal play he must in this case be put out of court.

Humboldt speaks of having seen a tame capuchin monkey riding a pig. The monkey would wait about in the morning till he could catch a pig, spring upon its back, and ride off with every symptom of delight, clinging so tightly that poor piggy, do what he might, could not free himself of his encumbrance. Once he had secured a mount, nothing would induce Master Capuchin to give it up. Even when the pig was feeding the monkey kept his seat.

The lemur is not a monkey, but a very near relative. A white-fronted lemur belonging to Broderip, the naturalist, used to have tremendous games with a tame beaver named Binny. Macky, as the lemur was called, would play "tag" with Binny, touching his great flat tail with one finger and dancing round and round the heavy, amiable beast, while the beaver with elephantine playfulness would charge Macky with all his might, but, of course, never coming near the airy sprite.

One day the two were left alone together. In the room was a linen press, and some careless person had left the doors open. Half an hour later the beaver was found snoring happily on a comfortable couch of piled-up table-cloths, sheets, and napkins, while close beside him, his head pillowed on the beaver's soft fur, lay Macky, also sound asleep.



"POOR PIGGY, DO WHAT HE MIGHT, COULD NOT FREE HIMSELF OF HIS ENCUMBRANCE."

The writer once owned a pet American racoon. The little creature formed a firm alliance with a black kitten, and the games those two had beggar description. Hide-and-seek round the coon's kennel and a pile of barrels was the commonest play. No one could watch the two without feeling positive that they enjoyed the romp and understood one another's movements just as well as any two children ever did. One day, in her wild excitement, pussy ran on to a spring-board which stretched out over a pond, and fell in. What did the coon do but deliberately follow! There was apparently no intention of rescue, and, in any case, the cat was ashore again in a few strokes, for cats are very fast swimmers. But it was an odd thing to see.

Late in the summer or in early autumn the squirrel kittens have tremendous games. They usually choose a beech wood for their antics, and it is one of the prettiest sights in

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"PUSSY RAN ON TO A SPRING-BOARD WHICH STRETCHED OUT OVER A POND, AND FELL IN."

the world to watch them. Sit perfectly still and they will not pay the slightest attention to you. Their principal game is chasing one another round and round the trunk, corkscrew fashion. The leader will then dash out to the tip of a thin branch and leap thence into another tree, the others following full speed, barking all the time with sheer delight. It is, in fact, a regular follow-my-leader game.

Monkeys have similar games. Karl Groos mentions a tame, long-tailed monkey that was devoted to swinging. He would hook his chain over a bough and swing at the end of it with the plainest pleasure. He knew exactly how much line was needed so as just to clear the ground, and never made a mistake in letting out exactly the right amount.

Almost all young animals play. It is one of the most charming sights imaginable to watch fox-cubs amusing themselves outside the earth late on a summer evening. They not only roll and gambol like kittens or puppies, but they have also a game which strongly resembles a sham fight.

The young of all the cat tribe, including lions and tigers, are naturally playful. Even such clumsy creatures as rhinoceroses and elephants enjoy games in their early youth.

Badgers have a peculiar play. They seem to enjoy turning somersaults. The young badgers in the Zoological Gardens amuse visitors by turning somersaults scores of times in succession on the same spot.

Bears do the same thing, and not only young bears, but old ones also. The natives



"BADGERS SEEM TO ENJOY TURNING SOMERSAULTS."

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"HE BEGINS TO DANCE, AT FIRST WITH SLOW AND STATELY STEPS, THEN GRADUALLY MORE AND MORE RAPIDLY UNTIL HE IS SPINNING LIKE A MAD THING."

of Kamchatka have a dance which they call the bear-dance. Every gesture is copied accurately from the bear. The natives themselves appear to be proud of the fact that the bears are their dancing-masters.

Dancing is by no means confined to quadrupeds; in fact, it is the principal play of many birds. Perhaps the finest of bird-dancers is the South American cock o' the rock *(Rupicola)*. These birds have regular dancing-places, level spots which they keep clear of sticks and stones. A dozen or more of the birds assemble round this spot, and then a cock bird, his scarlet crest erect, steps into the centre.

Spreading his wings and tail he begins to dance, at first with slow and stately steps, then gradually more and more rapidly until he is spinning like a mad thing. At last, tired out, he sinks down, hops out of the ring, and another takes his place.

Some of the quail tribe are great dancers, and so are the American sand-hill cranes. It is a most ludicrous sight to watch a crane dancing; he is so desperately solemn over the whole performance. He looks like a shy young man who has just learnt to waltz and is rather ashamed of the accomplishment.

So much for games without toys. But many wild creatures get a great deal of amusement out of various inanimate objects. The kitten plays with a ball of worsted, and everyone knows the dog that possesses a pet bone, some dry and grubby relic which is not the least use as food, but which the animal throws about and catches again by the hour, and when finished with buries in some secluded corner against another day.

Beckmann gives a delightful account of a racoon which used to amuse itself by washing various odds and ends in a bucket of water. An old pot handle, a snail shell, or anything of the sort would do, but what he loved best of all was an empty bottle.



"WHAT HE LOVED BEST OF ALL WAS AN EMPTY BOTTLE."

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Clasping it in his fore paws, he would waddle slowly to the bucket with the bottle clasped close to his breast, and then roll it and rinse it in the water. If anyone ventured to disturb him he was furious and threw himself upon his back, clinging so tightly to his beloved bottle that he could be lifted by it.

Groos says that bears will do the same sort of thing. He relates the case of a Polar bear which used to roll an old iron pot to and fro in his tank, and then, lifting it out, rub it up and down in a trough of running water. He stood on his hind legs and used his fore paws exactly like a washerwoman washing clothes.

Certainly this bear looked upon the kettle as a toy and the washing as a game. There could have been no other possible object in his queer performance.

One of the oddest little animals in existence is the Californian wood-rat, better known as the "trade-rat." It owes the latter name to the fact that, though it is a great thief, it never steals anything without putting something else in its place. Rather more than a year ago a photograph appeared among THE STRAND Curiosities of a paste-pot which had been left overnight in the assay office at the Silver Queen Mine, and which was found in the morning filled with the oddest collection of rubbish. This was the work of trade-rats. They had stolen the paste and left in exchange a piece of stick, a length of rope, some odds and ends of wire, and an unbroken glass funnel.

The object of the trade-rat in so scrupulously paying for what he takes is something of a mystery. But these same rats certainly take the greatest pleasure in the odds and ends which they steal and collect. In Lindsay's "Mind in Lower Animals" a description is given of a trade-rat's nest found in an unoccupied house. The outside was composed entirely of iron spikes laid in perfect symmetry, with the points outwards. Interlaced with the spikes were about two dozen forks and spoons and three large butcher-knives. There were also a large carving-fork, knife, and steel, several plugs of tobacco, an old purse, a quantity of small carpenters' tools, including several augers, and a watch, of which the outside casing, the glass, and the works were all distributed separately, so as to make the best show possible. Altogether the oddest collection! None of these things were of any earthly use to the rats. They must have collected them just in the same way that a child hoards up odds and ends to play with.

The trade-rat has its South American counterpart in the viscacha, a pretty little relation of the chinchilla, which lives in families of twenty to thirty on the pampas. Everything that takes its fancy and is portable is carried by the viscacha and piled in neat little heaps at the mouth of its burrow. If a ranchman drops his watch or any similar article he always searches the viscacha



"THE BEAR LOOKED UPON THE KETTLE AS A TOY AND THE WASHING AS A GAME."

burrows in the neighbourhood, and generally finds his lost property.

But one need not go so far as the New World to find similar instances of creatures that hoard. Most of the crow family have this trick. Everyone who has kept a tame jackdaw or magpie knows the delight which these birds take in any shining object, and how cleverly they will steal it and hide it away.

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A well-known naturalist speaks of a wild crow which made a collection of bits of broken china and similar odds and ends, and hid them in a nettle-patch. One day the naturalist stumbled on the bird standing in the middle of his treasures and arranging them. Next day they were all gone. The crow, aware that his secret hiding-place was known, had moved everything to some new spot.

Children build houses of bricks indoors and sand-castles on the shore. Some youngsters take pleasure in adorning these sand-castles with shells and seaweed. In the wilds of Australia bower-birds amuse themselves in precisely the same way. The bower-birds belong to the family of thrushes. Two sorts are common—the satin and the spotted bower-birds. These are found in almost all parts of the Australian bush, particularly in New South Wales.

The bower of the bower-bird is in no sense a home or nest; it is purely and simply a playhouse. The spotted bower-bird builds its bower on the ground. The outside is of twigs, the inside daintily lined with tall grasses, so arranged that the tops nearly meet. But the oddest part of the whole curious performance is the way in which these pretty, shy little birds decorate their pleasure-houses. They collect quantities of brightly-coloured feathers, pebbles, shells, morsels of sun-bleached bone—anything, in fact, that strikes their fancy—and use these to decorate their bowers. Some are stuck between the twigs, some are arranged in piles at the entrances, some are laid in rows to mark out paths leading to the bower.

Two other species—the fawn-breasted bower-bird and the regent-bird—have similar habits, but each different species has it own particular method of beautifying its pleasure resort. The bower of the fawn-breast is as much as four feet long and eighteen inches high, and is raised on a thick platform of sticks. The same bowers are used for years if the birds are not disturbed, and fresh additions are constantly made. As much as half a bushel of shells has been found in and about a single bower, and that though the bird that collected them was no bigger than a starling.

It may, perhaps, be possible to explain the trade-rat's love of utterly useless objects, the jackdaw's hoards, the joy the bower-bird takes in its dainty retreat, on other grounds than play. But such explanations appear needlessly far-fetched when compared with the simple one—that those which we are pleased to call the lower creatures share our own human love of games and toys.



"THE BOWER OF THE BOWER-BIRD IS PURELY AND SIMPLY A PLAYHOUSE."

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Scenes of Famous Songs.

By Gertrude Bacon.

WHAT are the qualities which make a song famous? This is a question which every budding poet has asked of himself and others, but very rarely has found the answer. A universal ambition has ever prevailed among the bards to write a famous song. One asked—not over modestly, perhaps—that he might make the songs of a people, and then he would be indifferent as to who made their laws. Burns said that the dearest wish of his heart was that "for poor auld Scotland's sake" he might "sing a sang at least." Burns was lucky enough to discover the secret of what he wished; but it is doubtful whether he himself was even aware of the discovery. He never ranked his immortal songs among his highest efforts. At one time he even affected for awhile to deny that he was the author of "Auld Lang Syne," declaring that he had only discovered and published it. Certainly he himself would have been quite unable to explain the secret of its universal fame.

It has been stated by those who have studied the subject that sorrow and strife are necessary for the production of true song. A nation which is wealthy, peaceful, and contented will produce few or no great songs; while a poor, persecuted, struggling people will burst forth into sweetest melody. As instances of this are cited the Irish, Scotch, and Welsh—down-trodden in the past, and driven into their rocky and desolate fastnesses,



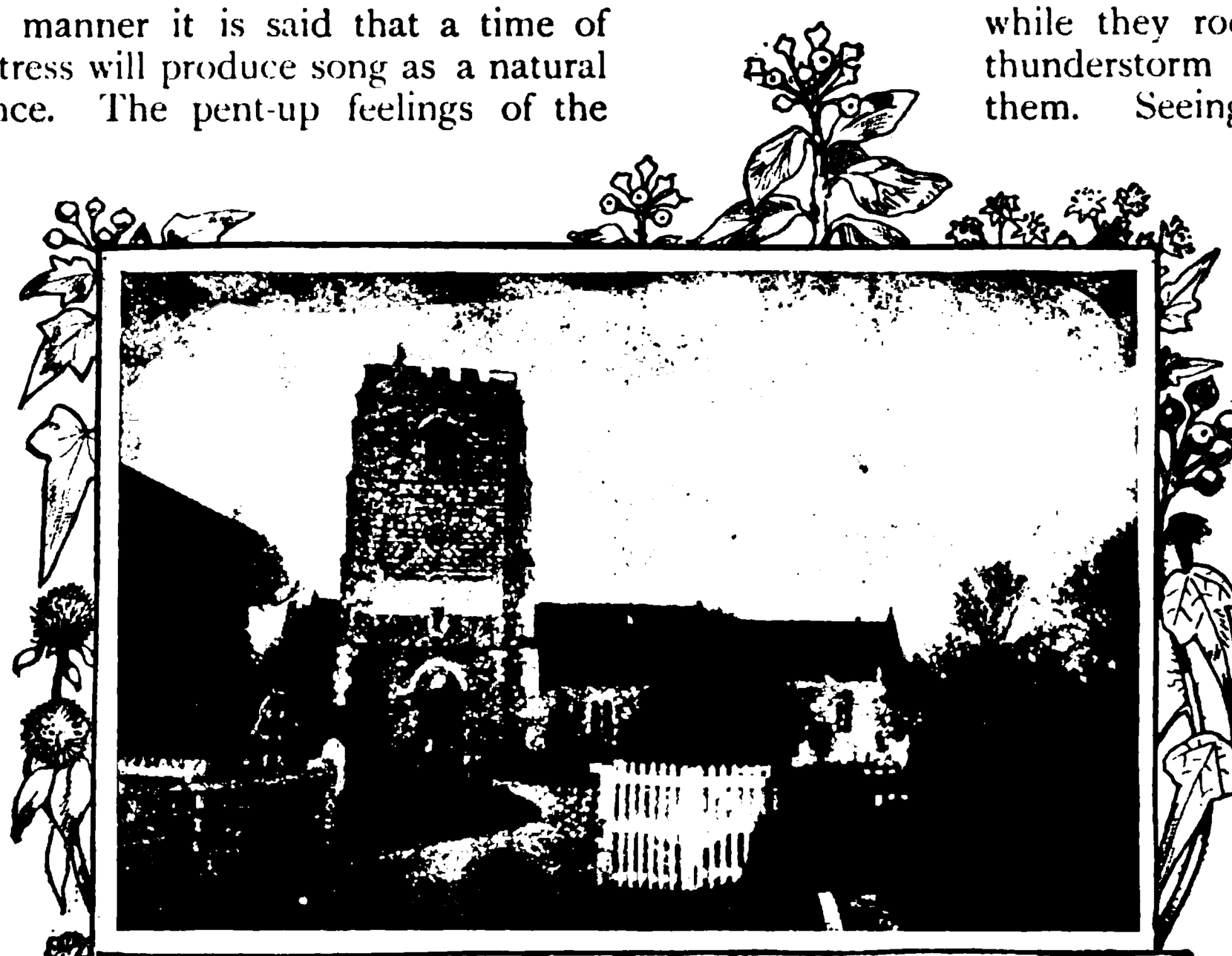
From a Photo. by] "THE SANDS OF DEE." *[J. Macnicholl.*

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where their bards composed for them innumerable songs which will have power to stir the heart throughout all ages; while the conquering English, living secure in fertile plains, can point to but a vastly smaller and inferior "repertoire" of national minstrelsy.

In like manner it is said that a time of national stress will produce song as a natural consequence. The pent-up feelings of the people must find expression somehow. The soldiers must have a song to march to. The French Revolution gave us the "Marseillaise." The American Civil War was fought to the strains of "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie Land." Is it pushing instance too perilously near the borders of the ridiculous to point out that the Boer War was responsible for "The Absent-Minded Beggar" and "Dolly Gray"?

We may or we may not give credence to these theories, but one fact cannot fail to strike us if we make a study of famous songs, and that is how very many of them have local references, and have been inspired by particular scenes. Environment has ever the very strongest effect upon the poet. In many instances when no place is mentioned in the song a knowledge of the circumstances under which it was written would reveal that some particular locality was responsible for its creation. To give only two widely different examples, "Rock of Ages" can be directly traced to Burrington Combe, in Somersetshire. Toplady, the author, was walking over this desolate spot when he was overtaken by a violent storm. He sheltered safely beneath a rock, and while there the words of the great hymn occurred to him. Burns and Lym of Ryedale were galloping together over the wild country of Glenken, in Galloway, and while they rode a fierce thunderstorm burst upon them. Seeing the rapt



From a Photo by J. Valentine, Dundee.

expression that stole over the poet's face as he rode through the rain and fire, his friend wisely forbore to speak and interrupt his mood—and the result of that wild ride was the immortal "Scots Wha Hae."

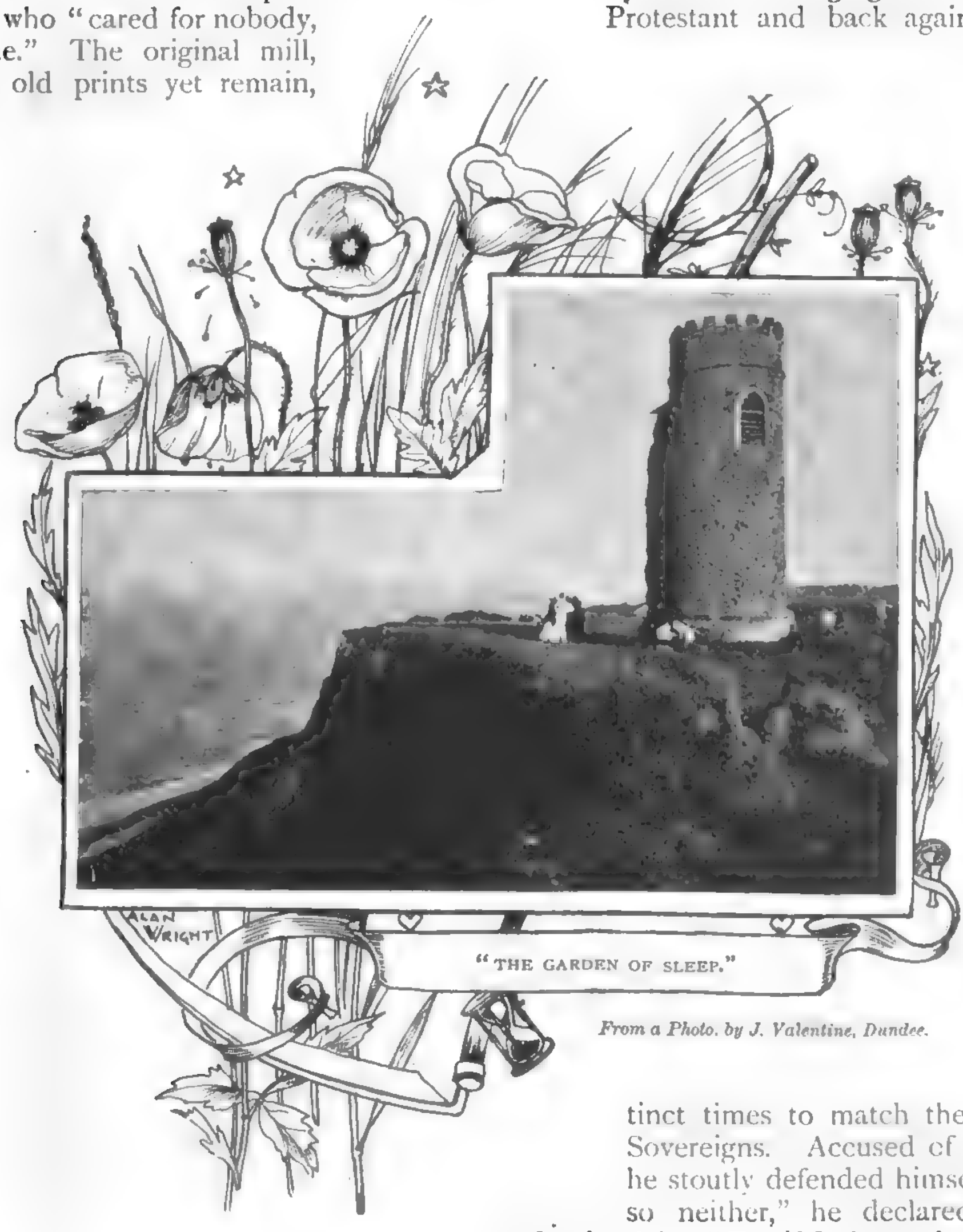
Again, though no evidence is forthcoming from the words of the song, natives of Bromham, in Wiltshire, can point to the exact spot where Moore, walking in the garden, composed "Those Evening Bells," as the sweet melody from the picturesque steeple of Bromham Church, in whose shade the poet now sleeps, was borne softly upon the night breeze.

It is not to be marvelled at that the deeply poetical Charles Kingsley, watching the sun set over the dreary, illimitable waste at the mouth of the wide northern river, should have discovered there the theme of his pitiful "Sands of Dee." His simple

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ballad, which has touched the hearts of so many thousands with its homely pathos, is founded on many a tragedy of real life which has there occurred; and only too truthfully and realistically does he describe the "wild wind, dark with foam," the rolling mist, and the relentless tide ever creeping "o'er and o'er the sand, and round and round the sand," "as far as eye could see."

Dee is distinguished among English rivers, for is it not the scene of another famous song, "The Miller of the Dee"? A gaunt building by the water-side at Chester, recently much injured by fire, is pointed out as marking the spot where dwelt that independent soul who "cared for nobody, no not he." The original mill, of which old prints yet remain,



"THE GARDEN OF SLEEP."

From a Photo. by J. Valentine, Dundee.

disappeared many years ago. The strong-minded miller was a veritable character of the eighteenth century. The complete song is first found in the collection called "The Convivial Songster," published in 1782, but Arne introduced one stanza of it into an opera twenty years previously, while the tune (a very favourite one in olden days) is of much greater antiquity.

Falling under the same category as "The Miller of the Dee," inasmuch as they all celebrate famous English worthies of the past, and refer incidentally to the scene of their habitation, are "The Vicar of Bray" and "John Peel." It is well known that the former plastic divine was one Simon Aleyn, Canon of Windsor and Vicar of Bray, in Berkshire, who performed the remarkable feat of holding his living from 1540 to 1588, by dint of changing from Papist to Protestant and back again four distinct times to match the changing Sovereigns. Accused of fickleness, he stoutly defended himself. "Not so neither," he declared (a little redundantly). "For if I changed my religion I am sure I kept to my principle, which is to live and die the Vicar of Bray." This song, set to a far older tune, was written by a soldier in Colonel Fuller's troop of Dragoons in the reign of the first George.

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Everyone knows that "The Garden of Sleep" refers to the pathetically beautiful scene in "Poppyland" where the ruined church, surrounded by its quiet graveyard, stands "at the edge of the steep" at Over-



"THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER."

From a Photo. by J. Valentine, Dundee.

strand, near Cromer. Year by year the encroaching sea engulfs more and more of the crumbling cliff, and advances nearer and nearer to the doomed tower that still keeps faithful ward over the ever-diminishing "garden." An inspiring scene indeed for the poet, and small wonder that Clement Scott found it so.

John Peel, the huntsman hero, "lived at Troutbeck once on a day," Troutbeck being near Penrith, in Cumberland. Hard by, in Caldbeck Churchyard, is his grave. It is only a few months ago that the hounds of the local pack ran almost up to his tomb. His memory is still green in the country which once resounded to "the sound of his horn" and his immortal "view-halloo." The hunt servants, when they pass his resting-place, never fail to raise their caps to John Peel. Farther south his name is also held in high, if somewhat confused, respect. "That is Peel," explained a 'bus-driver, the other day, to a country visitor beside him, pointing with his whip to the statue in Palace Yard—"*John* Peel."

Another old English ballad with a local habitation is "The Lass of Richmond Hill," and it rouses a Yorkshireman's indignation if you venture to assume that Richmond, Surrey, is here referred to. Richmond on the Swale lays proud and jealous claim to its lass, and points to her house and portrait therein contained as proof of its contention. Islington in Norfolk would also like to insist on its right to "The Bailiff's Daughter." "Scarlet Town," where lived the heartless Barbara Allen (Pepys's favourite), is said to be Carlisle. This northern city has, at any rate, one beautiful lyric to its credit. Every-

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one remembers the haunting refrain of the song Scott introduces into "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and which has been turned into so successful a glee, "Where the Sun Shines Bright on Carlisle Wall."

Modern English song does not, as a rule, contain local reference; such ballads as "Twickenham Ferry" and "London Bridge" but serving as exceptions to prove the rule. Seeking about the country for spots mentioned in song, new and old, we find among others, "The Well of St. Keyne," near Liskeard, in Cornwall; "Widdicombe Fair" and "Richard of Taunton Dean" for Devon and Somerset; "The Old Maids of Lee," "Woodstock Town," "Banbury Cross" (!), "Come ye from Newcastle," "Bristol City" in "The Mermaid," and "Brighton Camp" in "The Girl I Left Behind Me." This last reference, by the way, fixes the date of the song at 1758, when, a French invasion threatening, the troops were encamped on Brighton Downs, while Hawke and Rodney watched the French fleet off Brest. Dibden, the sailors' bard, sang of "Wapping Old Stairs" and "Chelsea Ferry." That very ancient song of the sea, "Farewell and Adieu to You Spanish Ladies," the date of which is lost in antiquity, gives an absolutely accurate list of the "coastwise lights of England," as seen and noted by the sailor passing down Channel.

A very favourite old ballad, which, although it concerns a scene in Scotland, is yet of English origin, is "On the Banks of Allan Water." The date of the song is about 1820, and the words by M. G. Lewis. The composer is unknown, but the air is generally attributed to C. E. Horn, who wrote "I've Been Roaming" and "A Frog He Would." Allan Water is the beautiful stream which falls into the Forth at Stirling, and it has, moreover, another song, this time of Scottish birth, belonging to it in "Rose of Allandale."

Scotland is the home of songs with local reference. Her wild, romantic scenery and the intense patriotism of her native poets have combined to make almost every one of her most lovely districts the scene of a famous song. Perhaps it is this inevitable touch of local colour which so endears her minstrelsy to her children, and accounts for the great effect a Scotch song can ever produce. It is related that the band of a Highland regiment, quartered for some time in the West Indies, had perforce to be forbidden to play "Lochaber No More," because of the depressing effect this sorrowful and haunting melody produced upon the home-sick men. Lochaber, as everyone knows, is a wildly beautiful, if barren, district in Inverness.


"THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY."

From a Photo. by J. Valentine, Dundee.

Burns, who was the author of so many of

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the most famous Scottish songs, wrote them, in many cases, to old Scotch airs. Concerning the origin of one of these tunes he himself has a tale to tell. A certain Mr. Miller confided to one Clarke, a friend, that the dearest wish of his heart was to compose a Scotch air. Clarke assured him, in sport, that nothing was easier. "Keep to the black notes of the harpsichord," he said, "and preserve some sort of rhythm, and the desired result is inevitable." Miller took this bantering advice seriously, went home and did as he was bid, and in this way, sure enough, produced, so Burns says, a veritable Scotch air. It is a pity we do not know actually which tune it was that was so composed.



"ANNAN WATER."

From a Photo. by J. Valentine, Dundee.



"ANNIE LAURIE."

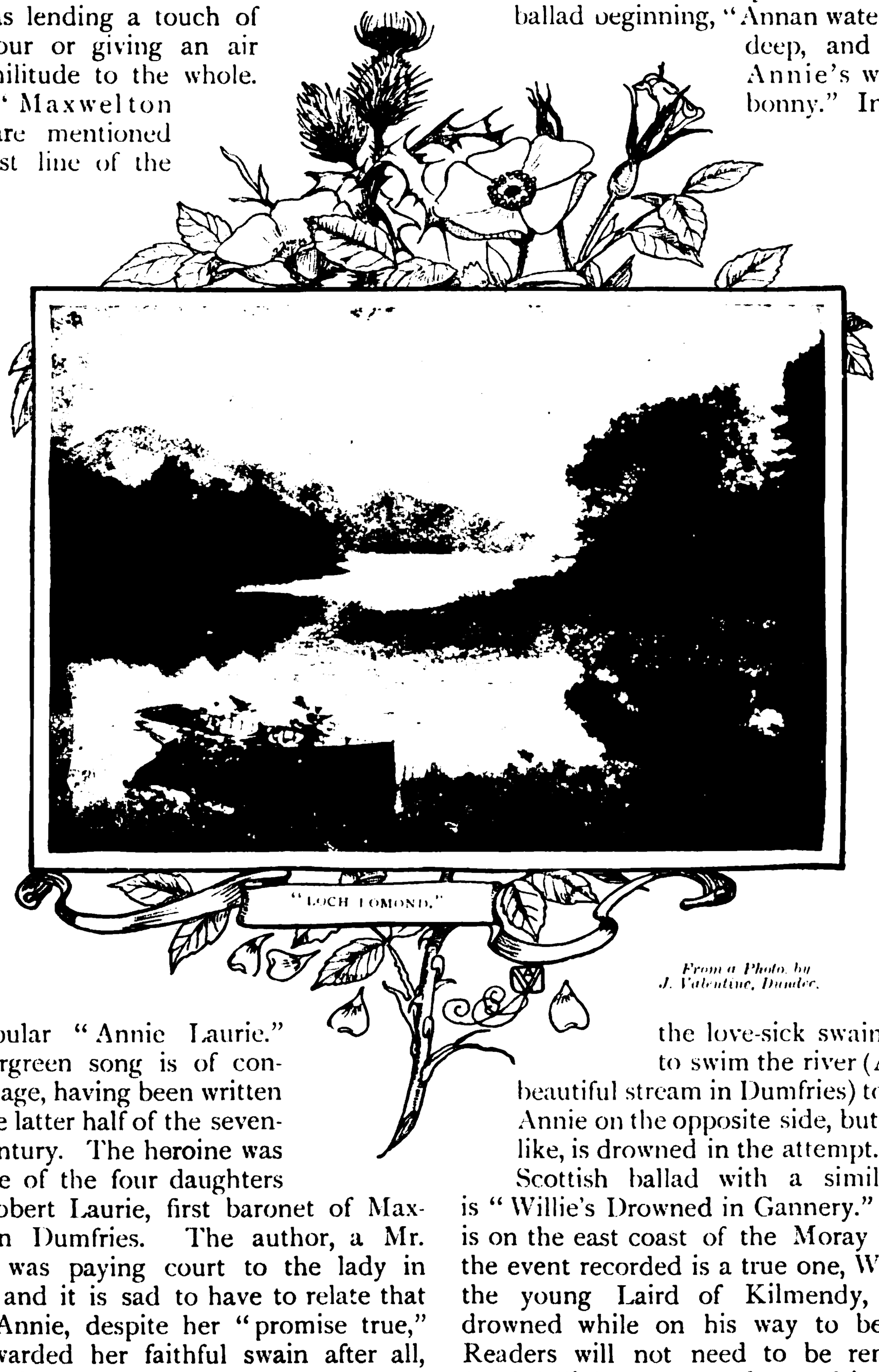
From a Photo. by J. Valentine, Dundee.

On an old Scotch melody with the kindred title of "The Birks (birches) of Abergeldie," and while standing in the actual

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spot he so graphically portrays, Burns wrote "The Birks of Aberfeldy." It is a scene worthy of a great poet's pen; "the braes around like lofty wa's," "the foaming stream deep roaring," that "weets in misty shower" the flower-strewn banks. In this case the words of the song are almost purely descriptive. More generally, as we may see, the scenery is introduced more or less incidentally as lending a touch of local colour or giving an air of verisimilitude to the whole. Thus "Maxwelton Braes" are mentioned in the first line of the ever-popular "Annie Laurie." This evergreen song is of considerable age, having been written during the latter half of the seventeenth century. The heroine was Anne, one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of Maxwelton, in Dumfries. The author, a Mr. Douglas, was paying court to the lady in question, and it is sad to have to relate that the fair Annie, despite her "promise true," never rewarded her faithful swain after all, but married someone else.

The introduction of a lass, true or false, but fair always, seems practically inevitable in ancient song, whether of Scotland or any other country. Water also, generally a river, is almost invariably referred to in local reference. The combination of maidens and rivers seems to lead naturally to the drowning of the former, as in the already cited "Sands of Dee" and "Allan Water." Sometimes, however, it is the lover who perishes. This is the case in the pathetic old Scotch ballad beginning, "Annan water's wading deep, and my love Annie's wondrous bonny." In this case the love-sick swain attempts to swim the river (Annan is a beautiful stream in Dumfries) to reach his Annie on the opposite side, but, Leander-like, is drowned in the attempt. Another Scottish ballad with a similar theme is "Willie's Drowned in Gannery." Gannery is on the east coast of the Moray Firth, and the event recorded is a true one, Willie being the young Laird of Kilmendy, who was drowned while on his way to be married. Readers will not need to be reminded of Lord Ullin's daughter, drowned in Lochgyle, and many other heroes and heroines of song who have met with watery graves.



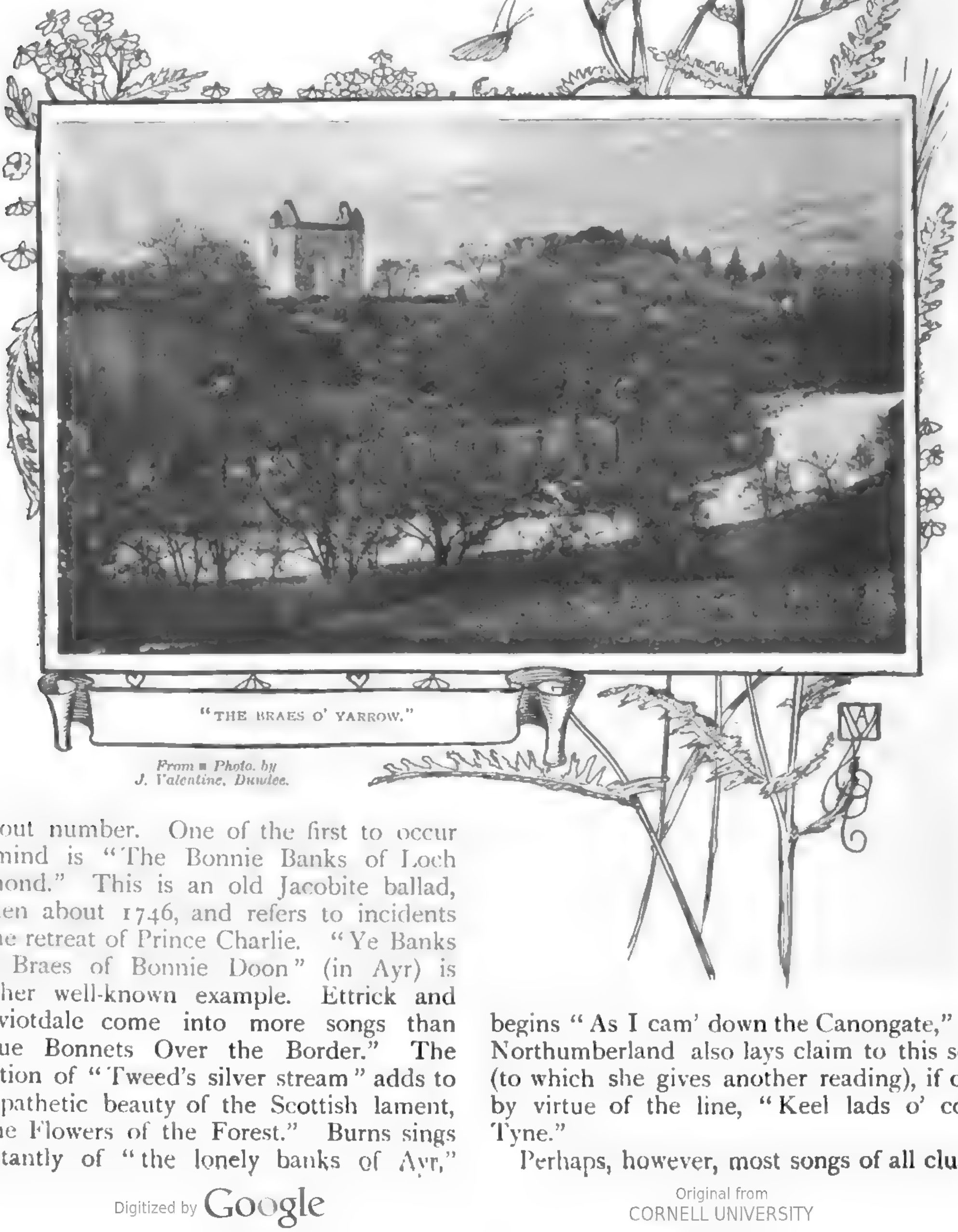
"LOCH LOMOND."

From a Photo. by J. Valentine, Dundee.

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All song maidens, however, are not equally unfortunate, nor are they immortalized for their love, or their woe, or even their beauty alone. A famous old North-country ditty is "The Northern Lass," sometimes known as "The Maid of Doncaster." This buxom wench was one Betty Maddocks, a heroine of the seventeenth century, who, being much sought after, bargained that she would only wed the man who could tire her out in dancing. A hundred gallants made the attempt, only to retire, utterly wearied, before the terrific energy of the young lady, who, presumably, lived single ever after.

References to scenery in Scottish song are without number. One of the first to occur to mind is "The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond." This is an old Jacobite ballad, written about 1746, and refers to incidents of the retreat of Prince Charlie. "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon" (in Ayr) is another well-known example. Ettrick and Cheviotdale come into more songs than "Blue Bonnets Over the Border." The mention of "Tweed's silver stream" adds to the pathetic beauty of the Scottish lament, "The Flowers of the Forest." Burns sings constantly of "the lonely banks of Ayr," ever associated in his mind with his lost Highland Mary. Esk, also, is many times referred to (Young Lochinvar, for one, swims it). Edinburgh naturally figures frequently. The Scotch version of "The Keel Row" begins "As I cam' down the Canongate," but Northumberland also lays claim to this song (to which she gives another reading), if only by virtue of the line, "Keel lads o' coaly Tyne."



"THE BRAES O' YARROW."

From a Photo. by J. Valentine, Dundee.

Perhaps, however, most songs of all cluster

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ALAN WRIGHT

"KILLARNEY."

From a Photo. by J. Valentine, Dundee.

around the Yarrow. It is curious, by the way, how the streams of this particular district of the Lowlands seem to inspire the poets. Esk, Ettrick, Tweed, Teviot, Annandale, Yarrow are all within comparatively short distance of each other. Wordsworth wrote two poems on Yarrow, and there is also "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow," besides that famous ancient ballad beginning "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride," in which the lady is adjured — "Think no mair on the braes of Yarrow."

Ireland is little, if any, behind in her scene-inspired song. Again it is water that stirs the poet. It would be curious, indeed, if lovely Killarney had no song to her credit. As a matter of fact, she has several. Everyone knows Balfe's universally popular "Killarney," one of the few songs purely descriptive of actual scenery. Killarney must also possess its "lass," and so we have the dangerously beautiful "Kate Kearney," who lives on the banks of the lake with which her name, correctly pronounced, rhymes. There is also a "Hermit of Kil-



ALAN WRIGHT

"DUBLIN BAY."

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larney" and several other songs known to be inspired by this

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matchless scene, even when the locality is not actually mentioned.

What Burns is to Scotch song, that Moore is to Irish. "The Young May Moon" bears reference to Morna's Grove, and there are many other local allusions in the Irish melodies which will at once occur to mind. "sweet vale of Avoca" is specially referred to in the song, Moore rapturously averring that "there is not in the wide world a valley so sweet." Another favourite of Moore's begins, "Silent, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy waters."

No reference has been made to Welsh



"THE MEETING OF THE WATERS."

From a Photo by J. Valentine, Dundee.

Besides these we have, among scores of others, "The Bells of Shandon" (which "sound so grand on" "The pleasant waters of the River Lee"), "The Boyne Water," "Arranmore, Loved Arranmore," "The Fair Maid of Wicklow," and "Dublin Bay." One of the best-loved of all Moore's melodies is "The Meeting of the Waters." The beautiful spot he immortalizes is part of the lovely scenery between Rathdrum and Arklow in County Wicklow, and was visited by the poet in 1807. The two rivers which there unite are the Avon and Avoca. The scenes, though they are many, which have inspired Cambrian melody. Space also forbids any mention of places beyond the British Isles, or the list might be indefinitely prolonged, since beautiful surroundings, all the world over, have proved, and ever will prove, the strongest incentive of famous song.

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At the Crossing.

By Lady Henry Somerset.

WITH a hideous yellow fog overhead, blurring every outline, enveloping in its stifling, sulphurous thickness every part of your being, and a pavement smeared with greasy mud, truly the world was an ugly place on that November afternoon, and life a weary thing to the tall man who, with carefully-turned-up trousers and fur-lined overcoat, was walking slowly through one of the great squares of the gloomy city.

"Splosh! Confound it, the crossings are a sea of slime!" he muttered, as he buried his boot in the brown liquid that had gathered close to the pavement at the crossing. "Even the wretched sweeper has gone, small blame to him." And then, by a sequence of ideas, he wondered if the boy on crutches who sold violets a few yards farther on had gone too. "Of course he has; he wouldn't be such a little fool as to think any mortal could be found to stop to buy flowers on such a day."

But this thought that had strayed across his mind was fleeting. He had really at that moment but one dominant idea. Gwen had snubbed him; there was no doubt about that. He had imagined somehow that at last his patience would be rewarded. He had waited so long, he had made such efforts to order his life so as to be worthy to ask her to be his wife. He had honestly tried, and it had been no small effort to follow her intellectual and artistic flights, and the exertion had at times strained so severely his mental capacity as to leave him utterly hopeless and exhausted. And yet to-day she had deliberately neglected him, almost ignored his presence, to talk to that young jackanapes of a parson who had come over from the East-end. She had intentionally discussed Royal Commissions on the housing question, and tommy-rot about fair-trading companies, and other absurd questions of which he knew nothing, just in order to make a fool of him before that pale-faced young upstart. At lunch she certainly had sat down next to him, but when he tried to talk to her she answered vaguely, looked across the table, and began an argument with Raters of the Psychical Society, or some such bosh, about a lot of idiots who had sat up a whole night in a country house waiting to hear or see the spirits which were supposed to haunt the place—a pack of veritable tom-fools—and never another word could he get out of her. Before he left the house he had tried to say some of the things he had so carefully prepared, but she interrupted him, and said:—

"My dear Gerry, you're very kind and good, but I like men who have done something in the world, who are big and brave — people who are not conventional. I'm so tired of this eternal London talk, I want a man who is not afraid to do what other people would think absurd. I must get free from these trammels which make social mummies of us all."

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"I MUST GET FREE FROM THESE TRAMMELS WHICH MAKE SOCIAL MUMMIES OF US ALL."

What the dickens could she mean? Social mummies? It was such a silly idea, he thought; besides, how could he help the fact that there had been no fighting since he joined? How he longed at that moment to hear the newsboys shouting that war was declared — it didn't matter with whom or where, only that he might go and say good-bye, and that she might realize how gladly he could face danger when he was called to do it.

"Big and brave," she had said. Well, he was big enough; he stood six foot two, if that was what she liked. And brave—he only wished he had a chance to show her. But what chance had a man in London? There was no war, and where else could she expect him to show his bravery? It was true he was stupid, but then it wasn't his fault that he had no brains, and he knew he could do something — something big and worth while—if only the opportunity would present itself. He was like a giant in strength and heart, but a helpless one, for want of something to do. Other chaps would think of something clever, he thought ruefully. "I must just wait my chance to show her what I'm fit for, and I'm hanged if I believe I shall ever get it."

A thin, clear whistle came from the other side of the road. The young man paused. It was a child's whistle, evidently intended to attract somebody's attention. He tried to see across the foggy street, but the other side was hidden by the thick brown veil. Then again came that whistle, long, shrill, clear. There was no one in sight, and the whistle had an imperative sound. Was it someone whistling for him? He stood for a moment to listen. Then he heard a child's voice:—

"Lumme, there ain't anybody to 'ear," it said, despairingly.

Gerry stood on the kerbstone hesitating. Evidently somebody—a child—on the other side of the road wanted help. Should he go and see? He plunged into the mud and made his way across, splashing up the filthy liquid. He had almost reached the other side when a shrill voice just under his feet exclaimed, anxiously:—

"'Arf a mo', sir; don't put yer 'oof on me. I ain't mud; I'm two arms an' a leg a-lyin' in the gutter."

The young man looked down in surprise. There at his feet lay the boy who sold violets at the corner, a mass of slimy dirt, though the face, splashed with mud, gleamed white in the dim light.

"How did you get there?" asked Gerry, foolishly.

"It warn't my choice, sir," said the boy, with an attempt at a laugh. "Yer see, one leg an' a 'arf ain't much ter stand on, an' I 'ad a narsty slip an' fetched myself a downer, an' then I broke my clothes-prop, an' blessed if a bloke 'as parst as I could get to 'elp me. I've been a-whistling on 'em this 'arf 'our. I was finkin' I'd 'ave to sleep in these 'ere wet blankets all night."

In spite of the mocking voice it was plain to see that the boy had been frightened. The hand he stretched out eagerly was trembling. The man held out his strong hand, clad in a drab reindeer glove, and it was gripped

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tightly by the muddy one as the boy tried to regain his balance. But he could only slip in the mud in a hopeless attempt to stand up.

"I can't see the crutch," he said, and both of them searched the gutter for it. At last the young man found it, broken and useless. The boy looked at it anxiously.

"I must 'ave a try 'ithout it," he said, and once more struggled to pull himself up. "Bless me, I ain't fit fer it," he whimpered, falling back on the kerbstone. "I can't move myself no ways, no more ner a dead 'orse." And then his pluck gave way completely, and he began to cry. "Struth, 'ow am I goin' to get 'ome? I'm lorst, that's wot I am; fit fer nuffink but the knacker's, that's wot I are."

The violets lay splashed and dirtied in the slime, the empty basket beside them.

"Where do you live?" Gerry asked.

"Craun Court, back of Oxford Street," sobbed the child. "Swelp me. Windsor Castle'd be as much use to me, for this 'ere bloomin' gutter's my 'ome now."



"THERE AT HIS FEET LAY THE BOY."

Gerry Walmsley looked down at the pitiful little brown figure. If only he could see a cab, but there were none; or a policeman, but the square was as deserted as the Sahara. What an absurd plight, he thought. Why did he stop at all? And yet at the moment the problem as to how he could get the child home seemed absorbing. Heavens! what could he do? He could not lead the poor little chap, because that wouldn't help him. If only he were blind, he thought, irrelevantly; but he was lame, confound it—it was much worse. It was such an absurd situation! If the parson man had come that way, this sort of job was his business. But what could *he* do?

"I wish I 'ad the bloomin' doctor wot cut off my leg," sobbed the child. "I'd arst 'im 'ow 'e'd like to be me for a chinge."

"Don't cry, old chap," said Gerry, stooping down; "I'll try and get a cab."

"Keb?" said the child, scornfully; "wot use'd a keb be? Do yer fink a kebby's goin' ter tike a bag o' mud in his clean keb? An' kebs can't get down our court—it's too narrer."

"Can I fetch anyone?"

"There ain't no one ter fetch."

"Your father?" Gerry suggested, mildly.

The boy glanced at him pityingly.

"Farver? Wot yer arstin' me? Farver's sife in quod these three months."

"Your mother?"

"Muvver? Muvver's gone upstairs."

The young man looked grave and puzzled. The situation, he realized, was hopeless, though the details given him offered no explanation.

"A policeman?"

The boy stopped crying. "Look 'ere, yer can move on. I ain't done nothink to yer, and if yer goes an' calls a copper he'll tike away my stand."

Great Scot! It was getting serious, and the fog was growing thicker, and the child fell to crying again.

Gerry Walmsley looked down at his coat—clean, immaculate. Could he? Well, it was preposterous, but he couldn't leave him here. The fog was very thick; no one could ever know, and, by Jove, if he was

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quick it wouldn't take long, and he could say he had got splashed if he met anyone and he was unpresentable.

"Here, catch hold," he said, suddenly stooping and holding out his hand. "Just raise yourself a bit and I'll lift you."

The boy said no word, but knelt on the kerbstone, and the man raised him as he held out his muddy arms.

"I say, you're a strong 'un," he muttered, as he felt the firm grasp. "Str'ight on and dauwn to the left, and thin keep on."

Walmsley almost knew there was a man in front, but he had the collar of his coat turned up, and he never looked up as they passed. If only he could get the boy safely home, no one would ever know the foolish thing he had done, he thought. Only a step or two across Oxford Street, then he plunged down the long court.

"Str'ight on," the little voice directed him; "three doors on."

The gloomy houses had no numbers. Visitors were rare, and the inhabitants knew their own burrows.

"First floor back."

Up the wretched, dirty stairs, and then Gerry deposited his burden, fumbled in his pocket for a shilling, and while the shrill voice was still speaking its thanks he was gone. Out in the court he saw that his arms and chest were grimed with mud.

"They'll think I've got drunk," he said, "and fallen into a gutter."

But somehow, as things had turned out, and as he had met no one, he didn't regret that he had got the poor little chap back to that dingy hole, and he hailed a hansom and drove to his rooms.

The autumn fogs were over, the streets were dry and clean, a blue sky was overhead, and the trees in the square were beginning to show tiny round buttons of green. He had met Gwen in the Park. She had asked him to walk back to lunch. How adorable she looked, he thought, as he watched her slight figure, clad in dull brown, with her shining hair under a hat trimmed with violets, and a bunch of violets at her waist! Surely no spring day had ever felt so balmy; London had never looked so beautiful.

"What rot it is to say it is an ugly city; it's one of the most dignified and beautiful in the world," he was saying to her; "and you to-day, you look like spring itself passing through it, and bringing everybody all sorts of good things."

"Gerry, you are becoming quite a poet," she said.

"Am I?" he answered, smiling. "I feel sometimes as if I really understood what makes a chap write that kind of stuff."

"Do you know," said Gwen, looking up with her solemn brown eyes, "I heard something to-day which has given me such a thrill. It has made London so much more beautiful to me. I bought these violets from that little cripple boy at the corner of the square. We are friends, you know, and I'd given him a book the other day with the story of St. Christopher, the great giant who was so strong and gentle, and now he tells me that he has seen St. Christopher, that he lives in London, and is a 'great toff,' as he calls it. He says that one foggy night when he had slipped and fallen in the gutter, and had whistled and called for half an hour for somebody to help him, this big, strong giant came across the road."

Gerry's heart beat quickly.

"Confound the little chap, he's going to make me ridiculous with his silly blab," he thought.

"He is sure it must have been St. Christopher, he was so strong and kind, and took him up in his arms, though he was a mass of mud, and carried him safely home."



"'I SAY, YOU'RE A STRONG 'UN,' HE MUTTERED."

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She stopped and looked up. "I wish I knew the man who did that, Gerry."

"Oh, I dare say, you know, he couldn't help it. The wretched little chap probably blubbed, and he just couldn't help making a fool of himself doing it."

"Making a fool of himself? How like you, Gerry! You are of the earth, earthy. Don't you see it was a most beautiful thing to do? The man that had such an impulse is a great soul. He really is a modern Christopher."

"I never heard of the gentleman you mention," said Gerry, hoping to turn the subject. "May I ask, has he been long dead?"

"My dear boy, have you never heard the legend of St. Christopher, the great giant, and how one night he found a child at the edge of the ford, on such a night when no one could pass, and carried him—— See, that's the boy," she said, as they turned the corner of the square.

"Don't stop," said Gerald; "lunch is sure to be ready."

"I must just tell him I want violets to-morrow; he keeps them for me."

The spring day seemed to have brought brightness to the little maimed figure, and the white face was comparatively clean as it looked out smilingly over the tray of pretty flowers.

"I'll keep 'em for yer, miss," he said, in answer to her question.

Gerry turned away, and they were just moving on when suddenly a gleam of recognition spread over the boy's face. He looked at Gerry, hesitated, and then burst out joyfully, "Why, that's 'im, miss! Lumme, I'd know 'is shoulders a mile orf. That's the saint giant chap wot come when I whistled and carried me 'ome."

Gwen stood still and looked at Gerry.

"So it was you?" she said.

"I couldn't help it, upon my soul I couldn't. Any fellow was bound to get muddy and get him home," he said, apologetically.

"Gerry," she said, and held out her hand, "I didn't understand what a big man you are. I haven't done you justice."

"Oh, nonsense," he murmured, but his heart beat fast. "What did you tell me that Johnny carried you were talking about just now?"

"He carried Love Incarnate," said Gwen, slowly. And they looked into each other's eyes.



"'SO IT WAS YOU?' SHE SAID."

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Prince Fantasto.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By Charles Smith Cheltnam.

THERE was once a young Prince who, though his name was John, was called by everybody in his father's kingdom Prince Fantasto, because of his odd ways, which were most unusual for a Prince. He was very handsome and good-natured, which greatly helped to make him a favourite with everyone. As for the ladies of the Court, they were all in love with him, while the gentlemen all, more or less, tried to imitate his doings. Whence it followed that his days were passed as pleasantly as any Prince's days could be spent.

Of course the King and Queen, his father and mother, were glad of these things, but they were sometimes a little doubtful as to what would come of it later on, when he might be called on to deal with the serious matters concerning the government of the kingdom. Still, as he never did anything that gave them pain, they always hoped that he would in time show sufficient seriousness of mind and conduct worthily to sustain the regal dignity.

Now, Prince Fantasto had for godmother a charming fairy named Jocatina, who at his birth determined that his life should be as pleasant as she could make it, and her power to carry out her amiable design was as great as that of any fairy could be.

One day one of his closest companions said to him:—

"What an odd fellow you are, Prince, and what a lot of queer things you do!"

"Do I?" he asked, in reply; "I didn't know it."

"If I were to ask you to come for a ride, what would you be most likely to answer?"

"Sorry, but I'm going for a walk," said the Prince, laughing.

"But why go out walking when you can ride?"

"There's so much more to be seen with one's eyes nearer the ground."

"Worms?"

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"Well, the higher you get above them the less plainly you can see them; you can't dispute that."

"But who wants to see worms?"

"I do, when there is nothing better to see."

"Well, if you will not come for a ride, let us go for a walk."

"No; we might come upon a worm, and, as you wouldn't be looking out for it, you might tread upon it; which would not give any pleasure to you, the worm, or to me."

"Oh! If you are bent on going worm-hunting——"

"I'm not; I'm going for a stroll through the city," the Prince said, laughingly.

So they parted.

The Prince went through some of the chief streets of the city, everywhere receiving friendly greetings from the citizens.

In the market-place he found a great crowd of traders and buyers, and amongst the former an itinerant toy-seller, who was exhibiting a funny little toy which could turn head over heels, but which nobody would buy. In the midst of the crowd he noticed a poor little girl looking wistfully at the toy.

"Would you like to have that funny little acrobat, my young friend?" he asked her, tenderly.

"Oh, not for myself, sir, but for my poor little sister, who is in bed, so ill that she can't sit up for more than a short while at a time—and we've no playthings at home to amuse her."

"Why is that?" he asked.

"Please, sir, it's because we can't afford to buy her any."

"'We'—who are 'we'?"

"My mother and me, sir."

"Have you no father?"

"No, sir—not now."

"Will you take me to see your mother and sick little sister if I buy you that toy?"

"Oh, yes, sir; but we live at the top of such a high house!"

"There's nothing I should like better at this moment than to go to the top of a high house; so come along," said the Prince, laughing.

It was a very high house indeed to the top of which the now happy maiden—admiring her new gift at every step, and enjoying by anticipation her poor little sick sister's delight—guided the good-natured Prince.

A pale and careworn young woman in black was seated sewing beside a bed, on which a young and sickly-looking child was dozing. Everything that met the Prince's eyes told of terrible poverty.

"Mamma!" the girl cried the moment she entered the room; and, holding up the toy, "See what this kind gentleman has given me for little sister!"

"Oh, Prince!" the poor woman cried, starting from her chair and throwing herself at his feet—for he was known to everybody in the city by sight.

"Call me friend," he said, raising her from her kneeling posture and leading her back to her seat. "To-morrow—when your troubles are less—you shall tell me more than I at present know about them."

Meantime the little maid had spread a tray before her sick sister and was making the tumbling toy go through all its antics, and the echo of the child's happy laughter pursued him every step of the way down the widow's stairs and out into the sunlight which filled the street below.

On reaching the outer door he found a very old woman sitting on the doorstep awaiting him. "Buy *me* a toy," she said.

"Buy *you* a toy? Have you not yet given up such trifles?" asked the Prince, in surprise.

"Why should I give them up, if they still amuse me?" asked the old woman.

"In truth, I don't know why you should, in that case," he replied, laughingly. "Let us go and find the man in the market-place."

"No; come with me to a shop I know, where you can buy for me a little blacksmith, beating with his hammer on his anvil; that's the toy I want."

"With pleasure," said the Prince; "let's go and get it."

A few paces off they came to the toy-shop, and, sure enough, there was the funny little blacksmith, hammer in hand, ready to pound away upon his anvil. The old woman took it from the Prince, laughing merrily, saying:—

"As you have been so kind to me, I'll save you to-morrow from mounting all those stairs which you went up and down to-day."

"But I promised to go back," said the Prince.

"I'll do you a real service," replied the old woman, pleasantly, "if you let me go in your place."

"What will you do?" asked the Prince.

"What you forgot to do—give a toy to the good little maid who thought only of her sick sister to-day."

"Then come with me to the palace and let me give you a purse for the widow," suggested the Prince.

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"BUY FOR ME A LITTLE BLACKSMITH, BEATING WITH HIS HAMMER ON HIS ANVIL."

"Leave it to me," replied the old woman, pleasantly. "Leave it to me, and I'll do for her everything you wish to have done."

And, before he could offer any further suggestion, she was lost to his sight in the midst of the market-day crowd. But if he had by chance gone by the widow's door he might have seen the funny old woman pass in and mount the many flights of stairs to the widow's room with an alacrity that could not have failed to fill him with astonishment.

Neither the widow nor the children saw her come into the room, and it was only when they heard her cheerful voice that they became aware of her presence.

"Little one," she said, "the Prince forgot to buy you a toy as well as your little sick sister—who will soon be well now—and I've brought you one from him."

"Oh, what a dear, good Prince he is, and what a funny little blacksmith!" cried the child, her eyes sparkling with delight.

"I'll only stay to show you how to play with it," said the old woman, "and then I shall have done the Prince's errand. Whenever you want your blacksmith to work you must put something—a scrap of paper—anything small—on his anvil and make his hammer beat upon it. If you do it properly you'll find it great fun. That's all. Good-bye!"

And so intently were the eyes of the happy little girl, her mother, and the sick child fixed on the ingenious toy, that neither of them noticed the departure of the old woman, though, when they discovered that she was gone, they all regretted having forgotten to thank her for the trouble she had taken. Before she was half-way downstairs, however, she heard cries of delight coming after her from the garret she had left.

No sooner had she gone, it seems, than they began excitedly to experiment with their new toy. The little maiden had put a crumb of bread upon the face of the anvil, the hammer had descended upon it, and a piece of gold money had been made! As soon as the first surprise was over the experiment had been repeated—repeated again and again—with the same success; while the halls of Jocatina's palace, far away, rang with joyous laughter.

By the time he was five-and-twenty years of age the Prince found it had become rather tedious seeing the same people about him day after day, and hearing them say the same sort of things in precisely the same sort of way. So he made up his mind to seek change in travel, and, as the King and Queen made no objection, he called for his horse.

As soon as he was ready to start he went out of the palace and found awaiting him in the courtyard a magnificent steed, splendidly caparisoned, in charge of a handsome young page.

"Who are you? I never saw you at the palace before?" the Prince said, looking admiringly into the stripling's pleasant countenance.

"You don't know everybody in the world, Prince," suggested the youth, laughingly.

"Now that you remind me of the fact, I have not the least doubt about your being right," replied the Prince, well pleased with the new page's sprightly humour. "But," he went

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on to say, "do you know how far away from home I am going?"

"Not the least idea, Prince."

"I may be away a long time."

"The longer, then, shall I have the pleasure of serving you."

"That's a very polite speech to make!" said the Prince.

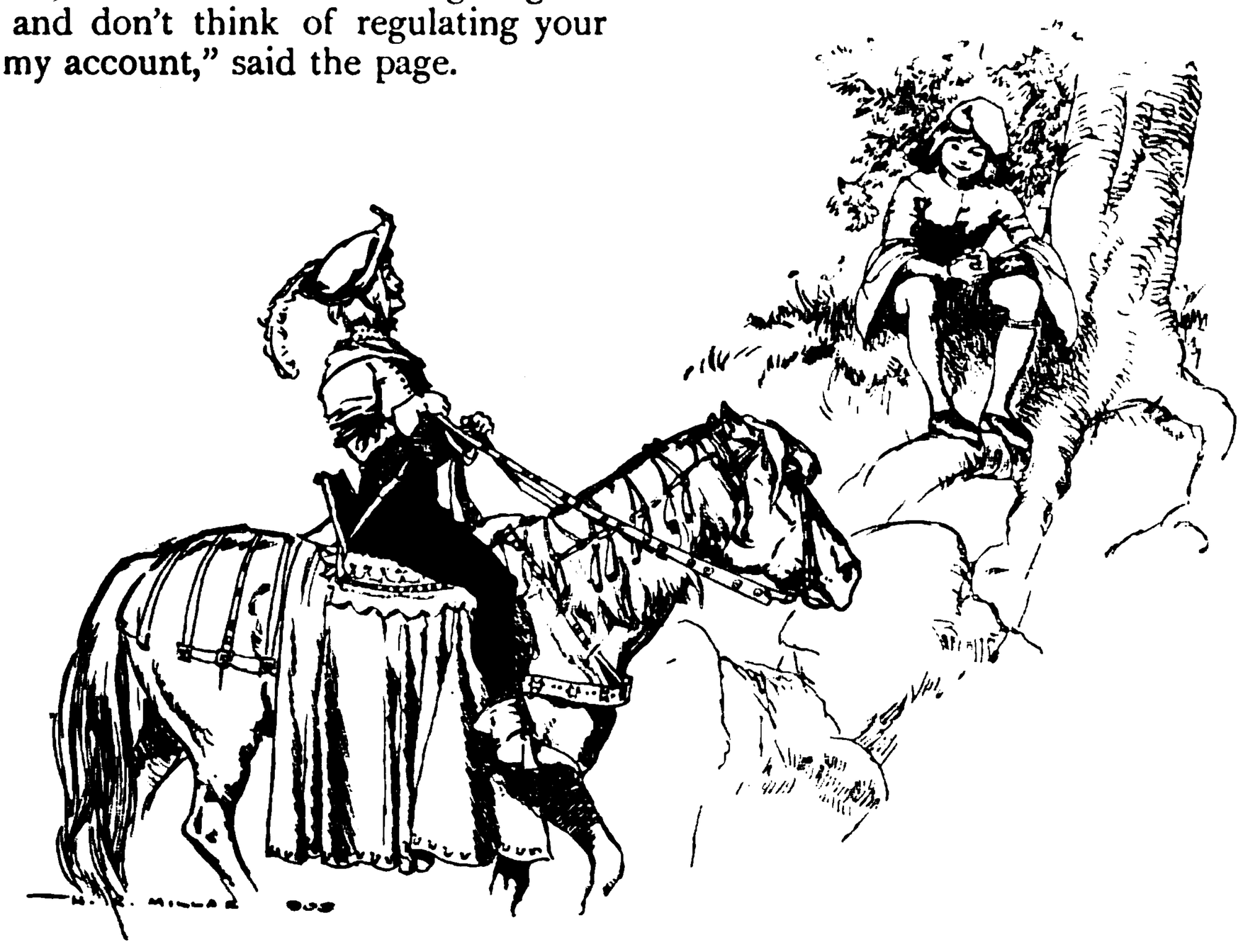
"I *am* polite," returned the page; "for one reason, because it is as easy to be polite as to be uncivil; and for another, because my name is Polito, and I should not like people to shrug their shoulders every time they heard it."

"Well, if you *will* go with me, you must have a horse to ride on," said the Prince.

"What for?" asked the page, with a merry look in his eyes.

"To enable you to keep up with me, especially when I take a fancy to gallop."

"You'll find I'm a good walker and not a bad runner; so never mind about giving me a horse, and don't think of regulating your pace on my account," said the page.



"'I THOUGHT YOU WERE NEVER COMING!' SAID THE LAUGHING YOUTH."

"Well," replied the Prince, "as it will amuse me to see how you do it, come on."

So they set off together, the Prince riding at a gentle trot, with his blithe young page at his side easily keeping pace with him up hill and down dale. At length, to try the youth's mettle, the Prince put his horse into a gallop, but it was the horse and not the runner that was out of breath by the time the Prince reined in.

Now an odd thing happened. On drawing rein the Prince's attention for a moment was diverted from his page by some rabbits frisking near the road, and when he turned his head again he discovered that the page was gone. The Prince looked for him in all directions and called to him, but receiving no answer he laughed and rode on.

"Aha," he said to himself, "the young braggart has had enough of running races with my horse and has gone back!"

A mile farther on what was his surprise to come upon the youth seated upon a bank, awaiting him! "I thought you were never coming!" said the laughing youth.

After that the Prince didn't worry about his page's powers of endurance.

A little farther on they came to a river half a mile wide and a ferry.

"What will you charge to ferry my master and myself over the river?" asked the page of the ferryman, a rough and cunning-looking fellow.

After eyeing his would-be customers for awhile the man named a price.

"That's three times as much as you usually charge," objected the page.

"Well, if you don't like to pay it you may get across the river your own way. You'll not do it in my boat, and there's not another to be had for ten leagues," replied the ferryman, inipudently.

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"We'll not trouble you," said the page, laughing. He then took hold of the flowing mane of his master's horse and whispered into the animal's right ear. In a moment the horse made a prodigious spring and carried both his rider and the page to the opposite side of the broad river, leaving the boorish ferryman to fume with rage on finding how much he had lost by his greediness.

However, his spirits rose a little on seeing another horseman rapidly approaching the ferry. This was a ruffianly-looking man, armed to the teeth—a terrible robber, in fact.

"A Prince and his page crossed the river just now," cried the ruffian. "Put me across after them, without a moment's delay, or your life isn't worth thinking of!"

The ferryman recognised his man, and therefore made no difficulty about doing what was demanded of him.

The moment the boat touched the opposite bank of the river the robber sprang on shore and spurred off in pursuit of the Prince and his page.

"My fare! my fare!" yelled the ferryman after him. But the only answer he got was a loud laugh, as the villain rode away.

In a very short space of time the robber overtook the Prince, and shouted:—

"Before you go any farther I'll trouble you to hand over to me all your money and all your jewels, and to be quick about doing it, because my temper's short, and when people don't at once do what I tell 'em to do I——"

He was going to say something which he expected would greatly alarm the young Prince; but he was not permitted to launch his threat, for, at a word from the page to his horse, the animal reared up, fell backwards on him, and threw him to the ground, insensible.

It was a long time before he came to himself, and when he did so he wished he had remained unconscious, for he found that he had been stripped almost naked; all his arms taken from him, his horse likewise; and, worst of all, the word "Robber" branded in red letters upon his forehead. He crawled back miserably to the riverside and entreated the ferryman to carry him over; but the man only returned him the mocking laugh by which he had been paid for his past services. So he sat on the river bank, meditating on the failure of his plans until, at last, he was caught and carried off to prison.

"Where are we going?" now asked the page.

"I don't know—anywhere," replied the Prince. "I never was in this part of the country before, so everything I see is new to me."

"We are in the neighbourhood of your godmother's palace. Would you care to pay her a visit?" asked the page.

"I should be delighted to do so, for I have all my life longed to make her acquaintance," replied the Prince, warmly.

"Here we are, then, at the boundary of her estate," said the page, pointing to a golden stile set in a hedge of eglantine.

As soon as the Prince got over the stile he found himself in a large and beautifully-kept garden, which was not only filled with the loveliest flowers and shrubs, but was further enlivened by the sound of strange and delightful voices. There was, in fact, a concert of flowers in progress, the roses and lilies singing the high notes, and the pansies, violets, and mignonette the low ones.

At the end of the central walk the Prince, conducted by his page, found the way barred by an immense basin, the sides of which were of gold, in which many fish of wonderful form and colours were swimming.

"I see no sign of my godmother's palace," observed the Prince.

"No; perhaps she is using it somewhere else at this moment," explained the laughing page. "She's full of whims."

"Using her palace elsewhere?"

"She finds it a convenient arrangement. But don't worry; as soon as she knows you are here she will, I feel quite sure, be at hand to welcome you. Throw this stone into the fish-basin and make a good splash with it," said the page, putting a large pebble into the Prince's hand.

The Prince threw the stone as directed, causing the water to splash up like a fountain, making a myriad of diamond sparkles in the sunlight; and in a moment he saw before him a magnificent palace made of coloured marble, the grand entrance of which was of gold, with ornaments and traceries fashioned out of gems of all hues. A flight of marble steps led up to this splendid door.

Still conducted by his page, the Prince entered the palace and found himself in a vast hall, from which a vista of halls, all varied in the gorgeousness of their furniture and decorations, extended as far as the eye could reach.

"Go on till you come to the diamond hall, while I go and find out whether your godmother is at home," said the page, darting away into one of the rooms at the side.

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The Prince did as he was directed, and soon found himself in a spacious room, all the furniture of which was encrusted with diamonds. But the object to which his eyes were instantly drawn was a young woman seated on a golden chair slightly raised above the floor.

She was completely alone. In form she was perfectly beautiful; but her face was strangely and shockingly ugly. Her cheeks were coarse and angular, her mouth large, her forehead low and ill-formed, her hair of a faded yellow tint, and she had small, grey, restless, rat-like eyes.

"Well, are you not going to say anything to me?" she said, in a grating tone of voice, as she saw the Prince gazing at her in speechless astonishment.

"I—I hope you are quite well," he stammered.

"Why do you hope I'm quite well?" she asked, snappishly.

"Because I always hope people are quite well when I see them," replied the Prince, good-temperedly.

"Oh!" she snapped again. "You've come a long way and, of course, are hungry?"

"Yes, I am rather hungry," he said.

"Then why didn't you say so?"

"It is not usual for a guest to say that sort of thing to his hostess."

"You seem an odd sort of fellow."

"So it is said of me."

"Then why don't you justify your character? *I'm* peculiar too, but nobody has to tell me that *my* ways are not in keeping with my character! How much longer are you going to keep me waiting before you choose to sit down to table?"

On hearing this the Prince involuntarily turned to look behind him, and, to his amazement, beheld a table sumptuously served with a collation. At a sign from his extraordinary hostess he took the place pointed out to him and found himself served with the daintiest food, as if by invisible hands.

"Try that green wine and tell me how you like it," said his hostess.

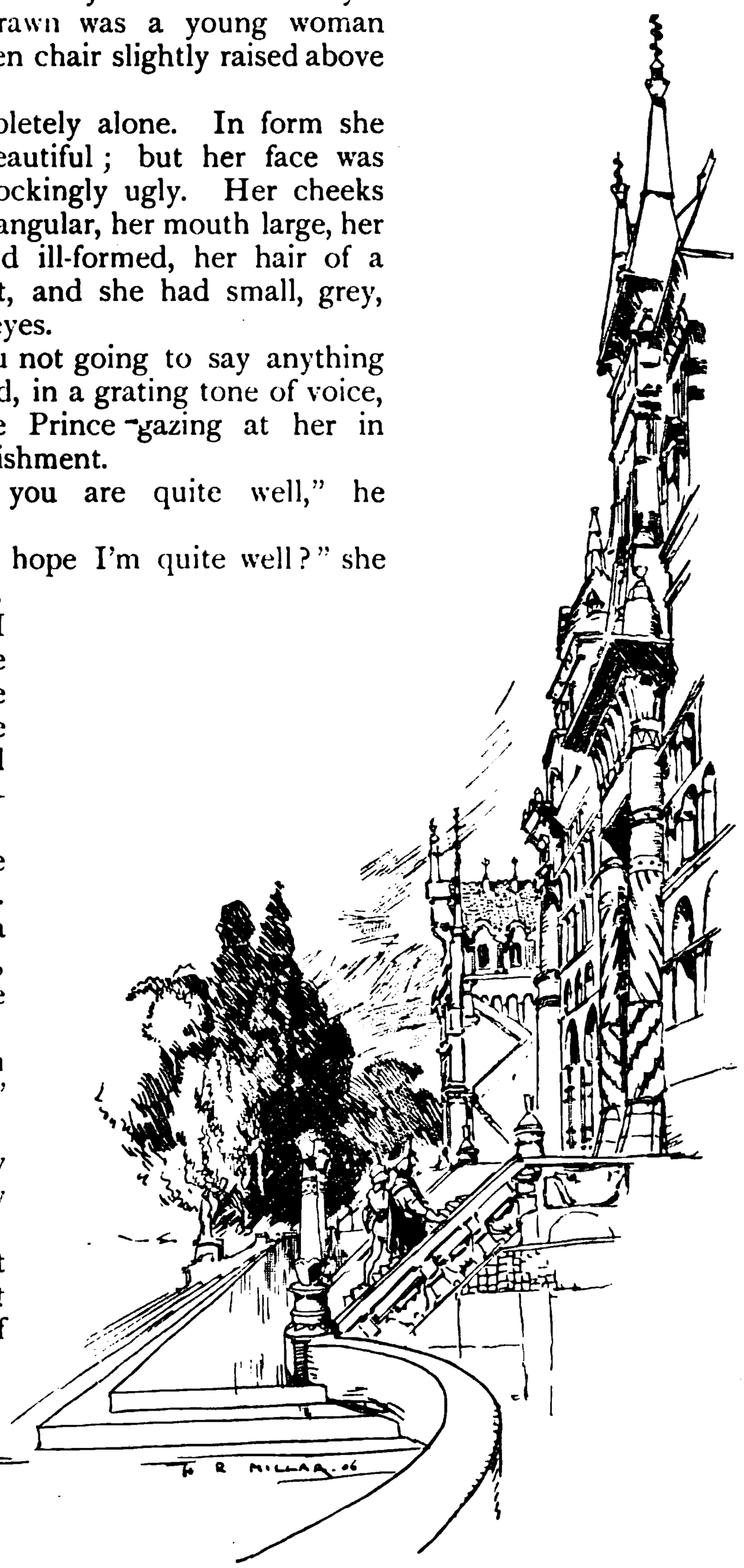
"I don't like it," said the Prince, after tasting it.

"That's odd, at any rate."

"What? My not liking your green wine?"

"No; your telling me, your hostess, that you don't like it. I'm beginning to think a little better of you."

At that moment the Prince, noticing that his page had returned to him and had taken his place behind his chair, turned round to speak with him. His attention was diverted from his hostess only for a moment, but when he looked at her again he was astounded to see that her face was completely changed, and that she now appeared as beautiful as she had appeared ugly a moment before! But that was not all. On gazing at her closely the Prince saw that she was motionless and, it seemed, lifeless, though her eyes were bright, her lips red, and her features ruddy with health.



"HE SAW BEFORE HIM A MAGNIFICENT PALACE MADE OF COLOURED MARBLE."

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"ON GAZING AT HER CLOSELY THE PRINCE SAW THAT SHE WAS MOTIONLESS."

"What does this mean?" he asked his page. "Why has she become inanimate in this way?"

"Because she is beautiful only—nothing else. Do you prefer her in her state of ugliness?"

"Well," replied the Prince, "the choice may be an odd one, but I do. Anyway, she was decidedly amusing, and might have improved on acquaintance; whereas companionship with her as she is at present would very soon become intolerable."

"You are not tempted to marry her, then?"

"No; not if she were the only woman in the world!" exclaimed the Prince, decisively.

"You'll never find another more beautiful."

"Do you think I would seek a wife for her beauty alone?"

"It is the first idea with most men."

"It shall be the second with me," said the Prince, laughing. "But have you found out anything about my godmother's movements?"

"Yes; she'll be with you—in good time."

"What sort of person is she?—in appearance, I mean; because, of course, I know that she's as kind-hearted as a fairy can be. I've heard the Queen, my mother, say that of her a hundred times."

"Do you really mean to say you have never seen her?"

"Never," replied the Prince; "and it has always been a matter of regret with me."

The young page laughed heartily.

"Why are you laughing?" asked the Prince, slightly annoyed.

"Because I know that she has many times been as near to you as I am at this moment," replied the youth, gaily.

A young and silvery voice coming from the lips, as it seemed, of the statue-like beauty in the golden chair made the Prince turn to it suddenly; but, in place of the lady he had seen seated there a minute before, he beheld a charming young girl of seventeen, with no pretensions to what is called beauty, but with an expression of goodness in her face that was beautiful to see.

The Prince started—for, though he had not seen her since she was a little child of seven years old, he instantly recognised her as the affectionate little one for whom he had bought the toy acrobat ten years before.

"I'm so glad you've come, Prince!" the charming girl said. "I've never before been able to tell you how grateful I've been ever since you sent me that wonderful little blacksmith, to whom we—I, my dear mother, and my little sister—owe all our good fortune and happiness!"

"Little blacksmith!" repeated the Prince, vainly trying to recall the circumstance of which the girl had spoken.

"The toy you sent me by the good old woman who mounted—mounted—I don't know how many flights of stairs to bring it to me!"

The Prince was still trying to remember the incident when a gay laugh at his elbow made him turn, in expectation of finding his page there, but, in place of the merry stripling, he beheld a fairy—his jest-loving godmother!

I pass over some weeks spent by the delighted Prince in Jocatina's palace, and refrain from telling anything about the love which grew up between the two young people in that happy time. All I will add is that his return to his father's Court was speedily followed by his marriage with the maiden whose acquaintance he had made ten years previously in the midst of tears.

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Curiosities.

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[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]



A NEW DEPARTURE IN MAGAZINE BINDING.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE has recently inaugurated a revolution in the methods of binding magazines. Every reader who takes up a copy will be struck with the ease with which it can be opened. It has long been a subject of complaint that the usual method of "wire-stitching" rendered a magazine impossible to open flat, much less to double back for ease in holding. It is therefore a fact of the greatest interest that these drawbacks have at last been completely overcome by an ingenious machine which does away with stitching altogether. At present it is the only machine of the kind in the world, and the sole rights for magazines in this country have been acquired for a considerable term by the proprietors of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, which is the first periodical to afford its readers the benefit of this remarkable improvement. The greater part of the July edition was bound by this process, which it is hoped to apply to the whole of the present issue. The photograph reproduced above gives a general idea of the machine, showing the copies as they move forward in series through the various stages of the process, until they issue "flat-bound" at the farther end. ——

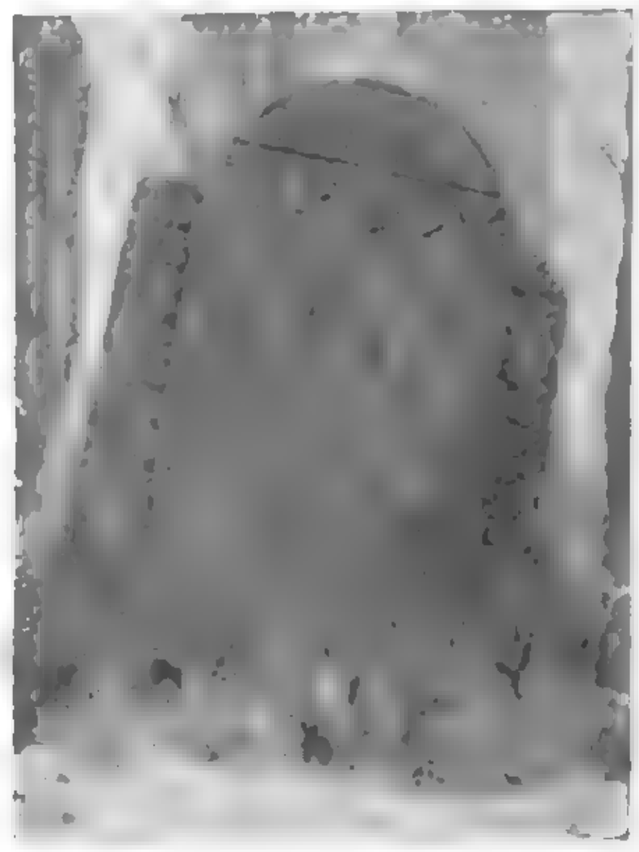
QUADRUPLETS.

I SEND you a photograph representing Mrs. and Mr. L. Struyf-Huys with their four babies, born at Hemixem, Antwerp, Belgium, March 5th, 1906. The lady is twenty-nine years old and weighs two hundred and forty-four pounds. The babies are three boys and one girl, and all four decided firmly to continue living. Mr. and Mrs. Struyf had seven children before, four of which are living, the youngest being thirteen months old. This couple has thus had eleven children during ten years of marriage. When, on the 11th March, the four babies were baptized, each baby wore a coloured ribbon so that it might be readily identified.—Mr. Gaston Schul, 28, Rue Cuylits, Antwerp, Belgium.

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THE GRAVE OF "OLD MOTHER GOOSE."

IT will doubtless surprise many of your readers to learn that Old Mother Goose was no myth, but a veritable personage, who lived and resided for many years in Boston. The family originated in England, and probably settled in America about the year 1656, for they were land-holders in Boston as early as 1660. Mother Goose, whose real name was Mary, was the wife of Isaac Goose. When her first grandchild arrived she carried it about in her arms, singing quaint nursery rhymes until her son-in-law, in fun, nicknamed her "Old Mother Goose," although, at the same time, he determined to turn an honest penny by publishing these lullabies. They were a phenomenal success, and passed through many editions, hundreds of thousands of children being put to sleep by such favourites as "Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle," "Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross," etc. Quite by chance I came upon her grave in the Old Granary Church, Boston, and deciphered the faded lettering: "Here lyes ye body of Mary Goose, wife of Isaac Goose, aged 42 years; decd. October ye 19th, 1690."—Lady Lawson, Boston, U.S.A.





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MEDITATION AND A STRAW HAT.

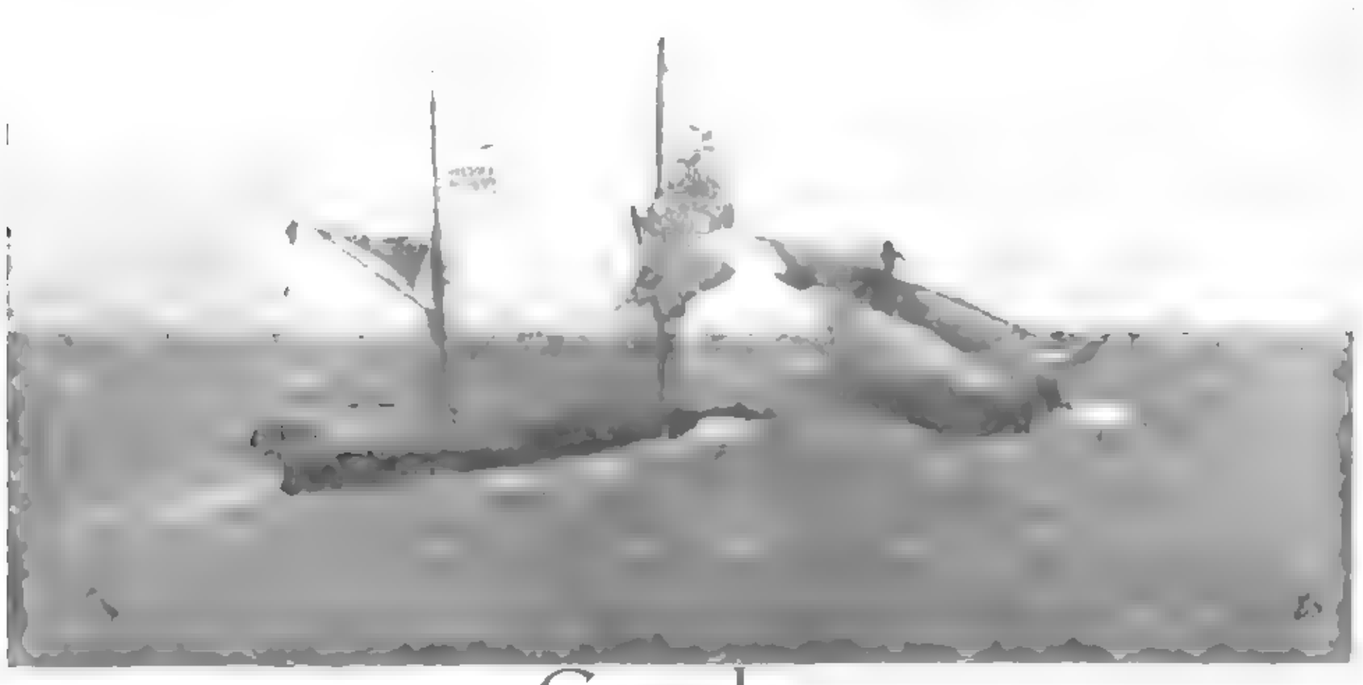
I SEND you a photograph which illustrates rather strikingly the absurdities which often result when amateurs neglect to see that the "swing back" of their camera is perfectly vertical before making an exposure. It has often occurred to me, when looking at some of these remarkable productions, that some really laughable pictures might be obtained, on a par with reflections from curved mirrors, by means of a little thought and preparation.



Possibly some of your readers might care to attempt the production of a few "freak" photographs this season.—Mr. Percy Collins, The Hatherley Rooms, Reading.

A MODERN VIKING.

THIS snap-shot of the Norwegian barque *Ludwig* was taken in the North Atlantic by a midshipman on board the Glasgow barque *Nivelle*. A heavy sea had swamped the forepart of the vessel, and, although the foretopmast was carried away, her plucky Norwegian captain did not find it necessary to accept the assistance which was kindly offered to him. — Mr. James Tait, Oswald Chambers, Oswald Street, Glasgow.



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A PHONOGRAPHIC CAT.

THIS cat has a liking for the gramophone: it loves to get in the trumpet to sleep, and will not move even when a record is put in and played! —Mr. H. W. Doughty, 1,281, Chester Road, Stretford, Manchester.

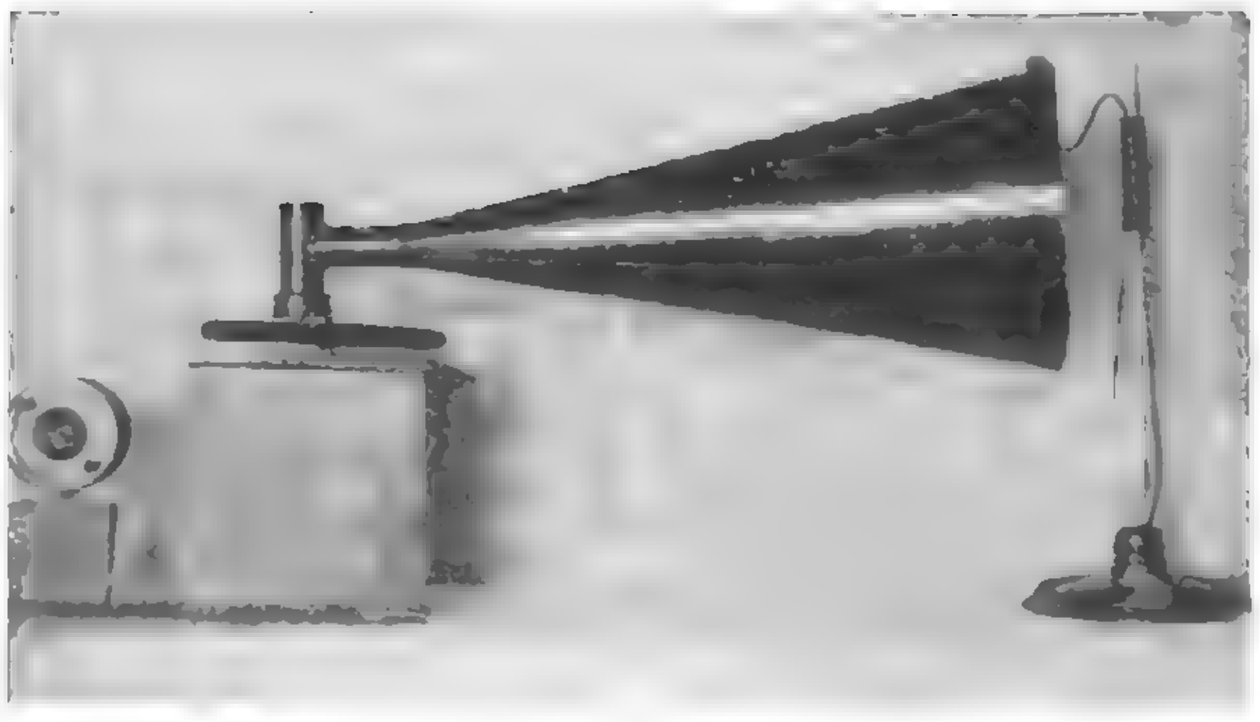


FROM BATTLEFIELD TO HEARTH-RUG.

HERE is a photograph of a rather remarkable hearth-rug. It was made by a sergeant-major in the 17th Lancers (Death or Glory Boys), and shows the crest of the famous regiment. It is made entirely from old soldiers' coats which went throughout the Zulu War. The rug measures about six feet by three feet, none of the pieces of cloth used in the making being more than a quarter of an inch wide. — Mr. W. J. E. Brown, 7, Digby Villas, Sherborne, Dorset.

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A HOME-MADE PHONOGRAPH.



THE accompanying photograph is of a gramophone constructed by a boy of fourteen. The uniqueness of the model consists in the commonplace articles from which it is constructed. The body is made of an old box; the movement of the turntable is managed by winding cotton from a bobbin on the skewer spindle to a fishing-rod reel outside the box. The most wonderful part is the reproducer, or sound-box, which is an ordinary cardboard pill-box with a celluloid diaphragm from a photographic film. The horn is of painted cardboard, and the horn-stand is part of an old electrical apparatus and some wire. The component parts of this very home-made machine are somewhat incongruous, but the results are more than surprising, since it plays Neophone disc records and executes them as well as many of the expensive machines.—Mr. W. G. Dolland, Sherrard House, Middle Deal, Kent.

"TOM THUMB" AS HE IS TO-DAY.

RICHARD GARNSEY, born April 20th, 1832, appeared at the Egyptian Hall, London, over fifty years ago as Field-Marshal Tom Thumb. He has travelled all over Great Britain at various times as a dwarf. His nephew, taken with him for comparison, stands five feet eight inches. Mr. Garnsey voted at the last election and was described as the smallest voter in England. He could not reach the ordinary desk and had to mark his paper on the seat of a chair. He still enjoys good health, but is crippled as the result of an accident. Of a very cheerful disposition, he still enjoys a pipe and a chat about old times.—Mr. T. Rendle, 110, Mantle Street, Wellington, Somerset. Photo. by French, Wellington.





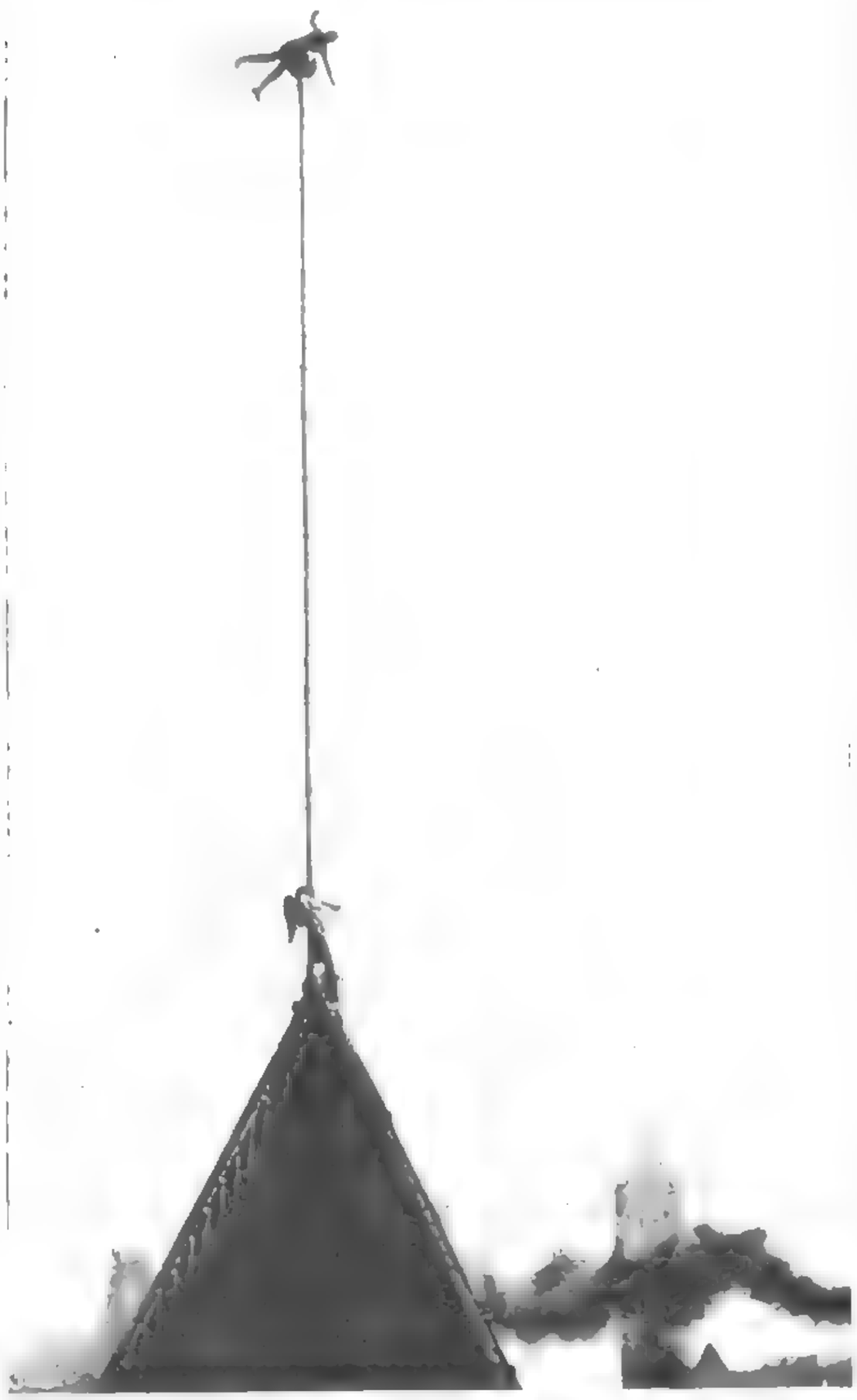
THE OLDEST WROUGHT-IRON PILLAR IN THE WORLD.

I SEND you a photograph that represents the oldest wrought-iron pillar in the world, dating back to 300 B.C. and erected by Rajah Prithy Raj. Tradition has it that it extends to a depth of about four hundred feet, terminating in a sharp, spear-like end which was driven into the head of the supposed dragon that the Hindus once thought balanced the world on its head. The reason for its erection is supposed to be that the councillors of Rajah Prithy Raj told him that by having such a thing done, and in reality fixing the dragon down, his dominion would stand firm there for ever. The pillar is to be seen eight and a half miles out of Delhi near the Kutab Minar or Mindat of Kutab-Ud-Din, which can be seen in the background of the photograph. It has some ancient Pali and Arabic inscriptions carved on it.—Mr. A. Bayley de Castro, Assistant Surgeon, I.M.D., Station Hospital, Meerut, India.

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A PLUCKY STEEPLE-JACK.

THIS is a photograph of a steeplejack named Will Ramsner, lying on the top of a sixty-foot flag-pole on the building known as the Boston Block. He used to climb up the staff with no aid except his hands and legs. When reaching the top he had to climb over the butt, which is almost the size of an ordinary barrel. Ramsner's object in performing this feat, which attracted thousands of people, was to advertise his trade. While on his high perch he smoked cigarettes and read a newspaper, which he eventually threw down to the crowd below, who tore it into small pieces, keeping them as souvenirs.—Mr. A. Cyril Nutt, 2,001, Aldrich Avenue, Minneapolis.



NOVEL ADVERTISING DEVICES.

HERE are two quaint models that serve as ironmongers' advertisements, and are made entirely of stock with the exception of the Scotsman's face, which is an ordinary mask. The Scotsman is made up as follows: The hat is a door-mat, the hair and whiskers are of fibre, the body and arms are made of door-mats, the tartan is a hearth-rug, the legs are cord with linoleum; the plaid is also a hearth-rug, the targe is a chair seat, the claymore a scythe blade, the skean-dhu a butcher's knife, and the filibeg a whitewash brush. The bird represents a bustard, or, in bush talk, a plain turkey. The beak is made of a pair of curling-tongs, the head is made of brass and iron tacks, the feathers are nails, the wings are made of a trowel and butchers' knives, the bent leg is made of two bolts with claw of cup hooks, and the straight leg consists of an auger with claw of five brass screws, while the body is made of paper packed with fibre. The photographs shown were taken by Mathewson and Co. — Mr. Fred. Johnsen, Mosman Street, Charters Towers, Queensland.





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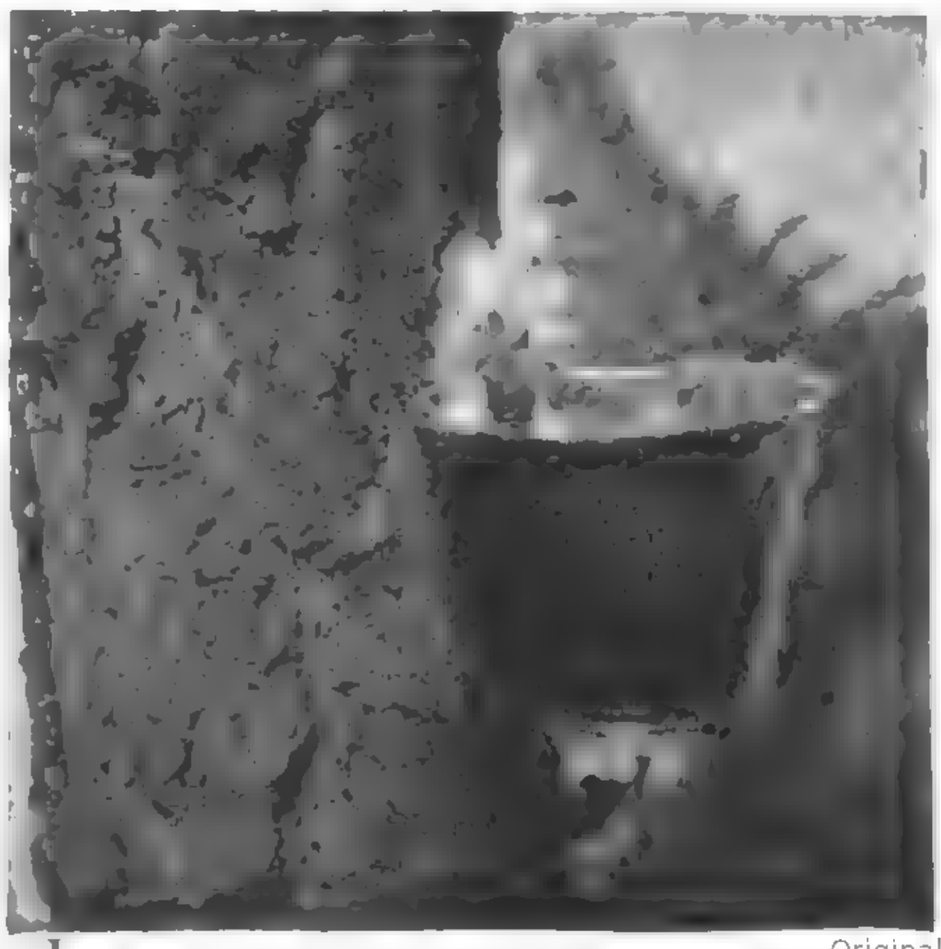
A SONGLESS SINGER.

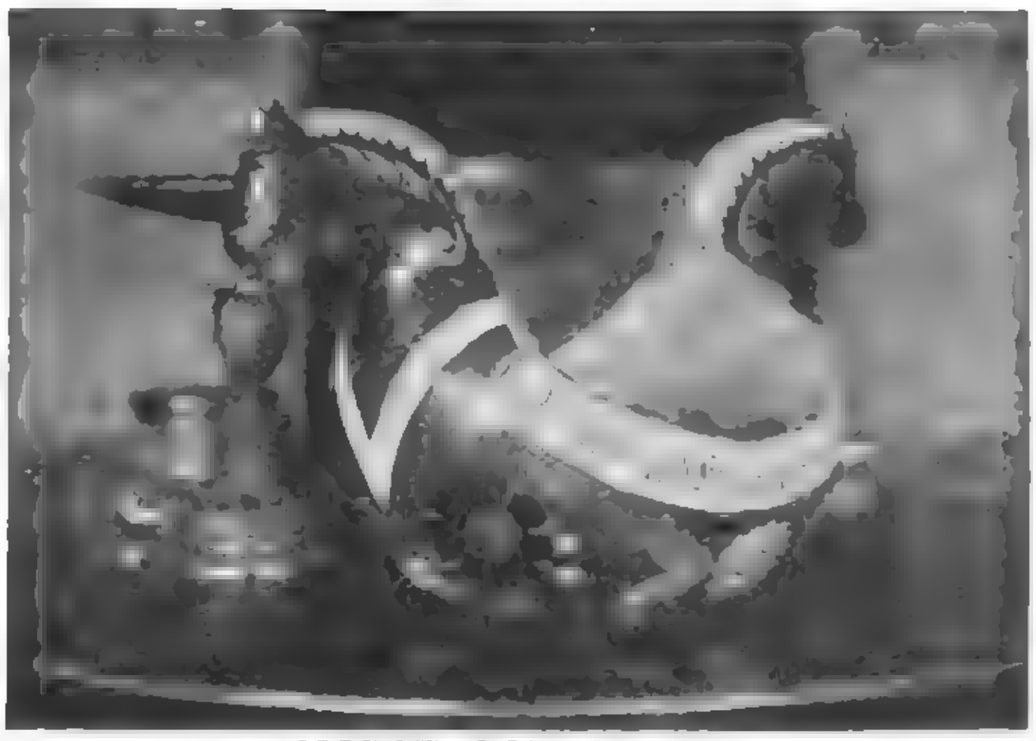
I SEE that you ask for suitably-attired natural products as companion pictures to the palæolithic man in the May STRAND MAGAZINE. Perhaps you would like a lady singer. How will this do? At home in the Red Sea and Indian Ocean she is a parrot fish, or parrot wrasse; now she is singing a *bravura* to emulate Mr. Martin's flint singer, published in the "Curiosities" in May. The second photograph will show that the picture is quite free from "faking," except, of course, the wig and the glasses. — Mr. A. N. East, Southleigh Vicarage, Witney, Oxon.



COLLECTING TURPENTINE NEAR BORDEAUX.

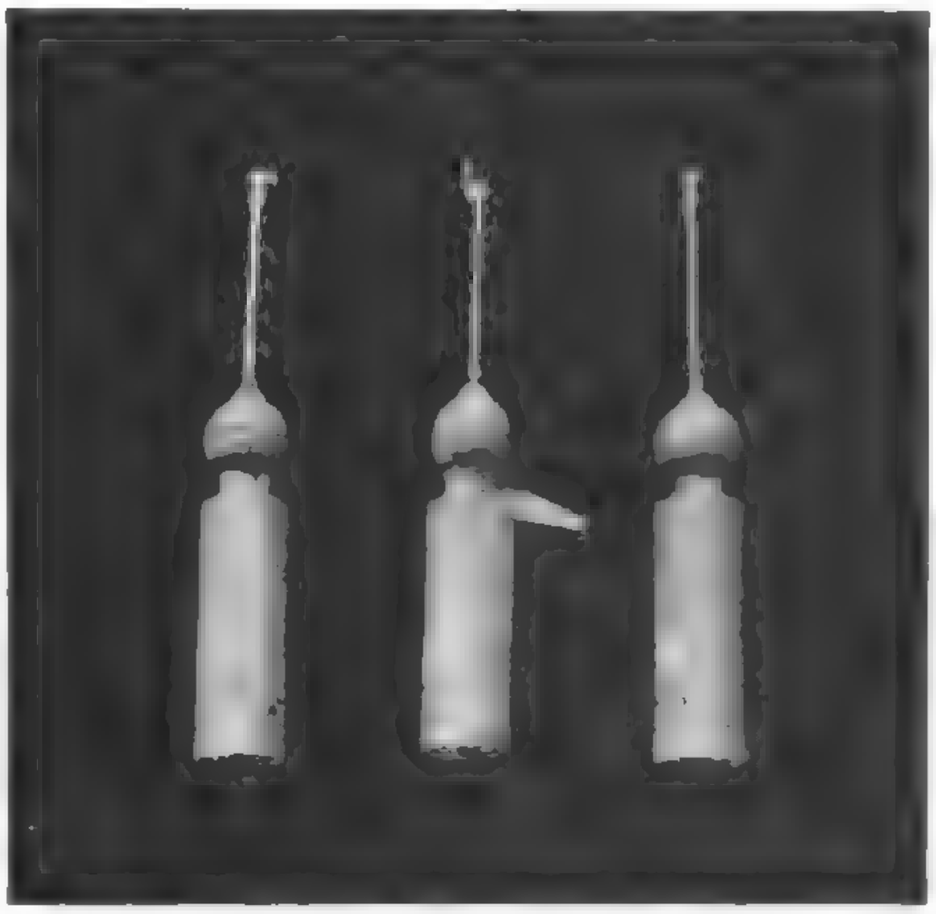
FOR some miles to the south of Bordeaux extend large pine forests composed chiefly of the *Pinus maritima*. The natives collect the resin by making an incision in the bark near the ground and fixing thereto a small can, as shown in the picture. Young trees will, perhaps, have one can only, whereas old trees will carry four. The resin gradually fills these cans, and it is then collected by the natives and taken to the factory to be dealt with commercially. It is a curious sight to see thousands of these little cans fixed to the trunks of the fir trees in the forest.—Mr. Frark Lovett, 41, Outram Road, Croydon.





NORSE LOVING-CUP.

I CAME across this curious cup at an old country house "up North" whilst on holiday recently. It is an old Norse loving-cup, and was used at feasts, etc., the parties taking a seat at each side of the table, one person drinking from one side of the cup and the person opposite from the other side. The cup is beautifully carved from a solid piece of wood, and the inscription on it runs as follows: "At drikke med Forstand, som det anstar en Mand; Er Drikken i gamle Norges Land."—Mr. W. Birrell, care of Mrs. Kemp, 15, Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh.



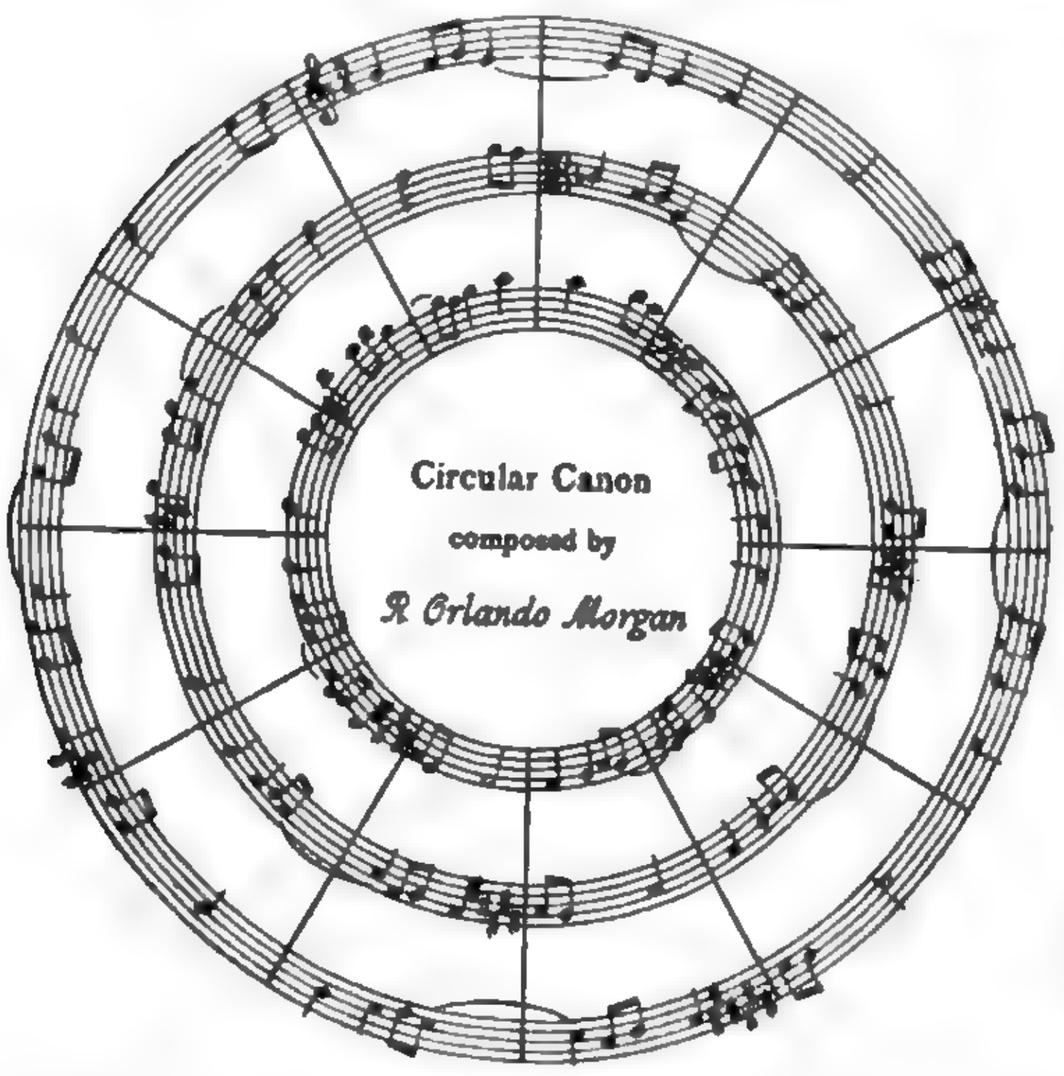
THE SHEPHERDS CLOCK.

THIS curious form of sundial is still in use in some of the remote parts of the Pyrenees, the shepherds being too poor to afford watches. The instrument consists of a small cylinder of boxwood, the top of which draws out and contains a small metal gnomon, which is set according to a graduated scale representing the months of the year. The "clock" is then suspended with the gnomon towards the sun, which causes a shadow to fall upon a second graduated scale representing the hours of the day. During a recent visit to the Pyrenees the writer used one of these interesting instruments. The photograph shows three positions of the clock. — Mr. Frank Lovett, 41, Outram Road, Croydon.

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A "CIRCULAR CANON."

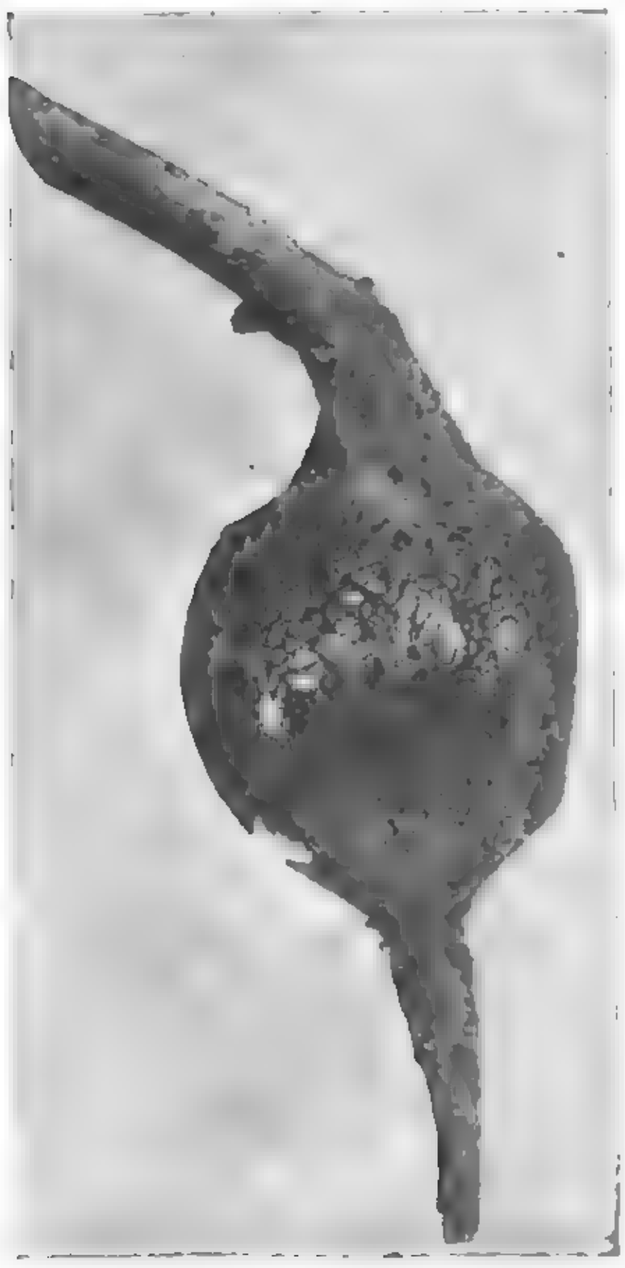
A CIRCULAR canon is so named not because of its circular form, but because it completes the circle of fifths—*i.e.*, it goes through all the keys, each a perfect fifth above the other, until it returns to the original key. The one under notice is written in triple counterpoint, any part sounding equally well in the top, middle, or lowest voice, and each bar is in three different keys at once, all harmonizing. This curiosity is printed by permission of Messrs. Augener,



Limited, the owners of the copyright. — Miss Jessie A. Stirling, 28, Devonport Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.

THE SKELETON OF A TURNIP.

I SEND you the photograph of a curious specimen which I venture to think will puzzle a great many of your readers before they arrive at the correct solution. The article in question is not the skeleton of a bird, as many would suppose, neither is it a basket of quaint and curious shape, but it is the skeleton of a turnip of the common or garden variety, which has been allowed to run to seed, the root afterwards being left on the ground for some considerable time. The softer portions have decomposed, and left only the woody or stringy parts, as the housewife would say, remaining.—Mr. Ernest Seaborne, 48, Shepherd's Bush Road, W.





AN ENGINE MADE OF COCOA TINS.

THIS miniature train, composed of a traction engine and two trucks, is made from tins and covers which contained Fry's cocoa and chocolate. It is not merely a picture model, but draws from ten to fourteen pounds weight. The boiler is of copper, with water-tubes underneath, the fuel methylated spirit, and the cylinder is a single oscillating one. The chimney of the engine is a cartridge-case, and the wheels revolve by clockwork. The axles and spindle are of wire, the wheels being filled with wood. The steam exhausts up the chimney in the orthodox way. The wagons are six inches long and three wide. The engine is slightly longer. Altogether the engine makes a perfect little model and was awarded a first prize at a recent exhibition.—Mr. Wm. Hy. Webb, 55, Washington Avenue, Easton, Bristol.



A HUMAN HIVE.

THE gentleman in the photograph, foreman of the Adelaide Electric Supply Company, was riding his bicycle down King William Street, in the heart of the city, when a queen bee settled on him. He had not gone very far before the whole swarm had settled on his back and hat. He got off his machine, and, of course, a curious crowd soon collected. A photographer happened to be passing at the time, and he took the photo. The bees remained on the gentleman's back for some time, but eventually departed without one having stung him.—Mr. Frank S. Bollen, Fussell Place, Alberton, South Australia.

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"SWINGING THEIR MIGHTY WEAPON, THE STORMING PARTY THUDDED AND CRASHED UPON THE GATE."

(*See page* 253.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxii. SEPTEMBER, 1906. No. 189.

SIR NIGEL.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER XIX.—*(Continued.)*

HOW A SQUIRE OF ENGLAND MET A SQUIRE OF FRANCE.

ALL day Knolles and his men marched through the same wild and deserted country, inhabited only by these furtive creatures, hares to the strong and wolves to the weak, who hovered in the shadows of the woods. Ever and anon upon the tops of the hills they caught a glimpse of horsemen, who watched them from a distance and vanished when approached. Sometimes bells rang an alarm from villages amongst the hills, and twice they passed castles which drew up their drawbridges at their approach, and lined their walls with hooting soldiers as they passed. The Englishmen gathered a few oxen and sheep from the pastures of each, but Knolles had no mind to break his strength upon stone walls, and so he went upon his way. Once, at St. Méen, they passed a great nunnery, girt with a high, grey, lichened wall, an oasis of peace in this desert of war, the black-robed nuns basking in the sun or working in the gardens, with the strong, gentle hand of Holy Church shielding them ever from evil. The archers doffed caps to them as they passed, for the boldest and roughest dared not cross that line guarded by the dire ban and blight, which was the one only force in the whole steel-ridden earth which could stand betwixt the weakling and the spoiler.

The little army halted at St. Méen and cooked its midday meal. It had gathered into its ranks again, and was about to start, when Knolles drew Nigel to one side.

"Nigel," said he, "it seems to me that I have seldom set eyes upon a horse which hath more power and promise of speed than this great beast of thine."

"It is indeed a noble steed, fair sir," said Nigel. Betwixt him and his young leader there had sprung up great affection and respect since the day that they set foot in the *Basilisk*.

"It will be the better if you stretch his limbs, for he grows over heavy," said the knight. "Now, mark me, Nigel! Yonder, betwixt the ash tree and the red rock, what do you see on the side of the far hill?"

"There is a white dot upon it. Surely it is a horse."

"I have marked it all morning, Nigel. This horseman has kept ever upon our flank, spying upon us or waiting to make some attempt upon us. Now I should be right glad to have a prisoner, for it is my wish to know something of this countryside, and these peasants can speak neither French nor English. I would have you linger here in hiding when we go forward. This man will still follow us. When he does so yonder wood will lie betwixt you and him. Do you ride round it and come upon him from behind. There is broad plain upon his left, and we will cut him off upon the right. If your horse be indeed the swifter, then you cannot fail to take him."

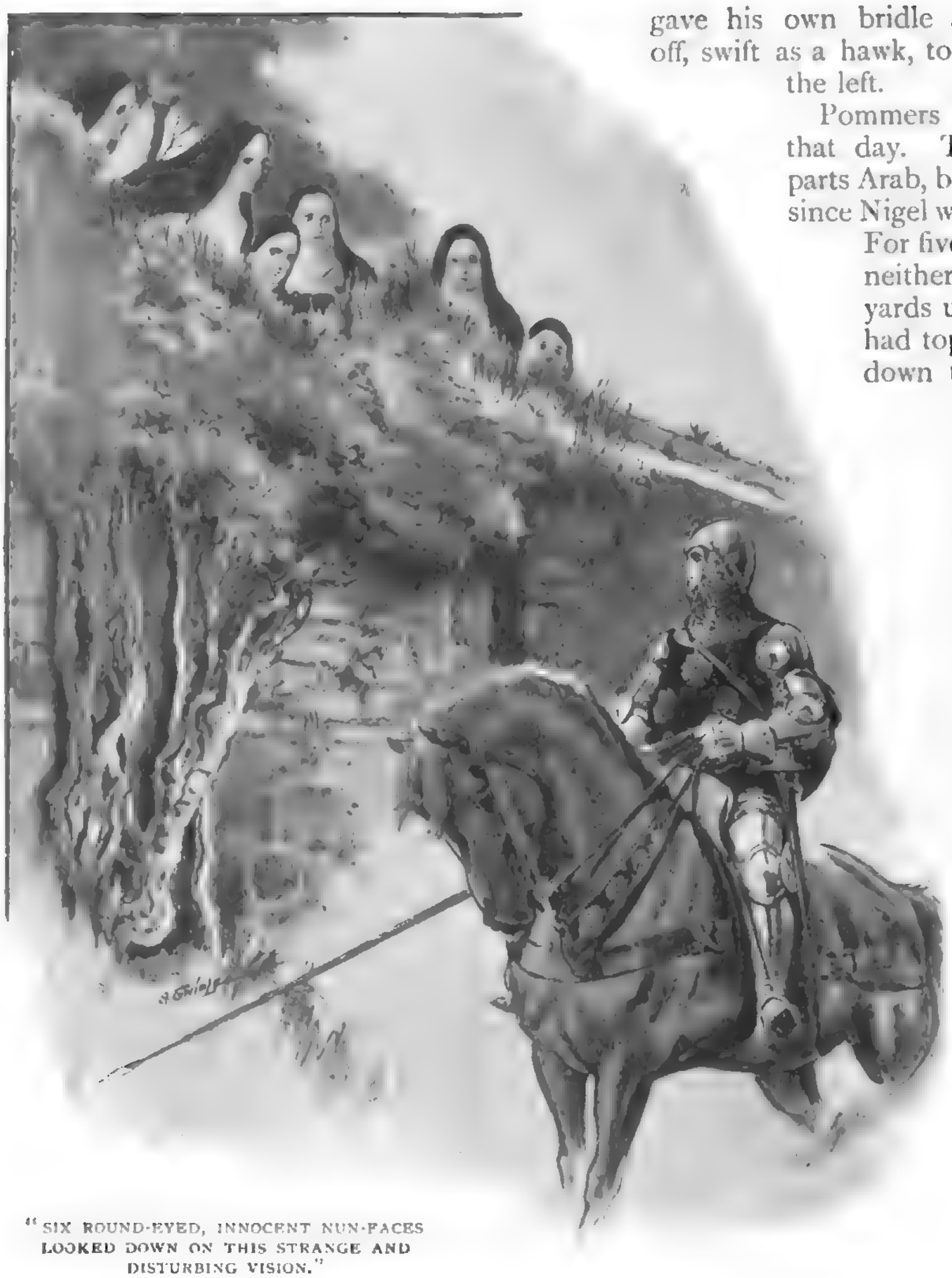
Nigel had already sprung down and was tightening Pommers's girth.

"Nay, there is no need of haste, for you cannot start until we are two miles upon our way. And above all I pray you, Nigel, none of your knight-errant ways. It is this man that I want—him and the news that he can bring me. Think little of your own advancement and much of the needs of the army. When you get him, ride westwards upon the sun and you cannot fail to find the road."

Nigel waited with Pommers under the shadow of the nunnery wall, horse and man chafing with impatience, whilst above them six round-eyed, innocent nun-faces looked down on this strange and disturbing vision from the outer world. At last the long column wound itself out of sight round a curve of the road, and the white dot was gone from the bare green flank of the hill. Nigel bowed his steel head to the nuns, gave his bridle a shake, and bounded off upon his welcome mission. The round-eyed sisters saw yellow horse and twinkling man sweep round the skirt of the wood, caught a last glimmer of him through the tree trunks, and paced slowly back to their pruning and their planting, their minds filled with the beauty and the terror of that outer world beyond the high, grey, lichen-mottled wall.

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"SIX ROUND-EYED, INNOCENT NUN-FACES LOOKED DOWN ON THIS STRANGE AND DISTURBING VISION."

Everything fell out even as Knolles had planned. As Nigel rounded the oak forest, there upon the farther side of it, with only good greensward between, was the rider upon the white horse. Already he was so near that Nigel could see him clearly, a young cavalier, proud in his bearing, clad in purple silk tunic, with a red curling feather in his low black cap. He wore no armour, but his sword gleamed at his side. He rode easily and carelessly, as one who cares for no man, and his eyes were for ever fixed upon the English soldiers on the road. So intent was he upon them that he gave no thought to his own safety, and it was only when the low thunder of the great horse's hoofs broke upon his ears that he turned in his saddle, looked very coolly and steadily at Nigel, then gave his own bridle a shake, and darted off, swift as a hawk, towards the hills upon the left.

Pommers had met his match that day. The white horse, two parts Arab, bore the lighter weight, since Nigel was clad in full armour. For five miles over the open neither gained a hundred yards upon the other. They had topped the hill and flew down the farther side, the stranger continually turning in his saddle to have a look at his pursuer. There was no panic in his flight, but rather the amused rivalry with which a good horseman who is proud of his mount contends with one who has challenged him. Below the hill was a marshy plain, studded with great Druidic stones, some prostrate, some erect, some bearing others across their tops, like the huge doors of some vanished building. A path ran through the marsh with green rushes as a danger-signal on either side of it. Across this path many of the huge stones were lying, but the white horse cleared them in its stride and Pommers followed close upon his heels. Then came a mile of soft ground, where the lighter weight again drew to the front, but it ended in a dry upland, and once again Nigel gained. A sunk road crossed it, but the white cleared it with a mighty spring, and again the yellow followed. Two small hills lay before them, with a narrow gorge of deep bushes between. Nigel saw the white horse bounding chest deep amid the underwood. Next instant its hind legs were high in the air and the rider had been shot from its back. A howl of triumph rose from amidst the bushes and a dozen wild figures armed with club and with spear rushed upon the prostrate man.

"À moi, Anglais, à moi!" cried a voice,

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and Nigel saw the young rider stagger to his feet, strike round him with his sword, and then fall once more before the rush of his assailants.

There was a comradeship among men of gentle blood and bearing which banded them together against all ruffianly or unchivalrous attack. These rude fellows were no soldiers. Their dress and arms, their uncouth cries and wild assault, marked them as banditti—such men as had slain the Englishman upon the road. Waiting in narrow gorges with a hidden rope across the path, they watched for the lonely horseman as a fowler waits by his bird-trap, trusting that they could overthrow the steed and then slay the rider ere he had recovered from his fall. Such would have been the fate of the stranger, as of so many cavaliers before him, had Nigel not chanced to be so close upon his heels. In an instant Pommers had burst through the group who struck at the prostrate man, and in another two of the robbers had fallen before Nigel's sword. A spear rang on his breast-plate, but one blow shore off its head, and a second that of him who held it. In vain they thrust at the steel-girt man. His sword played round them like lightning, and the fierce horse ramped and swooped above them with pawing, iron-shod hoofs and eyes of fire. With cries and shrieks they flew off to right and left amidst the bushes, springing over boulders and darting under branches where no horseman could follow them. The foul crew had gone as swiftly and suddenly as it had come, and save for four ragged figures littered amongst the trampled bushes no sign remained of their passing.

Nigel tethered Pommers to a thorn bush and then turned his attention to the injured man. The white horse had regained his feet and stood whinnying gently as he looked down on his prostrate master. A heavy blow, half broken by his sword, had beaten him down and left a great raw bruise upon his forehead. But a stream gurgled through the gorge, and a capful of water dashed over his face brought the senses back to the injured man. He was a mere stripling, with the delicate features of a woman, and a pair of great violet-blue eyes which looked up presently with a puzzled stare into Nigel's face.

"Who are you?" he asked. "Ah, yes, I call you to mind. You are the young Englishman who chased me on the great yellow horse. By Our Lady of Rocamadour, whose vernicle is round my neck, I could not have believed that any horse could have kept at the heels of Charlemagne so long. But I will wager you a hundred crowns, Englishman, that I lead you over a five-mile course."

"Nay," said Nigel; "we will wait till you can back a horse ere we talk of racing it. I am Nigel of Tilford, of the family of Loring, a squire by rank and the son of a knight. How are you called, young sir?"

"I also am a squire by rank and the son of a knight. I am Raoul de la Roche Pierre de Bras, whose father writes himself Lord of Grosbois, a free vavasour of the noble Count of Toulouse, with the right of fossa and of furca, the high justice, the middle and the low." He sat up and rubbed his eyes. "Englishman, you have saved my life as I would have saved yours had I seen such yelping dogs set upon a man of blood and of coat-armour. But now I am yours, and what is your sweet will?"

"When you are fit to ride you will come back with me to my people."

"Alas! I feared that you would say so. Had I taken you, Nigel—that is your name, is it not?—had I taken you, I would not have acted thus."

"How then would you have ordered things?" asked Nigel, much taken with the frank and debonair manner of his captive.

"I would not have taken advantage of such a mischance as has befallen me which has put me in your power. I would give you a sword and beat you in fair fight, so that I might send you to give greeting to my dear lady and show her the deeds which I do for her fair sake."

"Indeed, your words are both good and fair," said Nigel. "By St. Paul, I cannot call to mind that I have ever met a man who bore himself better. But since I am in my armour and you without, I see not how we can debate the matter."

"Surely, gentle Nigel, you could doff your armour."

"Then have I only my underclothes."

"Nay, there shall be no unfairness there, for I also will very gladly strip to my underclothes."

Nigel looked wistfully at the Frenchman, but he shook his head.

"Alas! it may not be," said he. "The last words that Sir Robert said to me were that I was to bring you to his side, for he would have speech with you. Would that I could do what you ask, for I also have a fair lady to whom I would fain send you. What use are you to me, Raoul, since I have gained

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no honour in the taking of you? How is it with you now?"

The young Frenchman had risen to his feet.

"Do not take my sword," he said. "I am yours, rescue or no rescue. I think now that I could mount my horse, though indeed my head still rings like a cracked bell."

Nigel had lost all traces of his comrades, but he remembered Sir Robert's words that he should ride upon the sun, with the certainty that sooner or later he would strike upon the road. As they jogged slowly along over undulating hills the Frenchman shook off his hurt, and the two chatted merrily together.

"I had but just come from home," said he, "and I had hoped to win honour in this country, for I have ever heard that the English are very hardy men and excellent people to fight with. My mules and my baggage are at Evran, but I rode forth to see what I could see, and I chanced upon your army moving down the road, so I coasted it in the hopes of some profit or adventure. Then you came after me, and I would have given all the gold goblets upon my father's table if I but had my harness, so that I could have turned upon you. I have promised the Countess Beatrice that I will send her an Englishman or two to kiss her hands."

"One might perchance have a worse fate," said Nigel. "Is this fair dame your betrothed?"

"She is my love," answered the Frenchman. "We are but waiting for the Count to be slain in the wars, and then we mean to marry. And this lady of thine, Nigel? I would that I could see her."

"Perchance you shall, fair sir," said Nigel, "for all that I have seen of you fills me with desire to go farther with you. It is in my mind that we might turn this thing to profit and to honour, for when Sir Robert has spoken with you I am free to do with you as I will."

"And what will you do, Nigel?"

"We shall surely try some small deed upon each other, so that either I shall see the Lady Beatrice or you the Lady Mary. Nay, thank me not, for, like yourself, I have come to this country in search of honour, and I know not where I may better find it than at the end of your sword-point. My good lord and master, Sir John Chandos, has told me many times that never yet did he meet French knight or squire that he did not find great pleasure and profit from their company, and now I very clearly see that he has spoken the truth."

For an hour these two friends rode together, the Frenchman pouring forth the praises of his lady, whose glove he produced from one pocket, her garter from his vest, and her shoe from his saddle-bag. She was blonde, and when he heard that Mary was dark he would fain stop then and there to fight the question of colour. He talked, too, of his great château at Lauta, by the head-waters of the pleasant Garonne, of the hundred horses in the stables, the seventy hounds in the kennels, the fifty hawks in the mews. His English friend should come there when the wars were over, and what golden days would be theirs! Nigel, too, with his English coldness thawing before this young sunbeam of the South, found himself



"FOR AN HOUR THESE TWO FRIENDS RODE TOGETHER."

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talking of the heather slopes of Surrey, of the Forest of Woolmer, even of the sacred chambers of Cosford. But as they rode onwards towards the sinking sun, their thoughts far away in their distant homes, their horses striding together, there came that which brought their minds back in an instant to the perilous hillsides of Brittany.

It was the long blast of a trumpet blown from somewhere on the farther side of a ridge towards which they were riding. A second long-drawn note from a distance answered it.

"It is your camp," said the Frenchman.

"Nay," said Nigel; "we have pipes with us and a nakir or two, but I have heard no trumpet-call from our ranks. It behoves us to take heed, for we know not what may be before us. Ride this way, I pray you, that we may look over and yet be ourselves unseen."

Some scattered boulders crowned the height, and from behind them the two young squires could see the long, rocky valley beyond. Upon a knoll was a small square building with a battlement round it. Some distance from it towered a great dark castle, as massive as the rocks on which it stood, with one strong keep at the corner and four long lines of machicolated walls. Above, a great banner flew proudly in the wind, with some device which glowed red in the setting sun. Nigel shaded his eyes and stared with wrinkled brow.

"It is not the arms of England nor yet the lilies of France, nor is it the ermine of Brittany," said he. "He who holds this castle fights for his own hand, since his own device flies above it. Surely it is a head gules on an argent field."

"The bloody head on a silver tray!" cried the Frenchman. "Was I not warned against him? This is not a man, friend Nigel. It is a monster who wars upon English, French, and all Christendom. Have you not heard of the Butcher of La Brohinière?"

"Nay, I have not heard of him."

"His name is accursed in France. Have I not been told also that he put to death this very year Gilles de St. Pol, a friend of the English King?"

"Yes; in very truth it comes back to my mind now that I heard something of this matter in Calais before we started."

"Then there he dwells, and God guard you if ever you pass under yonder portal, for no prisoner has ever come forth alive. Since these wars began he hath been a King to himself, and the plunder of eleven years lies in yonder cellars. How can justice come to him, when no man knows who owns the land? But when we have packed you all back to your island, by the Blessed Mother of God we have a heavy debt to pay to the man who dwells in yonder pile!"

But even as they watched the trumpet-call burst forth once more. It came, not from the castle, but from the farther end of the valley. It was answered by a second call from the walls. Then in a long, straggling line there came a wild troop of marauders, streaming homewards from some foray. In the van, at the head of a body of spearmen, rode a tall and burly man, clad in brazen armour, so that he shone like a golden image in the slanting rays of the sun. His helmet had been loosened from his gorget, and was held before him on his horse's neck. A great tangled beard flowed over his breastplate and his hair hung down as far behind. A squire at his elbow bore high the banner of the bleeding head. Behind the spearmen were a line of heavily-laden mules, and on either side of them a drove of poor country-folk, who were being herded into the castle. Lastly came a second strong troop of mounted spearmen, who conducted a score or more of prisoners who marched together in a solid body. Nigel stared at them, and then, springing on his horse, he urged it along the shelter of the ridge so as to reach unseen a spot which was close to the castle gate. He had scarce taken up his new position when the cavalcade reached the drawbridge and, amid yells of welcome from those upon the wall, filed in a thin line across it. Nigel stared hard once more at the prisoners in the rear, and so absorbed was he by the sight that he had passed the rocks and was standing sheer upon the summit.

"By St. Paul!" he cried. "It must indeed be so. I see their russet jackets. They are English archers."

As he spoke the hindmost one, a strongly-built, broad-shouldered man, looked round and saw the gleaming figure above him upon the hill, with open helmet, and the five roses glowing upon his breast. With a sweep of his hands he had thrust his guardians aside, and for a moment was clear of the throng.

"Squire Loring! Squire Loring!" he cried. "It is I, Aylward the archer! It is I, Samkin Aylward!" The next minute a dozen hands had seized him, his cries were muffled with a gag, and he was hurled, the last of the band, through the black and threatening archway of the gate. Then with

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"'SQUIRE LORING! SQUIRE LORING!' HE CRIED. 'IT IS I, AYLWARD THE ARCHER!'"

a clang the two iron wings came together, the portcullis swung upwards, and captives and captors, robbers and booty, were all swallowed up within the grim and silent fortress.

with me from my own home. He has stood between me and death before now. It goes to my very heart that he should call upon me in vain. I pray you, Raoul, to use your wits, for mine are all curdled in my head. Tell me what I should do and how I may bring him help."

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.

"As easy to get a lamb unscathed out of a wolves' lair as a prisoner safe from La Brohinière. Nay, Nigel, whither do you go? Have you indeed taken leave of your wits?"

The squire had spurred his horse down the hill-side and never halted until he was within a bow-shot of the gate. The French prisoner followed hard behind him with a buzz of reproaches and expostulations.

"You are mad, Nigel!" he cried. "What do you hope to do then? Would you carry the castle with your own hands? Halt, man, halt, in the name of the Virgin!"

But Nigel had no plan in his head, and only obeyed the fevered impulse to do something to ease his thoughts. He paced his horse up and down, waving his hand and shouting insults and challenges to the garrison. Over the high wall a hundred jeering faces looked down upon him. So rash and wild was his action that it seemed to those within to mean some trap. Therefore the drawbridge was still held high and none ventured forth to seize him. A few long-range arrows pattered on the rocks, and then with a deep booming sound a huge stone, hurled from a mangonel, sang over the head

CHAPTER XX.

HOW THE ENGLISH ATTEMPTED THE CASTLE OF LA BROHINIÈRE.

For some minutes Nigel remained motionless upon the crest of the hill, his heart like lead within him, and his eyes fixed upon the huge grey walls which contained his unhappy henchman. He was roused by a sympathetic hand upon his shoulder and the voice of his young prisoner in his ear.

"Peste!" said he. "They have some of your birds in their cage, have they not? What then, my friend? Keep your heart high. Is it not the chance of war, to-day to them, to-morrow to thee, and death at last for us all? And yet I had rather they were in any hands than those of Oliver the Butcher."

"By St. Paul! we cannot suffer it," cried Nigel, distractedly. "This man has come

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of the two squires and crashed into splinters amongst the boulders behind them. The Frenchman seized Nigel's bridle and forced him farther from the gateway.

"By the dear Virgin!" he cried, "I care not to have those pebbles about my ears, yet I cannot go back alone, so it is very clear, my crazy comrade, that you must come also. Now we are beyond their reach! But see, my friend Nigel, who are those who crown the height?"

The sun had sunk behind the western ridge, but the glowing sky was fringed at its lower edge by a score of ruddy twinkling points. A body of horsemen showed hard and black upon the bare hill. Then they dipped down the slope into the valley, whilst a band of footmen followed behind.

"They are my people," cried Nigel, joyously. "Come, my friend, hasten that we may take counsel what we shall do."

Sir Robert Knolles rode a bowshot in front of his men, and his brow was as black as night. Beside him, with crestfallen face, his horse bleeding, his armour dinted and soiled, was the hot-headed knight, Sir James Astley. A fierce discussion raged between them.

"I have done my devoir as best I might," said Astley.

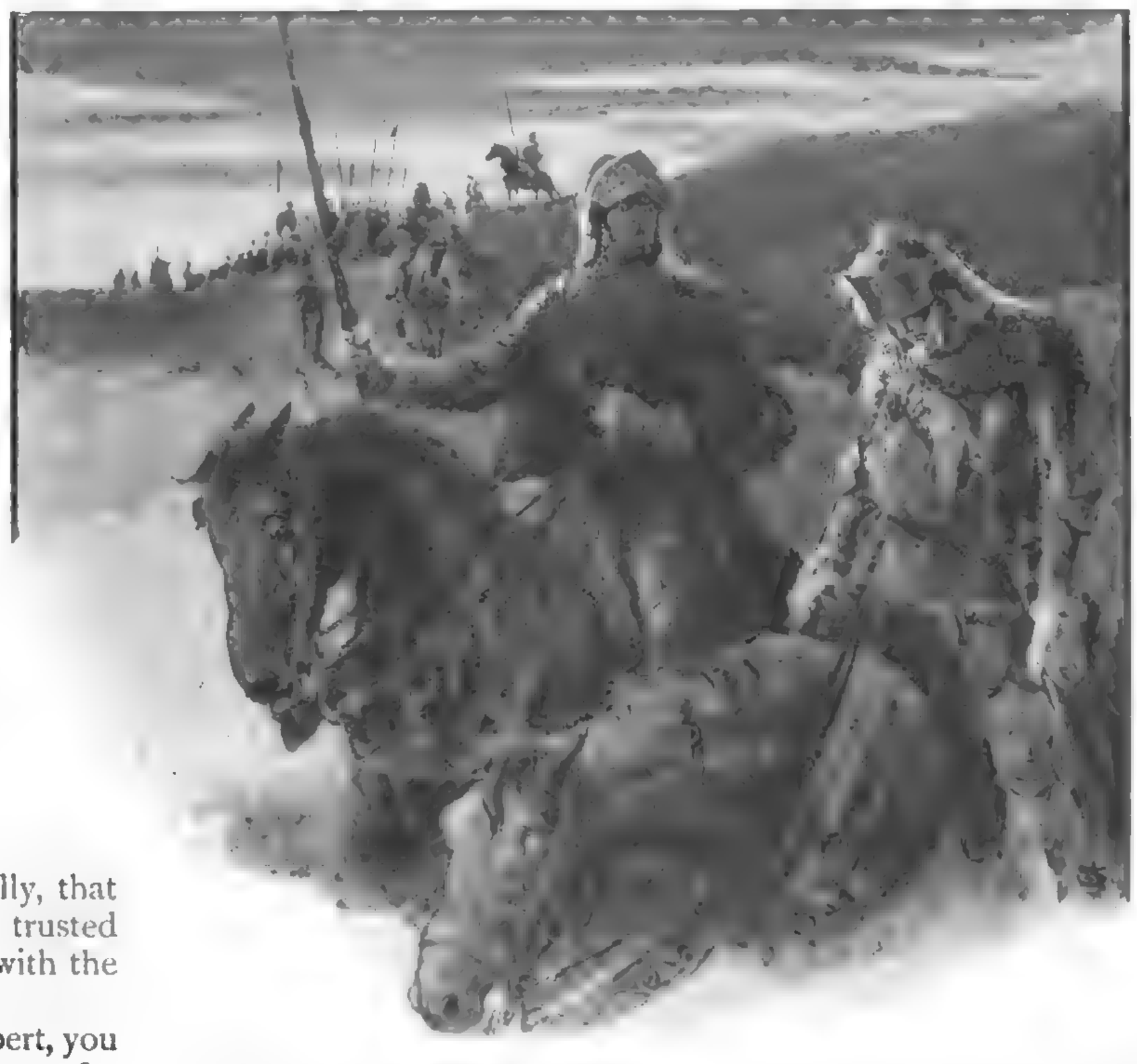
"Alone I had ten of them at my sword point. I know not how I have lived to tell it."

"What is your devoir to me? Where are my thirty bowmen?" cried Knolles, in bitter wrath. "Ten lie dead upon the ground and twenty are worse than dead in yonder castle. And all because you must needs show all men how bold you are, and ride into a bushment such as a child could see. Alas, for my own folly, that ever I should have trusted such a one as you with the handling of men!"

"By God, Sir Robert, you shall answer to me for those words!" cried Astley, with a choking voice. "Never has a man dared to speak to me as you have done this day."

"So long as I hold the King's order I shall be master, and, by the Lord, I will hang you, James, on a near tree if I have further cause of offence. How now, Nigel? I see by yonder white horse that you, at least, have not failed me. I will speak with you anon. Sir Thomas Percy, bring up your men, and let us gather round this castle, for, as I hope for my soul's salvation, I will not leave it until I have my archers or the head of him who holds them."

That night the English lay thick round the fortress of La Brohinière so that none might come forth from it. But if none could come forth it was hard to see how any could win their way in, for it was full of men, the walls were high and strong, and a deep dry ditch girt it round. But the hatred and fear which its master had raised over the whole countryside could now be plainly seen, for during the night the brushwood men and the villagers came in from all parts with offers of such help as they could give for the intaking of the castle. Knolles set them cutting bushes and tying them into faggots. When morning came he rode out before the wall



"BESIDE HIM, WITH CRESTFALLEN FACE, HIS HORSE BLEEDING, HIS ARMOUR DINTED AND SOILED, WAS THE HOT-HEADED KNIGHT, SIR JAMES ASTLEY."

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and held counsel with his knights and squires as to how he should enter it.

"By noon," said he, "we shall have so many faggots that we may make our way over the ditch. Then we will beat in the gate and so win a footing."

The young Frenchman had come with Nigel to the conference, and now, amid the silence which followed the leader's proposal, he asked if he might be heard. He was clad in the brazen armour which Nigel had taken from the Red Ferret.

"It may be that it is not for me to join in your council," said he "seeing that I am a prisoner and a Frenchman. But this man is the enemy of all, and we of France owe him a debt even as you do, since many a good Frenchman has died in his cellars. For this reason I crave to be heard."

"We will hear you," said Knolles, coldly.

"I have come from Evran yesterday," said he. "Sir Henry Spinnefort, Sir Peter la Roye, and many other brave knights and squires lie there with a good company of men, all of whom would very gladly join with you to destroy this Butcher and his castle, for it is well known amongst us that his deeds are neither good nor fair. There are also bombards which we could drag over the hills, and so beat down this iron gate. If you so order it I will ride to Evran and bring my companions back with me."

"Indeed, Robert," said Percy, "it is in my mind that this Frenchman speaks very wisely and well."

"And when we have taken the castle—what then?" asked Knolles, scanning him with his hard, grey eyes.

"Then you could go upon your way, fair sir, and we upon ours. Or, if it please you better, you could draw together on yonder hill and we on this one, so that the valley lies between us. Then if any cavalier wished to advance himself or to shed a vow and exalt his lady, an opening might be found for him. Surely it would be shame if so many brave men drew together and no small deed were to come of it."

Nigel clasped his captive's hand to show his admiration and esteem, but Knolles shook his head.

"Things are not ordered thus, save in the tales of the minstrels," said he. "I have no wish that your people at Evran should know our numbers or our plans. I am not in this land for knight-errantry, but I am here to make head against the King's enemies. Has no one aught else to say?"

Percy pointed to the small outlying fortalice upon the knoll, on which also flew the flag of the bloody head.

"This smaller castle, Robert, is of no great strength, and cannot hold more than fifty men. It is built, as I conceive it, that no one should seize the high ground and shoot down into the other. Why should we not turn all our strength upon it since it is the weaker of the twain?"

But again the young leader shook his head.

"If I should take it," said he, "I am still no nearer to my desire, nor will it avail me in getting back my bowmen. It may cost a score of men, and what profit shall I have from it? Had I bombards I might place them on yonder hill, but having none it is of little use to me."

"It may be," said Nigel, "that they have scant food or water, and so must come forth to fight us."

"I have made inquiry of the peasants," Knolles answered, "and they are of one mind that there is a well within the castle and good store of food. Nay, gentlemen, there is no way before us save to take it by arms, and no spot where we can attempt it save through the great gate. Soon we will have so many faggots that we can cast them down into the ditch and so win our way across. I have ordered them to cut a pine tree on the hill and shear the branches so that we may beat down the gate with it. But what is now amiss, and why do they run forward to the castle?"

A buzz had risen from the soldiers in the camp, and they all crowded in one direction, rushing towards the castle wall. The knights and squires rode after them, and when in view of the main gate the cause of the disturbance lay before them. On the tower above the portal three men were standing in the garb of English archers, ropes round their necks and their hands bound behind them. Their comrades surged below them with cries of recognition and of pity.

"It is Ambrose," cried one. "Surely it is Ambrose of Ingleton."

"Yes, in truth, I see his yellow hair. And the other, him with the beard, it is Lockwood of Skipton. Alas for his wife who keeps the booth by the bridge head of Ribble! I wot not who the third may be."

"It is little Johnny Alspaye, the youngest man in the Company," cried old Wat, with the tears running down his cheeks; "'twas I who brought him from his home. Alas! Alas! Foul fare the day that ever I coaxed him from his mother's side that he might perish in a far land!"

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There was the sudden flourish of a trumpet and the drawbridge fell. Across it strode a portly man with a faded herald's coat. He halted warily upon the farther side, and his voice boomed like a drum.

"I would speak with your leader," he cried.

Knolles rode forward.

"Have I your knightly word that I may advance unscathed with all courteous entreaty as befits a herald?"

Knolles nodded his head. The man came slowly and pompously forward.

"I am the messenger and liege servant," said he, "of the high baron, Oliver de St. Yvon, Lord of La Brohinière. He bids me to say that if you continue your journey and molest him no further he will engage upon his part to make no further attack upon you. As to the men whom he holds he will enrol them in his own honourable service, for he has need of long bowmen, and has heard much of their skill. But if you constrain him, or cause him further displeasure by remaining before his castle, he hereby gives you warning that he will hang these three men over his gateway, and every morning another three until all have been slain. This he has sworn upon the rood of Calvary, and as he has said, so will he do, upon jeopardy of his soul."



"'I WOULD SPEAK WITH YOUR LEADER,' HE CRIED."

Robert Knolles looked grimly at the messenger.

"You may thank the saints that you have had my promise," said he, "else would I have stripped that lying tabard from thy back and the skin beneath it from thy bones, that thy master might have a fitting answer to his message. Tell him that I hold him and all that are within his castle as hostage for the lives of my men, and that should he dare to do them scathe he and every man that is with him shall hang upon his battlements. Go, and go quickly, lest my patience fail."

There was that in Knolles's cold grey eyes and in his manner of speaking those last words which sent the portly envoy back at a quicker gait than he had come. As he vanished into the gloomy arch of the gateway the drawbridge swung up with creak and rattle behind him. A few minutes later a rough-bearded fellow stepped out over the portal where the condemned archers stood, and seizing the first by the shoulders he thrust him over the wall. A cry burst from the man's lips and a deep groan from those of his comrades below as he fell with a jerk which sent him half-way up to the parapet again, and then, after dancing like a child's toy, swung slowly backwards and forwards with limp limbs and twisted neck.

The hangman turned and bowed in mock reverence to the spectators beneath him. He had not yet learned in a land of puny archers how sure and how strong was the English bow. Half-a-dozen men, old Wat amongst them, had run forward towards the wall. They

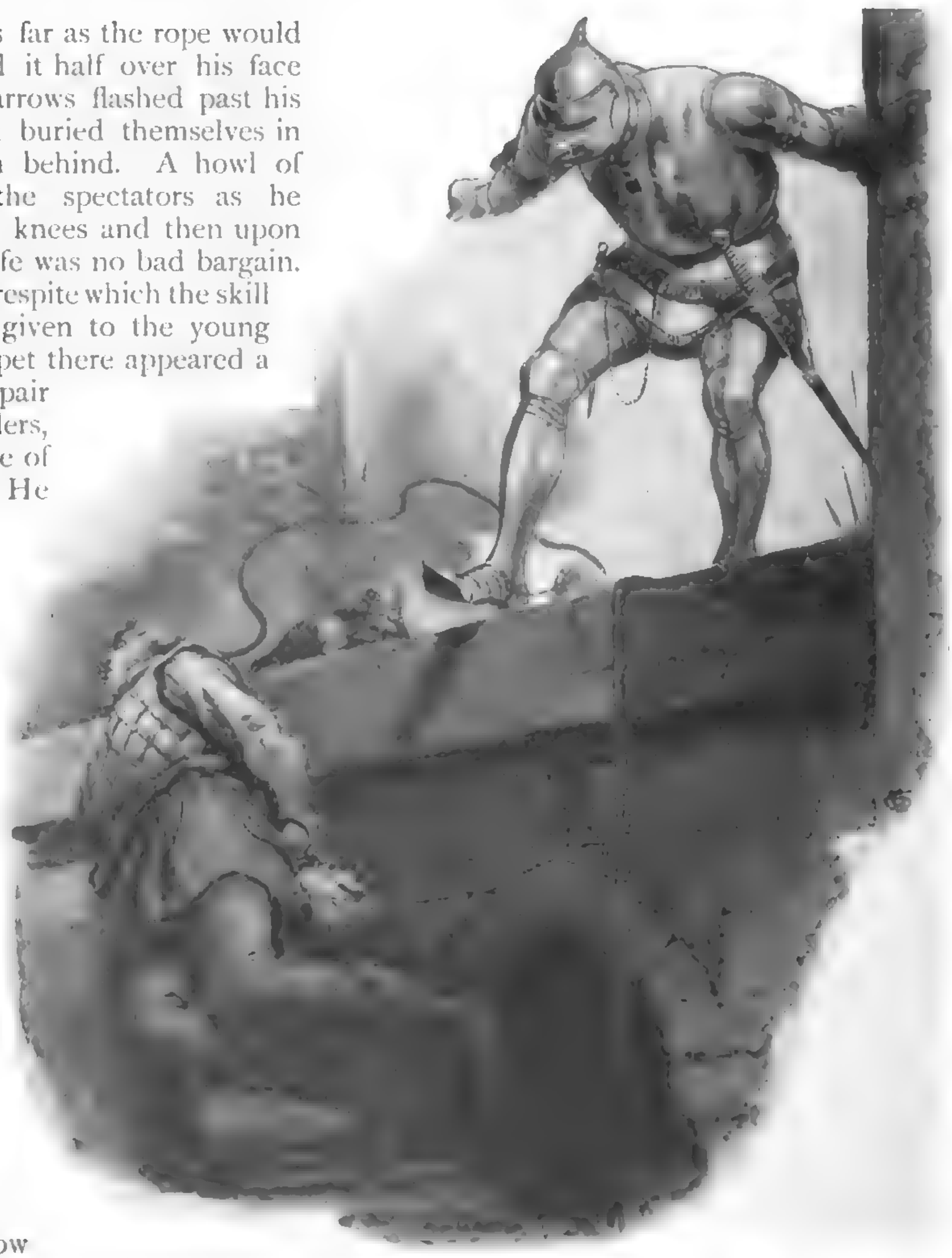
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were too late to save their comrades, but at least their deaths were speedily avenged. The man was in the act of pushing off the second prisoner when an arrow crashed through his head, and he fell stone dead upon the parapet. But even in falling he had given the fatal thrust, and a second russet figure swung beside the first against the dark background of the castle wall.

There only remained the young lad, Johnny Alspaye, who stood shaking with fear, an abyss below him, and the voices of those who would hurl him over it behind. There was a long pause before anyone would come forth to dare those deadly arrows. Then a fellow, crouching double, ran forward from the shelter, keeping the young archer's body as a shield between himself and danger.

"Aside, John, aside!" cried his comrades from below.

The youth sprang as far as the rope would allow him, and slipped it half over his face in the effort. Three arrows flashed past his side, and two of them buried themselves in the body of the man behind. A howl of delight burst from the spectators as he dropped first upon his knees and then upon his face. A life for a life was no bad bargain. But it was only a short respite which the skill of his comrades had given to the young archer. Over the parapet there appeared a ball of brass, then a pair of great brazen shoulders, and lastly the full figure of an armoured man. He walked to the edge, and they heard his hoarse guffaw of laughter as the arrows clanged and clattered against his impenetrable mail. He slapped his breastplate, as he jeered at them. Well he knew that at the distance no dart ever sped by mortal hands could cleave through his plates of metal. So he stood, the great, burly Butcher of La Brohinière, with head uptossed, laughing insolently at his foes. Then, with slow and ponderous tread, he walked towards his boy victim, seized him by the ear, and dragged him across so that the rope might be straight. Seeing that the noose had slipped across the face, he tried to push it down, but the mail glove hampering him, he pulled it off, and grasped the rope above the lad's head with his naked hand. Quick as a flash old Wat's arrow had sped, and the Butcher sprang back with a howl of pain, his hand skewered by a cloth-yard shaft. As he shook it furiously at his enemies a second grazed his knuckles. With a brutal kick of his metal-shod foot he hurled young Alspaye over the edge, looked down for a few moments at his death agonies, and then walked slowly from the parapet, nursing his dripping hand, the arrows still ringing loudly upon his back-piece as he went.



"HE HURLED YOUNG ALSPAYE OVER THE EDGE."

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The archers below, enraged at the death of their comrades, leaped and howled like a pack of ravening wolves.

"By St. Dunstan," said Percy, looking round at their flushed faces, "if ever we are to carry it now is the moment, for these men will not be stopped if hate can take them forward."

"You are right, Thomas!" cried Knolles. "Gather together twenty men-at-arms, each with his shield to cover him. Astley, do you place the bowmen so that no head may show at window or parapet. Nigel, I pray you to order the countryfolk forward with their fardels of faggots. Let the others bring up the lopped pine tree which lies yonder behind the horse lines. Ten men-at-arms can bear it on the right, and ten on the left, having shields over their heads. The gate once down let every man rush in, and God help the better cause!"

Swiftly and yet quietly the dispositions were made, for these were old soldiers whose daily trade was war. In little groups the archers formed in front of each slit or crevice in the walls, whilst others scanned the battlements with wary eyes and sped an arrow at every face which gleamed for an instant above them. The garrison shot forth a shower of crossbow bolts and an occasional stone from their engine, but so deadly was the hail which rained upon them that they had no time to dwell upon their aim, and their discharges were wild and harmless. Under cover of the shafts of the bowmen a line of peasants ran unscathed to the edge of the ditch, each hurling in the bundle which he bore in his arms and then hurrying back for another one. In twenty minutes a broad pathway of faggots lay level with the ground upon one side and the gate upon the other. With the loss of two peasants slain by bolts and one archer crushed by a stone the ditch had been filled up. All was ready for the battering-ram.

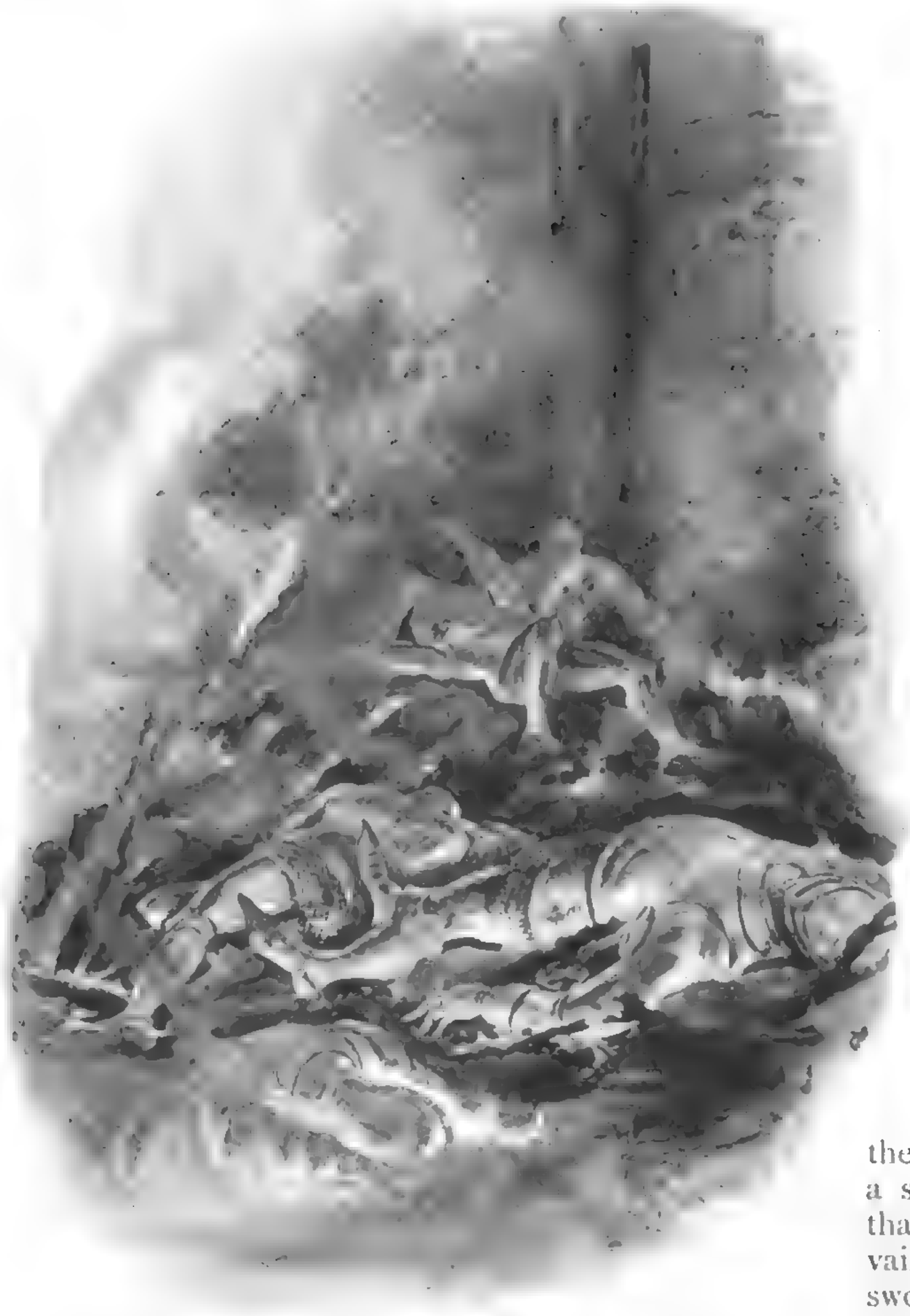
With a shout twenty picked men rushed forward with the pine tree under their arms, the heavy end turned towards the gate. The arbalestiers on the tower leaned over and shot into the midst of them, but could not stop their advance. Two dropped, but the others, raising their shields, ran onwards still shouting, crossed the bridge of faggots, and came with a thundering crash against the door. It splintered from base to arch, but kept its place. Swinging their mighty weapon, the storming party thudded and crashed upon the gate, every blow loosening and widening the cracks which rent it from end to end. The three knights with Nigel, the Frenchman Raoul, and the other squires stood beside the ram, cheering on the men, and chanting to the rhythm of the swing with a loud "Ha!" at every blow. A great stone loosened from the parapet roared through the air and struck Sir James Astley and another of the attackers, but Nigel and the Frenchman had taken their places in an instant, and the ram thudded and smashed with greater energy than ever. Another blow and another! The lower part was staving inwards, but the great central bar still held firm. Surely another minute would beat it from its sockets.

But suddenly from above there came a great deluge of liquid. A hogshead of it had been tilted from the battlement until soldiers, bridge, and ram were equally drenched in yellow slime. Knolles rubbed his gauntlet in it, held it to his visor, and smelled it.

"Back! back!" he cried. "Back before it is too late!"

There was a small barred window above their heads at the side of the gate. A ruddy glare shone through it, and then a blazing torch was tossed down upon them. In a moment the oil had caught and the whole place was a sheet of flame. The fir tree that they carried, the faggots beneath them, their very weapons were all in a blaze. To right and left the men sprang down into the dry ditch, rolling with screams upon the ground in their endeavour to extinguish the flames The knights and squires, protected by their armour, strove hard, stamping and slapping, to help those who had but leather jackets to shield their bodies. From above a ceaseless shower of darts and of stones was poured down upon them, while on the other hand the archers, seeing the greatness of the danger, ran up to the edge of the ditch, and shot fast and true at every face which showed above the wall. Scorched, wearied, and bedraggled, the remains of the storming party clambered out of the ditch as best they could, clutching at the friendly hands held down to them, and so limped their way back amid the taunts and howls of their enemies. A long pile of smouldering cinders was all that remained of their bridge, and on it Astley and six other red-hot men lay glowing in their armour. Knolles clenched his hands as he looked back at the ruin that was wrought, and then surveyed the group of men who stood or lay around him nursing their burned limbs and scowling up at the exultant figures who waved on the castle wall. Badly scorched himself, the young leader had no

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"ASTLEY AND SIX OTHER RED-HOT MEN LAY GLOWING IN THEIR ARMOUR."

thought for his own injuries in the rage and grief which racked his soul.

"We will build another bridge," he cried. "Set the peasants binding faggots once more."

But a thought had flashed through Nigel's mind.

"See, fair sir," said he. "The nails of yonder door are red-hot and the wood as white as ashes. Surely we may break our way through it."

"By the Virgin, you speak truly," cried the French squire. "If we can cross the ditch the gate will not stop us. Come, Nigel, for our fair ladies' sakes, I will race you who will reach it first, England or France."

Alas for all the wise words of the good Chandos! Alas for all the lessons in order and discipline learned from the wary Knolles. In an instant, forgetful of all things but this noble challenge, Nigel was running at the top of his speed for the burning gate. Close at his heels was the Frenchman, blowing and gasping, as he clashed along in his brazen armour. Behind came a stream of howling archers and men-at-arms, like a flood which has broken its dam. Down they slipped into the ditch, rushed across it, and clambered on each other's backs up the opposite side. Nigel, Raoul, and two archers gained a foothold in front of the burning gate at the same moment. With blows and kicks they burst it to pieces, and dashed with a yell of triumph through a spray of sparks into the dark archway beyond.

For a moment they thought with mad rapture that the castle had been carried. A dark tunnel lay before them, down which they rushed. But, alas! at the farther end it was blocked by a second gateway as strong as that which had been burned. In vain they beat upon it with their swords and axes. On each side the tunnel was pierced with slits, and the crossbow bolts, discharged at only a few yards' distance, crashed through armour as if it were cloth and laid man after man upon the stones. They raged and leaped before the great, iron-clamped barrier, but the wall itself was as easy to tear down. It was bitter to draw back, but it was madness to remain. Nigel looked round and saw that half his men were down. At the same moment Raoul sank with a gasp at his feet, a bolt driven to its socket through the links of the camail which guarded his neck. Some of the archers seeing that certain death awaited them were already running back to escape from the fatal passage.

"By St. Paul!" cried Nigel, hotly. "Would you leave our wounded where this Butcher may lay his hands upon them? Let the archers shoot inwards and hold them back from the slits. Now let each man raise one of our comrades lest we leave our honour in the gate of this castle."

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With a mighty effort he had raised Raoul upon his shoulders and staggered with him to the edge of the ditch. Several men were waiting below where the steep bank shielded them from the arrows, and to them Nigel handed down his wounded friend, and each archer in turn did the same. Again and again Nigel went back, until no one lay in the tunnel save seven who had died there. Thirteen wounded were laid in the shelter of the ditch and there they must remain until night came to cover them. Meanwhile the bowmen on the farther side protected them from attack, and also prevented the enemy from all attempts to build up the outer gate. The gaping, smoke-blackened arch was all that they could show for a loss of thirty men, but that at least Knolles was determined to keep.

Burned and bruised, but unconscious of either pain or fatigue for the turmoil of his spirit within him, Nigel knelt by the Frenchman and loosened his helmet. The girlish face of the young squire was white as chalk, and the haze of death was gathering over his violet eyes, but a faint smile played round his lips as he looked up at his English comrade.

"I shall never see Beatrice again," he whispered. "I pray you, Nigel, that when there is a truce you will journey as far as my father's château and tell him how his son died. Young Gaston will rejoice, for to him come the land and the coat, the war-cry and the profit. See them, Nigel, and tell them that I was as forward as the others."

"Indeed, Raoul, no man could have carried himself with more honour or won more worship than you have done this day. I will do your behest when the time comes."

"Surely you are happy, Nigel," the dying squire murmured, "for this day has given you one more deed which you may lay at the feet of your lady-love."

"It might have been so had we carried the gate," Nigel answered, sadly; "but by St. Paul! I cannot count it a deed where I have come back with my purpose unfulfilled. But this is no time, Raoul, to talk of my small affairs. If we take the castle and I bear a good part in it, then perchance all this may indeed avail."

The Frenchman sat up with that strange energy which comes often as the harbinger of death.

"You will win your Lady Mary, Nigel, and your great deeds will be not three but a score, so that in all Christendom there shall be no man of blood and coat-armour who has not heard your name and your fame. This I tell you—I, Raoul de la Roche Pierre de Bras, dying upon the field of honour. And now kiss me, sweet friend, and lay me back, for the mists close around me and I am gone."

With tender hands the squire lowered his comrade's head, but even as he did so there came a choking rush of blood, and the soul had passed. So died a gallant cavalier of France, and Nigel, as he knelt in the ditch beside him, prayed that his own end might be as noble and as debonair.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOW THE SECOND MESSENGER WENT TO COSFORD.

UNDER cover of night the wounded men were lifted from the ditch and carried back, whilst pickets of archers were advanced to the very gate so that none should re-build it. Nigel, sick at heart over his own failure, the death of his prisoner, and his fears for Aylward, crept back into the camp, but his cup was not yet full, for Knolles was waiting for him with a tongue which cut like a whip-lash. Who was he, a raw squire, that he should lead an attack without orders? See what his crazy knight-errantry had brought about! Twenty men had been destroyed by it, and nothing gained. Their blood was on his head. Chandos should hear of his conduct. He should be sent back to England when the castle had fallen. Such were the bitter words of Knolles, the more bitter because Nigel felt in his heart that he had indeed done wrong, and that Chandos would have said the same, though, perchance, in kinder words. He listened in silent respect, as his duty was, and then, having saluted his leader, he withdrew apart, threw himself down amongst the bushes and wept the hottest tears of his life, sobbing bitterly with his face between his hands. He had striven hard, and yet everything had gone wrong with him. He was bruised, burned, and aching from head to foot. Yet so high is the spirit above the body that all was nothing compared to the sorrow and shame which racked his soul.

But a little thing changed the current of his thoughts and brought some peace to his mind. He had slipped off his mail gauntlets, and as he did so his fingers lit upon the tiny bangle which Mary had fastened there when they stood together upon St. Catherine's Hill on the Guildford Road. He remembered the motto curiously worked in filigree of

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"HE THREW HIMSELF DOWN AMONG THE BUSHES AND WEPT THE HOTTEST TEARS OF HIS LIFE."

gold. It ran, "*Fais ce que dois, adviegne que pourra—c'est commandé au chevalier.*" The words rang in his weary brain. He had done what seemed right, come what might. It had gone awry, it is true, but all things human may do that. If he had carried the castle he felt that Knolles would have forgiven and forgotten all else. If he had not carried it, it was no fault of his. No man could have done more. If Mary could see she would surely have approved. Dropping into sleep he saw her dark face, shining with pride and with pity, stooping over him as he lay. She stretched out her hand in his dream and touched him on the shoulder. He sprang up and rubbed his eyes, for fact had woven itself into dream in the strange way that it does, and someone was, indeed, leaning over him in the gloom, and shaking him from his slumbers. But the gentle voice and soft touch of the Lady Mary had changed suddenly to the harsh accents and rough grip of Black Simon, the fierce Norfolk man-at-arms.

"Surely, you are the Squire Loring?" he said, peering close to his face in the darkness.

"I am he. What then?"

"I have searched through the camp for you, but when I saw the great horse tethered near these bushes, I thought you would be found hard by. I would have a word with you."

"Speak on."

"This man Aylward, the bowman, was my friend, and it is the nature that God has given me to love my friends even as I hate my foes. He is also thy servant, and it has seemed to me that you love him well."

"I have good cause so to do."

"Then you and I, Squire Loring, have more reason to strive on his behalf than any of these others, who think more of taking the castle than of saving those who are captives within. Do you not see that such a man as this robber lord would, when all else had failed him, most surely cut the throats of his prisoners at the last instant before the castle fell, knowing well that come what might he would have short shrift himself? Is that not certain?"

"By St. Paul! I had not thought of it."

"I was with you, hammering at the inner gate," said Simon, "and yet once when I thought it was giving way I said in my heart 'Good-bye, Samkin. I shall never see you more.' This Baron has gall in his soul, even as I have myself, and do you think that I would give up my prisoners alive, if I were constrained so to do? No, no; had we won our way this day it would have been the death-stroke for them all."

"It may be that you are right, Simon," said Nigel, "and the thought of it should assuage our grief. But if we cannot save them by taking the castle, then surely they are lost indeed."

"It may be so, or it may not," Simon answered, slowly. "It is in my mind that if the castle were taken very suddenly, and in such a fashion that they could not foresee it, then perchance we might get the prisoners before they could do them scathe."

Nigel bent forward eagerly, his hand on the soldier's arm.

"You have some plan in your mind, Simon. Tell me what it is."

"I had wished to tell Sir Robert, but he is preparing the assault for to-morrow and

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will not be turned from his purpose. I have, indeed, a plan, but whether it be good or not I cannot say until I have tried it. But first I will tell you what put it into my thoughts. Know, then, that this morning when I was in yonder ditch I marked one of their men upon the wall. He was a big man with a white face, red hair, and a touch of St. Anthony's fire upon the cheek."

"But what has this to do with Aylward?"

"I will show you. This evening, after the assault, I chanced to walk with some of my fellows round yonder small fort upon the knoll to see if we could spy a weak spot in it. Some of them came to the wall to curse us, and among them whom should I see but a big man with a white face, red hair, and a touch of Anthony's fire upon his cheek. What make you of that, Squire Nigel?"

"That this man had crossed from the castle to the fort.'

"In good sooth, it must indeed be so. There are not two such kenspeckled men in the world. But if he crossed from the castle to the fort it was not above the ground, for our own people were between."

"By St. Paul, I see your meaning!" cried Nigel. "It is in your mind that there is a passage under the earth from one to the other?"

"I am well sure of it."

"Then, if we should take the small fort, we may pass down this tunnel, and so carry the great castle also."

"Such a thing might happen," said Simon, "and yet it is dangerous also; for surely those in the castle would hear our assault upon the fort, and so be warned to bar the passage against us, and to slay the prisoners before we could come."

"What, then, is your rede?"

"Could we find where the tunnel lay, Squire Nigel, I know not what is to prevent us from digging down upon it and breaking into it so that both fort and castle are at our mercy before either knows that we are there."

Nigel clapped his hands with joy.

"'Fore God!" he cried. "It is a most noble plan! But, alas, Simon, I see not how we can tell the course of this passage or where we should dig."

"I have peasants yonder with spades,' said Simon. "There are two of my friends, Harding of Barnstaple and West-country Will, who are waiting for us with their gear. If you will come to lead us, Squire Nigel, we are ready to venture our bodies in the attempt."

What would Knolles say in case they failed? The thought flashed through Nigel's mind, but another came swiftly behind it. He would not venture farther unless he found hopes of success. And if he did venture further he would put his life upon it. Giving that, he made amends for all errors. And if on the other hand success crowned their efforts, then Knolles would forgive his failure at the gateway. A minute later, every doubt banished from his mind, he was making his way through the darkness under the guidance of Black Simon.

Outside the camp the two other men-at-arms were waiting for them, and the four advanced together. Presently a little group of figures loomed up in the darkness. It was a cloudy night, and a thin rain was falling which obscured both the castle and the fort, but a stone had been placed by Simon in the daytime which assured that they were between the two.

"Is blind Andreas there?" asked Simon.

"Yes, kind sir, I am here," said a voice.

"This man," said Simon, "was once rich and of good repute, but he was beggared by this robber lord, who afterwards put out his eyes, so that he has lived for many years in darkness at the charity of others."

"How can he help us in our enterprise if he be indeed blind?" said Nigel.

"It is for that very reason, fair lord, that he can be of greater service than any other man," Simon answered, "for it often happens that when a man has lost a sense the good God will strengthen those that remain. Hence it is that Andreas has such ears that he can hear the sap in the trees or the cheep of the mouse in its burrow. He has come to help us to find the tunnel."

"And I have found it," said the blind man, proudly. "Here I have placed my staff upon the line of it. Twice as I lay there with my ear to the ground I have heard footsteps pass beneath me."

"I trust you make no mistake, old man," said Nigel.

For answer the blind man raised his staff and smote twice upon the ground, once to the right and once to the left. The one gave a dull thud, the other a hollow boom.

"Can you not hear that?" he asked. "Will you ask me now if I make a mistake?"

"Indeed, we are much beholden to you!" cried Nigel. "Let the peasants dig then, and as silently as they may. Do you keep your ear upon the ground, Andreas, so that if anyone pass beneath us we shall be warned."

So, amid the driving rain, the little group

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toiled in the darkness. The blind man lay silent, flat upon his face, and twice they heard his warning hiss and stopped their work, whilst someone passed beneath. In an hour they had dug down to a stone arch, which was clearly the outer side of the tunnel roof. Here was a sad obstacle, for it might take long to loosen a stone, and if their work were not done by the break of day then their enterprise was indeed hopeless. They loosened the mortar with a dagger and at last dislodged one small stone, which enabled them to get at the others. Presently a dark hole, blacker than the night around them, yawned at their feet, and their swords could touch no bottom to it. They had opened the tunnel.

"I would fain enter it first," said Nigel. "I pray you to lower me down." They held him to the full length of their arms and then, letting him drop, they heard him land safely beneath them. An instant later the blind man started up with a low cry of alarm.

"I hear steps coming," said he. "They are far off, but they draw nearer."

Simon thrust his head and neck down the hole.

"Squire Nigel," he whispered, "can you hear me?"

"I can hear you, Simon."

"Andreas says that someone comes."

"Then cover over the hole," came the answer. "Quick, I pray you, cover it over."

A mantle was stretched across it so that no glimmer of light should warn the newcomer. The fear was that he might have heard the sound of Nigel's descent. But soon it was clear that he had not done so, for Andreas announced that he was still advancing. Presently Nigel could hear the distant thud of his feet. If he bore a lantern all was lost. But no gleam of light appeared in the black tunnel, and still the footsteps drew nearer. Nigel breathed a prayer of thanks to all his guardian saints as he crouched close to the slimy wall and waited breathless, his dagger in his hand. Nearer yet and nearer came the steps. He could hear the stranger's coarse breathing in the darkness. Then, as he brushed past, Nigel bounded upon him with a tiger spring. There was one gasp of astonishment, and not a sound more, for the squire's grip was on the man's throat, and his body was pinned motionless against the wall.



"A DARK HOLE, BLACKER THAN THE NIGHT AROUND THEM, YAWNED AT THEIR FEET."

"Simon! Simon!" cried Nigel, loudly.

The mantle was moved from the hole.

"Have you a cord? Or your belts linked together may serve."

One of the peasants had a rope, and Nigel

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"THE SQUIRE'S GRIP WAS ON THE MAN'S THROAT."

soon felt it dangling against his hand. He listened, and there was no sound in the passage. For an instant he released his captive's throat. A torrent of prayers and entreaties came forth. The man was shaking like a leaf in the wind. Nigel pressed the point of his dagger against his face and dared him to open his lips. Then he slipped the rope beneath his arms and tied it.

"Pull him up!" he whispered, and for an instant the grey glimmer above him was obscured.

"We have him, fair sir," said Simon.

"Then drop me the rope, and hold it fast."

A moment later Nigel stood among the group of men who had gathered round their captive. It was too dark to see him and they dared not strike flint and steel. Simon passed his hand roughly over him and felt a fat, clean-shaven face, and a cloth gaberdine which hung to the ankles.

"Who are you?" he whispered. "Speak the truth and speak it low, if you would ever speak again."

The man's teeth chattered in his head with cold and fright.

"I speak no English," he murmured.

"French, then," said Nigel.

"I am a holy priest of God. You court the ban of Holy Church when you lay hands upon me. I pray you let me go upon my way, for there are those whom I would shrive and housel. If they should die in sin their damnation is upon you."

"How are you called, then?"

"I am Dom Peter de Cervolles."

"De Cervolles, the arch-priest, he who heated the brazier when they burned out my eyes!" cried old Andreas. "Of all the devils in hell there is none fouler than this one. Friends, friends, if I have done aught for you this night, I ask but one reward, that ye let me have my will of this man."

But Nigel pushed the old man back.

"There is no time for this," he said. "Now, hark you, priest—if priest indeed you be—your gown and tonsure will not save you if you play us false, for we are here of a set purpose and we will go forward with it, come what may. Answer me, and answer me truly, or it will be an ill night for you. In what part of the castle does this tunnel enter?"

"In the lower cellar."

"What is at the end?"

"An oaken door."

"Is it barred?"

"Yes, it is barred."

"How would you have entered?"

"I would have given the password."

"Who, then, would have opened?"

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"There is a guard within."

"And beyond him?"

"Beyond him are the prison cells and the gaolers."

"Who else would be afoot?"

"No one save a guard at the gate and another on the battlement."

"What, then, is the password?"

The man was silent.

"The password, fellow!" The cold points of two daggers pricked his throat, but still he would not speak.

"Where is the blind man?" asked Nigel. "Here, Andreas, you can have him and do what you will with him."

"Nay, nay," the priest whimpered. "Keep him off me. Save me from blind Andreas! I will tell you everything."

"The password, then, this instant!"

"It is 'Benedicite.'"

"We have the password, Simon," cried Nigel. "Come, then, let us on to the farther end. These peasants will guard the priest, and they will remain here lest we wish to send a message."

"Nay, fair sir, it is in my mind that we can do better," said Simon. "Let us take the priest with us, so that he who is within may know his voice."

"It is well thought of," said Nigel; "and first let us pray together, for indeed this night may well be our last." He and his three men-at-arms knelt in the rain and sent up their simple orisons, Simon still clutching tight to his prisoner's wrist. The priest fumbled in his breast and drew something forth.

"It is the heart of the blessed Confessor Saint Enogat," said he. "It may be that it will ease and assoil your souls if you would wish to handle it."

The four Englishmen passed the flat silver case from hand to hand, each pressing his lips devoutly upon it. Then they rose to their feet. Nigel was the first to lower himself down the hole; then Simon, then the priest, who was instantly seized by the other two. The men-at-arms followed them. They had scarcely moved away from the hole when Nigel stopped.

"Surely someone else came after us," said he.

They listened, but no whisper or rustle came from behind them. For a minute they paused and then resumed their journey through the dark. It seemed a long, long way, though in truth it was but a few hundred yards before they came to a door with a glimmer of yellow light around it, which barred their passage. Nigel struck upon it with his hand.

There was the rasping of a bolt and then a loud voice: "Is that you, priest?"

"Yes, it is I," said the prisoner, in a quavering voice. "Open, Arnold!"

The voice was enough. There was no question of passwords. The door swung inwards, and in an instant the janitor was cut down by Nigel and Simon. So sudden and so fierce was the attack that, save for the thud of his body no sound was heard. A flood of light burst outwards into the passage, and the Englishmen stood with blinking eyes in its glare. In front of them lay a stone-flagged corridor, across which lay the dead body of the janitor. It had doors on either side of it, and another grated door at the farther end. A strange hubbub, a kind of low droning and whining filled the air. The four men were standing listening, full of wonder as to what this might mean, when a sharp cry came from behind them. The priest lay in a shapeless heap upon the ground and the blood was rushing from his gaping throat. Down the passage, a black shadow in the yellow light, there fled a crouching man, who clattered with a stick as he went.

"It is Andreas," cried West-country Will. "He has slain him."

"Then it was he that I heard behind us," said Nigel. "Doubtless he was at our very heels in the darkness. I fear that the priest's cry has been heard."

"Nay," said Simon, "there are so many cries that one more may well pass. Let us take this lamp from the wall and see what sort of devil's den we have around us."

They opened the door upon the right, and so horrible a smell issued from it that they were driven backward. The lamp which Simon held forward showed a monkey-like creature mowing and grimacing in the corner, man or woman none could tell, but driven crazy by loneliness and horror. In the other cell was a grey-bearded man fettered to the wall, looking blankly before him, a body without a soul, yet with life still in him, for his dull eyes turned slowly in their direction. But it was from behind the central door at the end of the passage that the chorus of sad cries came which filled the air.

"Simon," said Nigel, "before we go farther we will take this outer door from its hinges. With it we will block this passage, so that at the worst we may hold our ground here until help comes. Do you back to the

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camp as fast as your feet can bear you. The peasants will draw you upwards through the hole. Give my greetings to Sir Robert, and tell him that the castle is taken without fail if he come this way with fifty men. Say that we have made a lodgment within the walls. And tell him also, Simon, that I would counsel him to make a stir before the gateway, so that the guard may be held there whilst we make good our footing behind them. Go, good Simon, and lose not a moment."



"THE PRIEST LAY IN A SHAPELESS HEAP UPON THE GROUND."

But the man-at-arms shook his head.

"It is I who have brought you here, fair sir, and here I bide through fair and foul. But you speak wisely and well, for Sir Robert should indeed be told what is going forward now that we have gone so far. Harding, do you go with all speed and bear the gentle Nigel's message."

Reluctantly the man-at-arms sped upon his errand. They could hear the racing of his feet and the low jingle of his harness until they died away in the tunnel. Then the three companions approached the door at the end. It was their intention to wait where they were until help should come, but suddenly amid the babel of cries within there broke forth an English voice, shouting in torment.

"My God!" it cried, "I pray you, comrades, for a cup of water, as you hope for Christ's mercy!" A shout of laughter, and the thud of a heavy blow followed the appeal.

All the hot blood rushed to Nigel's head at the sound, buzzing in his ears and throbbing in his temples. There are times when the fiery heart of a man must overbear the cold brain of a soldier. With one bound he was at the door, with another he was through it, the men-at-arms at his heels. So strange was the scene before them that for an instant all three stood motionless with horror and surprise.

It was a great vaulted chamber, brightly lit by many torches. At the farther end roared a great fire. In front of it three naked men were chained to posts in such a way that flinch as they might they could never get beyond the range of its scorching heat. Yet they were so far from it that no actual burn would be inflicted if they could but keep turning and shifting so as continually to present some fresh portion of their flesh to the flames. Hence they danced and whirled in front of the fire, tossing ceaselessly this way and that within the compass of their chains, wearied to death, their protruding tongues cracked

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"SO STRANGE WAS THE SCENE BEFORE THEM THAT FOR AN INSTANT ALL THREE STOOD MOTIONLESS."

and blackened with thirst, but unable for one instant to rest from their writhings and contortions.

Even stranger was the sight at each side of the room, whence came that chorus of groans which had first struck upon the ears of Nigel and his companions. A line of great hogsheads were placed alongside the walls, and within each sat a man, his head protruding from the top. As they moved within there was a constant splashing and washing of water. The white, wan faces all turned together as the door flew open, and a cry of amazement and of hope took the place of those long-drawn moans of despair. At the same instant two fellows clad in black, who had been seated with a flagon of wine between them at a table near the fire, sprang wildly to their feet, staring with blank amazement at this sudden inrush. That instant of delay deprived them of their last chance of safety. Midway down the room was a flight of stone steps which led to the main door. Swift as a wild cat Nigel bounded towards it and gained the steps a stride or two before the jailers. They turned and made for the other which led to the passage, but Simon and his comrade were nearer to it than they. Two sweeping blows, two dagger thrusts into writhing figures, and the ruffians who worked the will of the Butcher lay dead upon the floor of their slaughter-house.

(To be continued.)

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Pictures by Famous Amateurs.

By Ronald Graham.

IT is frequently one of the oddities of genius that it believes itself capable of totally different achievement from that in which it has made its mark. A tragedian thinks he is intended for a great comedian; a professional humorist is convinced that tears or melodrama is his forte. Many of our great writers succeeded in persuading themselves that, but for an accident or the taste of the time, the world would have been richer by a great delineator of Nature, another Hogarth, another Turner, another Leech.

In some cases, of course, there came a time of disillusionment, when the spell was broken and the artist threw down the brush or pencil in exchange for the pen or the sword, reserving his skill thenceforward merely as a means of diversion or entertainment to his friends. I remember the late eminent soldier, Sir Michael Biddulph, Black Rod, telling me, naïvely: "I was born to be an artist, but I drifted into soldiering." His numerous pictures certainly showed great natural talent. General Baden-Powell might perhaps say the same. Sir Henry Thompson and Sir Harry Johnston are other names which will occur to the reader of amateur artists of distinction. The law and medicine have each spoilt (or saved) numerous budding painters. But the pen and pencil go most naturally hand in hand, although instances are very rare when writing and drawing are as meritorious in so equal a degree as they were in, let us say, the case of George du Maurier.

The spectacle of Thackeray humbly waiting on young Charles Dickens with a portfolio of sketches, anxious to obtain the commission to illustrate "Pickwick," is almost pathetic. For years Thackeray toiled away in Paris, with brushes and palette, copying Gros and Watteau and Lucas von Leyden ("a better man than Dürer and as great as Raphael"); seemingly regarding his literary skill as mediocre in comparison with either.



MARIE ANTOINETTE. By W. M. THACKERAY.

There can be no doubt that Thackeray's pen-and-ink drawings — whatever their imperfections from the point of view of the art master — are full of a character of their own — just that kind of character which makes Cruikshank's designs so precious. But we are told that when he set out to be a painter in oils he took Bonington as his model, and resolved to execute subject pictures in the fashion which was so popular in that day. A friend of Thackeray's youth has recorded how he devoted several weeks to the portrait of a young lady with whom he was rather smitten, very much as Clive in the novel painted Ethel Newcome's counterfeit presentment. "It was a dreadful daub, but I did not dare to tell him so; and I think he afterwards came to this melancholy conclusion himself, for he afterwards destroyed it and never saw his fair sitter again."

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A YOUNG SPANISH LADY. By CHARLES DICKENS.

Numbers of Thackeray's drawings exist, as little unlike as may be to the sketches with which he illustrated his early works. There are even canvases by him somewhere extant. One of the earliest sketches I have seen is a copy of a picture by Salvator Rosa. Another more finished is apparently a portrait of Marie Antoinette, rather too plump of feature. This is reproduced on the preceding page.

Upon Dickens as an artist a paper has already appeared in THE STRAND MAGAZINE, but the drawings there rendered were rather more crude—or at least less laboured—than the head of the young Spanish lady here given which he drew for the album of his sister Laetitia, afterwards the wife of his friend Henry Austin. This drawing is in colours, and no doubt was considered a very fine performance by the artist, who was then engaged in Parliamentary reporting, and who afterwards gave so much trouble to other artists illustrating his works. He had then ceased to draw at all, but he retained a certain knowledge of what drawings ought to be, a knowledge which sharpened his criticism and occasionally embarrassed Cruikshank, and after an interval of twenty years Luke Fildes and Marcus Stone.

"I am delighted with my faculty for drawing," wrote the great musician, Mendelssohn. "It is a great pastime with me." Yet the most one can say of the water-colours with which Mendelssohn literally dowered his friends is that they are genteel productions, never rugged or personal. Even the sketch-books containing the fruits of his tour in the Highlands are said by their present owner to contain nothing wild or robust. A placid



THE ARTIST'S HOME. By F. MENDELSSOHN.

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lake, a quiet glen, a distant view of town or village, with these Mendelssohn the artist contented himself. The sketch reproduced is one of several given to his friend, the father of the late J. C. Horsley, R.A., as a Christmas present away back in the "forties," and not long before the great musician's untimely decease.

Of Victor Hugo as an artist we may express ourselves in less guarded terms. In abundantly, even upon the walls of his bedchamber, on the table linen, on the backs of letters and envelopes and tradesmen's bills—black towers and pinnacles (as in the specimen here given) or swart trees upstanding amidst strong shadows. One would like to reproduce an abundance of these—and, indeed, someone in France has published a book entitled "Drawings by Victor Hugo," but, although a quarto, it is a scanty affair and



A MEDIEVAL STRONGHOLD. By VICTOR HUGO.

his productions, even those achieved with cigar-ends smeared with ink, there is unmistakable genius. He is as little conventional as Gustave Doré or Rudyard Kipling. There is an impression of vigorous strength, a suggestion of mystery in his slightest sketches. During Hugo's residence in Guernsey he used to produce these sketches gives less than a dozen. There must be hundreds of drawings extant by the author of "Les Misérables."

But a greater than Mendelssohn, whom he met at Weimar in 1831, Wolfgang von Goethe, once laboured under the belief that in pictorial art and not literature lay his real strength. This was after he had found out

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his shortcomings on the stage, although almost to the end of his days Goethe was a fair actor. But then Goethe was everything —poet, actor, dramatist, theatrical manager, musician, painter, and sculptor. His drawings lacked fire—in none of those I have come across is there anything of the spirit which animated "Goetz von Berlichingen." They are chiefly landscapes, with placid



A LANDSCAPE.

By WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

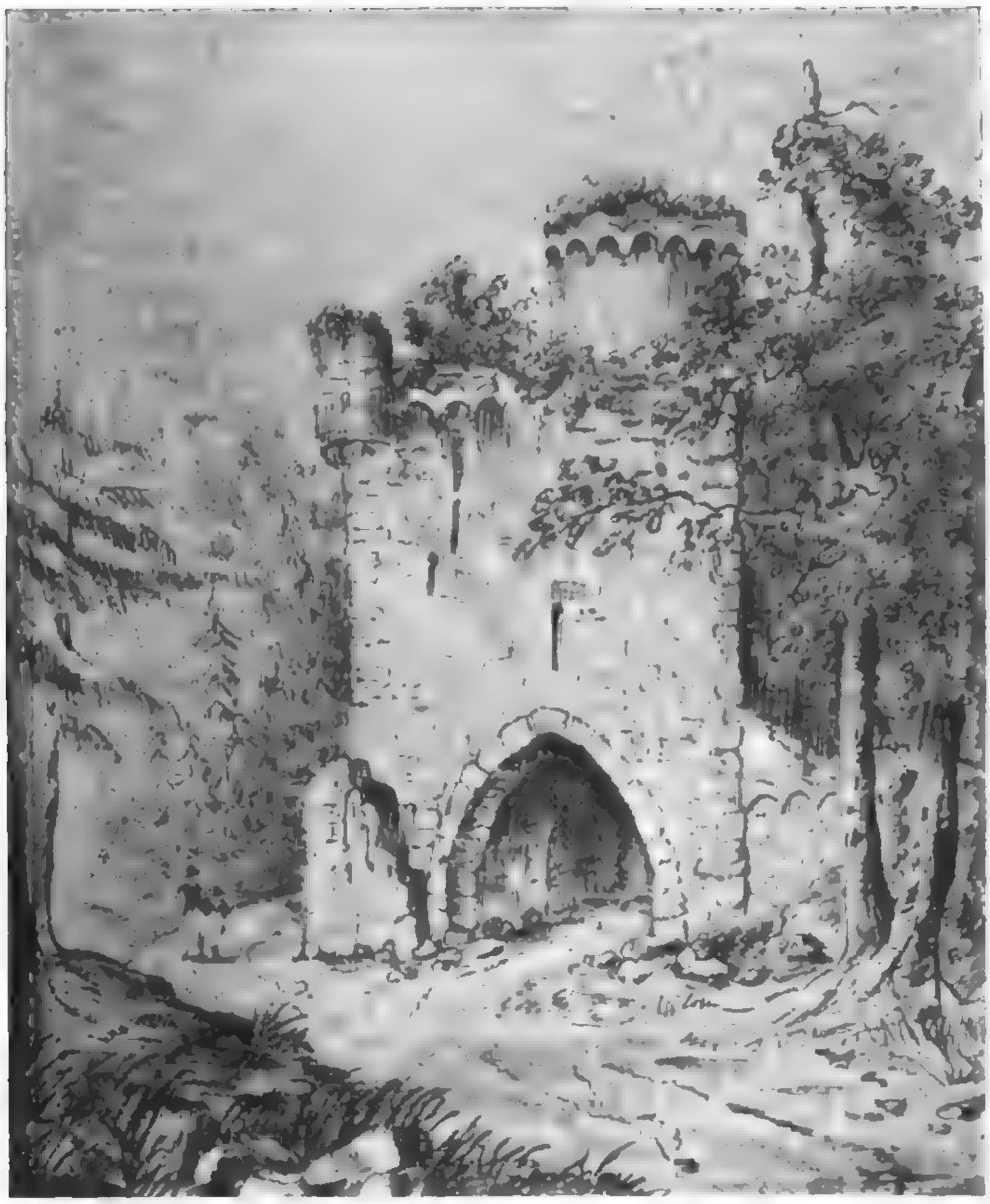
figures in the foreground, as in the one here given.

That Tennyson was a pictorial artist was, perhaps, not suspected by the world at large until, in his declining years, they learned that at Farringford he passed pleasant moments at the easel when wearied with turning couplets and polishing hexameters. In his "Life," by his son, the present Lord Tennyson, we are told that the famous painter Watts urged him to continue his painting. "Add a daub every day," he wrote, "and you will soon have a picture." Several early sketches by Tennyson have come under the hammer at auction, sometimes as merely accompanying his autograph, but one with more pretension we reproduce on the next page. It cannot be said that the drawing is altogether true or that it presents any inherent originality, but as the work of an eminent poet it has great interest.

Infinitely greater was the artistic talent of Tennyson's brother poet, Robert Browning, although we greatly regret that a better example of his work than the sketch of the three Russians which Browning dispatched to some member of his family from the Continent half a century and more ago cannot be furnished. The drawing of the human figure is far more difficult of performance than landscape. Any young lady of moderate talent could have done Tennyson's mossy ruin, but many artists of Academy

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A RUINED CASTLE. By ALFRED TENNYSON.

unusual, and at one period of his career he founded and taught a drawing class at Bideford. There are many examples of his pencil scattered hither and thither amongst Kingsley's friends and their heirs and successors. One is a clever study of a fisherman now belonging to Mr. R. Biddulph, while another in quite a different style is a landscape with an inn in the foreground, which we reproduce.

"My dear sir," once wrote John Ruskin to a critic, "if you only knew how difficult it is to paint even a decent picture you would not say the severe things you do of those who fail." Yet Ruskin, who was conscious of having failed as a painter, once produced a picture which earned the commendation of both Watts and Millais. Millais wrote: "A most astonishing picture," and Watts remarked of it to Mr.

rank would have no reason to be ashamed of Browning's sketch. We are told that the latter poet devoted a great deal of his time to drawing and devising odd effects with his impromptu pictures. One of his diversions was "roasting brown paper over a candle" to produce certain weird effects. Unhappily none of these eccentric productions remain.

Charles Kingsley's skill with the pencil was quite



STUDY OF THREE RUSSIANS. By ROBERT BROWNING.

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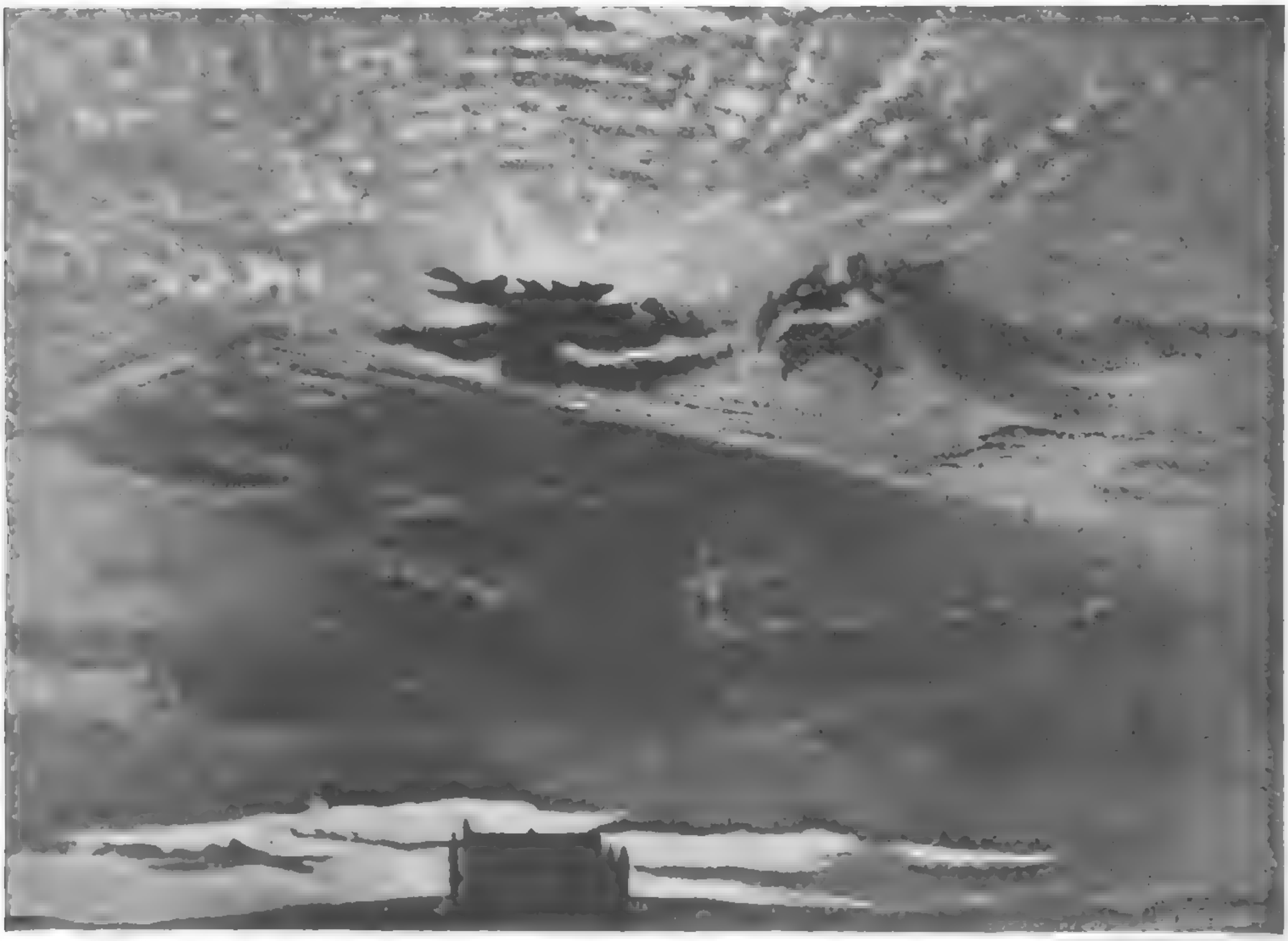
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A COUNTRY INN. By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Cosmo Monkhouse, "I don't know anybody else who could have done it." "Ruskin is a great writer who knows how to paint stones and clouds" was the summing-up of a *Saturday Reviewer*, and although at an early period of his career the prophet and critic seemed about to be lost in the artist, yet Ruskin quickly recognised his limitations and confined himself to those carefully-pencilled and tinted elucidations of his text with which all his readers are familiar. The present drawing, however, shows a rarer and bolder flight.

We see here a spacious firmament packed,



A WONDERFUL CLOUD EFFECT. By JOHN RUSKIN.

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A CHURCH DOOR.
By THOMAS HARDY.

adorned, and glorified by multitudinous clouds of every description. Beneath the cloud rack which stretches across the picture stands silhouetted against the sun's radiance the fabric of a mighty cathedral. The whole is an effect worthy of the great Turner himself.

Before becoming a novelist, and indeed for some little time after, Mr. Thomas Hardy followed the profession of architect. In the pursuit of this calling he produced many excellent architectural drawings, amongst which is one at least which shows considerable feeling and appreciation of the picturesque. It was acquired some years ago, with others, of a bookseller in Salisbury, into whose possession it had come on the death of a former fellow-student of the novelist's, and is here reproduced. These drawings were left at the office and promptly confiscated, very much as Aubrey Beardsley's architectural plans and sketches were on his abandoning his first vocation.

Readers of the "Just So Stories" do not need to be told that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is an artist of quite an uncommon order. Yet, although his father was a painter and art-master by profession, "Ruddy" is said to be wholly untrained. "He liked doing things his own way," writes one who knew him at school, "and if he wanted to make a hill square and cover it with vermilion grass he would do it." Yet the study of a tiger's head, belonging with three other drawings accompanying this article to Mr. R. J. Jephson, shows that he could at times obseve convention and nature at the same time. It is an open secret that Mr. Kipling has other drawings of the "Just So" pattern in store for the public at no very remote time.



A TIGER'S HEAD. By RUDYARD KIPLING.

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THE big cardboard box was on the bed, its lid lay on the floor; the maid had just deftly fastened the last mysterious hook hidden in the last foamy cluster of lace—the wedding-gown was "on"!

"I suppose," said Miss Winston, revolving slowly, craning her neck over her shoulder in a futile endeavour to survey the back of her own waist—"I suppose it fits pretty well, Barker?"

"Lovely, miss!" declared the maid, with enthusiasm. "Beautiful!"

"It will do, I dare say," said Miss Winston, a little coldly. "Yes, I'll try the shoes—it will be hateful if they pinch to-morrow. You had better fasten them perhaps—I'll keep them on a little while. There's mother's bell. If she wants to see me in this ask her to come soon so that I can take it off. A letter? Oh, yes, I see." The maid hurried out as the bell pealed again, and she glanced at the letter as it lay on the table. "From Cynthia! Oh!" she said.

A letter, though it be from the most effusively-affectionate and strenuously-sympathetic of bosom friends—and Cynthia was both—must necessarily take a back-seat to the fit of a wedding-gown, particularly when the wedding is next day. Miss Winston turned to the cheval-glass to contemplate herself again.

It was hardly a regulation wedding-gown. It was soft and lacy and silky and white, but it boasted neither train nor orange-blossoms, and to-morrow a hat would replace the orthodox veil. It was as it was in accordance with the wish of the bridegroom. "You don't mean to have the ordinary long-tailed arrangement, I hope? And veils are ghastly," he had said on the only occasion when he had mentioned the subject. To the surprise of everybody, Miss Winston had docilely complied, and Cynthia had remarked darkly that Peterborough was the sort of man who always did get his own way. "Look at him!" had added Cynthia, when pressed to explain herself, which was oracular, but not enlightening. Miss Winston, looking at him, had seen a clean-built, broad-shouldered, black-haired, black-browed man, looking every day of his three-and-thirty years, whose jaw and chin were very square and firm, and whose steel-grey eyes were very keen and bright. Of course, he was neither elegant in figure nor handsome in face, but she did consider that Cynthia, in declaring with a mysterious small shiver that "there was something about him"—presumably

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something which produced the shiver—was really going rather too far. She was not in the least in love with Lord Peterborough; she would probably never have accepted him but for—but for certain circumstances; and equally of course, he was not in love with her, but she desired to do him justice. The fact that he had asked her to marry him immediately after the collapse of a certain mine had swallowed up the whole of the fortune left her by her godmother was certainly in his favour. She felt that Cynthia, in contemptuously declaring that forty thousand pounds was "too paltry" a sum for the consideration of a man in his position, had almost trenched upon the absurd, for everybody knew that Peterborough was not so rich. To be wept over as a victim when one is about to become a viscountess is unquestionably a little trying. Cynthia's passionate declaration that she could not attend the wedding and "witness the sacrifice" had, indeed, almost made her laugh. She decided that Cynthia, since she married the artistic young man whom she declared her "affinity"—his hair was too long and his coats were too baggy to elicit her own admiration—was not so nice as she used to be. One didn't want, she had said to herself with petulance, "to be drowned in sympathy!" She wasn't in the least sentimental about Frank—she sometimes called Peterborough Frank—but he would neither eat her nor beat her. It was all right; she was going through with it; they would get on well enough, she supposed, but—but—— Her hazel eyes looked very big and forlorn as she turned away and took up Cynthia's letter. She shrugged her shoulders under her wedding-gown.

"Another wail, I suppose," she said.

The word was scarcely too strong—Cynthia's letters, like Cynthia herself, had, since her engagement, been pitched in a depressingly minor key. This was no exception. Miss Winston, putting it down, stood frowning. Cynthia, of course, was a dear, but she might, if she must write at all on the eve of one's wedding-day, have tried to be at least a little cheerful. The offer of her home as "an asylum" in the, apparently, shortly-to-be-anticipated time when she would find matrimony and Peterborough unbearable, was really going farther than she had gone yet! And it was distinctly lacking in tact to hint so darkly at somebody else. For she might just as well have written Harry Warrender's name and done with it!

Miss Winston sank down into a chair—her charming face had lost its pretty pink. She had loyally made up her mind never to think of Harry Warrender again, but it was impossible—thanks to Cynthia—to avoid doing it now. She had never been able to understand why he had not asked her to marry him. It was while she was smarting under his unexplained withdrawal, and the knowledge that he had gone abroad, that she had accepted Peterborough. She did not know whether it was a comfort or otherwise to know that he had not deserted her on account of the loss of her fortune, for when the mine collapsed he had been out of England for a week. The alternative—that he had only flirted—that he had not really cared, was quite as humiliating. She had had a fierce little sense of exultation in accepting Peterborough. He was an infinitely better match, and Harry had always been jealous of him. She had refused to be sympathized with on the matter, even by Cynthia, and now—well, she need not have written about him, for it was the same as writing. No doubt he had absolutely forgotten her; she would probably not see him, and would certainly never hear from him, again. She turned her head and saw on the table, where it must have lain under Cynthia's, a letter addressed to her in his handwriting!

She went cold and hot and white and red, but she tore it open with shaking fingers. It was not long. When she put it down her face was as colourless as her wedding-gown, and her hands were shaking more.

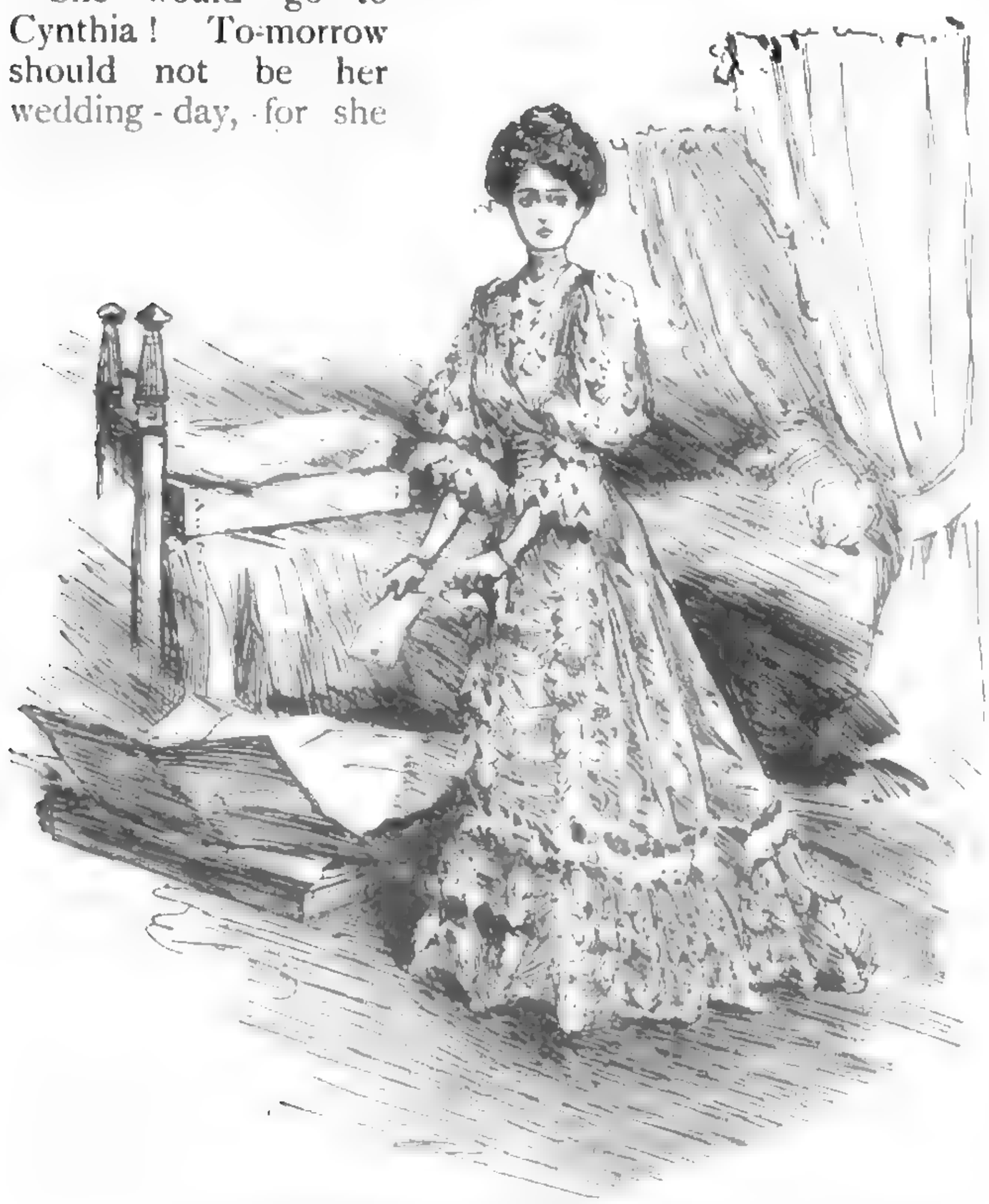
So he had cared for her! He had asked for her father's permission to marry her, and had been peremptorily refused! Well, she could believe that. Her father had never liked Harry's attentions, and told her bluntly that she ought to do much better for herself than the second son of a country squire whose lieutenancy in a crack regiment probably absorbed what little he had beyond his pay twice over. Yes; she could believe that her father, hot-tempered and obstinate, had said No! But—but could it be true that it was Peterborough's fault that she had never heard of it—that he had persuaded her father to be silent, and had then and there made his own proposal for her? He had always disliked Harry, but could he have stooped to play such a treacherous part as that? It would have been treachery, for she had always believed that it was only after her own acceptance of him that he had spoken to her father. Why, it had been a plot!—she had been bought and sold between them if this were true—and the reasons given

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made it look true. Her father had been ready to sell her to a title and position; Peterborough had been willing to stoop to buy the wife he chanced to fancy! "Well, he won, for he has got you and you care for him, I hope," Harry wrote at the end of the passionate lines which told her that he loved her as he always must and should love her, and craved her pardon for thus daring to write to bid her farewell. Of course, she forgave him! Of course, she understood his wanting her to know that he had not trifled with and left her—it was natural, as he said, that he should feel unable to resist the temptation of setting himself so far right, although it was so hopelessly too late. But was it too late? Had Peterborough got her? Not yet! Miss Winston's hazel eyes began to glitter; she stood up looking at the two letters. Part of a sentence in Cynthia's caught her eye: "Whatever happens, you have always an asylum in my home, dearest," Cynthia had written. She had laughed upon reading it first, irritated and amused, saying to herself that Frank was not an ogre, and that Cynthia was a goose. But now! She clenched her hands and broke into a laugh.

She would go to Cynthia! To-morrow should not be her wedding-day, for she would not marry Peterborough then or at all. (It was a comfort—her heart, thumping fast already, gave an extra violent jump at the thought of coming face to face with him—it was a comfort to reflect that he was not in the house, but was coming from the North—his "place" was in the North—by the night train, and would not arrive until the morning.) She would leave a few lines for her father, saying that she refused to marry him and why. Cynthia would take her in and would uphold and defend her—yes, even against Peterborough himself!

She scrawled the few lines in a desperate hurry—they were about equally indignant, incoherent, and resolute, and more shaky and blotted than either. Dare she wait to change? No. At any moment her mother might appear; she must run away from her bridegroom and her wedding-day in her wedding-gown. In that long evening cloak—it was warm, luckily—she would be taken, if anybody noticed her in the train—Cynthia was unreasonable enough to live at Pinner—for a returning theatre-goer. In a moment her white glories were hidden under its folds and its hood pulled over her head. She stole down the staircase into her father's den, left her few lines in a conspicuous place, got across the hall unseen, and let herself out into the bright, cold January night. A providentially passing cab answered her signal as she reached the kerb. In another moment she was being driven to Euston as fast as the horse could go.



"'WHATEVER HAPPENS, YOU HAVE ALWAYS AN ASYLUM IN MY HOME, DEAREST,' CYNTHIA HAD WRITTEN."

In spite of the cabman's haste she almost lost the train. She had barely time to rush for the booking-office, fly along the platform, and spring into an empty first-class compartment before it began to move. It was a smoking compartment, she noticed, looking about her, breathless. But that didn't matter; if anybody got in at Willesden she could easily find another seat, as it was a corridor train. Plenty of people did get in at Willesden, but her solitude was not invaded. Sitting in her corner, cuddled up in her cloak, she kept her cheek pressed against the glass, on the look-out for Pinner. They were close upon it now;

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would there be a cab at the station? What would Cynthia say? The engine uttered a warning shriek, there was a flash of vague lights, and the station was gone! They had dashed through and not stopped at all!

Miss Winston started to her feet, her mouth open for the cry she was too horrified to utter. Darting out into the corridor she collided violently with a passing person in an official cap, and clutched him as though he were a last straw.

"Pinner!" she gasped. "We've passed it. We haven't stopped!"

"Pinner? No, miss. Sha'n't stop before Crewe. This is the twelve o'clock special to Liverpool."

He passed on. Miss Winston sank limply into a seat again.

"This," she said, aloud, with the desperate composure of despair—"this is too simply awful for anything! It's a dream, or something! It must be!"

Of course, she understood. She had been too early for the right train instead of almost too late; but her headlong hurry had waited for nothing. She pulled out her purse—snatched up without examination at the last moment—and explored its contents, to stare at it with yet blanker dismay. She would arrive in Crewe somewhere about half-past three in the morning, hatless, gloveless, almost as bad as shoeless, and possessed of five and ninepence and a postage stamp! Truly, it was pleasant—truly, it was a nice situation! And to-morrow—no, to-day—was to have been her wedding-day!

She started up with a frightened cry. With a shrill screaming of the engine whistles, and a grinding jar of brakes, the train slowed down and stood still.

Miss Winston hurried out into the corridor. Somebody had opened a door; the air seemed a whirl of snowflakes; down upon the line figures with lanterns moved to and fro; in the confusion of bewildered questions and shouted answers she presently made out what was wrong. A London-bound train had crashed into a luggage train, and was off the line. It had occurred a mile or so outside the next station. News of the catastrophe had been wired on directly, but it was feared too late to stop the Liverpool special before she passed Rugby, so men with lanterns had run along the track to warn her. Many passengers were injured; the line would not be clear for hours; the Liverpool special must shunt into a siding until daylight. The station was not more than two miles away. Her passengers could take their choice between staying where they were until morning and walking on and finding shelter in the adjacent town. Miss Winston, listening, shivering, again inclined to think that this must really be some awful dream, grasped a blue arm that passed and looked up into an official face.

"Could one wire from there?" she demanded. "Wire to town?"

"Meaning Chesterford, miss? From the station you could. Going to get out?"

"Yes, I'll walk on," said Miss Winston. One's mother, she reflected, as she stepped gingerly upon the footboard and jumped down—oh, those white kid shoes with their Louis heels!—one's mother may be ready and willing to stand by cheerfully while one is sacrificed, but she is not to be lightly driven out of her wits with anxiety. Common humanity dictated that a wire to say that she was safe and sound should be dispatched without delay. She gathered her skirts about her—oh, the draggled laces and soaked flounces of that unhappy wedding-gown!—and made one of the straggling score or two of unfortunates who were setting out for Chesterford.

If the journey had possessed the nature of an awful dream, that walk partook of the characteristics of a still more awful nightmare. Blown by the wind and half blinded by the snow, her feet soaked, her hands frozen, she came at last upon the scene of the accident. A great heap of wreckage blocked the line, moving figures and flitting lights showed blurred through the snow; most of the injured had been taken away; some were in course of removal; there were groans and cries now and then; one figure, covered with a tarpaulin, lay terribly still. Turning from it, shuddering, she saw beside the track a signalman's hut. It was lighted; perhaps she could shelter there to rest and get her breath. She had just reached it when someone, coming out, brushed roughly against her, and she fell back with a scream. He saw her pale face in the circle of her snow-covered hood, and uttered an exclamation almost as loud.

"Sybil!" he cried.

Peterborough! Miss Winston stood staring in dumb horror. She could no more find her tongue than she could have repressed her scream. He was hatless; his clothing was all draggled and torn, one sleeve hanging in ribbons. She saw that, and how white he was in the instant that her heart, leaping into her throat, started beating madly. In a moment the incredulous amazement of his

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eyes would change to suspicion, anger, and then——. He caught her arm, pulling her into the hut.

"Sybil!" he repeated, in a tone of utter bewilderment. "You!" He dropped her arm. His black brows knitted; something of the look she dreaded to see flashed into his eyes. "How upon earth do you come here?"

Providence, in the shape of a shout from outside, saved her from the necessity of reply. Peterborough swung round to the door.

"I'm wanted—I've been helping them. Wait!" he commanded. "Stay here till I come back!"

He went. There was a chair; Miss Winston sank limply into it. Stay there until he came back! In default of any asylum to which to run—oh, Cynthia, comfortably unconscious at Pinner!—she must needs do that! How had he come there? A moment's reflection answered the question. The wrecked train must be his train—the train in which he had been travelling to his bride and his wedding-day. And she, running away from it and from him, had run into his very arms! What would he say when he came back and she was forced into telling him the truth? She set her teeth, whipping up her memory of his treachery. It did not matter what he said, and he would probably dare to say little. She heard his step outside, and started to her feet as he came in.

He stood looking at her, one hand gripping the rough table-edge. Without looking at him she saw that the black hair lay wet and clogged upon his forehead, and wondered what made it so. The bright keenness of his eyes seemed to take in the whole of her from top to toe—her snow-covered cloak and wind-blown hair, the drenched and draggled white flounces of that luckless wedding-gown, her soaked and mire-spattered shoes. And upon his face there grew and hardened the look which she had expected to see.

"May I ask," he questioned, slowly, "what you are doing here?"

"I—I did not mean it," Miss Winston faltered. She was so horribly cold that her voice quaked like her body. "I—was going to Cynthia. I got into the wrong train."

"To Mrs. Meredith?" His voice, rising loud on the question, sank again. "Perhaps I may ask why?"

"To ask her to keep me," Miss Winston faltered again.

"To keep you?" Peterborough echoed. His tone was as sharp as the contraction of his black brows, but it did not scare her half so much as the moment of dead silence that followed.



"MISS WINSTON STOOD STARING IN DUMB HORROR."

"Why?" he demanded, curtly. She stood dumb. "Why?" he asked again.

"Because I had to," Miss Winston burst out recklessly. She tried to forget how cold she was, what a forlorn, bedraggled spectacle she must look. "She always told me I could go to her if I felt I couldn't bear things, and I couldn't." She stopped. "You know I've never wanted to marry you," she said.

"Oh!" said Peterborough slowly. He half laughed. "Isn't it a bit late to find it out?" He paused. "So you were running away from me, were you?"

"Yes!" avowed Miss Winston, defiantly.

"Having waited until your very wedding-day to do it! I'm obliged for your consideration! Also to Mrs. Meredith, whom, I

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suppose, I have to thank for putting it into your head?"

"You are speaking of my friend," said Miss Winston, haughtily.

"And my enemy." He laughed again. "Pooh! Do you suppose I don't know the part that little fool has played with her romantic rubbish ever since you were first engaged to me? I repeat—I am obliged to her!"

"Then you need not be!" Miss Winston flashed. He deserved no mercy—he should have none; it was ridiculous to stand quaking before him, as though she and not he were the culprit. "It was not Cynthia's fault, although she did say I could go to her if I was as miserable when I was married as she knew I should be. I had a letter from Harry—Harry Warrender."

"What?" cried Peterborough, loudly.

"He wrote to say good-bye, and to tell me that he had never treated me badly. He never did treat me badly! He asked my father for his permission to marry me and was refused." She stopped. "Is it true that you knew it?"

"Certainly I knew it."

"And that—as Harry says he is sure—you persuaded him not to tell me—not to let me know?"

"How the deuce should Warrender know that?"

"It doesn't matter how he knows it. Is it true?"

"Suppose it is?" said Peterborough, coolly.

"It is!" Miss Winston cried. She stared—she had hardly, she told herself, expected such a composedly barefaced confession as that. "I might have known it!" she said, contemptuously.

"Might you? Perhaps I might ask how Warrender dared write to you at all when you were almost my wife, and I call him an unspeakable cad for having done so in such a fashion." He paused. "You have done me the honour to run away from me. You were not, I suppose, running to him?"

"What do you mean?" demanded Miss Winston, wrathfully.

"Merely that if he chanced to see you here he might imagine it. His married sister's place, where he is staying, is, as I suppose you are aware, just outside Chesterford."

"I did not know it. I was going to Cynthia, as I told you," asseverated Miss Winston, hotly. "Of course, Lord Peterborough, if you choose to think otherwise——"

"Oh, I don't think otherwise! Under the circumstances it is about sufficient to think as I do," Peterborough retorted, bitterly. "I—I——"

"Frank!" shrieked Miss Winston, frantically.

She clutched him as he swayed and staggered. His dead weight dragged through her arms to the floor. She screamed again as she fell on her knees beside him and somebody came running into the hut. In some occult fashion she knew that he was a doctor.

"He has fainted!" she gasped. "He is dying! He'll die!"

"No, no!" said the doctor. He thought he had seldom seen so pretty or so horror-stricken a face. He looked down. "What—he? He has been helping us—don't know what I should have done without him—but I didn't know he was hurt—didn't say so. What is it?"

"I—I don't know," Miss Winston said, helplessly. Her eyes were fixed in fascinated horror upon the unconscious face on her arm. How dreadfully white it was—and was the dank hair upon his forehead red as well as wet? "We—we were talking," she gasped, "and all in a moment he staggered and fell down."

"Ah!" commented the doctor. He was on his knees; his hands and eyes were busy. "I see—a nasty knock on the head—lucky the skull isn't fractured. And—bless me! what's this? Why, this arm's crushed, and torn from the shoulder to the elbow! No wonder he fainted!"

"Oh, he'll die—he'll die! I know he'll die." Miss Winston cried, distractedly.

"No, no. There's no danger. He'll come to directly. Let me take him from you—he'll lie more easily. You know who he is?"

"Lord Peterborough."

"Oh!" The doctor glanced up, his keen eyes taking in the soiled daintiness of her white gown, and the costliness of her draggled cloak. "I beg your pardon, madam, I understand. You are his wife?"

"No, no!" Miss Winston cried. She flamed helplessly scarlet all over her face, stammering she hardly knew what. "I—no—that is—not yet," she said.

The doctor made no answer; whatever he thought he discreetly kept to himself. She stood by silently while he bound up the lacerated arm and the bleeding head. It seemed to her hours before all was done, and hours again before the truck which was to

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"'HE HAS FAINTED!' SHE GASPED. 'HE IS DYING!'"

take him into Chesterford was ready. He had groaned and stirred but not returned to consciousness when they carried him out to it. No one appeared to question her right to go with him, and it never occurred to her not to go. When he was carried into the inn at Chesterford he was still insensible, and the dawn was just breaking upon what was to have been her wedding-day.

"He has insisted upon getting up, although he would have done better to stay quiet until to-morrow. And he begs that you will be good enough to see him," said the doctor, looking at Miss Winston.

"Oh—h!" faltered Miss Winston, looking wide-eyed at the doctor.

"He is anxious about wiring to your people," said the doctor.

"Oh, I forgot it!" exclaimed Miss Winston, guiltily. She looked at the door of the adjoining room as though she suspected Peterborough of lurking behind it. "Very well — thank you—I will go in a minute," she stammered.

The doctor went out. Miss Winston eyed the door again but did not approach it. Peterborough, injured and bandaged and ghastly no doubt, but in the full possession of himself and his senses, was a formidable prospect to encounter. She had slept for an hour or two in the big grandfather's chair by the fire; her cloak and dress had been dried, she had bathed her face and smoothed her hair, but she must surely look a most woe-begone and demoralized object? There was a glass over the mantelpiece; she inspected herself. Even Peterborough could hardly find it in his heart to bully that white-cheeked, forlorn little spectre. She supposed she must go; he was capable of coming out after her if she didn't—if he could stand, and she supposed he could stand. She was moving laggingly towards the door when the outer one suddenly opened. She looked round and started back with a gasp.

"Harry!" she cried.

"Miss Winston—Sybil! You!"

Harry Warrender! Harry, looking even handsomer, gayer, brighter than he had been used to look six months ago, when her heart had jumped whenever she met his blue eyes or heard his musical voice; Harry in riding-dress, flushed with the keen morning air, and the next moment white with sheer amazement as he snatched off his cap.

"I—I—rode over," he stammered. "We —heard of the accident. I came to see what I—could hear about it. I—I'd no idea——"

He stopped. It seemed that he could not take his astonished eyes from her face. Miss Winston moved slowly back, laying her hand upon the grandfather's chair.

"I got your letter," she said.

"My — my letter?" he stammered again.

"Yes." She paused—to find the right words was difficult. "I—was very much surprised."

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"And—and angry, I suppose?" He looked away—looked round the room. It flashed into her head that she had never before known Harry awkward. "I—I'm afraid you consider that I ought not to have written it. Perhaps it was—ill-advised. I'm afraid you were angry."

"Not exactly angry." Decidedly anger—towards him—had not been her sensation; far from it. "But it would certainly have been better not to write it. You must have felt that yourself, I think."

"It was true, anyhow," said Warrender, suddenly dogged. He glanced over his shoulder doorwards, made a quick step forward; she made a corresponding step back. "Yes, every word was true, Sybil—I swear it. I was most awfully fond of you, and I know you cared for me."

"Was?" Miss Winston echoed.

"Yes. I was desperately in love with you. Was? I am!" He came another step nearer, eagerly—she was so pretty with her little pale face and big eyes, prettier than ever. "Ah, if only things had gone well with us, dear, if only we'd been treated squarely, instead of——"

He stopped. The movement he made towards the door as its latch rattled was as though he would have shut and held it. And he looked—yes, he looked frightened; there was no other word. It opened; a voice spoke from outside. It was shrill, metallic, high-pitched, twangy—an unmistakable feminine voice produced through an American nose.

"Say, Harry, aren't you coming?" it drawled. "Guess there isn't anything to wait for—guess this accident's only a little one-horse affair, anyway. You must wait till we get to the States if you want to see a real, almighty smash-up. We'll be late for lunch, and I'm real hungry—do hurry up!"

The emphatic smack of the speaker's riding-whip was audible as she walked away. There was a moment's awful silence. Miss Winston broke it. Despite her draggled gown, dishevelled hair, she looked taller than usual—which, under such conditions, is difficult.

"That was Miss Cutler—Miss Sadie Cutler?" she said.

"Yes," Warrender muttered.

"I thought so. Anybody who has heard her once is not likely to mistake her!" She paused, laughed. "Of course, I understand! You are engaged to her?"

"Hang it!" Possibly the ejaculation was even stronger. Miss Winston, intensely erect, lifted her superciliously-raised eyebrows a line higher. He looked down, shuffled a foot. "Well—yes," he muttered as before.

"Of course. I beg to congratulate you." She laughed again. "I forget just how much money she has, but I know it is a tremendous lot. It ought to be a good deal, because I recollect you used to say that you hated the sight of her, and that the very sound of her voice set your teeth on edge—and you are likely to hear a good deal of it." Her freezing tone changed to match her suddenly blazing eyes. "How dared you?" she said between her teeth. "How dared you write that letter to me?"

"Sybil!" Warrender exclaimed.

"How dared you?" Miss Winston repeated, fiercely. "How dared you write it? How dared you say to me what you were saying a moment ago, and she not twenty yards



"HOW DARED YOU WRITE THAT LETTER TO ME?"

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away?" She looked at him—inspected him mercilessly from head to heel. "I don't think I ever saw a perfect cad before!" she said.

"Cad or not, what I wrote was true. Ask Peterborough if it isn't. Ask him if he didn't persuade your father to hold his tongue, and do it to get you himself. Ask him, and see if you'll be able to tell me then that—— What? Peterborough!"

He stopped dead, gaping, staring. The inner door had opened and Peterborough stood there, his wounded head bandaged, his injured arm bound and slung across his breast. He advanced, looking at Miss Winston.

"I would suggest," he said, composedly, "that you tell Mr. Warrender nothing but that he had better go."

"I—I did not know," Warrender stammered. "I did not know you were here."

"No?" Peterborough's black brows went up a line. "So it appears," he said, coolly. "But may I ask in who else's charge and company you expected to find this lady?"

"I—I didn't know," Warrender stammered again. "I—did not understand—I thought—I believed—it is a—a—mistake." He had got to the door. "I—I am sorry," he said, with his head down, "for anything that I may have said or done to annoy you, Lady Peterborough. There is no more I can say."

He got out of the door as if the room were a trap. As it shut Miss Winston sank with a gasp into the grandfather's chair. She was thankful that it was there to sink into. Peterborough spoke.

"I ought to tell you," he said, cool and dry, "that I listened at the door there."

"Oh," said Miss Winston, weakly, "did you?"

"Yes; and I appeared when I did because I was afraid you might say how you came to be here, which, for your own sake, I didn't choose that you should do. I could see what he thought—just what I told you he would think, and what he accused me of is perfectly true. I did persuade your father not to tell you of his proposal, and ask for you myself."

"Oh!" said Miss Winston, exactly as before. "Did you?"

"I did; and I'm going to tell you why. I suspected then—'knew' is a better word—that your money was gone—knew it as well as I did that Warrender had managed to catch your fancy." He paused. "I thought I had tested the stuff he was made of pretty well, and guessed that, if you accepted him—as you would have done—he'd try to back out when he knew. He's not to be blamed for it, I suppose. We're all as we are, and he can no more afford to take a penniless wife with expensive tastes—hence Miss Cutler; he has been engaged to her for a month—than he can afford to buy the earth. So I did it." He laughed grimly. "A man hardly likes, you see, to watch the girl he cares for made a fool of in that fashion."

"Cares for?" Miss Winston echoed. She looked round at him for the first time. "You—you don't care for me," she faltered.

"Oh!" He stared at her, frowning. "Then, perhaps," he said, coldly, "you will tell me why you suppose I did myself the honour of asking you to be my wife?"

"I—I don't know. Because you—you wanted to be married, I thought," Miss Winston stammered as before.

"Exactly! Because I wanted to be married!" assented Peterborough, dryly. "We'll leave it at that." He paused, drew a step nearer. "And it's what we'd better be, it seems."

"Married?" cried Miss Winston, blankly, "Now?"

"Yes. Warrender believes that you are my wife already, you see. Which is one good reason. And—well, have you thought of what is likely to happen when you go home?"

"Oh, no!" Miss Winston lifted a scared face. "Dad will be furious. I hadn't thought—I daren't!" she exclaimed, faintly. "I—I left a letter, you know."

"Exactly. I can believe that you would not find it pleasant. I don't want to talk to you about scandal-mongering tongues, particularly that young ass's; but you know what they are well enough. So under the circumstances we had better be married. And the sooner the better. Don't you think so?"

"Yes—if you like," said Miss Winston, whispering.

"Very well. We'll go up to London by the afternoon train and be married there to-morrow. The doctor says I ought to keep quiet for a day or two, but that's rubbish—I can travel well enough. Do you agree to that?"

"Yes, if you like," Miss Winston whispered again.

"Very well," Peterborough repeated. He laughed harshly. "After all, it doesn't make much difference; I only find out how things are a little sooner than I should have done.

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And they need be no worse for you than they would have been if that young cad had not written his letter. Of course, you understand that I—won't bother you. I undertake not to do that."

"No," assented Miss Winston, slowly; "I don't



"WE'LL GO UP TO LONDON BY THE AFTERNOON TRAIN AND BE MARRIED THERE."

suppose you'll—bother me." She critically inspected the toe of a used-to-be-once-upon-a-time white shoe. "The doctor thought we were, too, you know," she observed, with a casual air.

"Were what?" Peterborough demanded, curtly.

"Married," said Miss Winston.

"Married? He did? How was that?"

"When—when you fainted, you know," Miss Winston explained, turning her attention to the second shoe. She shook her head—the one was as hopeless a wreck as the other. "I was frightened, you see," she said.

"Oh!" Peterborough ejaculated. He gave a grim half-laugh. "Well, it's an argument in favour of what I've been saying. But it was awkward for you. What did you say?"

"I! Oh—I—er—I said—not yet," Miss Winston faltered.

"What?" Peterborough demanded.

"Not yet," Miss Winston repeated, demurely.

"You said that?" He swung round; he made a stride towards her; it seemed threatening; she involuntarily retreated still farther into the arms of the chair. "That," he said, very slowly, "was before you had seen Warrender?"

"Y-e-s," murmured Miss Winston, rosy.

A pause. He stood staring at her. She grew rosier and rosier. When he broke the silence he was almost as white as she was pink.

"Perhaps," he said, in an odd voice, ominously quiet, "perhaps, recollecting that you had run away expressly to escape marrying me, you will do me the favour of explaining what you meant by that?"

Miss Winston half glanced up. His jaw looked very square, his mouth very grim, his eyes were very bright. It was impossible to get any farther away in the chair. She promptly burst into tears. "You ought to know, I should think," she sobbed. "It hasn't all been my fault—you know it hasn't. Why should I be nice to you when you weren't very nice to me, and never seemed to want me to be either?" She fumbled in her bodice and pulled out a preposterous lace handkerchief with a cambric centre at least three inches square, dabbing it against her hidden eyes. "When—when you fainted—I—I thought I should die, and when Harry came he didn't m-matter a bit! I didn't care if he was engaged to forty American girls talking through their horrid noses—I thought it was a b-bub-blessing because he couldn't b-bo-bother me! I was only furious because he had dared to write me that stupid letter. I didn't mind if you had made father not tell me about his proposing—not really. And how could I know you cared for me? You never said you did."

"Said!" Peterborough echoed, loudly. "Good heavens, child, didn't you know it without that? You don't want me to say it, do you?"

"Ye-es," sobbed Miss Winston, weeping

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in her draggled wedding-gown, "y-yes, I do!"

He said it with comprehensive amplifications. Also he roundly called himself a fool in that he had not done it before and often—perhaps with some reason—and Miss Winston, with a shameless abandonment of the sacred obligations of friendship, denounced Cynthia as a gaby. Finally, when her sobbing had come to an end——

"The first thing we must do is to wire to your people," he said.

"Mums," opined Miss Winston, pensively, "is probably out of her mind long ago!"

"Telling them that we shall be married to-morrow."

"If she isn't already," observed Miss Winston, resignedly, "that will send her—after my letter."

"Humph! It's on the cards." He reflected. "Don't you think a message saying that we are married would be more calculated to soothe their feelings? Your father might regard it as more satisfactory."

"Dad," remarked Miss Winston, with an undutiful twinkle, "must be simply ramping by this time!"

"He shall cease to ramp. Listen: why should we wait for London and to-morrow? Grandchester is barely ten miles away. I've got the special licence and the ring in my pocket, and I know one of the canons of the cathedral there—he'll marry us at an hour's notice, if he recovers the shock. Under the circumstances, what's wrong with Grandchester?"



"'VE-ES,' SOBBED MISS WINSTON, WEEPING."

Miss Winston appeared to consider that there wasn't anything wrong with Grandchester.

"Then we'll do it!" declared Peterborough. "It was to be the twenty-ninth, and the twenty-ninth it shall be!" He laughed out joyously, like a boy; his uninjured arm slipped round her waist again. "And, sweetheart—I'm a cheerful-looking scarecrow, I know—but as you do care a little, and since it's our wedding-day, and most particularly because it's what you've never given me yet, don't you think you might——?"

Miss Winston thought so.

And the canon of the cathedral was much surprised.

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The Diplomacy of the Sultan.

By Chedo Mijatovich, Former Servian Minister to the Sublime Porte.

[The following account of the diplomatic methods of the Ruler of Turkey is not only interesting as a character-study of the Sovereign, but provides a very amusing comedy of real life.]

I DO not hesitate to say that by far the most interesting man on the whole stretch between Budapest and Bagdad is—Sultan Abdul-Hamid. Not as Sultan, but as man. And I am sure that the greatest judge of men and things in the East—Professor Vambéry—would without hesitation confirm my statement.

A few years ago I left London for Constantinople to represent my country as an Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to His Imperial Majesty the Sultan. I went there, carrying with me several prejudices which I had adopted from some of my English friends. In a few months I found that they were not borne out by facts. I found Abdul-Hamid a man of somewhat timid, gentle disposition, a man loving poetry, literature, and art, more especially music; very patient and very considerate, very sensitive to all that touches his personal dignity, yet truly humble and modest; melancholy and sad-looking, but with a keen appreciation of the humours of real life. I learned soon to admire his Turkish patriotism, his devotion to the interests and honour of the Ottoman Empire, his sentiment of duty to his own people.



HIS EXCELLENCY CHEDO MIJATOVICH.
From a Photo. by Lafayette.

It is quite true that with all his remarkable intelligence he is not easily accessible to modern ideas in a European sense. It is true that, unnecessarily and wrongly, he is the practical reincarnation of the famous saying of the "Roi-Soleil"—"L'Etat, ç'est moi!" But otherwise he is certainly a remarkable politician, almost a statesman, and undoubtedly the cleverest diplomatist among all the able diplomatists who adorn Constantinople. I have, personally, deep respect and great admiration for Sultan Abdul-Hamid, notwithstanding that my own diplomatic skill (probably not very great) was badly humiliated by his own superior diplomacy.

I will tell you one of my experiences, which is very characteristic of the diplomatic methods of the Golden Horn, or rather of the Yildiz Kiosk, which has swallowed the Golden Horn as well as Pera, Galata, and the true Turkish Stambul.

Among the objects of my diplomatic mission to Constantinople one was to obtain, without any delay, from His Majesty the permission that a compatriot and a personal friend of mine—already three years elected to be Archbishop of a See in Macedonia—should be at once consecrated. My poor friend, the elected but not consecrated Archbishop, sang solemnly a *Te Deum* when he heard of my appointment to Constantinople. He wrote to me that he now saw himself already consecrated, and that he was pre-

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paring the address which he was to pronounce in the cathedral on the occasion of his consecration. I was confident that my friend did not over-estimate either my good-will or my diplomatic skill. Of course I was quite a new man on the old slippery ground on the Bosphorus.

As all questions, great or small, discussed between the foreign Ministers and the Sublime Porte are of complicated nature, so this apparently insignificant question of the consecration of an already elected Archbishop was one of great entanglement. My Government wanted to hurry the consecration of the Archbishop because he belonged to our nationality, but just that circumstance aroused every other nationality in Macedonia to work, through their official representatives in Constantinople, to prevent it. Besides, the Ambassador of a Great Power manifested some willingness to promote the consecration of our Archbishop, thereby furnishing sufficient inducement to the Ambassador of another Great Power to exert himself to the uttermost to prevent his colleague succeeding. Under such circumstances it was not strange that the Sultan should have thought that, for his own interests, it was best to keep that question indefinitely open. As long as it was open we all needed the Sultan's good-will to succeed in our object, and naturally were ready to oblige him in some other question and somewhere else.

As I mentioned, my duty was to urge and insist upon the speediest possible consecration. I therefore applied formally for a private audience with His Imperial Majesty the Sultan. Naturally I had to state what was the object of my application for an audience, *viz.*, my duty to urge, on behalf of my Government, the consecration of our Macedonian Archbishop.

I was pleasantly surprised, and considered it of a good augury, that on the very day of my application I received from Tahsin Bey a note informing me that His Imperial Majesty would be pleased to receive me in private audience that very week, on Friday after the Selamlik. Many of my colleagues congratulated me on my rare good fortune in having so promptly obtained an audience with the Sultan. But those of them who had more experience of the Golden Horn diplomacy smiled in a peculiar way, as if I had been telling them some good joke. I hardly need say that in a long, ciphered despatch I informed my Government of my impending success. I may add that I wrote to my friend the elected but not yet consecrated Archbishop to ask him to pray as hard as he could for my success with the Sultan on his behalf on that eventful Friday of this week.

Of course, on Friday noon I was the first to arrive at the kiosk adjoining the Yildiz Palace, from which the members of the diplomatic corps witness the Sultan's driving to and from the Hamidiya Mosque. I selected the best window, and placed myself in such evidence that the Sultan could not fail to see me. I wanted in that way to remind His Imperial Majesty of his promise to receive me in private audience on his return to the palace.

Five minutes after the Sultan had entered



From a] THE YILDIZ PALACE. *[Photograph.*

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the mosque His Majesty's most courteous Chamberlain, Emin Bey, entered the drawing-room in which the diplomatists were assembled, sipping Mocha coffee and smoking the Sultan's cigarettes. His Excellency brought to every "chief of the mission" His Majesty's personal salutations. Addressing himself to me, Emin Bey—bowing most politely, and touching with his white hand his heart, lips, and forehead—said :—

"His Imperial Majesty desires to know how is the health of your Excellency?"

"Deeply obliged to His Majesty, I feel quite well, as you see," I answered.

"His Majesty will be pleased to hear it. But how is the health of her Excellency Madame your wife? I do not see her here," continued, with evident anxiety, the polite emissary of the Sultan.

I assured him that my wife was quite well, but, as I should have the honour of being received by His Majesty in private audience and could not accompany her home, she preferred not to come that day to the Selamlik.

That answer seemed to disturb Emin Bey, for he began to rub his hands, looked from the corner of his eyes to the right and to the left, cleared his throat, and then, approaching me quite close, whispered:—

"His Imperial Majesty commanded me to tell you that he looked forward with great pleasure to his meeting with you to-day, as he wished very much to talk with you on several important subjects. But, alas! as it is said, 'L'homme propose, Dieu dispose!' The very moment he was leaving the palace for the mosque, several long ciphered despatches arrived from our embassies abroad, and naturally His Majesty wishes to attend to them immediately on his return to the palace. His Majesty hopes you will understand that, under such circumstances, he cannot, to his great and sincere regret, receive you to-day. But if your Excellency could come next Friday His Majesty would receive you without fail, and with great pleasure!"

Of course I felt disappointed, but at the same time I could not do otherwise than admire the Sultan for his zeal in attending to the most pressing State business. I said so to Emin Bey, and asked him to convey to His Majesty my grateful thanks for his gracious invitation to come next Friday.



"IF YOUR EXCELLENCY COULD COME NEXT FRIDAY HIS MAJESTY WOULD RECEIVE YOU WITHOUT FAIL."

On the next Wednesday I sent our dragoman to Yildiz Kiosk to remind Tahsin Bey that His Majesty had promised to receive me

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on Friday. "Oh, certainly!" said Tahsin to my dragoman; "His Majesty commanded me to remind the Minister not to forget to come. His Majesty wishes particularly to talk with his Excellency."

After that I was very confident. I revised my notes, reconsidered *modus procedendi*, and prepared my opening address and my final expression of thanks. On Friday I hurried early to the Ambassadors' kiosk, highly elated, placed myself again at the window *en évidence*, and succeeded in catching the eye of the Padishah of All the True Believers when he, looking very dejected and melancholy, passed our kiosk down towards the mosque.

Here is again the smiling and amiable Emin Bey.

"His Imperial Majesty sends me to give your Excellency His Imperial salutation, and to ask you how is the health of your Excellency."

"Never better, as I am quite happy at the prospect of being honoured by His Majesty's reception in private audience."

Emin Bey did not allow himself to be perturbed in the recitation of his stereotyped formulas.

"And how is the health of her Excellency Madame your wife?" he went on, brushing away my hints at the reception in private audience.

I told him my wife would feel highly honoured by His Majesty's gracious inquiry after her health.

Then Emin began to rub his hands nervously, looked to the right and to the left, cleared his throat, just as he did on the former occasion, and then, coming nearer to me to talk into my ear, began in a slow whisper: "His Majesty commanded me to tell your Excellency that he looked forward with much pleasure to meeting you to-day, especially as he wished to talk with you on some interesting subjects. But just as His Majesty was leaving the palace there arrived her Imperial Highness the sister of His Majesty. She declared she wanted to see His Majesty urgently. His Majesty said he has no doubt whatsoever that your Excellency well knows that we owe our utmost courtesy to the ladies, and that, consequently, you will understand that His Majesty, on the return to the palace, must receive her Imperial Highness. But as His Majesty cannot say how long his interview with his sister may last, he thought you would agree with him that, in such circumstances, it is far better to adjourn your own interview with His Majesty to next Friday."

Of course, it was very provoking. But what was to be done? Surely it would have been most ridiculous to protest against His Majesty's preferring to disappoint me rather than his own sister. On the contrary, I thought it rather a pleasing feature in Abdul-Hamid's character that he should show such deference to his sister.

I evolved a diplomatic and complimentary answer, which pleased poor Emin so much that he shook both my hands most cordially, and assured me that nothing, absolutely nothing, could prevent His Majesty having the much-desired pleasure of talking with me next Friday after the Selamlik.

I felt somewhat humiliated when I had to cipher to my Government that my private audience with the Sultan was again adjourned. As for the poor unconsecrated Archbishop, I thought it charitable not to let him know that his earnest prayers were not yet answered. I consoled myself with the thought that days glide rapidly in Constantinople, and that the next Friday I must surely have the audience, as there was no scientific probability that three accidents would happen one after the other. This time political arithmetic more than the effusive assurances of Emin Bey reassured me. It is quite true some of my diplomatic colleagues thought it would be safer not to rely too much on the theory of probabilities of the political arithmetic of Western Europe, inasmuch as on the Golden Horn the Oriental political arithmetic obtains.

Anyhow, next Friday I drove again to the Ambassadors' kiosk in good spirits. It seemed to me humanly impossible that my audience ahould be again adjourned. Still, I took some extra precautions to be doubly sure that I should be received. I sent my dragoman to Tahsin Bey and Ibrahim Bey to let them know that I was, so to say, at the gates of Yildiz Kiosk waiting to be admitted to the solemnly-promised audience.

His Majesty passed our kiosk in an open victoria and raised his eyes to our windows and saw me bowing deeply to him from one of the windows of the kiosk.

And as usual the sweetly smiling Emin Bey arrived to present the Sultan's salutations. But when he turned his steps towards me I was surprised to notice that his face was no longer lit by his usual smile, but, on the contrary, looked as if the shadow of some misfortune had darkened it. Still, he recited bravely the Sultan's salutations and kind inquiries in the usual form, began to rub his hands and looked somewhat embar-

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"HIS MAJESTY PASSED OUR KIOSK IN AN OPEN VICTORIA."

rassed, and then surprised me with the question:—

"Is it not true that your Excellency's admirable education was made in Germany?"

"Well," I answered, "all I can say is that my education, like cheap merchandise in general, was made in Germany."

"Allah Kerim! Thank God!" said Emin, and really looked for the moment quite relieved. "I know now that you will understand."

"But what do you mean, Emin Bey?" I asked.

"I mean this," he answered, "that, having been several years in Germany, your Excellency must know the power of that empire, and therefore you will understand the situation."

"I do not understand the situation at all, and I wish you to tell me plainly, is His Majesty to receive me to-day, or does he mean never to receive me?" I spoke with some emotion, and could with difficulty suppress my anger.

"Oh, no, no!" poor Emin said, hurriedly. "Oh, no, no, and again no! His Majesty will certainly receive you next Friday, but for to-day, to His Majesty's great disappointment, the German Ambassador deprives him of the pleasure, to which His Majesty looked forward with quite intelligible impatience!"

"But what have *I* to do with the German Ambassador?" I asked.

"Of course, not you, but His Majesty has. I will explain it. Baron Marschall von Bieberstein has been unexpectedly called to Berlin. The Ambassador leaves to-morrow, and naturally wants to see His Majesty before leaving."

"Very well," I said, as quietly as I could; "I will wait until the Ambassador leaves His Majesty, even if I must wait one or two or more hours."

"Oh, no, no! It is impossible!" Emin assured me, with great emphasis and no small alarm. "You see, the German Ambassador's audience never lasts less than an hour, sometimes longer. And then after such an audience His Majesty must retire to his working cabinet to make notes, and after such an exhausting work His Majesty is too tired to receive anyone else. You see, it is impossible that you should be received to-day. But if you come next Friday——"

Then I really lost my temper. "Next Friday," I interrupted Emin—"next Friday I will not expose myself to a new humiliation, to come here only to be sent away for the fourth time! I will ask my Government to relieve me of my duties, and the next Friday I shall be, fortunately, at some distance from Constantinople."

And I left the Ambassadorial kiosk in a

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passion which had nothing Ambassadorial in it. But this undiplomatic temper gained for me a diplomatic success. The Sultan sent to me his temporary Master of the Ceremonies to tell me that His Majesty regretted all those unavoidable delays, and to invite me to come—next Friday.

And the next Friday he did me the honour to receive me. But——

His Majesty received me in a small but luxuriously-furnished room.

He was standing in front of a sofa, dressed in the uniform of a Turkish colonel, his left gloved hand holding somewhat nervously the handle of his sword. His long and melancholy face was curiously lit by a benign but sad smile. There was a reflex of that peculiar smile even in his dark and generally sad eyes. You might have read in them a subdued benevolence, perhaps also a subdued irony! Probably he knew and felt all the humour of the coming "diplomatic transaction," and smiled in a quiet enjoyment of it.

To me the situation was, however, very earnest. Taking a small arm-chair to which the Sultan invited me by a slight movement of his hand, I—not without some palpitation of heart and some slight perspiration on my forehead—tried to bring back to my memory the elaborately prepared introduction to my discourse on the Archbishop's consecration.

I sat just opposite the Sultan, who alone took a seat on the sofa. About a yard distant to the left of the Sultan and to the right of me, His Majesty's principal interpreter, Ibrahim Bey, took his place on a small chair. On my left sat my own interpreter, a young Armenian, who was acknowledged, even by the Sheik-ul-Islam, as unsurpassed in the knowledge of the Turkish language. The foreign Ambassadors and Ministers always take with them to the audience with the Sultan their own interpreters. Generally their task is to control the correctness of the translations made by the Sultan's interpreter.



"HIS MAJESTY WAS STANDING IN FRONT OF A SOFA, DRESSED IN THE UNIFORM OF A TURKISH COLONEL."

Abdul-Hamid, looking straight into my face, said a few sentences in the beautifully sonorous Turkish language, but almost *sotto voce*.

Ibrahim Bey bowed deeply to the Sultan, and, touching the carpet with the back of his right hand and uplifting himself to the back of his chair, raised his hand to his forehead. He repeated these gymnastic proofs of his respectful adoration of his master after every sentence pronounced by His Majesty. He certainly looked very pale and very tired at the end of these exercises, which lasted somewhat more than half an hour.

"His Majesty commands me to tell your Excellency," began Ibrahim, "that he re-

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gretted much not to have been able to receive you earlier. It was a great disappointment to His Majesty, as he wanted to talk with you on a certain subject. However, His Majesty is pleased to see you here to-day, and he hopes he can at once gratify his desire and talk to you on that subject."

I begged Ibrahim Bey to assure His Majesty that I was deeply grateful for the honour of this reception, the more so as my Government had ordered me to bring a certain important and urgent matter to the personal knowledge of His Majesty. I added that I considered it a good augury that apparently His Majesty desired to speak to me on the same subject.

The Sultan moved his head a little towards me, smiled enigmatically, and said something again *sotto voce*.

"Before entering into the subject His Majesty wants to know how long you were an accredited Minister to the Court of St. James's?"

I thought that rather a strange introduction to the question of the consecration of an Archbishop of Macedonia! Still, I answered that I had been something like seven years Minister in London at different times.

"Then His Majesty thinks you must be well acquainted with the English society and English people."

I answered that, with all due modesty, I flattered myself that I knew something about them.

"Very well. His Majesty is anxious to hear your opinion about English women."

I could not help exclaiming "What!" and turned to my dragoman to see if Ibrahim had correctly rendered the Sultan's question.

My interpreter moved his head affirmatively, and meanwhile Ibrahim Bey repeated: "His Majesty is anxious to hear what you, knowing the English society as you do, think of English women?"

"They are good and beautiful women," I answered, laconically, wondering what on earth English women have to do with my unconsecrated friend the Macedonian Archbishop!

"His Majesty says certainly during his stay in England he had seen several beautiful women."

I opened my eyes in utter astonishment.

"Has your Majesty been in England personally?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, yes. I and my elder brother Murad accompanied our uncle Sultan Abdul Azis—may the heavenly bliss surround him!—to England when he went to visit Queen Victoria."

His Majesty said that in very subdued, hardly audible tones, and looked very serious and sad. We were all silent for a few moments. What His Majesty thought I, of course, did not know. As he was a very sensitive and truly pious man, perhaps the memory of his ill-fated uncle and unfortunate brother brought sadness to his heart.

Then I noticed, to my pleasant relief, that that peculiar, melancholy smile was slowly driving away the sadness from the Sultan's face.

His Majesty began again in sonorous Turkish language a somewhat long statement, which poor Ibrahim, after many times figuratively taking the dust from the carpet and strewing it on his head, translated into French for me.

"His Majesty says on that occasion a very tall and handsome colonel, a charming man, was attached to their service. His Majesty adds that he believes several years later he heard or read somewhere that that colonel died on a battle-field as a brave soldier. But on the occasion of their visit to England the first thing every morning was for the colonel to order that a bottle of Scotch whisky and soda-water should be placed on a small table in their sitting-room. 'Then the colonel would deliver to my brother and myself an address on the salutary virtues of that beverage. We told him that it was against the precepts of our religion to drink alcoholic beverages. To our great astonishment the brave colonel entered without hesitation into an attempt to prove that Scotch whisky could not have been prohibited by the Koran. When at last he saw there was no chance that we should be converted to his view, he would wind up his efforts by expressing his regrets, and at the same time his hope that at any fate we would not object to his own personal homage to the virtues of Scotch whisky. Of course we told him that we could not have anything to say against that!'"

The Sultan probably knows French well enough. I conclude so from the interest with which he followed Ibrahim Bey's translation, and from the fact that he took the word again the moment Ibrahim finished his last sentence. He talked very earnestly for some time, and then wound up by positively laughing for some reason or other.

"His Majesty says," Ibrahim continued, "that these tactics were regularly repeated every morning by the colonel. 'At last,' His

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Majesty says, 'my brother and myself, having noticed how bottle after bottle of the Scotch whisky was emptied, held a consultation. We said to ourselves, "The colonel is an excellent man and soldier; we like him well, he is our friend, we are his friends. But are we doing the duty of true friends when we do not tell him that he ought not to drink so much?" And we both agreed that, as friends, we ought to tell him so. And we did tell him so. But what was his answer? He looked at us in amazement. Then he laughed loudly, as if exceedingly amused. "What!" he asked. "Is it possible that your Imperial Highnesses think I drink too much Scotch whisky? But what would you say if you were to see how much some of our great society ladies drink!" And then he laughed still louder.'

"And now, your Excellency," said Ibrahim, almost solemnly, "what His Imperial Majesty wants to know from you is just this: Is it true that the English society ladies *do* drink?"

I answered in all sincerity and not without some warmth: "What might have been the case some thirty or thirty-five years ago I do not know, but the present generation of English society ladies is certainly not at all addicted to drink; that His Majesty can take as a positive fact."

The Sultan's ironical smile had disappeared again. He looked earnest, as though contemplating a difficult problem. He told me through Ibrahim Bey: "I am very pleased to hear you say so. You confirm to me my own notions on the question. I have often asked myself: Could the English nation be what it is if English women were drinking more than, or even as much as, Englishmen? I am very glad that your own observations in London confirm my own conjectures."

His Majesty continued talking about English women still for a few minutes, in a somewhat complimentary and admiring manner, and I was in full sympathy with him. He, for instance, knew and repeated what an ancient Pope said to some English women: "You are not Anglæ but Angeli."

I breathed again. Mentally I stretched my arms and clasped those Angels to my heart.

"Sire," I said, emulating Ibrahim Bey in deeply bowing to His Majesty, "Sire, your mention of angels reminded me of Heaven, Heaven reminded me of church, and the church brought to my mind the case of that excellent person and the most faithful subject of your Majesty, the Archbishop of Macedonia, whose consecration——"



ABDUL-HAMID, SULTAN OF TURKEY.
From a Photograph.

His Majesty proved again that he understood French. He did not let me proceed, but, interrupting me, said: "Surely you will not drag in an Archbishop into our pleasant talk about English women! No, no! The day for talking about your Archbishop has not yet arrived. Leave it to me to let you know when that day arrives. I will then call you, and we may have as satisfactory a conversation as I have had a pleasant one with you to-day."

And then His Majesty rose. With a slight move of the head, and again with his soft and sad smile in his eyes and on his face, he dismissed me graciously.

When I found myself again in my brougham, driving down the hill from Yildiz Kiosk to Beshiktash, I could not but admit my diplomatic defeat. At the same time I could not help admiring the diplomatic genius of Sultan Abdul-Hamid. All these continuous efforts to move forward a simple question had been fruitless, just because Abdul-Hamid was in his quiet way determined that it should not be moved forward yet.

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Puck of Pook's Hill.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

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IX.

"DYMCHURCH FLIT."

JUST at dusk the soft September rain began to fall on the hop-pickers. The mothers wheeled the bouncing perambulators out of the garden; bins were put away, and books made up. The young couples strolled home, two to each umbrella, and the single men walked behind them laughing. Dan and Una, who had been picking after lessons, marched off to roast potatoes at the oast-house, where old Hobden, with Blue-eyed Bess, his lurcher-dog, lived all the month through, drying the hops.

They settled themselves, as usual, on the sack-strewn cot in front of the fires, and, when Hobden drew up the shutter, stared, as usual, at the flameless bed of coals spouting its heat up the dark well of the roundel. Slowly he cracked off a few fresh pieces of coal, packed them, with fingers that never flinched, exactly where they would do most good; slowly he reached behind him till Dan tilted the potatoes into his iron scoop of a hand; carefully he arranged them round the fire, and then stood for a moment, black against the glare. As he closed the shutter, the oast-house seemed dark before the day's end, and he lit the candle in the lanthorn. The children liked all these things because they knew them so well.

The Bee Boy, Hobden's son, who is not quite right in his head, had slipped in like a shadow. They only guessed it by Bess's stump-tail wagging against them.

A big voice began singing outside in the rain:—

"Old Mother Laidinwool had nigh twelve months been dead,
She heard the hops were doing well, and then popped up her head."

"There can't be two people alive to holler like that!" cried old Hobden.

"For, says she, 'The boys I've picked with when I was young and fair,
They're bound to be at hoppin', and I'm——'"

A man showed at the doorway.

"Well, well! They do say hoppin'll draw the very dead, and now I believe 'em. You, Tom? Tom Shoesmith?" Hobden lowered his lantern.

"You're a hem of a time makin' your mind to it, Ralph!" The stranger strode in—three full inches taller than Hobden, a grey-whiskered, brown-faced giant with clear blue eyes. They shook hands, and the children could hear the hard palms grit together.

"You ain't lost none o' your grip," said Hobden. "Was it twenty or thirty year



"HOBDEN CAREFULLY ARRANGED THEM ROUND THE FIRE."

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back you broke my head in Robertsbridge Fair?"

"Only twenty an' no odds 'tween us regardin' heads, neither. You had it back at me with a hop-pole. How did we get home that night? Swimmin'?"

"Same way the pheasant come into Gubbs's pocket—by a little luck an' a deal o' conjurin'." Old Hobden laughed in his deep chest.

"I see you've not forgot your way about the woods. D'ye do any o' *this* still?" The stranger pretended to look along a gun.

Hobden answered with a quick movement of the hand as though he were pegging a rabbit-wire.

"No. *That's* all that's left me now. Age she must as Age she can. An' what's your news since all these years?"

"Oh, I've bin to Plymouth, I've bin to Dover—
I've bin ramblin', boys, the wide world over,"

the man answered cheerily. "I reckon I know as much of Old England as most." He turned towards the children and winked.

"I lay they told you a sight o' lies, then. I've been into England fur as Wiltsheer once. I was cheated proper over a pair of gloves," said Hobden.

"There's fancy talkin' everywhere. *You've* cleaved to your own parts pretty middlin' close, Ralph."

"Can't shift an old tree 'thout it dyin'," Hobden chuckled. "An' I be no more anxious to die than you look to be to help me with my hops to-night."



"A HOP-POCKET DROPPED THROUGH THE PRESS-HOLE OVERHEAD, AND STIFFENED AND FATTENED AS THEY SHOVELLED IT FULL."

The great man leaned against the brick-work of the roundel, and swung his arms abroad. "Try me!" was all he said, and they stumped upstairs laughing.

The children heard their shovels rasp on the cloth where the yellow hops lie drying above the fires, and all the oast-house filled with the sweet, sleepy smell as they were turned.

"Who is it?" Una whispered to the Bee Boy.

"Dunno, no more'n you—if *you* dunno," said he, and smiled.

The voices on the drying-floor boomed and chuckled together, and the heavy footsteps went back and forth. Presently a hop-pocket dropped through the press-hole overhead, and stiffened and fattened as they shovelled it full. "Clank!" went the press, and rammed the loose stuff into tight cake.

"Gently!" they heard Hobden cry. "You'll bust her crop if you lay on so. You be as careless as Barton's bull, Tom. Come an' sit by the fires. 'Tis meat and drink talkin' of old times."

They came down, and as Hobden opened the shutter to see if the potatoes were done Tom Shoesmith said to the children, "Put a plenty salt on 'em. That'll show you the sort o' man *I* be." Again he winked, and again the Bee Boy laughed.

"*I* know what sort o' man you be," old Hobden said, groping for the potatoes round the fire.

"Do ye?" Tom went on behind his back. "Some of us can't abide horseshoes, or

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church bells, or running water; an', talkin' o' runnin' water"—he turned to Hobden, who was backing out of the roundel—"d'you mind the great floods at Robertsbridge, when the miller's man was drowned in the street?"

"Middlin' well." Old Hobden let himself down on the coals by the fire door. "I was courtin' my woman on the Marsh that year. Carter to Mus' Plumb I was, gettin' ten shillin's week. Mine was a Marsh woman."

"Won'erful odd-gates place — Romney Marsh," said Shoesmith. "I've heard say the world's divided into Europe, Ashy, Afriky, Australy, an' Romney Marsh."

"The Marsh folk think so," said Hobden. "I had a hem o' trouble to get my woman to leave it."

"Where did she come out of? I've forgot, Ralph."

"Dymchurch under the Wall," Hobden answered, with a potato in his hand.

"Then she'd be a Pett—or a Whitgift, would she?"

"Whitgift." Hobden broke open the potato and ate it with the curious neatness of men who make most of their meals in the blowy open. "She growed to be quite reasonable-like after livin' in the Weald awhile, but our first twenty year or two she was odd-fashioned, no bounds. But she was a won'erful hand with bees." He cut away a little piece of potato and threw it out to the door.

"Ah! I've heard say the Whitgifts could see farther through a millstone than most," said Shoesmith. "Did she?"

"She was honest-innocent of any nigromancin'," said Hobden. "Only she'd read signs and significations out o' birds flyin', stars fallin', bees hivin', and such. An' she'd lie awake—listenin' for calls, she said."

"That don't prove naught," said Tom. "All Marsh folk has been smugglers since time everlastin'. 'Twould be in her blood to listen o' nights."

"Nature-ally," old Hobden replied, smiling. "I mind when there was smugglin' a sight nearer us than the Marsh be. But that wasn't my woman's trouble. 'Twas a passel o' nonsense talk," he dropped his voice, "about Pharisees."

"Yes. I've heard Marsh men beleft in em." Tom looked straight at the wide-eyed children beside Bess.

"Pharisees," cried Una. "Fairies. Oh, I see."

"People o' the Hills," said the Bee Boy, throwing half of his potato towards the door.

"There you be!" said Hobden, pointing at him. "My boy, he has her eyes and her out-gate senses. That's what *she* called 'em!"

"And what did you think of it all?"

"Um—um," Hobden rumbled. "A man that uses fields an' shaws after dark as much as I've done, he don't go out of his road excep' for keepers."

"But settin' that aside?" said Tom, coaxingly. "I saw ye throw the Good Piece out-at doors just now. Do ye believe or—*do* ye?"

"There was a great black eye in that tater," said Hobden, indignantly.

"My liddle eye didn't see un, then. It looked as if you meant it for—for Anyone that might need it. But settin' that aside. D'ye believe or—do ye?"

"I ain't sayin' nothin', because I've heard naught, an' I've seen naught. But if you was to say there was more things about after dark in the woods than men, or fur, or feather, or fin, I dunno as I'd go to call you a liar. Now turnabout, Tom. What's your say?"

"I'm like you; I say nothin'. But I'll tell you a tale, an' you can fit it *as* how you please."

"Passel o' silly stuff," growled Hobden.

"The Marsh men they call it Dymchurch Flit," Tom went on, slowly. "Hap ye have heard it?"

"My woman she've told it me scores o' times. Dunno as I didn't end by belieftin' it—sometimes."

Hobden crossed over as he spoke, and sucked with his pipe at the yellow lantern flame. Tom rested one great elbow on one great knee, where he sat among the coal.

"Have you ever bin in the Marsh?" he said to Dan.

"Only as far as Rye, once," Dan answered.

"Ah, that's but the edge. Back behind there's steeples settin' beside their churches, an' wise women settin' beside their doors, an' the sea settin' above the land, an' ducks herdin' wild in the diks" (he meant ditches). "The Marsh is justabout riddled with diks an' sluices, an' tide-gates an' water-lets. You can hear 'em bubblin' an' grummelin' when the tide works in 'em, an' then you hear the sea rangin' up all along the Wall. You've seen how flat she is—the Marsh? You'd think nothin' easier than to walk eend-on acrost her? Ah, but the diks an' the water-lets, they twists the roads about as ravelly as witch-yarn on the spindles. So ye get all turned round in broad daylight."

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"That's because they've dreened the waters into the diks," said Hobden. "When I courted my woman the rushes was green; an' the Bailiff o' the Marshes, he rode up and down as free as the fog."

"Who was he?" said Dan.

"Why, the Marsh fever an' ague. He've clapped me on the shoulder once or twice. But now the dreenin' off of the waters have done away with the fevers; so they make a joke, like, that the Bailiff o' the Marshes broke his neck in a dik. A won'erful place for bees an' ducks 'tis too."

"An' old," Tom went on. "Flesh an' Blood have been there since time everlastin' beyond. Well, now, speakin' among themselves, the Marsh men say that from time everlastin' beyond the Pharisees favoured the Marsh above the rest of Old England. I lay the Marsh men ought to know. They've been out after dark, father an' son, smugglin' some one thing or t'other, since wool grew to sheep's backs. They say there was always a middlin' few Pharisees to be seen on the Marsh. Impident as rabbits, they was. They'd dance on the nakid roads in the nakid daytime; they'd flash their liddle green lights along the diks, comin' an' goin', like honest smugglers. Yes, an' times they'd lock the church doors against passon an' clerk of Sundays."

"That 'ud be smugglers layin' in the lace or the brandy till they could run it out o' the Marsh. I told my woman so," said Hobden.

"I'll lay she didn't beleft it, then—not if she was a Whitgift. A won'erful choice place for Pharisees, the Marsh, by all accounts, till Queen Bess's father he come in with his Reformations."

"Would that be a Act o' Parliament like?" Hobden asked.

"Sure-ly. Can't do nothing in Old England without Act, Warrant, an' Summons. He got his Act allowed him, an', they say, Queen Bess's father he used the parish churches something shameful. Justabout tore the gizzards out of I dunnamany. Some folk in England they held with 'en; but some they saw it different, an' it eended in 'em takin' sides an' burnin' each other no bounds, accordin' which side was top, time bein'. That tarrified the Pharisees: for Good-will among Flesh an' Blood is meat an' drink to 'em, an' ill-will is poison."

"Same as bees," said the Bee Boy. "Bees won't stay by a house where there's hating."

"True," said Tom. "This Reformations tarrified the Pharisees same as a reaper goin' round a last stand o' wheat tarrifies the rabbits. They packed into the Marsh from all parts, and they says, 'Fair or foul we must flit out o' this, for Merry England's done with, an' we're reckoned among the Images.'"

"Did they all see it that way?" said Hobden.

"All but one that was called Robin—if you've heard of him. What are you laughing at?" Tom said to Dan. "The trouble didn't tech Robin, because he'd cleaved middlin' close to people like. No more he never meant to go out of Old England—not he; so he was sent messagin' for help among Flesh an' Blood. But Flesh an'



"THEY SAY THERE WAS ALWAYS A MIDDLIN' FEW PHARISEES TO BE SEEN ON THE MARSH. IMPIDENT AS RABBITS, THEY WAS."

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Blood must always think of their own concerns, an' Robin couldn't get through at 'em. They thought it was echoes, off the Marsh."

"What did you—what did the fairies want?" Una asked.

"A boat, to be sure. Their liddle wings could no more cross the Channel than so many tired butterflies. A boat an' a crew to sail 'em over to France, where yet awhile folks hadn't tore down the Images. They couldn't abide Canterbury Bells ringin' to Bulverhithe for more pore men an' women to be burnded, nor the King's proud messenger ridin' through the land givin' orders to tear down the Images. They couldn't abide it no shape. Nor yet they couldn't get their boat an' crew to flit by without leave an' Good-will from Flesh an' Blood, an' Flesh an' Blood came an' went about its own business the while the Marsh was swarvin' up, an' swarvin' up with Pharisees from all England over, striving all means to get through at Flesh an' Blood to tell 'en their sore need. I don't know as you've ever heard say Pharisees are like chickens?"

"My woman used to say that," said Hobden, folding his big brown arms.

"You run too many chickens together, an' the ground sickens like, an' you get a squat, an' your chickens die. Same way, you crowd Pharisees all in one place—*they* don't die, but Flesh an' Blood walkin' among 'em is apt to sick up an' pine off. *They* don't mean it, an' Flesh an' Blood don't know it, but that's the truth—as I've heard. The Pharisees bein' all stenched up an' frighted, an' tryin' to come through with their supplications, they nature-ally changed the thin airs and humours in Flesh an' Blood. It lay on the Marsh like thunder. Men saw their churches ablaze with the wildfire in the windows after dark; they saw their cattle scatterin' and no man carin'; their sheep flockin' and no man drivin'; their horses latherin' an' no man leadin'; they saw the liddle low green lights more than ever in the dik-sides; they heard the liddle feet patterin' more than ever round the houses; an' night an' day, day an' night, 'twas all as though they were bein' creeped up on, and hinted at by some one or other that couldn't rightly shape their trouble. Oh, I lay they sweated! Man an' maid, woman an' child, their nature done 'em no service all the weeks while the Marsh was fillin' up with Pharisees. But they was Flesh an' Blood, an' Marsh men before all. They reckoned the signs signified trouble for the Marsh—or that the sea 'ud rear up against Dymchurch Wall an' they'd be drownded like Old Winchelsea; or that the Plague was comin'. So they looked for the meanin' in the sea or in the clouds, far an' high up. They never thought to look near an' knee-high, where they could see naught.

"Now there was a poor widow at Dymchurch under the Wall, which, lacking man or property, she had the more time for feeling; and she come to feel there was a Trouble outside her doorstep bigger an' heavier than aught she'd ever carried over it. She had two sons—one born blind, and t'other struck dumb through fallin' off the Wall when he was liddle. They was men grown, but not wage-earnin', an' she worked for 'em, keepin' bees and answerin' questions."

"What sort of questions?" said Dan.

"Like where lost things might be found, an' what to put about a crooked baby's neck, an' how to join parted sweethearts. She felt the Trouble on the Marsh same as eels feel thunder. She was a wise woman."

"My woman was won'erful weather-tender, too," said Hobden. "I've seen her brish sparks like off an anvil out of her hair in thunderstorms. But she never laid out to answer questions."

"This woman was a Seeker like, an' Seekers sometimes find. One night, while she lay abed, hot an' aching, there come a Dream an' tapped at her window, and 'Widow Whitgift,' it said, 'Widow Whitgift!'

"First, by the wings an' the whistling, she thought it was peewits, but last she arose an' dressed herself, an' opened her door to the Marsh, an' she felt the Trouble an' the Groaning all about her, strong as fever, an' she calls: 'What is it? Oh, what is it?'

"Then 'twas all like the frogs in the diks peeping: then 'twas all like the reeds in the diks clip-clapping; an' then the great Tide-wave rummelled along the Wall, an' she couldn't hear proper.

"Three times she called, an' three times the Tide-wave did her down. But she catched the quiet between, an' she cries out, 'What is the Trouble on the Marsh that's been lying down with my heart an' arising with my body this month gone?' She felt a liddle hand lay hold on her gown-hem, an' she stooped to the pull o' that liddle hand."

Tom Shoesmith spread his huge fist before the fire and smiled at it.

"'Will the sea drown the Marsh?' she says. She was a Marsh woman fust an' foremost.

"'No,' says the liddle voice. 'Sleep sound for all o' that.'

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"'Is the Plague comin' to the Marsh?' she says. Them was all the ills she knowed.

"'No. Sleep sound for all o' that,' says Robin.

"She turned about, half mindful to go in, but the liddle voices grieved that shrill an' sorrowful she turns back, an' she cries: 'If it is not a Trouble of Flesh an' Blood, what can I do?' The Pharisees cried out upon her from all round to fetch them a boat to sail to France, an' come back no more.



"THE PHARISEES CRIED OUT UPON HER FROM ALL ROUND TO FETCH THEM A BOAT TO SAIL TO FRANCE."

"'There's a boat on the Wall,' she says, 'but I can't push it down to the sea, nor sail it when it's there.'

"'Lend us your sons,' says all the Pharisees. 'Give 'em leave an' Good-will to sail it for us, Mother—O Mother!'

"'One's dumb, an' t'other's deaf,' she says. 'But all the dearer to me for that; and you'll lose them in the big sea.' The voices just about pierced through her; an' there was children's voices too. She stood out all she could, but she couldn't hold out against *that*. So she says: 'If you can draw my sons for your job, I'll not hinder 'em. You can't ask no more of a Mother.'

"She saw them liddle green lights dance an' cross till she was dizzy; she heard them liddle feet patterin' by the thousand; she heard cruel Canterbury Bells ringing to Bulverhithe, an' she heard the great Tide-wave ranging along the Wall. That was while the Pharisees was workin' a Dream to wake her two sons asleep: an' while she bit her fingers she saw them two she'd borne come out an' pass her with never a word. She followed 'em, cryin' an' cryin', to the old boat on the Wall, an' that they took an' runned down to the Sea.

"When they'd stepped mast an' sail the blind son speaks: 'Mother, we're waitin' your leave an' Good-will to Take Them over.'"

Tom Shoesmith threw back his head and half shut his eyes.

"Eh, me!" he said. "She was a fine, valiant woman, the Widow Whitgift. She stood twistin' the eends of her long hair over her fingers, an' she shook like a poplar, makin' up her mind. The Pharisees all about they hushed their children from cryin' an' they waited dumb-still. She was all their dependence. 'Thout her leave an' Good-will they could not pass, for she was the Mother. An' she shook like a aps tree makin' up her mind. Last she drives the word past her teeth, an' 'Go!' she says. 'Go with my leave an' Good-will.'

"Then I saw—then, they say, she had to brace back same as if she was wadin' in tide water; for the Pharisees just about flowed past her—down the beach to the boat, I dunnamany of 'em—with their wives an' children an' valuables, all escapin' out of cruel Old England. Silver you could hear clinkin', an' liddle bundles hove down dunt

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"SHE SAW THEM TWO SHE'D BORNE COME OUT AN' PASS HER WITH NEVER A WORD."

on the bottom boards, an' passels o' liddle swords an' shield's raklin', an' liddle fingers an' toes scratchin' on the boatside to board her when the two sons pushed her off. That boat she sunk lower an' lower, but all the Widow could see in it was her boys movin' hampered like to get at the tackle. Up sail they did, an' away they went, deep as a Rye barge, away into the mists, an' the Widow Whitgift she sat down and eased her grief till mornin' light."

"I never heard she was *all* alone," said Hobden.

"I remember now. The one called Robin he stayed with her, they tell. She was all too grievious to listen to his promises."

"Ah! She should ha' made her bargain beforehand. I allus told my woman so!" Hobden cried.

"No. She loaned her sons for a pure love-loan, bein' as she sensed the Trouble on the Marshes, an' was simple good-willing to ease it." Tom laughed softly. "She done that. Yes, she done that! From Hithe to Bulverhithe, fretty man an' petty maid, ailin' woman an' wailin' child, they took the advantage of the change in the thin airs just about *as* soon as the Pharisees flitted. Folks come out fresh an' shining all over the Marsh like snails after wet. An' that while the Widow Whitgift sat grievin' on the beach. She might have beleft us—she might have trusted her sons would be sent back. She fussed, no bounds, when their boat come in after three days."

"And, of course, the sons were both quite cured?" said Una.

"No-o. That would have been out o' Nature. She got 'em back *as* she sent 'em. The blind man he hadn't seen naught of anything, an' the dumb man nature-ally, he couldn't say aught of what he'd seen. I reckon that was why the Pharisees pitched on 'em for the ferrying job."

"But what did you—Robin, promise the Widow?" said Dan.

"What *did* he promise, now?" Tom pretended to think. "Wasn't your woman a Whitgift, Ralph? Did she ever say?"

"She told me a passel o' silly stuff when he was born." Hobden pointed at his son. "There was always to be one of 'em that could see farther into a millstone than most."

"Me! That's me!" said the Bee Boy so suddenly that they all laughed.

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"I've got it now!" said Tom. "So long as Whitgift blood lasted, Robin promised there would allers be one o' her stock that—that no trouble 'ud lie on, no maid 'ud sigh on, no night could frighten, no fright could harm, no harm could make sin, an' no woman could make unhappy."

"Well, ain't that just me?" said the Boy, where he sat in the silver square of the great September moon that was staring into the oast-house door.

"They was the exact words she told me when we first found he wasn't like other boys. But it beats me how ye know 'em," said Hobden.

"Aha! There's more under my hat besides hair!" Tom laughed and stretched himself. "When I've seen these two young folk home, we'll make a night of old days, Ralph, with passin' old tales—eh? An' where might you live?" he said, gravely, to Dan. "An' do you think your Pa 'ud give me a drink for takin' you there, Missy?"

They giggled so at this that they had to run out. Tom picked them both up, set one on each broad shoulder, and tramped across the ferny pasture where the cows puffed milky puffs at them in the moonlight.

"Oh, Puck! Puck! I guessed you right from the beginning almost. How could you ever do it?" Una cried, swinging along delighted.

"Do what?" he said, and climbed the stile by the pollard oak.

"Pretend to be Tom Shoesmith," said Dan, and they ducked to avoid the two little ashes that grow by the bridge over the brook. He was almost running.

"Yes. That's my name, Mus' Dan," he said, hurrying over the silent shining lawn, where a rabbit sat by the big white-thorn near the croquet ground. "Here ye be." He strode into the old kitchen yard, and slid them down as Ellen Cook came to ask questions.

"I'm helping in Mus' Spray's oast-house," he said to her. "No, I'm no foreigner. I knowed this country 'fore your Mother was born; an'—an' it's dry work oasting, Miss. Thank you."

Ellen Cook went to get a jug, and the children went in—magicked once more by Oak, Ash, and Thorn!



"'HOW COULD YOU EVER DO IT?' UNA CRIED."

(To be concluded.)

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The Magic of Music.

A SYMPOSIUM OF ANECDOTES BY LEADING ARTISTES SHOWING THE WONDERFUL INFLUENCE OF MUSIC OVER THE HUMAN MIND.

IN olden times a good deal more was thought and said about the influence of music over the human mind than is the case to-day, and history hands down to us many striking instances in which its power was evidenced by the soothing of sorrow or even the actual cure of disease. Many of these tales can no doubt be accounted for as mere superstitions and fables, yet even in these days of bard matter of fact there are happening almost every day instances which go to prove how great a spell music can and does undoubtedly cast over human beings.

Among prominent artistes of the day there is hardly one who cannot relate some anecdote showing that his or her playing or singing, as the case may be, has curiously affected certain individuals. Often one particular song or piece has the power above all others to affect its hearers, and that such influence is for good is found almost invariably to be the case.

In order to prove this the following anecdotes bearing on the question have been collected for the benefit of readers of THE STRAND.

Mme. Patti's Toronto Anecdote.

Mme. Adelina Patti has many anecdotes to relate, and it would be difficult to find one which paid a higher tribute to the fascination of music than the following.

"Once in San Francisco," she says, "I was just about to go on the stage when there was a terrific report somewhere in the front of the house. I was very much frightened, as I thought that what I had heard was someone shooting at the stage from the gallery. Apparently the audience also was becoming alarmed, but before I had time to ask what was the matter, Mr. Wilson, who was my stage-manager at that time, almost dragged me before the curtain and told me to sing 'Home, Sweet Home.' The moment I began to sing, the familiar air so fascinated the audience that their alarm gradually subsided, and they took their seats again and remained quite quietly in their places. How terrible a panic had been averted I did not know until a little while later, when, having safely returned to my hotel, I was informed that a man in the upper circle had flung a bomb—whether at the stage or at one of the boxes never transpired—which exploded in his hand and blew him almost to pieces."

Perhaps even more striking is the story that Mme. Patti tells about an event which shows the attractive power of music.

"Many years ago," she relates, "I performed at a concert-hall in Toronto. The time of my visit was mid-winter, and on the night of the concert the thermometer stood at many degrees below freezing-point. The concert-hall was packed to overflowing; indeed, there was a large crowd outside, which, unable to find seating accommodation, clamoured to be allowed to stand in the gangways.

"Just as I was about to go on the stage I noticed that, in spite of the fact that I had given instructions for the temperature in the hall to be kept as nearly as possible at sixty degrees, it was becoming so draughty and so bitterly cold that I feared I should catch a chill, and had all the cracks and crevices round the platform screened with pieces of scenery and curtains. Still the temperature seemed to grow colder and colder, and after I had sung one or two songs I sent for my stage-manager and told him that I thought there must be a door or a window open somewhere. He assured me, however, that he had been most careful in this respect, but hardly were the words out of his mouth



MME. ADELINA PATTI.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

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than, happening to look up, he noticed that a large skylight in the roof was wide open.

"Needless to say, he severely reprimanded those who had been instructed to see that the skylight was closed, but when they assured him that this had been done he himself made his way on to the roof to investigate matters. The mystery was soon explained. About fifty men from the crowd who had been unable to obtain seats were so determined to hear the concert that they got up on to the roof of the next building, whence they found access on to the roof of the concert-hall, and, opening the skylight already mentioned, lay down beside it, protecting themselves from the cold as best they could with their coats and some blankets.

"Music must have had an extraordinary fascination for these men to induce them to remain out in the freezing cold as they did."



MME. ALBANI.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Mme. Albani Tells the Effect of "Home, Sweet Home."

The following incident told by Mme. Albani Gye is surely a very practical proof of the influence that music has for good over the human mind:—

"Many years ago I sang at a concert which was given at the Albert Hall in aid of the Home for Incurables. I sang several songs on that occasion, but that which appeared to please the audience most was 'Home, Sweet Home'; indeed, I was recalled several times after singing that song.

"A few days later I was surprised to receive a letter from a lady who did not give her name, but who signed herself anonymously, and who said that she had been very much affected and touched by the way I had sung the song mentioned. It had, she said, brought home to her the terrible mental sufferings that must be experienced by those who know that they are never to experience again the joys of an earthly home and the love and affection of their friends and relations there, and had made her long to do something to alleviate the lot of these poor sufferers.

"In conclusion, she told me that she had sent a thousand pounds to the charity on behalf of which I had been singing, and I think you will agree that in this case, at any rate, the hypnotism and influence for good of the human voice were made apparent in a very real and practical manner."

Mr. Paderewski and His Blind Admirer.

An exceedingly touching incident is related by Mr. Paderewski about an occasion when he performed extemporaneously at a well-known institute for the blind. "I was asked by a friend one day," he relates, "to accompany him to a home for the blind in which he was interested, and whither he was going on one of his periodical visits. I was very deeply touched by the evident patience and forbearance from complaint of those afflicted in so terrible a manner, and I very readily consented, at my friend's request, to do what I could to furnish them with a little temporary pleasure by playing to them.



MR. PADEREWSKI.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"I accordingly sat down at the piano and played several pieces that I thought most likely to please them, but after about twenty

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minutes my own thoughts became so sad at thinking of the pitiable nature of the infirmities of my audience that I unconsciously began to play music which reflected my mental condition. When I finished, and as I sat still for a moment, myself deeply moved by the feelings that had found expression through my fingers, a member of my audience, with the tears running from his sightless eyes, came up and, flinging his arms about me, thanked me most effusively, and said he was certain I could only be Paderewski, about whose playing he had heard so often. I may say that none of the inmates of the home had been told of my identity."

Mme. Kirkby Lunn and "The Three Fishers."

"Quite recently," says Mme. Kirkby Lunn, "I learnt for the first time of an incident that resulted from my singing at Mme. Patti's concert at the Albert Hall in June, 1905.

"On that occasion I sang, amongst other songs, 'The Three Fishers.' A few weeks ago I had a letter from a lady, in which she informed me that her son had lost his wife within a month of their marriage during the spring of 1905, and had been almost demented with grief until the night when he heard me sing the song I have referred to at the Albert Hall. For some reason the refrain had a peculiarly soothing effect upon him. Within a week his spirits and his health improved, while his fits of despondency became less frequent, and disappeared altogether when his mother played over to him upon the piano certain bars of the music which accompanied the words, 'For men must work and women must weep,' etc.

"She would play this over to him again and again, sometimes for half an hour at a stretch, and it invariably had the effect of soon restoring him to something like his old spirits. She even went so far as to say that, had it not been for the ability of this particular piece of music to soothe him, her son would have lost his reason. I do not think that it will be easy to find any more striking illustration of the power of music over the mind."

Mme. Clara Butt Tells of a Doubtful Compliment.

Mme. Clara Butt has very many anecdotes to tell bearing on the hypnotism of music. "After singing 'Kathleen Mavourneen' as an encore at Cardiff, a few years ago," she says, "an amusing little incident occurred to me in connection with an old Irishman whom I found waiting for me when I left the concert-hall. With tears in his eyes he caught hold of my cloak and, falling upon his knees, began to bless me in his rich brogue. 'Bedad,' he concluded, 'I don't know who wrote that song, but, shure, if he's dead, 'twould make him turn in his grave to have heard the way ye sang it to-night.'"

Mme. Butt has been particularly struck by the fact that certain of the songs she sings seem to possess a much greater power to move members of her audiences than others,



MME. KIRKBY LUNN.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



MME. CLARA BUTT.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

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For instance, whenever she sings "Abide With Me," she almost invariably receives some proof that members of the audience have been particularly affected. Sometimes she is met at the door of the concert-hall afterwards by people begging her to allow them to bring some sick relative to where she is living in order that she may sing the song to them, because they feel sure it would make them better. It was after singing this song, also, that she received the following curious letter:—



MR. BEN DAVIES.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

BELOVED MADAME,—I know this is only, as it should be, one tribute out of a thousand, but I must send it. I have heard you every time you have sung at Plymouth, and God only knows through what trouble and difficulty I have come since the first time; but always you are the same, only more perfect every time you sing, and it is *you*, beloved, that make the great gift such a help and comfort to thousands. God bless you and yours, and make your future more lovely even than the past, and give me a place somewhere near you in Heaven that I may hear you sing the song of the redeemed there. Forgive this if it troubles you; I was sorry you were so weary last night.

A WOMAN WHO
LOVES YOU.

Mr. Ben Davies and the Lady in the Omnibus.

"Many years ago," relates Mr. Ben Davies, "when I took the part of Geoffrey Wilder in 'Dorothy,' I had frequent opportunities of observing the influence of music over certain minds. For over eight hundred nights did I appear in the part named, and I soon began to recognise familiar faces among the audience. One old gentleman, accompanied by his wife and daughter, came regularly once a week, always occupying the same seat, until I grew to look upon them as old friends and used to invariably greet them with a friendly nod.

"After I had been performing in 'Dorothy' for about a year I happened to be returning home one night in an omnibus, when an old lady who was sitting beside me timidly requested to know whether she might speak to me. On my replying in the affirmative, she next begged to be allowed to shake hands with me, and then went on to inform me that so greatly was she fascinated by my singing that she had been to see 'Dorothy' ninety times. 'I hope to go ninety times more!' she added. 'I have kept the counterfoils of the tickets, and I paid every time!'

"I never saw the old lady again, and I have no idea who she was or where she came from, but it is evident that she was one of those over whom music's magic spell was cast."

How Miss Ada Crossley Moved Queen Victoria to Tears.

The following anecdote told by Miss Ada Crossley, apropos of a visit to Windsor to sing before the late Queen, is only one of many that she could tell testifying to the power of music, but this particular incident has remained very vividly in her mind:—



MISS ADA CROSSLEY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"I sang before the late Queen Victoria on several occasions, but that of which I have the clearest recollection was when, during the dark days of the South African War, I journeyed to Windsor to sing before Her Majesty in Mendelssohn's 'Elijah,' a performance of which was given in St. George's Chapel.

"Her Majesty appeared to listen to the music most attentively, but it was not until my solo, 'O, Rest in the Lord,' that it became apparent how keenly under the spell of the music Her Majesty was.

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"As I sang it became evident that the Sovereign was deeply moved, and before my solo was finished she was weeping tears of genuine emotion."

Mr. Mark Hambourg's Frenzied Listener.

Mr. Mark Hambourg, the famous pianist, sends the following anecdote: "I had a most unpleasant experience a few years ago, when touring in New Zealand. I was giving a recital before a large audience, when a man quite near the front suddenly leaned forward and clutched wildly at the arm of a young lady in the next row. Apparently he had no idea of what he was doing, for, instead of at once releasing his hold and apologizing, he continued to tighten his grasp, the while his eyes were fixed steadily upon me, until my attention was attracted by the cry that his victim could not suppress.



MR. MARK HAMBOURG.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"Fearing that a madman was numbered amongst the audience, I continued to extemporize a few chords with my left hand while I motioned to my manager to attend to the matter, but the break in the melody so occasioned proved sufficient to bring the man to his senses. He suddenly sat up, pressed his hands to his eyes, and then, realizing that he had been carried away by his feelings, he hastily but profusely apologized to the young lady for his behaviour. Fortunately there was a vacant seat in the very first row, and to this my manager escorted him, so as to make quite sure that the same thing did not occur again."

Miss Marie Hall and an Offer of Marriage.

Miss Marie Hall, who is now in the midst of an extensive provincial tour, sends us the following contribution:—

"My personal experience, it is true, does not extend over many years, but in spite of this I have had numerous proofs that my playing sometimes affects individuals to an extraordinary extent. I very vividly remember, for instance, how, shortly after I made my *début*, I was much persecuted by an individual who sought my hand in marriage. The first intimation I had of his existence was brought me by the post in the shape of a letter, in which he stated that having heard me play he realized for the first time how far short he fell of goodness. For years, he explained, he had never thought of religion or of any future life, but had been content to go on in a self-centred, selfish way, never hesitating to do wrong if he benefited thereby. But during my playing the enormity of his sins had suddenly been brought home to him and he longed to be good. This, he felt, could only be achieved if he had frequent opportunities of hearing me play, and he implored me to become his wife and so help, as he put it, 'to save at least one soul.'"



MISS MARIE HALL.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Miss Fanny Davies and the School Girls.

Miss Fanny Davies, the well-known pianist, is able to quote an incident that occurred only last July to show the power of music:—

"I recently visited a large girls' school to conduct an examination of the one hundred and five students there, and found that they had been taught on a system which, though all right so far as certain points in technique were concerned, utterly divorced music from sound. After

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examining the girls and finding that they were mechanical, but devoid of musical insight, I tried to convince them that something more than mere technique was required, and that music could exercise a wonderful power over the mind, by playing to them for more than an hour such pieces as they chose. That my efforts had the desired effect is evidenced, I think, by the following letter, which I received a few days later from a member of the staff:—



MISS FANNY DAVIES.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

DEAR MISS DAVIES,—May I thank you for the enormous pleasure you gave to all of us on Wednesday evening? You took us out of ourselves and lifted us up higher, and helped us to realize, as never before, the beauty and purity and majesty of music. It was so good of you to give us so generously of your God-given gift, and I know it was a revelation to our children and to many of us members of the staff. Thank you very much.

Yours gratefully,

——— ———.

"I prize that letter very highly indeed, because it makes me hope that the spell of music, instead of having been lifted when the playing ceased, may continue to be exercised over the minds of the girls, and so impress upon them the beauties of sound as to revolutionize the methods of teaching at that school for all time."

Mischa Elman Tells a Very Touching Story.

Even quite the younger generation of players can sometimes bear witness to the effect that music has on certain minds. Mischa Elman, the extraordinarily-gifted boy musician, sends the following anecdote:—

"Not very long ago an old lady who had been to many of the concerts at which I had appeared, and who had frequently expressed admiration for my playing, sent me an urgent request that I would go to her home, where she lay very ill indeed, in order that I might soothe her by my playing. The request was one that I found it impossible to refuse, and I accordingly went to her residence.

"I found that she was indeed very ill, but she was able to beg me to play to her the 'Traumerei' of Schumann, which was her favourite piece. My surroundings and the nature of my errand made me play it that day as I had never played it before, a thing for which I am very glad, since my listener passed quietly away before the last strains died out, and I like to think that I was able to give her pleasure and add to her peace of mind."



MISCHA ELMAN.
From a Photo. by The London Stereoscopic Co.

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The Life Story of the White Admiral Butterfly.

By John J. Ward,

Author of "Minute Marvels of Nature," "Peeps into Nature's Ways," etc. Illustrated from Original Photographs by the Author.

THE MATING.

OUR first glimpse of a White Admiral butterfly on the wing is almost startling. We must, however, make our way south and to secluded woods if we wish to see this handsome insect flying; since, in the British Isles, its habitat is almost entirely confined to the southern counties. We may perchance be sauntering through a sunlit glade of the New Forest, or along a woodland path in Surrey, Sussex, or Devonshire, or, it may be, in the Isle of Wight, when, like a flash of light, two of these lovely insects suddenly come into view. Although their flight is bold, swift, and continuous, yet they stand out most conspicuously in the sunlight as they carry on their giddy flirtation, for the contrasting velvety black and white of the upper surfaces of their wings cannot be other than showy in the bright sunlight.

In this way we have caught a glimpse of these charming butterflies, and long to see them again while we continue our ramble in the wood. We come upon many and various kinds of butterflies, but nearly all seem commonplace after witnessing the sportive flight and striking hues of the White Admiral. Of course, if we should fortunately happen to catch a glimpse of the male insect of the larger and rarer Purple Emperor butterfly (which frequents almost the same localities) flashing his purple hues in the sunlight, we might for the moment forget the insects that had just charmed us so much. But the Purple Emperor when flying loves to sail above the summits of the tall oak trees, and is rarely seen low down, unless it is seeking carrion, on which—incongruous as it may seem—this gorgeously-coloured insect delights to feast.

No Purple Emperor has appeared to view, however, and we are still looking in vain for White Admirals even when we reach the end of the glade; for these insects are not usually seen in large numbers even in their favourite haunts. But it may be interesting to state that, from inquiries made by the writer, he learns that during last season (1905) this species of butterfly was very abundant in the New Forest—much more so, in fact, than for many years past; and in other districts for which it is known to have a partiality in other counties, White Admirals have again been especially numerous this year. Given, then, a favourable winter to follow, the butterfly should be largely in evidence next season, and its extinction, predicted so confidently by some authorities, will, it is hoped, be deferred indefinitely.

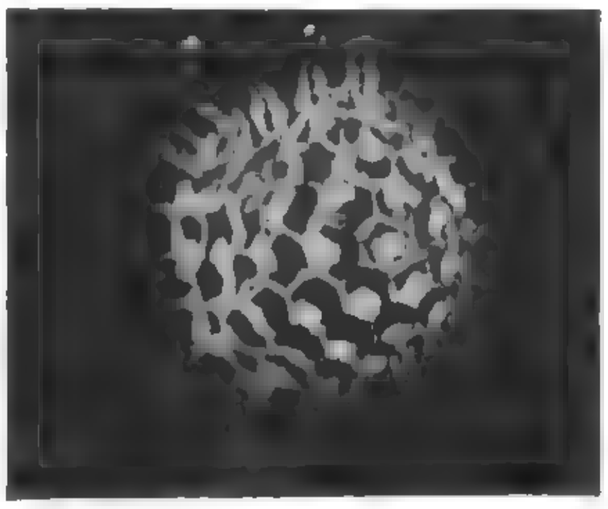


Fig. 1.—A magnified view of the butterfly's egg, which is really only about half the size of a pin's head.

THE EGG.

Just as we have reached the end of the glade, and, therefore, almost given up hopes of seeing another Admiral, right on the very border a butterfly appears, hovering against a honeysuckle bush. Yes, sure enough, it is an Admiral. There are the conspicuous white bands and spots on the velvety black ground of the surface of the wings. But surely something is amiss. The flight of this butterfly is altogether different from that of the previous examples we have seen. It is irregularly fluttering from leaf to leaf of the honeysuckle, apparently carefully examining each, much as an insectivorous bird might do when seeking a meal. And every now and again it alights upon a leaf or disappears amidst the foliage for a moment or two, shortly reappearing to perform similar movements amongst other leaves, and so on over and over again, but always amidst honeysuckle leaves. After some minutes spent in this occupation the butterfly flies along the glade, eventually disappearing amongst the trees.

Before we leave the wood we must carefully examine those leaves around which the insect has been moving, for they have a story to tell. We have, fortunately, alighted upon the very beginning of things in the various life stages of this charming butterfly.

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Truth to tell, the insect we have just seen so busily and seriously occupied was once as frivolous and coquettish as the one we saw pursued in the love-chase. But no longer has she the time or inclination for winged dalliance up and down the glades; she has much more important affairs on hand. She



FIG. 2.—The tiny caterpillar's method of feeding is curious, for the larva carefully consumes all the green leaf from the central vein, working from the tip downwards.

is looking out suitable sites on which to deposit her tiny eggs. This accounts for the careful manner in which she was scrutinizing the leaves when we first saw her. Although she cannot eat green food herself, yet, by some mysterious instinct, she knows quite well that the baby caterpillars which will eventually hatch from her eggs will need honeysuckle leaves to feed upon.

So we carefully search amongst the leaves, and there, without a doubt, on quite a number of them we find a single egg deposited. These eggs are about half the size of a pin's head, of a pearly hue, and are generally placed on the edge of the upper surface of the leaf, often near the apex. But let me show you one of them through my pocket lens, and then you will see what a really wonderful little object it is (Fig. 1). It is sculptured with hexagonal pits and studded over with sharp spines, which latter probably serve to protect it from the attacks of some of its parasitic foes. Let us now make a note of the date when these wonderful eggs were deposited (July 16th), for we have more to learn about them.

THE CATERPILLAR.

Twelve days later from one of these minute eggs emerges a tiny caterpillar; and soon from the other eggs further little caterpillars appear. The baby caterpillar slowly toddles along the edge of the leaf towards the apex, never ceasing until the very tip of the leaf is reached. At first it is so very small and eats so little that it feeds for several hours on the tip of the leaf without causing any apparent destruction. Two or three days later, though, while the caterpillar is still not very obvious, its ravages become more apparent, for its curious method of feeding betrays it—at least to the observant entomologist. Look at illustration Fig. 2, and observe how from the tip of the midrib the leaf is being slowly consumed. The caterpillar does not eat the leaf indiscriminately, but steadily devours it from above downwards, and then, what is more curious still, when it has for the time finished feeding and desires to rest, it ascends to the very tip of the cleaned midrib and there it peacefully sleeps, descending to its dining-room area below when it again needs refreshment. The skin of the young caterpillar is very rough, and, probably by resting in this elevated position on the bare vein of the leaf, its superficial resemblance to a tiny portion of the leaf still adhering to the vein makes it less likely to be seen by its enemies than if it rested in the feeding area, where insectivorous foes would be more disposed to glance. The process of consuming the leaf is a slow one, for the caterpillar at this stage does not eat largely, but spends much time at rest. Perhaps by the end of August it may, or may not, have started on a second leaf, and, in fact, at that period seems little desirous of feeding at all. In September it makes its way to the



FIG. 3.—In September the caterpillars spin silken threads about the bases of the leaf-stalks to prevent the leaves falling in the autumn.

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base of the leaf, and commences to spin some silken threads about the stalk where it joins the stem. Marvellous though it may seem, yet this tiny and unreasoning larva is preparing for winter. Some intuitive instinct has warned it that some night, or maybe early morning, in the near future there may come a nipping frost, after which those honeysuckle leaves, almost ready to separate from their parent stems, will fall suddenly and without warning. So the young caterpillar takes time by the forelock and guards against disaster, lest it should fall also when the leaves drop.

In illustration Fig. 3 we see the tiny caterpillar carefully spinning silken threads round the base of the leaf stalk, in readiness for the autumn "fall." Then the edges of the remaining uneaten portion of the leaf are stitched together with other threads, the caterpillar snugly ensconcing itself in the hollow at the base of the leaf. In due course, when the leaf should naturally drop, although it separates from the main stem in the usual way, yet the silken cables prevent it falling. Thus it remains hanging to the stem and dries and shrivels around the young larva (Fig. 4), looking exactly like many other bits of tattered leaves round about it which for various reasons remain attached to the stems, but giving no indication of its living burden within.



FIG. 4.—Throughout the winter months the tiny caterpillars rest hidden in the shrunken portions of the leaves they so carefully attached with silken cables to the branches.

In its leafy covering the tiny caterpillar sleeps away the slowly passing winter months, disguised from the few of its enemies that are abroad and protected from wintry blasts, frosts, and rain alike. From six to seven of the twelve months of its life it spends in this long rest, and if it did not feed on honeysuckle leaves it might have to wait longer; but honeysuckle leaves are amongst the earliest that push aside the protective winter scales that surround their buds.

Some day in April the warm sun wakes up the young larva from its long sleep, and it works its way through some weak spot of its winter domicile. To its great delight, when it gets outside, it finds abundant young and juicy honeysuckle leaves round about it. Then it discovers how really hungry it is and begins forthwith to eat ravenously. It may be due to this gnawing hunger that its earlier habit of daintily cleaning the midrib of the leaf is quite lost, for it now consumes any portion of the leaves indiscriminately. As a consequence of its ravenous appetite it begins to grow rapidly, so that, from time to time, it gets too large for its skin, which it has to moult, a new skin with ample room for further growth developing beneath the one about to be cast off. In illustration Fig. 5 we see two larvæ as they appear on May 4th. We notice, too, that they are developing a spiny



FIG. 5.—In early May the caterpillars are about half grown.

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FIG. 6.—By the middle of May the caterpillars are full grown.

appearance, but this feature becomes more apparent when they are full grown.

By the middle of May we find the larvæ full fed, and in Fig. 6 are shown some caterpillars as they appear at this stage (May 18th). They are of a bright green colour, shading darker along the upper surface and lighter towards the sides, where the light area terminates in a white band. Long and short, dark brown, branched spines also decorate their dorsal parts. Perhaps these prickly spines make the larva unpalatable to some of their enemies.

We have seen that, counting from the time the eggs were deposited, it requires about ten months to develop the full-grown caterpillar. Now, as the complete life of the insect occupies not more, and sometimes less, than twelve months, it follows that some considerable development has to be made during the short remaining period of time. This development we have now to record.

THE PUPA OR CHRYSALIS.

So soon as the caterpillar has assimilated sufficient green leaf material to carry it through the next stage in its development its appetite declines. Then it selects a comfortable spot on a stem or on the vein of a leaf, and there it proceeds to spin a little silken pad. When this pad is completed the larva suspends itself to it by its tail claspers, and so hangs head downwards, in a slightly curved position (Fig. 7). In this attitude the larva remains motionless for from two to three days. Then it seems to suddenly wake up, and a wriggling movement begins. While we watch it we see that something is happening to the caterpillar. It is swinging from side to side, and as it swings we observe that the caterpillar's skin has broken away near its head, and with each swing the skin is slowly sliding towards its tail end. And, lo! in the course of a minute or two we have enacted before us a complete transformation, for the caterpillar becomes a curious two-horned pupa or chrysalis. In illustration Fig. 8 the chrysalis is seen making its last swing, with the shrunken caterpillar skin at its tail end.

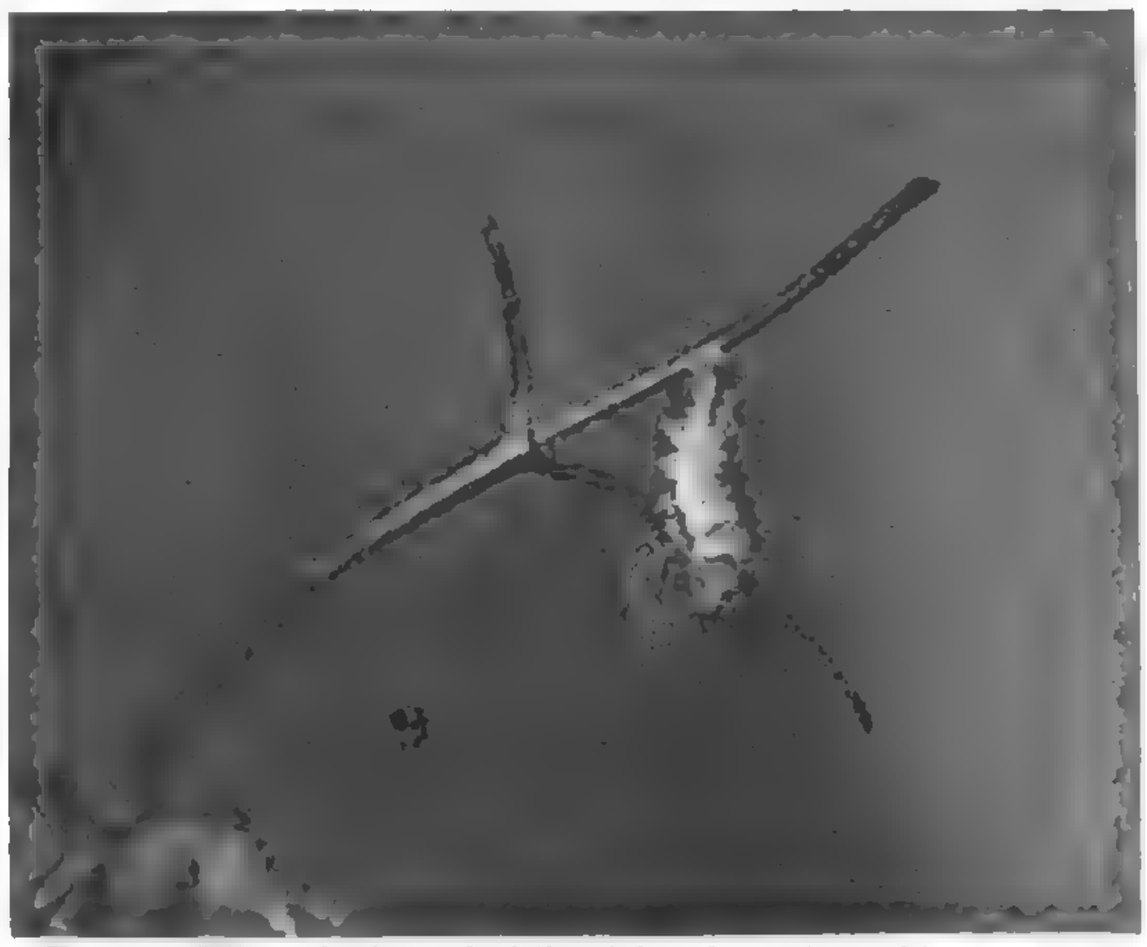


FIG. 7.—When the larva is full-fed it spins a little silken pad to a branch and suspends itself to this by its tail end.

When the moulted skin is almost free, a very dexterous feat has to be performed by the pupa, for it has to withdraw the



FIG. 8.—After hanging as shown in Fig. 7 for two or three days, it moults its last caterpillar skin (which can be seen shrunken up at its tail end) and becomes a chrysalis.

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extremity of its abdomen from its cast-off skin, and apparently with nothing to hold to in the meanwhile. However, this gymnastic manœuvre is quickly and successfully performed, the pupa adhering in some peculiar way to some other parts of its larval skin while it disconnects its latter portions, and then reconnects them directly with the silken pad, a number of tiny hooks being provided on the tip of the abdomen for this purpose. Then the last caterpillar skin falls away, and we have no longer a caterpillar, for the dormant pupa or chrysalis is born.



FIG. 9.—At the beginning of June the chrysalis assumes a greasy appearance, and the dark colour of the butterfly, now almost ready to emerge, shows through the semi-transparent shell of the chrysalis.

THE BUTTERFLY.

At first the chrysalis is very much the same colour as the larva, but the area covering the embryo wings slowly darkens in hue, eventually assuming a deep olive-green shade. The other parts are of a pale green shaded with brown, the whole being flecked with streaks and spots of bright gold.

From the time when the pupa under observation formed (May 20th) it hung for sixteen days (until June 4th). Then it became obvious that some further development was about to take place. The shell of the chrysalis assumed a greasy appearance, and the pupa darkened very much in colour; the latter being due to the dark-coloured wings of the insect within, now almost ready to emerge as a fully-developed butterfly (Fig. 9).

Our purpose now must be to endeavour to witness the birth of the butterfly, and in this we have set ourselves no light task. The emergence from the chrysalis and unfolding of the wings of the butterfly are but the work of a few seconds; but, as we have no means of ascertaining the exact moment (of the next twelve or twenty-four hours, perhaps) when the insect will appear, there is no alternative if we are determined to see it enter its new sphere of life as a butterfly; we must watch and wait patiently.

About 10 a.m. the following day (June 5th) a ray of sunlight happened to fall directly in the path of the chrysalis under observation. Immediately there was a response. The pupa suddenly jerked as if startled by the light. This was the beginning of great things—that wandering ray of light was evidently Nature's signal to the hidden butterfly within, informing it that *then* was the opportune moment for it to come forth.

Instantly the chrysalis began to bulge at its broader end. Then the enveloping shell burst open, and the head of the butterfly quickly appeared through the opening (Fig. 10), the insect then gently slipping out in this position head downwards, withdrawing as it came its closely-folded wings, its pressed-back antennæ or "feelers," and finally its abdomen and legs. Just as one expected to see it fall to the ground its wings suddenly swelled out, and in an instant the butterfly was free from its chrysalis (which, owing to its elasticity, immediately closed up again), and was clinging to the empty shell by its legs, its wings while in this position rapidly extending their folds (Fig. 11). A little more than a minute later they had reached their full length (Fig. 12); and now, everything having passed off successfully, there was the newly-born butterfly resting on



FIG. 10.—Then, the opportune moment arrived, the chrysalis bulges at its broader end, and then bursts. Instantly through the opening appears the head and foreparts of the butterfly.

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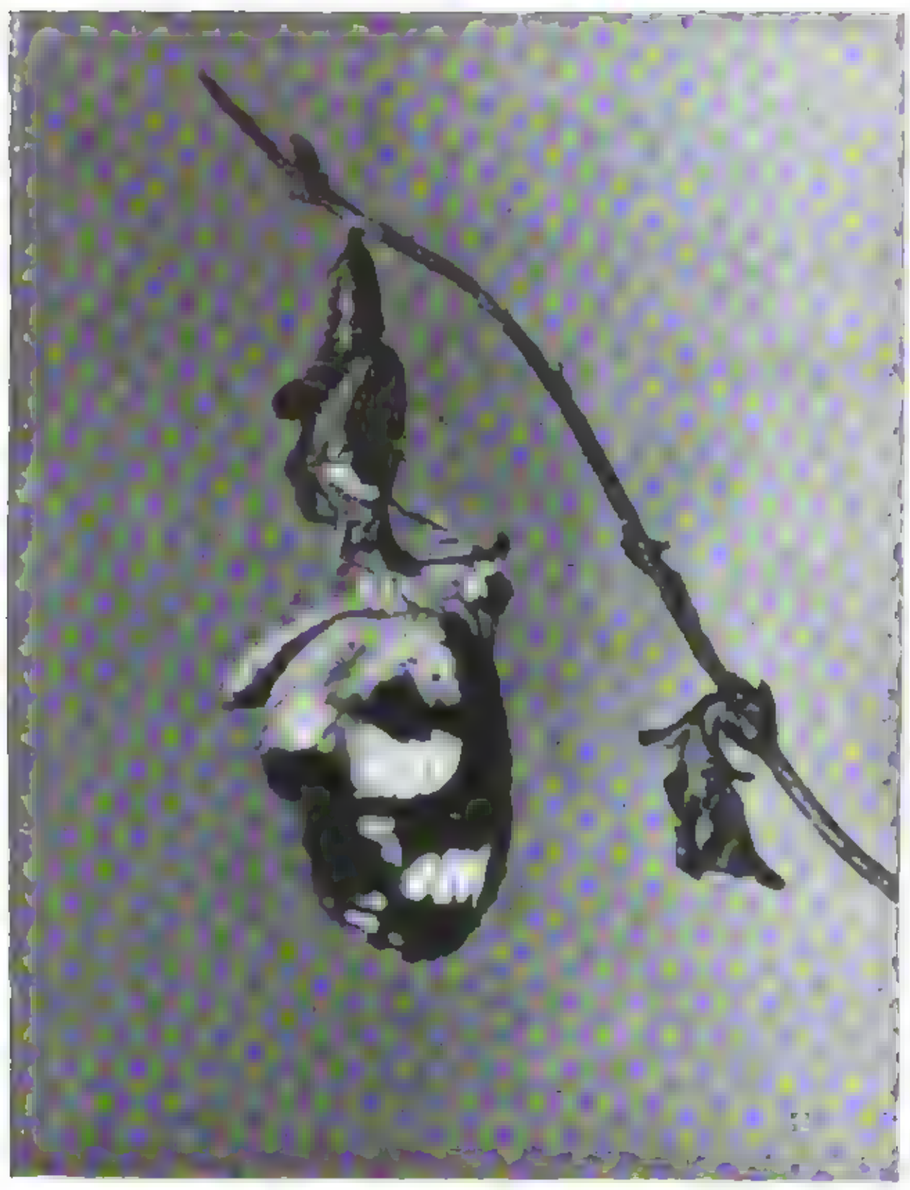


FIG. 11.—It clings to the empty chrysalis by its legs while it shakes the folds from its wings.

the empty chrysalis—the last of its skins that it would have to moult.

Our butterfly, though, was far from being perfect yet. Its wings were limp and wet, and the slightest puff of wind blew them like



FIG. 12.—The wings have unfolded, but are soft and limp.

so much wet rag. But slowly the butterfly lost its flimsy and draggled aspect, and at the end of an hour it bore a very trim and neat appearance (Fig. 13). Soon after this it gave its wings a sharp flutter, and then slowly climbed its empty chrysalis on to the stem (Fig. 14), revealing as it went the lovely mahogany browns and blue-grey hues of the undersides of its wings. Having finally reached the topmost point of the branch, the first glimpse was obtained of the soft, rich, velvety effect of their upper surface. At the



FIG. 13.—The wings dry, and then the butterfly bears a trim and neat appearance.

very tip of the branch it almost lost its foothold, and to balance itself it opened wide its glorious wings (Fig. 15) as instinct taught it, for it had yet to learn what wonderful feats it could perform with those splendidly and marvellously constructed organs.

There, then, it poised itself, its rich and lovely glossy black and white wings sheening delightfully as they moved, while the insect



FIG. 14.—It gets ready to use its velvety black and white wings.

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balanced itself. The colours of the butterflies we had seen flying in the woodland glade charmed us, it is true, but here we had the richness and purity of the newly-opened bloom. No rain-spot has left its stain; no leaf has flecked the rapidly-moving insect as it glides in and out amongst the trees; here, in fact, we have perfection.

When the butterfly had steadied itself it closed its wings again; but it had felt the possession of this new power. This became apparent shortly afterwards, for, without any warning, it suddenly and silently sailed from the branch on which it rested above its pupa and alighted most gracefully with outspread wings upon a leaf of a buckthorn shrub close by (Fig. 16), the soft sheens and shades of its velvety clothing appearing most fascinating in the sunlight.



FIG. 15.—It opens its glorious wings and balances itself there for a few moments. Then, having felt the new power it possesses, it suddenly and silently sails from the branch.

These two preliminary movements were only the beginning of greater things that were to follow, and each rest became shorter and shorter, while each flight became longer and stronger. At last our butterfly arrived at an open space where sunlight reigned in all its glory. And there for the last time we stand watching this glorious creature that we have seen develop from the tiny and wonderfully-sculptured egg, through the green and spiny caterpillar that so dearly loved honeysuckle leaves, the gilded, green, and brown chrysalis that hung so strangely upside-down on the branch, and, finally, into this handsome butterfly, clothed in its wondrous suit of inimitable velvet, woven—from what and from where? Suddenly it swerves aside to a bramble flower, freshly developed like itself, and, unrolling its long tongue, sips of the sweet nectar, for it no longer has mandibles for biting green leaves, these biting organs disappearing with the caterpillar stage, but now lives upon the soluble sweets that the flowers provide.

After the butterfly has quenched its thirst it becomes more buoyant than ever; and then, rising high in the air, plunges headlong into the sunny path of its life. It is useless attempting to follow it farther; it is away on one of those wild love-chases such as we saw in the woodland glade. Soon it will find its mate—and then the whole cycle will begin over again.

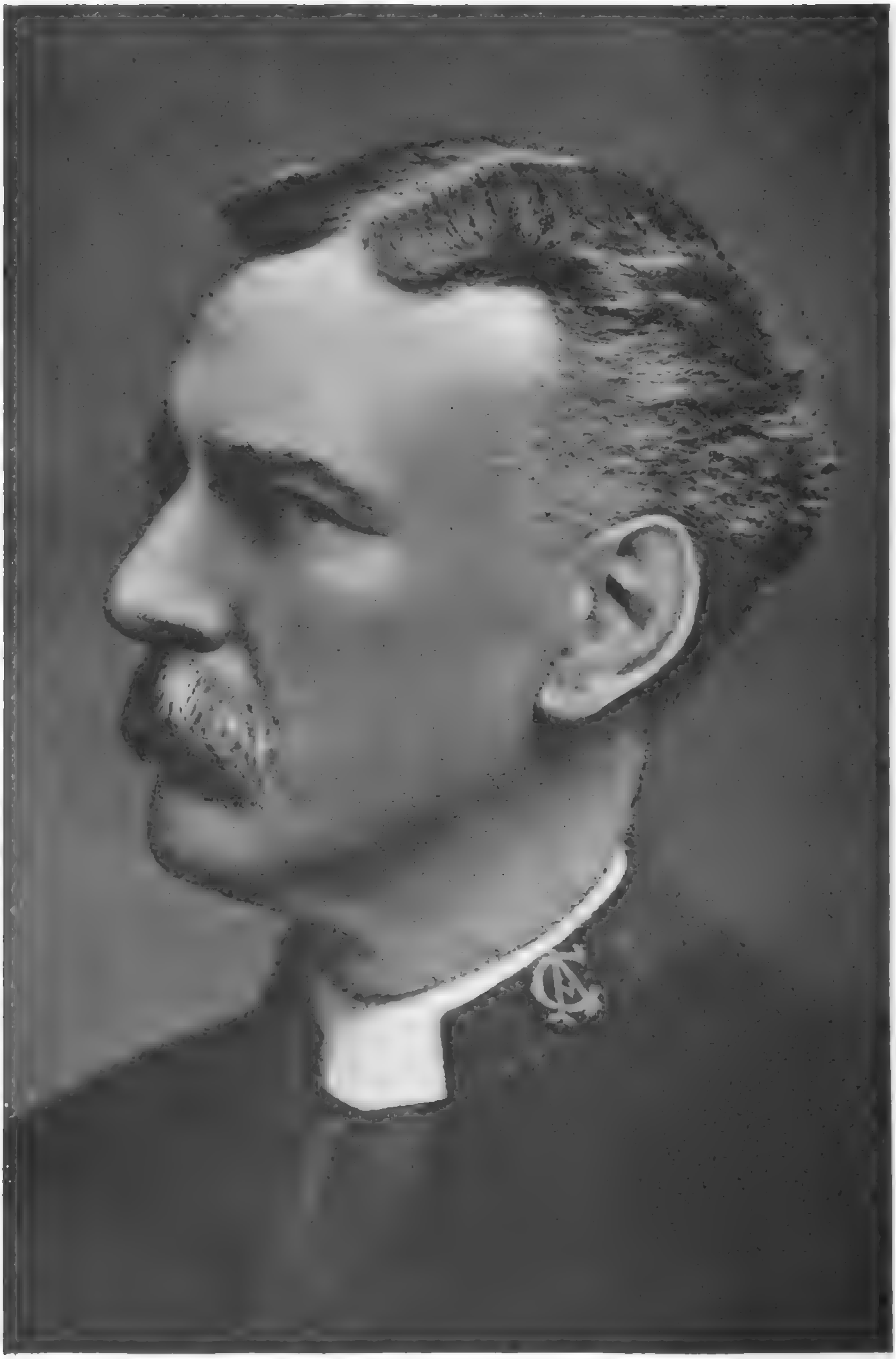
It remains, in conclusion, but to note that the egg which produced our embryo butterfly was, as previously stated, deposited on July 16th, and that the development of egg and caterpillar occupied a little over ten months. Then came sixteen days for the chrysalis period, which leaves about six weeks to complete the year. This period is occupied in mating and in depositing its eggs by the female insect; and an allowance must be made for dull weather intervals, when the insects do not fly. Given sunny weather, however, mating may take place almost immediately after emergence. And then, having fulfilled that function of their lives for which Nature provided these insects with wings of lovely hues, and having no further function to perform in life, they seek a shady spot beneath a leaf, or in some similar situation, and there, if no insectivorous animal abruptly removes them, they slowly and silently drop out from the tide of life.



FIG. 16.—It alights with outspread wings upon a leaf of buckthorn shrub near by to rest and sun itself.

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THE REV. WILSON CARLILE—PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

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THE REV. WILSON CARLILE,

HEAD OF THE CHURCH ARMY.

MR. WILSON CARLILE, the father of the poor, the criminal, and the outcast, and rector of St. Mary-at-Hill, near London Bridge, was born in Brixton on the 14th of January, 1847. As a business man he achieved success, and was the possessor of an income of two thousand pounds a year when the cry of the unfortunate struck at the very root of his soul. The great surrender took place when he became the founder of that world-wide institution, the Church Army. The entire sacrifice of most of the good things of this earth for the benefit of his stricken fellow men and women has cost him dear. It has cost him poverty, the giving up of constant home life, long separation from his wife, and impaired health both to her and himself. And it still costs him dear, and will to the very end. Three nights and four days out of the seven are spent between his little room among the chimney-pots at St. Mary-at-Hill and the incessant rush and strain of the practical side of his work which is carried on at the Army's head-quarters in Bryanston Street.

The Church Army was originally established by Mr. Carlile as an evangelistic mission in the slums of Westminster. Shortly afterwards a training home for working-men evangelists was opened, first at Oxford and afterwards removed to London, where it still flourishes, nearly one thousand seven hundred men and women having been trained.



AGE 6.
From a Silhouette.



AGE 13.
From a Photograph.

The social work of the Church Army was begun in the winter of 1889-90, when a poor tramp, perishing of hunger and cold, was given bed and breakfast in the Army's mission-room in Crawford Street, Marylebone. He was the first of a mighty army of suffering and outcast humanity, men and women, who have been rescued by the Church Army. It has been given to Prebendary Carlile in a measure greater than that granted to most men to see the fruition of his life's work in his own lifetime, and only quite recently the Church Army was, through its head, greatly honoured by both His Majesty the King and Queen Alexandra, whose gracious personal interest in the Army's work has given a welcome fillip to its sources of usefulness.

At the present day the Army has about a hundred and twenty labour homes and similar agencies throughout the British Isles, where ex-prisoners, drunkards, tramps, beggars, and social wreckage generally of both sexes are received and reclaimed by means of Christian sympathy, coupled with regular hours, good food, and fair wages for fair work. Taken all round, about fifty per cent. of the inmates of these homes obtain a fresh start in life and are permanently reclaimed,

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To show the scale of the Army's operations we may quote the following figures, which apply to each year: Meals supplied to men, 2,722,062; men and youths received in labour homes, 6,222; applicants provided with food and bed after work done, 330,137; days' work given to men, 536,776; wages paid to married men with wives and families, £16,526; wages paid to women and girls, £3,831; women and girls received in homes, 2,368; meals supplied to women and girls, 561,808; cases of distress individually investigated, over 400,000; visits paid by parochial evangelists and mission nurses, about 1,450,800; meetings held by parochial evangelists and mission nurses, about 120,000; persons attending same, about 9,350,000; mission services held by vans, about 30,000; circulation of *Church Army Gazette*, 5,000,000; publications sold by book department, 359,500; and prisoners' cells visited, over 3,000!



AGE 18.
From a Photo. by W. Portbury.

Considering the amazing amount of work which the above figures represent in the everyday life of the man, it is no wonder that at least once a year the chief's life undergoes a complete change. For then he starts with his wife and sons for Totland Bay, and becomes the athletic genius of its juvenile population. He is passionately fond of children, and during his annual holiday he is the life and soul of their outdoor amusements. And you may see the lithe, soldierly figure flying here, there, and everywhere amongst the boys and girls, praising, encouraging, instructing, organizing, with that enthusiasm and spontaneity of movement which is so familiar to the crowds he preaches to and the processions he leads in London and the provinces.

But second to the influence of his holy work comes the influence of his wife, whose spirit is with the Church Army, although she does not march in its ranks. And her foresight, sympathy, and self-denial have been the foundations in which his physical strength, his mental energy, and much of his soul's courage have stood fast. And he would not be the sweet-souled, energetic soldier of the Church that he is were it not for these silent forces behind him.



AGE 31.
From a Photo. by Byrne & Co., Richmond.

There is a pretty story told about Mr. Carlile and one of the cleverest forgers in the country, who came to the Church Army after serving, in all, thirty-one years in prison. Up to that time he had always drifted into the old paths. But now he is doing well, and when he meets Mr. Carlile and shakes hands he leaves a little piece of gold behind to help some other fellow struggling where once he struggled. The first time this happened Mr. Carlile paid in his own cheque to the Church Army funds for the amount of the gift, and kept the ex-convict's half-sovereign. Since then he has carried the little piece of gold wrapped in paper in his purse, and when he feels despondent he takes it out and looks at it.



AGE 34.
From a Photo. by Ball.

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THE TEST



PEBBLESEA was dull, and Mr. Frederick Dix, mate of the ketch *Starfish*, after a long and unsuccessful quest for amusement, returned to the harbour with an idea of forgetting his disappointment in sleep. The few shops in the High Street were closed, and the only entertainment offered at the taverns was contained in glass and pewter. The attitude of the landlord of the Pilots' Hope, where Mr. Dix had sought to enliven the proceedings by a song and dance, still rankled in his memory.

The skipper and the hands were still ashore and the ketch looked so lonely that the mate, thinking better of his idea of retiring, thrust his hands deep in his pockets and sauntered round the harbour. It was nearly dark, and the only other man visible stood at the edge of the quay gazing at the water. He stood for so long that the mate's easily aroused curiosity awoke, and, after twice passing, he edged up to him and ventured a remark on the fineness of the night.

"The night's all right," said the young man, gloomily.

"You're rather near the edge," said the mate, after a pause.

"I like being near the edge," was the reply.

Mr. Dix whistled softly and, glancing up at the tall, white-faced young man before him, pushed his cap back and scratched his head.

"Ain't got anything on your mind, have you?" he inquired.

The young man groaned and turned away, and the mate, scenting a little excitement, took him gently by the coat-sleeve and led him from the brink. Sympathy begets confidence, and, within the next ten minutes, he had learned that Arthur Heard, rejected by Emma Smith, was contemplating the awful crime of self-destruction.

"Why, I've known 'er for seven years," said Mr. Heard; "seven years, and this is the end of it."

The mate shook his head.

"I told 'er I was coming straight away to drownd myself," pursued Mr. Heard. "My last words to 'er was, 'When you see my bloated corpse you'll be sorry.'"

"I expect she'll cry and carry on like anything," said the mate, politely.

The other turned and regarded him. "Why, you don't think I'm going to, do you?" he inquired, sharply. "Why, I wouldn't drownd myself for fifty blooming gells."

"But what did you tell her you were going to for, then?" demanded the puzzled mate.

"'Cos I thought it would upset 'er and make 'er give way," said the other, bitterly; "and all it done was to make 'er laugh as though she'd 'ave a fit."

"It would serve her jolly well right if you

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did drown yourself," said Mr. Dix, judiciously. "It 'ud spoil her life for her."

"Ah, and it wouldn't spoil mine, I 'spose?" rejoined Mr. Heard, with ferocious sarcasm.

"How she will laugh when she sees you to-morrow," mused the mate. "Is she the sort of girl that would spread it about?"

Mr. Heard said that she was, and, forgetting for a moment his great love, referred to her partiality for gossip in the most scathing terms he could muster. The mate, averse to such a tame ending to a promising adventure, eyed him thoughtfully.

"Why not just go in and out again," he said, seductively, "and run to her house all dripping wet?"

"That would be clever, wouldn't it?" said the ungracious Mr. Heard. "Starting to commit suicide, and then thinking better of it. Why, I should be a bigger laughing-stock than ever."

"But suppose I saved you against your will?" breathed the tempter; "how would that be?"



"HERE! LET GO O' ME, D'YE HEAR? LET GO!"

"It would be all right if I cared to run the risk," said the other, "but I don't. I should look well struggling in the water while you was diving in the wrong places for me, shouldn't I?"

"I wasn't thinking of such a thing," said Mr. Dix, hastily; "twenty strokes is about my mark—with my clothes off. My idea was to pull you out."

Mr. Heard glanced at the black water a dozen feet below. "How?" he inquired, shortly.

"Not here," said the mate. "Come to the end of the quay where the ground slopes to the water. It's shallow there, and you can tell her that you jumped in off here. She won't know the difference."

With an enthusiasm which Mr. Heard made no attempt to share, he led the way to the place indicated, and dilating upon its manifold advantages, urged him to go in at once and get it over.

"You couldn't have a better night for it," he said, briskly. "Why, it makes me feel like a dip myself to look at it."

Mr. Heard gave a surly grunt, and after testing the temperature of the water with his hand, slowly and reluctantly immersed one foot. Then, with sudden resolution, he waded in and, ducking his head, stood up gasping.

"Give yourself a good soaking while you're about it," said the delighted mate.

Mr. Heard ducked again, and once more emerging stumbled towards the bank.

"Pull me out," he cried, sharply.

Mr. Dix, smiling indulgently, extended his hands, which Mr. Heard seized with the proverbial grasp of a drowning man.

"All right, take it easy, don't get excited," said the smiling mate, "four foot of water won't hurt anyone. If—— Here! Let go o' me, d'ye hear? Let go! If you don't let go I'll punch your head."

"You couldn't save me against my will without coming in," said Mr. Heard. "Now we can tell 'er you dived in off the quay and got me just as I was sinking for the last time. You'll be a hero."

The mate's remarks about heroes were mercifully cut short. He was three stone lighter than Mr. Heard, and standing on shelving ground. The latter's victory was so sudden that he overbalanced, and only a

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commotion at the surface of the water showed where they had disappeared. Mr. Heard was first up and out, but almost immediately the figure of the mate, who had gone under with his mouth open, emerged from the water and crawled ashore.

"You—wait—till I—get my breath back," he gasped.

"There's no ill-feeling, I 'ope?" said Mr. Heard, anxiously. "I'll tell everybody of your bravery. Don't spoil everything for the sake of a little temper."

Mr. Dix stood up and clenched his fists, but at the spectacle of the dripping, forlorn figure before him his wrath vanished and he broke into a hearty laugh.

"Come on, mate," he said, clapping him on the back, "now let's go and find Emma. If she don't fall in love with you now she never will. My eye! you are a picture!"

He began to walk towards the town, and Mr. Heard, with his legs wide apart and his arms held stiffly from his body, waddled along beside him. Two little streamlets followed.

They walked along the quay in silence, and had nearly reached the end of it, when the figure of a man turned the corner of the houses and advanced at a shambling trot towards them.

"Old Smith!" said Mr. Heard, in a hasty whisper. "Now, be careful. Hold me tight."

The new-comer thankfully dropped into a walk as he saw them, and came to a standstill with a cry of astonishment as the light of a neighbouring lamp revealed their miserable condition.

"Wot, Arthur!" he exclaimed.

"Halloa," said Mr. Heard, drearily.

"The idea o' your being so sinful," said Mr. Smith, severely. "Emma told me wot you said, but I never thought as you'd got the pluck to go and do it. I'm surprised at you."

"I ain't done it," said Mr. Heard, in a sullen voice; "nobody can drownd themselves in comfort with a lot of interfering people about."

Mr. Smith turned and gazed at the mate, and a broad beam of admiration shone in his face as he grasped that gentleman's hand.

"Come into the 'ouse both of you and get some dry clothes," he said, warmly.

He thrust his strong, thick-set figure between them, and with a hand on each coat-collar propelled them in the direction of home. The mate muttered something about going back to his ship, but Mr. Smith refused to listen, and stopping at the door of a neat cottage, turned the handle and thrust his dripping charges over the threshold of a comfortable sitting-room.

A pleasant-faced woman of middle age and a pretty girl of twenty rose at their entrance, and a faint scream fell pleasantly upon the ears of Mr. Heard.

"Here he is," bawled Mr. Smith; "just saved at the last moment."

"What, two of them?" exclaimed Miss Smith, with a faint note of gratification in her voice. Her gaze fell on the mate, and she smiled approvingly.

"No; this one jumped in and saved 'im," said her father.

"Oh, Arthur!" said Miss Smith. "How could you be so wicked! I never dreamt you'd go and do such a thing—never! I didn't think you'd got it in you."



"'WHAT! TWO OF THEM?' EXCLAIMED MISS SMITH."

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Mr. Heard grinned sheepishly. "I told you I would," he muttered.

"Don't stand talking here," said Mrs. Smith, gazing at the puddle which was growing in the centre of the carpet; "they'll catch cold. Take 'em upstairs and give 'em some dry clothes. And I'll bring some hot whisky and water up to 'em."

"Rum is best," said Mr. Smith, herding his charges and driving them up the small staircase. "Send young Joe for some. Send up three glasses."

They disappeared upstairs, and Joe appearing at that moment from the kitchen, was hastily sent off to the Blue Jay for the rum. A couple of curious neighbours helped him to carry it back, and, standing modestly just inside the door, ventured on a few skilled directions as to its preparation. After which, with an eye on Miss Smith, they stood and conversed, mostly in headshakes.

Stimulated by the rum and the energetic Mr. Smith, the men were not long in changing. Preceded by their host, they came down to the sitting-room again; Mr. Heard with as desperate and unrepentant an air as he could assume, and Mr. Dix trying to conceal his uneasiness by taking great interest in a suit of clothes three sizes too large for him.

"They was both as near drownded as could be," said Mr. Smith, looking round; "he ses Arthur fought like a madman to prevent 'imself from being saved."

"It was nothing, really," said the mate, in an almost inaudible voice, as he met Miss Smith's admiring gaze.

"Listen to 'im," said the delighted Mr. Smith; "all brave men are like that. That's wot's made us Englishmen wot we are."

"I don't suppose he knew who it was he was saving," said a voice from the door.

"I didn't want to be saved," said Mr. Heard, defiantly.

"Well, you can easy do it again, Arthur," said the same voice; "the dock won't run away."

Mr. Heard started and eyed the speaker with some malevolence.

"Tell us all about it," said Miss Smith, gazing at the mate, with her hands clasped. "Did you see him jump in?"

Mr. Dix shook his head and looked at Mr. Heard for guidance. "N—not exactly," he stammered; "I was just taking a stroll round the harbour before turning in, when all of a sudden I heard a cry for help——"

"No you didn't," broke in Mr. Heard, fiercely.

"Well, it sounded like it," said the mate, somewhat taken aback.

"I don't care what it sounded like," said the other. "I didn't say it. It was the last thing I should 'ave called out. I didn't want to be saved."

"P'r'aps it was Emma," said the voice from the door.

"Might ha' been," admitted the mate. "Well, when I heard it I ran to the edge and looked down at the water, and at first I couldn't see anything. Then I saw what I took to be a dog, but, knowing that dogs can't cry 'help!'——"

"Emma," corrected Mr. Heard.

"Emma," said the mate, "I just put my hands up and dived in. When I came to the surface I struck out for him and tried to seize him from behind, but before I could do so he put his arms round my neck like—like——"

"Like as if it was Emma's," suggested the voice by the door.

Miss Smith rose with majestic dignity and surveyed the speaker. "And who asked you in here, George Harris?" she inquired, coldly.

"I see the door open," stammered Mr. Harris—"I see the door open and I thought——"

"If you look again you'll see the handle," said Miss Smith.

Mr. Harris looked, and, opening the door with extreme care, melted slowly from a gaze too terrible for human endurance.

"We went down like a stone," continued the mate, as Miss Smith resumed her seat and smiled at him. "When we came up he tried to get away again. I think we went down again a few more times, but I ain't sure. Then we crawled out; leastways I did, and pulled him after me."

"He might have drowned you," said Miss Smith, with a severe glance at her unfortunate admirer. "And it's my belief that he tumbled in after all, and when you thought he was struggling to get away he was struggling to be saved. That's more like him."

"Well, they're all right now," said Mr. Smith, as Mr. Heard broke in with some vehemence. "And this chap's going to 'ave the Royal Society's medal for it, or I'll know the reason why."

"No, no," said the mate, hurriedly; "I wouldn't take it, I couldn't think of it."

"Take it or leave it," said Mr. Smith; "but I'm going to the police to try and get it for you. I know the inspector a bit."

"I can't take it," said the horrified mate; "it—it—besides, don't you see, if this isn't

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kept quiet Mr. Heard will be locked up for trying to commit suicide."

"So he would be," said the other man from his post by the door; "he's quite right."

"And I'd sooner lose fifty medals," said Mr. Dix. "What's the good of me saving him for that?"

A murmur of admiration at the mate's extraordinary nobility of character jarred harshly on the ears of Mr. Heard. Most persistent of all was the voice of Miss Smith, and hardly able to endure things quietly, he sat and watched the tender glances which passed between her and Mr. Dix. Miss Smith, conscious at last of his regards, turned and looked at him.

"You could say you tumbled in, Arthur, and then he would get the medal," she said, softly.

"*Say!*" shouted the overwrought Mr. Heard. "Say I tum——"

Words failed him. He stood swaying and regarding the company for a moment, and then, flinging open the door, closed it behind him with a bang that made the house tremble.

The mate followed half an hour later, escorted to the ship by the entire Smith family. Fortified by the presence of Miss Smith, he pointed out the exact scene of the rescue without a tremor, and, when her father narrated the affair to the skipper, whom they found sitting on deck smoking a last pipe, listened undismayed to that astonished mariner's comments.

News of the mate's heroic conduct became general the next day, and work on the ketch was somewhat impeded in consequence. It became a point of honour with Mr. Heard's fellow-townsmen to allude to the affair as an accident, but the romantic nature of the transaction was well understood, and full credit given to Mr. Dix for his self-denial in the matter of the medal. Small boys followed him in the street, and half Pebblesea knew when he paid a visit to the Smiths', and discussed his chances. Two nights afterwards, when he and Miss Smith went for a walk in the loneliest spot they could find, conversation turned almost entirely upon the overcrowded condition of the British Isles.

The *Starfish* was away for three weeks, but the little town no longer looked dull to the mate as she entered the harbour one evening and glided slowly towards her old berth. Emma Smith was waiting to see the ship come in, and his taste for all other amusements had temporarily disappeared.

For two or three days the course of true love ran perfectly smooth; then, like a dark shadow, the figure of Arthur Heard was thrown across its path. It haunted the quay, hung about the house, and cropped up unexpectedly in the most distant solitudes. It came up behind the mate one evening just as he left the ship and walked beside him in silence.

"Halloa," said the mate, at last.

"Halloa," said Mr. Heard. "Going to see Emma?"

"I'm going to see Miss Smith," said the mate.

Mr. Heard laughed; a forced, mirthless laugh.

"And we don't want you following us



"'AND WE DON'T WANT YOU FOLLOWING US ABOUT,' SAID MR. DIX, SHARPLY."

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about," said Mr. Dix, sharply. "If it'll ease your mind, and do you any good to know, you never had a chance. She told me so."

"I sha'n't follow you," said Mr. Heard; "it's your last evening, so you'd better make the most of it."

He turned on his heel, and the mate, pondering on his last words, went thoughtfully on to the house. Amid the distraction of pleasant society and a long walk, the matter passed from his mind, and he only remembered it at nine o'clock that evening as a knock sounded on the door and the sallow face of Mr. Heard was thrust into the room.

"Good evening all," said the intruder.

"Evening, Arthur," said Mr. Smith, affably.

Mr. Heard with a melancholy countenance entered the room and closed the door gently behind him. Then he coughed slightly and shook his head.

"Anything the matter, Arthur?" inquired Mr. Smith, somewhat disturbed by these manifestations.

"I've got something on my mind," said Mr. Heard, with a diabolical glance at the mate—"something wot's been worrying me for a long time. I've been deceiving you."

"That was always your failing, Arthur — deceitfulness," said Mrs. Smith. "I remember——"

"We've both been deceiving you," interrupted Mr. Heard, loudly. "I didn't jump into the harbour the other night, and I didn't tumble in, and Mr. Fred Dix didn't jump in after me; we just went to the end of the harbour and walked in and wetted ourselves."

There was a moment's intense silence and all eyes turned on the mate. The latter met them boldly.

"It's a habit o' mine to walk into the water and spoil my clothes for the sake of people I've never met before," he said, with a laugh.

"For shame, Arthur!" said Mr. Smith, with a huge sigh of relief.

"'Ow can you?" said Mrs. Smith.

"Arthur's been asleep since then," said the mate, still smiling. "All the same, the next time he jumps in he can get out by himself."

Mr. Heard, raising his voice, entered into a minute description of the affair, but in vain. Mr. Smith, rising to his feet, denounced his ingratitude in language which was seldom allowed to pass unchallenged in the presence of his wife, while that lady contributed examples of deceitfulness in the past of Mr. Heard, which he strove in vain to refute. Meanwhile, her daughter patted the mate's hand.

"It's a bit too thin, Arthur," said the latter, with a mocking smile; "try something better next time."

"Very well," said Mr. Heard, in quieter tones; "I dare you to come along to the harbour and jump in, just as you are, where you said you jumped in after me. They'll soon see who's telling the truth."

"He'll do that," said Mr. Smith, with conviction.

For a fraction of a second Mr. Dix hesitated, then, with a steady glance at Miss Smith, he sprang to his feet and accepted the challenge. Mrs. Smith besought him not to be foolish, and, with an idea of dissuading him, told him a slanderous anecdote concerning Mr. Heard's aunt. Her daughter gazed at the mate with proud confidence, and, taking his arm, bade her mother to get some dry clothes ready and led the way to the harbour.

The night was fine but dark, and a chill breeze blew up from the sea. Twice the hapless mate thought of backing out, but a glance at Miss Smith's profile and the tender pressure of her arm deterred him. The tide was running out, and he had a faint hope that he might keep afloat long enough to be washed ashore alive. He talked rapidly, and his laugh rang across the water. Arrived at the spot they stopped, and Miss Smith looking down into the darkness was unable to repress a shiver.

"Be careful, Fred," she said, laying her hand upon his arm.

The mate looked at her oddly. "All right," he said, gaily, "I'll be out almost before I'm in. You run back to the house and help your mother get the dry clothes ready for me."

His tones were so confident, and his laugh so buoyant, that Mr. Heard, who had been fully expecting him to withdraw from the affair, began to feel that he had under-rated his swimming powers. "Just jumping in and swimming out again is not quite the same as saving a drownding man," he said, with a sneer.

In a flash the mate saw a chance of escape. "Why, there's no satisfying you," he said, slowly. "If I do go in I can see that you won't own up that you've been lying."

"He'll 'ave to," said Mr. Smith, who, having made up his mind for a little excitement, was in no mind to lose it.

"I don't believe he would," said the mate. "Look here!" he said, suddenly, as he laid an affectionate arm on the old man's shoulder. "I know what we'll do."

"Well?" said Mr. Smith.

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"I'll save *you*," said the mate, with a smile of great relief.

"Save *me?*" said the puzzled Mr. Smith, as his daughter uttered a faint cry.

"Just as I saved him," said the other, nodding. "You jump in, and after you've sunk twice—same as he did—I'll dive in and save you. At any rate I'll do my best; I promise you I won't come ashore without you."

Mr. Smith hastily flung off the encircling arm and retired a few paces inland. "'Ave you—ever been—in a lunatic asylum at any time?" he inquired, as soon as he could speak.

"No," said the mate, gravely.

"Neither 'ave I," said Mr. Smith; "and, what's more, I'm not going."

"He couldn't speak fairer than that, Arthur," said Mr. Smith, dispassionately, as he came forward again.

"But I tell you he can't swim," protested Mr. Heard, "not properly. He didn't swim last time; I told you so."

"Never mind; we know what you said," retorted the mate. "All you've got to do is to jump in and I'll follow and save you—same as I did the other night."

"Go on, Arthur," said Mr. Smith, encouragingly.

"I tell you he can't swim," repeated Mr. Heard, passionately. "I should be drownded before your eyes."

"Rubbish," said Mr. Smith. "Why, I believe you're afraid."

"I should be drownded, I tell you," said



"'I TELL YOU HE CAN'T SWIM,' REPEATED MR. HEARD, PASSIONATELY."

He took a deep breath and stood simmering. Miss Smith came forward and, with a smothered giggle, took the mate's arm and squeezed it.

"It'll have to be Arthur again, then," said the latter, in a resigned voice.

"*Me?*" cried Mr. Heard, with a start.

"Yes, you!" said the mate, in a decided voice. "After what you said just now I'm not going in without saving somebody. It would be no good. Come on, in you go."

Mr. Heard. "He wouldn't come in after me."

"Yes, he would," said Mr. Smith, passing a muscular arm round the mate's waist; "'cos the moment you're overboard I'll drop 'im in. Are you ready?"

He stood embracing the mate and waiting, but Mr. Heard, with an infuriated exclamation, walked away. A parting glance showed him that the old man had released the mate, and that the latter was now embracing Miss Smith.

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The Destruction of San Francisco.

By James Hopper.

[The following account of the destruction of San Francisco is generally admitted in America, where it has already appeared, to be the best—the most graphic and striking—that has been written; and as such we have secured it for the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. The author's literary life trained him to tell this story. He was an eye-witness of the great catastrophe; as a newspaper reporter his duty took him up and down the shaking, burning city by day and night, his eyes ever alert to see the things which the world would want to hear. Here is his description.]

AT midnight I was at the Grand Opera House, where the Conried Company was giving "Carmen." I still can see Caruso striking open the gates of the arena with his long catalan. I see him stab, I hear Fremstadt's scream, Caruso's wail of remorse, glutted passion and remorse commingled; I see his magnificent crawling movement to her as the curtain comes down. I see myself walking back slowly to my paper, the *Call*, a few steps away, and I am saying to myself: "Surely, what I have felt to-night is the summit of human emotion." And now when I think of that I almost laugh.

After turning in my copy, I went up Post Street to my room in the Neptune Hotel, six blocks away. It was two o'clock in the morning, and that is San Francisco's fairest hour. The blustering sea-breeze has ceased at that time; from the land comes a breath of air already dawn-scented. From the slope I was climbing I could see the dark loom of the big buildings below, the bay beyond with the red and green lights, and the long silhouettes of ships at anchor, and still farther, the familiar, hearthlike glow of the mainland towns. The night struck me as particularly peaceful.

As I passed a livery-stable in Post Street, between Powell and Mason Streets, a horse screamed with a sudden, shrill cry. I asked a stableman lolling in the darkened doorway what was the matter. "Restless to-night; don't know why," he answered. And then, with my head poked in, I heard the thunder of a score of hoofs crashing in tattoo against the stalls.

I went up to my room. "Fine night," said the elevator-boy. "Beautiful," I answered. I went to bed at about three o'clock.

I slept, but with a hot, restless slumber. I dreamed. I heard a scream, then another. It was the scream of Caruso before Carmen's prostrate form, and the strident cry of the horse in the stable. They mingled, rose interwoven in a fiendish crescendo—and then I awoke to the city's destruction.

It was incredible—the violence of the quake. It started with a directness, a savage determination, that left no doubt of its purpose. It pounced upon the earth as some sidereal bulldog, with a rattle of hungry eagerness. The earth was a rat, shaken in the grinding teeth, shaken, shaken, shaken, with periods of slight weariness followed by new bursts of vicious rage. As far as I can remember, my impressions were as follows: First, for a few seconds a feeling of incredulity, capped immediately with one of finality—of incredulity at the violence of the vibrations. "It's incredible, incredible!"—I think I said it aloud. Then the feeling of finality.

"It's the end—St. Pierre, Samoa, Vesuvius, Formosa, San Francisco—this is death." Simultaneously with that, a picture of the city swaying beneath the curl of a tidal wave foaming to the sky. Then incredulity again at the length of it, at the sullen violence of it.

"It's incredible—vertical and rotary—look at me in my bed—like a fish in a frying-pan." This last figure pleased me. "Just like a fish in a frying-pan," I repeated. Then an impulse to get out of the hideously grinding walls, mastered immediately, solely from a repugnance, as I remember it, to making a show of myself. "No, if I die, I die in bed, not with my legs bare to the skies." Incredulity again at the mere length of the thing, the fearful stubbornness of it. Then curiosity—"I must see it."

I got up and walked to the window. I started to open it, but the pane obligingly fell outward and I poked my head out, the floor like a geyser beneath my feet. Then I heard the roar of the bricks coming down in cataracts and the groaning of twisted girders all over the city, and at the same time I saw the moon, a calm, pale crescent in the green

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sky of dawn. Below it the skeleton frame of an unfinished skyscraper was swaying from side to side with a swing as exaggerated and absurd as that of a palm in a stage tempest.

Just then the quake, with a sound as of a snarl, rose to its climax of rage, and the back wall of my building for three storeys above me fell. I saw the mass pass across my vision swift as a shadow. It struck some little wooden houses in the alley below. I saw them crash in like emptied eggs and the bricks pass through the roof as through tissue paper.

The vibrations ceased and I began to dress. Then I noted the great silence. Throughout the long quaking, in this great house full of people I had not heard a cry, not a sound, not a sob, not a whisper. And now, when the roar of crumbling buildings was over and only a brick was falling here and there like the trickle of a spent rain, this silence continued, and it was an awful thing. But now in the alley someone began to groan. It was a woman's groan, soft and low.

I went down the stairs and into the streets, and they were full of people, half-clad, dishevelled, but silent, absolutely silent, as if suddenly they had become speechless idiots. I went into the little alley at the back of the building, but it was deserted .and the crushed houses seemed empty. I went down Post Street toward the centre of town, and in the morning's garish light I saw many men and women with grey faces, but none spoke. All of them had a singular hurt expression, not one of physical pain, but rather one of injured sensibilities, as if some trusted friend, say, had suddenly wronged them, or as if someone had said something rude to them. As for me I felt a strange elation. I was immensely proud of myself. I had gone through that hideous minute and a quarter with full command over myself, and now I was calm, absolutely calm. I threw my chest out and looked with amazement upon my dazed co-citizens. And yet when a few days after I saw again a friend who had met me just at that time, he told me that I had been so excited I couldn't talk, that my arms trembled as I gesticulated, and that my eyes were an inch out of their sockets. As I walked slowly down the street I was very busy taking notes—for the paper. "Such and such number, such and such street, cornice down; this building, roof down; that building crumbled." And then, "Good Lord!" I exclaimed to myself, after a while, with childish peevishness, "I'm not going to take a list of all the buildings in the city!" I kept on going toward the paper. I thought that I was observing very carefully; but I wasn't. I remember now, for instance, seeing the roof of the Hotel Savoy caved into the building. And yet I did not try to find out if many had been hurt or killed. It was rather unimportant detail that struck my eyes. In Union Square I remember a man in pink pyjamas, a pink bath-robe, carrying a pink comforter under his arms, walking barefooted upon the gravel. In the centre of the square an old man was with great concentration of purpose deciphering the inscription of the Dewey monument through spectacles of which the glasses had



UNION SQUARE—"AN OLD MAN WAS DECIPHERING THE INSCRIPTION OF THE DEWEY MONUMENT THROUGH SPECTACLES OF WHICH THE GLASSES HAD FALLEN OUT."
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fallen out. I cut across through the square and for the first time I heard someone speak. A man said to me, "Look!" I looked the way he was pointing, at a three-storey wooden building called the Geary.

It stood between an unfinished building at the corner of Stockton and Geary Streets and another tall building. The two skyscrapers had shaken off their side walls upon the wooden one nestling between them, and only the façade of the latter stood, like cardboard scenery. At one of the windows was a man. He was trailing to the ground a long piece of cloth that looked no thicker than a ribbon, with the evident intention of sliding down by it. I shouted to him to wait a moment and ran to the door. I found the stairs still up, stuck along the front wall as with mucilage. I went up to the third floor over piles of plaster and laths, and there forgot about the man, for I came to a piece of room in which was a bed covered with débris, and out of the débris a slim white hand and wrist were sticking like an appeal. I threw off the stuff and a woman was beneath, still alive—a little, slender thing whom I had no trouble in carrying down to the sidewalk, where someone put her on an express wagon. I went back with another man, and we found a second woman, whom we took down on a door. She seemed to be dying. There was another woman in another corner, but a pile of bricks was upon her and she was dead.

By this time the ruins were fairly swarming with rescuers, and a policeman had to drive away many of them with his club. All the time, however, I could hear a mysterious and insistent wailing somewhere in the back. Finally I located it on the second floor. A strip of the hallway still remained along the right wall. I followed it till I came to a place where the whole hall was intact, and there, as upon a platform amid the ruins, a woman with long, dishevelled hair was pacing to and fro, repeating in a long-drawn wail, over and over again, "Oh, my husband is dead, and a young man is dead, and a woman is dead; oh, my husband is dead, and a young man is dead, and a woman is dead!" "Where is your husband?" we roared in her ear, for she seemed unable to hear us. She pointed toward the back. We went toward the back and came to the abrupt end of the hall. Below us was a mound of bricks with the end of a bed-post emerging. Mechanically we began, three of us, to take up the bricks one by one, throwing them behind us. Above us towered the walls of the homicidal building. After a while a fireman joined us. He seemed stupefied, and, like us, began to take up bricks one by one. Finally another fireman came and called him. "Come on, Bill," he said, "there's fires." They went off and then, after we had worked some time longer, a red-headed youth, who was digging with us, said, "Wat's de use of digging out those that's dead?" This remark struck us all as so



MARKET STREET, SHOWING THE LOFTY "CALL" BUILDING, THE OFFICES OF THE NEWSPAPER ON WHICH THE WRITER WAS A REPORTER.
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profoundly true that without another word we all stopped.

I went down to the *Call* to report. The sun was rising behind a smoky pall already floating above the populous district south of Market Street. The *Call* Building, the highest in the city, was unmarred by the earthquake, and so was the building of the *Examiner*, across Third Street from the *Call*, and that of the *Chronicle*, across Market Street from the *Examiner*. The editorial building of the *Call*, however, in the narrow alley back of the main building, was shaky. At the door I met Bowie, the acting city editor, the first man at his station.

"Hopper," he said, "the Brunswick Hotel at Sixth and Folsom is down, with hundreds inside of her. You report that."

This order seemed perfectly natural to me. In spite of what we had already seen, our power of realization was behind time, as it was to be through the three days' progressive disaster. Going up into the editorial rooms with water to my ankles, I seized a bunch of copy paper and started up Third Street. At Tehama Street I saw the beginning of the fire which was to sweep all the district south of Market Street. It was swirling up the narrow way with a sound that was almost a scream. Before it the humble population of the district were fleeing, and in its path, as far as I could see, frail shanties went down like card houses. And this marks the true character of the city's agony. Especially in the populous district south of Market Street, but also throughout the city, hundreds were pinned down by the débris, some to a merciful death, others to live hideous minutes. The flames swept over them, while the saved looked on impotently. Over the tragedy the fire threw its flaming mantle, and the full extent of the holocaust will never be known, will remain ever a poignant mystery.



THE "CALL" BUILDING AFTER THE FIRE.
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The firemen were there, beginning the tremendous and hopeless fight which, without intermission, they were to continue for three days. Without water (the mains had been burst by the quake) they were attacking the fire with axes, with hooks, with sacks, with their hands, retreating sullenly before it only when its feverish breath burned their clothing and their skins.

I went back to Market Street and stopped an automobile. It was a private machine, chauffeured by one of the city's gilded youths, but he jumped at my offer of fifty dollars for the day's hire, another example of the twisted vision of us all, which refused to acknowledge the true stupendousness of what was happening. I whirred off north into the Latin quarter to see as to the safety of friends I had there. Its destruction was in keeping with the picturesque reputation of the district. The low brick buildings built in the pioneer days had nearly all thrown their fronts into the narrow streets, and their interiors were shown cross-sectioned like the doll-houses you see in toy stores. The house of Henry Laffler, the writer, was so, his bookcase, writing-table, and bed showing like furniture on a stage. Beneath the pyramid of bricks that had been the front of the building a dead Chinaman lay, one long yellow hand stretching out of the loose sleeve of his blouse. But a note pinned upon the remnants of the stairs told me that Laffler was safe. I went on to the studio of Martinez, the painter. The old building still

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stood. The studio was full of bricks, but a neatly stacked pile of paintings in the centre told me that the painter was safe. How these two men escaped is beyond my imagination.

Back to the paper we whizzed. We passed firemen fighting the fire, which had jumped Market Street and was beginning to devour the wholesale and financial district. At the paper I picked up "Scotty" Morrison, our old policeman, and Byers, one of the "cubs." They had walked miles to report. This time we had a nearer appreciation of what was happening, and our orders were to cover the progress of the fire and get a list of the dead. As we left, the Grand Opera House, where a few hours before I had been listening to Caruso, was burning with explosive violence together with the back of the editorial rooms. The main *Call* Building was to be our reporting place.

We started first to visit the fire I had seen start on its westward course from Third Street. From that time I have only a vague kaleidoscopic vision of whirring at whistling speed through a city of the doomed. We tried to reach the fallen Brunswick Hotel at Sixth and Folsom Streets. We could not reach it. The scarlet steeplechaser beat us to it, and when we arrived the crushed structure was only the base of one great flame that rose to heaven with a single twist. By that time we knew that the earthquake had been but a prologue, and that the tragedy was to be written in fire. We went westward to get the western limit of the blaze.

Already we had to make a huge circle to get above it. The whole district south of Market Street was now a pitiful sight. By thousands the multitudes were pattering along the wide streets leading out, heads bowed, eyes dead, silent and stupefied. We stopped in passing at the Southern Pacific Hospital. Carts, trucks, express wagons, vehicles of all kinds laden with wounded, were blocking the gate. Upon the porch stood two internes, and their white aprons were red-spotted as those of butchers. There were a hundred and twenty-five wounded inside and eight dead. Among the wounded was Chief Sullivan of the Fire Department. A chimney of the California Hotel had crushed through his house at the first shock of the earthquake, and he and his wife had been taken out of the débris with incredible difficulty. He was to die two days later, spared the bitter, hopeless effort which his men were to know. As we were leaving, two men came to the gate. They were pulling along the street a sheet of corrugated iron upon which lay an old woman with both feet charred. We bore her in, and she actually smiled as we laid her upon a cot. At Thirteenth and Valencia Streets a policeman and a crowd of volunteers were trying to raise the débris of a house where a man and a woman were pinned. One block farther we came to a place where the ground had sunk six feet. A fissure ran along Fourteenth Street for several blocks, and the car tracks had been jammed along their length till they rose in angular projections three or four feet high. As we were examining the phenomenon in a narrow way called Treat Avenue a quake occurred. It came upon the fag-end of



From a Photo. by] MARKET STREET AFTER THE FIRE. *[Keystone View Co.*

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endurance of the poor folk crowding the alley. Women sank to their knees, drew their shawls about their little ones, and broke out in piercing lamentations, while men ran up and down aimlessly, wringing their hands. An old woman led by a crippled old man came wailing down the steps of a porch, and she was blind. In the centre of the street they both fell, and all the poor encouragement we could give them could not raise them. They had made up their minds to die. I looked at my watch and was astounded to see that it was only half-past eight. On Valencia Street, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth, the Valencia Hotel, a four-storey wooden lodging-house, was down, its four storeys telescoped to the height of one, its upper rooms ripped open with the cross-section effect of a doll's-house. A squad of policemen and some fifty volunteers were working with raging energy at the tangle of walls and rafters. Eleven men were known to have escaped, eight had been taken out dead, and more than one hundred were still in the ruins. The street here was sunk six feet, and again, as I was to see it many times more, I saw that strange angular raise of the tracks as if the ground had been pinched between some gigantic fingers.

We went down toward the fire now. We met it in Eighth Street. From Third it had come along in a swathe four blocks wide. From Market to Folsom, from Second to Eighth, it spread its heaving red sea, and with a roar it was rushing on, its advance billow curling like a monstrous comber above a flotsam of fleeing humanity. There were men, women, and children. Men, women, and children—really that is about all I remember of them, except that they were miserable and crushed. Here and there are still little snap-shots in my mind—a woman carrying in a cage a green and red parrot, squawking incessantly "Hurry, hurry, hurry"; a little smudge-faced girl with long-lashed brown eyes, holding in her arms a blind puppy; a man with naked torso carrying upon his head a hideous chromo; another with a mattress and a cracked mirror. But by this time the cataclysm itself, its manifestation, its ferocious splendour hypnotized the brain, and human beings sank into insignificance as ants caught in the slide of a mountain. One more scene I remember. In Eighth Street, between Folsom and Howard, was an empty sand-lot right in the path of the conflagration. It was full of refugees, and what struck me was their immobility. They sat there upon trunks, upon bundles of clothing. On each side, like the claws of a crab, the fire was closing in upon them. They sat there motionless, as if cast of bronze, as if indeed they were wrought upon some frieze representing the Misery of Humanity. The fire roared, burning coals showered upon them, the heat rose, their clothes smoked, and they still sat there, upon their poor little boxes, their bundles of rags, their goods, the pathetic little hoard which they had been able to treasure in their arid lives, a fixed determination in their staring eyes not to leave again, not to move another step, to die there and then, with the treasures for the saving of which their bodies had no further strength.

We whirled down Harrison Street, along the southern edge of the fire which, up to that time, was not spreading much toward that side. The streets were choked with trucks, with baby carriages, with cabs, with toy express wagons, and a procession of silent people, stupefied by the incredible and progressive calamity, was marching stolidly out of the city which had proved a trap. Passing Fifth Street, we caught, behind the flaming smother, a glimpse of the Mint, square, squat, like a rock in the flaming sea. Its iron windows were all closed; it brooded there unmoved, inscrutable as a Sphinx. Later we learned that behind those iron doors men had lived through the maelstrom of fire, had lived and fought and had saved the building. West of it a long white skyscraper towered, still untouched. It was never touched. I saw it a few days later, rising white, unsullied, above the surrounding desolation. I read its name, and the tremendous irony of it staggered me. "The United Undertakers" was written into the granite above the door.

At Third Street we caught the starting-point of the fire. It had worked north as well as west, and the *Call* Building, the tallest skyscraper in the city, was glowing like a phosphorescent worm. Cataracts of pulverized fire poured out of the thousand windows. The *Examiner* Building, across the way, was burning. The Palace Hotel, treasured, perhaps, above everything by San Franciscans, was smoking, but was still making a magnificent fight. To the east the fire had gone as far as Second Street. There it had leaped Market Street toward the north, and was roaring, a maelstrom of flame, through the wholesale district, before the south-eastern breeze. We circled to the north, through the Latin quarter, picturesque in its ruins as it had been in life. I remember passing six dead horses under a pile of bricks

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THE MINT, SAVED IN THE VERY HEART OF THE FIRE—"WE CAUGHT, BEHIND THE FLAMING SMOTHER, A GLIMPSE OF THE MINT, SQUARE, SQUAT, LIKE A ROCK IN THE FLAMING SEA." *From a Photo. by] [Keystone View Co.*

in Washington Street. We went up toward the Hayes Valley district, in which heavy volutes of smoke announced another conflagration. In passing I stopped at The Neptune, where I had been at the time of the earthquake, five hours before. The fire had not yet reached it. I ran up to my room. A key was in the door. "Looters," I said to myself. I pushed open the door. Spick and span in his loose white clothing, Ah Wing, the Chinese chamber-man, was making my bed. The room was swept, the plaster that had fallen gathered in a heap in the hall, my clothes were all hanging in the closet, and he was putting a clean slip about my pillow. Coming out of the whirl of death and devastation, this piece of domestic fidelity absolutely flabbergasted me. I closed the door upon it and left on tiptoe as in the presence of some sacred rite. I'd like to see Ah Wing again. When, the next morning, it struck me at last that it was time to take my things out, I wasn't able to get within fifteen blocks of The Neptune. Now, all that remains is the arch of the door, and a nameless chaos of pulverized and half volatilized things in the cellar, among them the results of Ah Wing's industry. I devoutly hope he is alive, with a little hoard of gold in his wide sleeves, enough to buy him a ticket on the P. M. to old Canton.

We went up to Hayes Valley to examine the fire there. We passed the City Hall, the building upon which the city had spent six millions. It had crumbled at the assault of the quake and was now a ruin, noble with a beauty that it had lacked when entire. Here and there a massive column rose with its architrave, giving an effect of Babylonian splendour. Above, the dome, divorced of stone, showed its naked skeleton, twisted as from some monstrous torture. The Central Emergency Hospital was blocked with an avalanche of huge stones.

The fire, we found, already covered four square blocks and was sweeping toward the east. We went before it and stopped at the Mechanics' Pavilion, the Madison Square Garden of San Francisco. All the morning it had been used as a great hospital, but now, before the menace of the fire, the last patients were being transferred to the Military Hospital at the Presidio. We waited till the fire came. The immense wooden structure caught with almost explosive violence, and when we left the ruins of the City Hall were catching. We circled the fire south of Market Street again, and found that it had reached Twelfth Street. At one o'clock we tried to report to the *Chronicle* Building. The *Examiner*, the Palace Hotel, and the Grand were burning fiercely by that time, and we could not reach it. We started on another tour of the fires.

It was just about that time that the wind, which had been slight and from the east, turned to a spanking breeze from the northwest. This sealed the doom of the city. By the time we had arrived at the fire south of Market Street, it had spread from Fourteenth Street down to the bay; and this immense frontage, driven by the wind, was moving south and east, the blocks literally melting before its advance. We circled far to the south. We stopped at St. Mary's Hospital, on Rincon Hill, at the south-east corner of the city. The whole city below, from Fourteenth Street to the ferries, was one great flame, which smacked in the wind like the stupendous silken flag of some cosmic anarchy. Below the silken, whirring sound of it there was a muttered roar as if thousands of tumbrils were rolling over an endless bridge, and the dynamite, used now in a last effort to confine the conflagration, pulsed in dull reverberations. The patients

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of the hospital were being removed to steamers lying in the bay below.

We circled along the water-front, everything to the west of us a flaming chaos. Up Market Street the great buildings writhed like so many living beings in the agony of fire. The entire wholesale district from the bay to Sansome and north to Washington was burning. As they burned, the buildings crashed down upon what the earthquake had thrown, and the streets were as those of a barricaded city in the throes of its last assault. The United States Twenty-second Infantry was garrisoned at the Appraiser's Building, and all along Washington Street the troopers, aided by volunteers, were noosing ropes about the wooden shacks, relics of the sixties, and pulling them down in gigantic tugs-of-war, one hundred men to a rope. At the Hall of Justice, in the midst of the Latin quarter, the Mayor, the Chief of Police, and their staffs, together with the Citizens' Committee appointed immediately after the earthquake, were gathered in the basement. In the half-darkness, beneath the low-vaulted ceiling, they sat at long tables, their faces yellow in the light of the spluttering candles, and conferred in whispers. Near them was stretched a long line of stiff forms beneath white sheets. Out in Portsmouth Square, in front, the prisoners of the jail sat huddled in handcuffed groups. While we were there they began to move the dead from the hall, for the fire was very near now, and soon a line of sheeted figures lay on the green grass before the Stephenson monument. By five o'clock the Hall of Justice was burning, the head-quarters had been removed to the big Fairmont Hotel on the tip-top of Nob Hill, the prisoners to Alcatraz, and the dead lay underground, the Stephenson barque, its bronze sails swollen with the eagerness of departure, their monument.

Almost at the same time the fire which had swept the wholesale district below Sansome jumped Kearney Street and with a rattle of eagerness fastened upon Chinatown, with its carved balconies, its multicoloured signs, its painted and gilded flimsiness. At the same time, doubling back, it came down Montgomery, San Francisco's Wall Street, and Kearney, fairly whistling down the deep, narrow corridors. By eight o'clock the Kohl and Mills Building and the Merchants' Exchange flamed like torches, and the destruction of the business blocks of the city was complete.

At seven o'clock the staffs of the *Call* and the *Chronicle* met for a conference in the editorial rooms of the *Evening Bulletin*. The pink glow of the fire, near by on three sides now, was the only light. The orders



LOOKING DOWN MARKET STREET OVER THE DISTRICT SWEPT BY THE GREAT FIRE.

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given to the *Chronicle* men were: "The men of the *Chronicle* will meet at the *Chronicle* Building to-morrow, at one o'clock, if there is any *Chronicle*." That given to the *Call* was: "The men of the *Call* will meet at the Fairmont to-morrow, at one o'clock, if there is any to-morrow." There was a to-morrow, but long before one o'clock the *Chronicle* was a gutted ruin, and the magnificent Fairmont, like a great Greek temple upon its hill, was blazing like a funeral pyre.

At eight o'clock I was standing at the corner of Market and Montgomery. The whole south side of Market Street was on fire from end to end. There was a lull in the wind, and before me the Palace and Grand Hotels were burning with a sort of quiet mournfulness. Suddenly the great Crocker Building, on the north side of the street, began to burn slowly, one window-shade here, one window-shade there, with a sort of flippant deliberation. Half an hour afterwards it began to purr softly, then, with a roar, the flames poured out of all the openings. This was the beginning of what might be called the fourth main fire. It went north, caught the *Chronicle*, and then steeplechased up Geary, Post, and Sutter Streets, melting before it the rich retail section and then the private hotel district. At ten o'clock the huge new St. Francis Hotel in Union Square was burning. The fire spread as it went west. It united with that of Chinatown, then with that of Hayes Valley, and the three, hand in hand in formidable alliance, marched, keeping step, toward the west, with a frontage of nearly two miles.

All night the city burned with a copper glow, and all night the dynamite of the fire-fighters boomed at slow intervals, the pulse of the great city in its agony. When the sun rose, a red wafer behind clouds of smoke that were as crape, the tidal wave of flame had swept three-quarters of it. Nob Hill, the Fairmont, the homes of the pioneer millionaires, Mark Hopkins's, with its art treasures, were aglow, a ruby tiara upon the city.



THE FAIRMONT HOTEL—"THE FAIRMONT WAS AGLOW, A RUBY TIARA UPON THE CITY."

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Before the irresistible advance the people were fleeing toward the sea. For the third time the head-quarters of the Government had been changed, this time to the North End Police Station. By eleven o'clock that was in danger, and another exodus was made to Franklin Hall, on Fillmore Street, once suburb, now centre.

I walked down Market Street late in the afternoon of the second day. It was as if I walked through a dead city, not a city recently dead, but one overcome by some cataclysm in ages past, and dug out of its lava. Fragments of wall rose on all sides, columns twisted but solid in their warp, as if petrified in the midst of their writhing from the fiery ordeal. Across them a yellow smoke passed slowly. Above all a heavy, brooding silence lay. And really there was nothing else. Contortion of stone, smoke of destruction, and a great silence—that was all.

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"*The Root of all Evil.*"

By Geo. A. Best.

POVERTY—hopeless, crushing poverty—is not a popular subject for contemplation; yet, considered retrospectively, the grim humours of makeshift and the desperate subterfuges which are inseparable from a life of shabby gentility have brought many a smile to the lips of those whose early experiences were a wilderness of suffering, and have wrung many a half-regretful sigh from the hearts of the unwilling actors in some bygone drama of helplessness and misery, the humorous interludes of which were seldom apparent, and never properly appreciated, during the "run of the play."

My own domestic melodrama ran without interruption for ten years, and when the curtain fell on the last performance I could scarcely realize my good fortune. The possibilities of the future seemed so unreal and shadowy; the incidents of the past so vivid and insistent. My husband, too, who had played all the leading parts with me, moved dreamily in our new world at first. It was difficult to persuade him that his poor little studio was no longer a necessity; that his pictures had made their last return journey, and that the invariable prophecy of "small profits and quick returns," which he made whenever a new drawing was posted, would be no longer fulfilled. It was not until the scene had been changed and our orchestra, with "poor old Humanity" as the only performer, had fiddled its last tune, that the relations of past and present became reversed, and the old order of things passed into the shadowland of reminiscence.

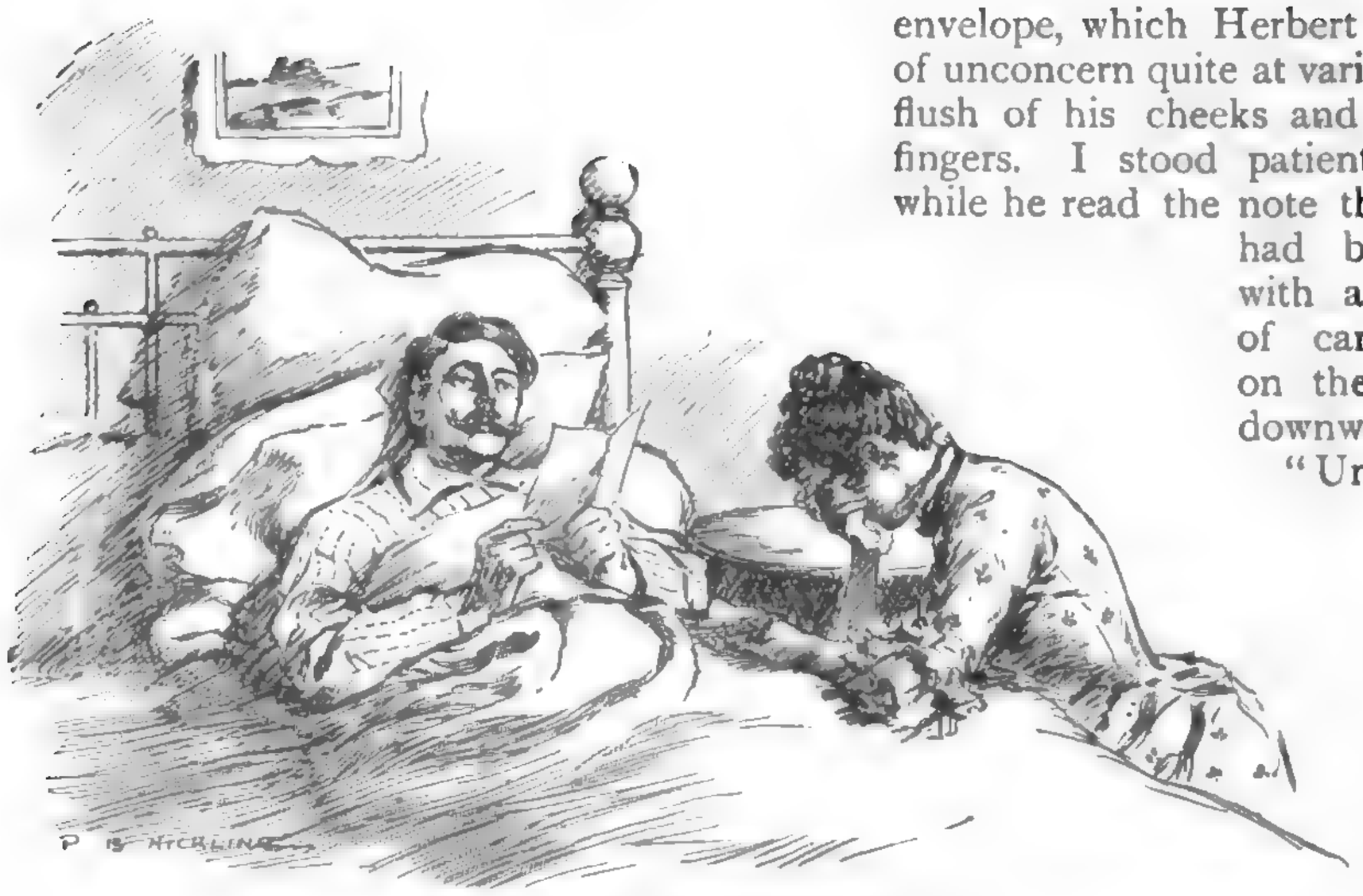
In the bad old days, when Herbert was a model husband, a kind father, and a most unsuccessful artist, I perpetrated many desperate and most elaborately conceived deeds in order to frustrate the designs of an unsympathetic landlord and a host of miscellaneous creditors who never seemed to tire in their hopeless endeavours to extract blood from a stone; but the most shameful deed of all, accomplished by a few strokes of the pen, was quite spontaneous and unpremeditated. That is my only excuse for a most deplorable action, and one which might almost be described as a crime.

It happened during the early days of May, nearly twenty years ago. Herbert was suffering from a plethora of rejections, which followed closely upon a month of solitary confinement in the studio. The poor fellow had been working practically day and night. He had built high hopes upon a half-promise of unlimited work in a new direction, and had toiled early and late with a feverish energy born of our desperate circumstances and the prospect of permanent employment. His enthusiasm was infectious. I, too, felt that we were passing through the darkest hour before the dawn of a new era. We spoke hopefully of our future plans—up to that time we had been too much engaged with the exigencies of the present to discuss anything beyond the necessities of the moment. We were already engaged in paying real creditors with imaginary guineas when the first batch of pictures was returned. The same post brought us two threatening letters from tradesmen and an ultimatum from the landlord.

To make matters worse, Herbert became seriously ill, and the doctor ordered him to bed forthwith, with strict injunctions to follow up the rest cure with a month's holiday at the seaside, and to avoid worry in every shape and form. On the next day he posted to his patient a peremptory note requesting immediate payment of a long-outstanding account! And the drawings continued to come back in twos and threes, until the whole series had been most regretfully gathered into the fold and piled in a heap on the studio floor.

It was at this most distressing time that with my husband's consent, very reluctantly given, I wrote my first and only begging letter. It was addressed to an enormously wealthy relative of Herbert's, and contained a lurid pen-picture of our present financial position and future prospects. When the letter was written I tried to read it aloud to Herbert, but so graphically was the recital of our woes and worries set forth that I broke down, and sobbed miserably, before I was half through with it. Herbert read the remainder of the epistle in silence, and he lay back among the pillows with closed eyes for quite a long while afterwards.

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"I BROKE DOWN, AND SOBBED MISERABLY."

"It's a terrible document, Ethel," he commented, at length. "Reads rather like the work of a professional; but every word of it is true, is it not?"

"Of course it is, dear," I answered, somewhat annoyed that he should turn to me for confirmation.

"The fact is that I have not realized our difficulties to the full," he continued, wearily, "otherwise I might have taken this step before, horrible and degrading as it is. Uncle Bob used to be a jolly good sort in the old days, but I have not seen him for years. It is so hard on you and the children, little woman," he concluded, pitifully.

"And for you also," I added.

"For myself I have no pity," he cried, impetuously. "A man who can't meet his own responsibilities deserves to be kicked!"

I told him that some men were born under an unlucky star, and that at times circumstances were too strong for the best of us. Then I changed the conversation into a less depressing channel, and narrated, in detail, the escapades of the children throughout the day. He tried to follow me with a decent show of interest, but I could see that his thoughts were centred elsewhere. So presently I stole out of the house and posted the letter to Uncle Bob. When I returned to the sick room, Herbert was sleeping as peacefully as a tired child.

II.

UNCLE BOB'S reply reached us by return of post. It was contained in a registered envelope, which Herbert opened with an air of unconcern quite at variance with the hectic flush of his cheeks and the tremor of his fingers. I stood patiently by the bedside while he read the note through—the cheque had been thrown aside with a pitiful affectation of carelessness, and lay on the counterpane, face downward.

"Uncle Bob is the most generous man in the world, Ethel," said my husband at length. "His astounding liberality and the sympathetic tone of the letter have hurt me even more than a curt refusal of assistance would have done."

I must confess that an excessive display of generosity, from whatever source it may have emanated, was scarcely likely to have affected me in the same way, just then. But Herbert was as acutely sensitive and impracticable as are most people of artistic temperament. He was essentially a dreamer, and his dreams were always golden. It was only when he awoke that the visionary sovereigns he had coined were rapidly reduced to pence. To the average millionaire and to the penniless dreamer alike the butcher and the baker are of no greater importance than is the kindly fowl which lays the breakfast egg for them. I often used to wish in those days that I, too, could "think in thousands," with nothing in my pocket but a purse full of heavily mortgaged coppers; but unfortunately I do not possess a highly developed artistic temperament. That is the reason why my feelings were in no wise wounded by Uncle Bob's sympathy and munificence, and it was because I realized the sordid truth that the butcher and the baker really controlled our dual destinies for the time being that I tried so hard to look right through the red slip of paper which lay on the bed.

"How much is it, dear?" I asked at length, putting the question nervously, for I was more than half afraid that Herbert was still seeing pounds where only shillings existed—that I should be expected to pay one hundred pounds' worth of debts with less than a twentieth part of that sum, and at the same time express my heartfelt gratitude for the privilege of doing so.

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Herbert handed me the cheque, and I turned it over eagerly. An expression of disappointment and dismay burst from my lips.

"Oh, how wicked—how cruel!" I exclaimed. "It is a blank cheque, Herbert! There is no amount filled in."

Herbert lay back among his pillows and laughed heartily at my distress.

"Why, you silly little woman, that is just where Uncle Bob's generosity comes in," he said. "Have you never heard of a cheque signed in blank?"

I felt much too anxious to be offended by Herbert's display of a knowledge of business which appeared to be superior to my own, so I simply shook my head and asked, quite humbly, what it all meant.

"It means that this cheque, which is payable to 'bearer,' can be cashed by anybody," answered Herbert, assuming the cut-and-dried tone of a bank cashier. "It also means that the bearer can fill in any amount he pleases—even fifty pounds."

Even fifty pounds! My hopes, which had been rising rapidly during the earlier part of Herbert's explanation, fell suddenly to zero.

"Is fifty pounds the limit, then?" I asked.

"Of course it isn't," answered Herbert. "Uncle Bob keeps an unusually large balance at his bankers. There is practically no limit; we could draw out an enormous sum if we felt so disposed."

"Five hundred pounds?" My heart was beating wildly as I put the question.

"Probably even more than that—if we were sharpers and thieves," replied Herbert, bluntly.

I turned away to the window, for I felt that the expression of my face was not good for my husband to see just then. A sidelong glance at the looking-glass confirmed my suspicions.

"And you are quite sure that the cheque will be duly honoured when presented?" I hazarded. I had heard that commercial phrase somewhere before, and although I did not quite know what it meant, it seemed to fit in very well with the transaction before us.

"I'm absolutely certain of it!" answered Herbert, earnestly. "In Uncle Bob's letter—which I am rather surprised that you have not yet read, Ethel—he gives us full permission to draw out enough to meet all our liabilities. He is sorry that we have not written to him before, and feels certain that when my most pressing worries are relieved I shall be able to turn out some really good and remunerative work."

"It seems almost too good to be true!" I exclaimed, ecstatically. "How surprised those horrid tradesmen will be when I ask for their respective accounts, and pay each one of them in full! Then we shall be able to buy some new carpets and clothes for ourselves and the children, and you shall spend your holiday on the Continent, and——"

"Steady," interrupted Herbert, raising a warning finger. "Who do you think is going to pay for all that?"

I had expected some such remark as that from Herbert, but it came earlier than I had anticipated.

"Who is going to pay?" I repeated, impatiently. "Why, Uncle Bob, of course! After all, what is a few hundred pounds to a man with ten thousand a year!" I added, snapping my fingers. "It's a mere



"'AFTER ALL, WHAT IS A FEW HUNDRED POUNDS TO A MAN WITH TEN THOUSAND A YEAR!' I ADDED, SNAPPING MY FINGERS."

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bagatelle! I don't think he'll ever even take the trouble to notice whether we've drawn fifty pounds or a couple of hundred."

Herbert set his lips tightly, and hummed rudely while I was speaking.

"What is the gross amount of our liabilities, Ethel?" he asked, presently.

"About one hundred and five pounds, I believe," I answered. "That sum is due to tradesmen, landlord, and rate collectors. It neither includes the cost of your necessary holiday, nor the price of new garments to replace the old rags which we are wearing. It will leave no provision for housekeeping expenses while you are away, or for a rainy day in the immediate future."

I spoke coldly, and with much bitterness. Meanwhile Herbert was engaged in scratching figures on the white counterpane with his finger-nail.

"There will be no more rainy days, Ethel," he announced at length, with his usual insane enthusiasm. "As to the proposed holiday, I shall certainly deny myself that luxury. I never felt better in my life than I do at this moment. I shall make the amount one hundred pounds, and to-morrow I shall go out and cash the cheque."

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" I exclaimed, hotly. "I can get the money just as well as you, and you shall neither behave like an irresponsible child nor take any insane risks. Dear Herbert, do be reasonable!" I added, suddenly altering my tone as I noticed how frail and haggard he looked, and realized that my harsh words were giving him unnecessary pain. "Just think for a moment what this money will mean to us. The hundred pounds which you propose to draw will barely pay our debts; in a month's time we shall be living once more from hand to mouth, and with the burden of unpaid bills again on our shoulders. I am certain that Uncle Bob will not think one whit the worse of us if we take, say, two hundred pounds, and you will then have time to look round for awhile and gather together your resources for a great effort."

"I don't want to look round, and my resources don't require to be gathered together," said the invalid, stubbornly. "I shall begin work again to-morrow. As to your suggestion, Ethel, it is a monstrous abuse of kindness, and I wouldn't adopt it under any consideration. We're not quite paupers yet!"

It was on the tip of my tongue to say that we were in a position much worse than that of the average pauper; but I realized that further argument was quite futile, and that the best way to accomplish the desperate deed which I had in my mind was to appear to fall in with his own views. So I said:—

"Well, perhaps you are right, dear. In any case, it seems absurd to mark the occasion of a sudden accession to wealth by indulging in a violent quarrel."

Herbert was touched by my sudden and apparently spontaneous capitulation. He took my work-worn hand in his own and kissed it affectionately.

"Wives are so impulsive," he said, patronizingly. "It is only when a clear-headed husband points out to them in what direction their hastily-formed conclusions are leading them that they become sane and moral. Do you not realize now, dear, that the course you suggested a few minutes ago was a gross abuse of kindness?" he asked with an indulgent smile.

"Yes," I answered, turning away my head.

"Well, it's very sweet of you to confess as much," he said, stroking my hair, "and to prove that I appreciate your candour to the full, I shall send you to the bank for the money and remain in bed myself for some days longer. Perhaps you are right in advising me not to run any unnecessary risks. Do you think that you could manage to add the amount to the cheque in figures and words?" he asked, in conclusion. "My hand is rather shaky."

"I don't mind at all," I answered, with well-assumed indifference. "I'll just write in what is necessary in pencil; then, if it is quite in order, I'll take the cheque down to the dining-room and ink in the figures."

So I laid a writing-pad on the bed and wrote in "one hundred pounds," very lightly, in lead pencil after the words "pay bearer," and placed the corresponding figures in the space at the foot of the form. Herbert watched the performance with the critical eye of an expert, and remarked that my hand was nearly as shaky as his.

"Ink in the figures more boldly," he advised, "and see that the word "one" begins with a capital O."

I promised to follow out these instructions faithfully, and left the sick room with an admirable show of deliberation. Once outside the apartment, however, I felt positively ill with the fever of a pent-up excitement that had been consuming me ever since the arrival of the all-important letter. Before I was half-way down the stairs I had decided to make the cheque one hundred and fifty

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pounds; when I had reached the hall it had grown to two hundred pounds, and as I sat down at the writing-desk and vigorously erased the pencil figures, I felt that at least two hundred and fifty pounds were necessary if we were to avoid a repetition of the misery of the past ten years! I was really alarmed by my cupidity—a cupidity which increased so rapidly that I found myself "thinking in thousands," as Herbert was wont to do, even before my pen had made its first dip into the inkpot. In fact, so little was I the mistress of my own hand that, had I delayed my task for another moment, I am convinced that the face value of the cheque would have run into four figures.

I had written in the final and magic word "pounds," and was wondering at the unfamiliar character of my handwriting, when I was startled by an impatient rapping on the flooring of the room above.

"Herbert wishes to see the cheque before I take it to the bank!" I cried in dismay. "What excuse can I make?" And as I spoke I glanced wildly around the room for inspiration.

The knocking was repeated, more impatiently than before. I ran out into the hall, leaving the cheque on the dining-room table. "Is there anything you want, Herbert?" I asked, tremulously.

"Only to remind you that bullion will be more convenient than paper," he answered. "Ask the cashier to pay you in gold."

The sudden relief which this message brought to me was even more painful than the preceding suspense had been. I leaned heavily against the balustrade and gasped for breath.

"Why don't you answer me?" cried Herbert, sharply.

"Yes, dear—gold!" I replied, at length. "One hundred sovereigns; I sha'n't forget. Good-bye, I'm going now!"

And, putting on my hat and jacket with feverish haste, I passed out of the hall door, holding a cheque for two hundred and fifty pounds tightly in the palm of a well-worn glove.

III.

"How will you have it, madam?" asked the bank cashier, when I had presented Uncle Bob's cheque.

"One hundred pounds in gold and the remainder in bank-notes, please," I replied, feeling my cheeks flush to a bright crimson as I spoke.

The man looked at me somewhat curiously, I thought, but he weighed up the gold without comment, shook the sovereigns into a paper bag, and handed it across the counter together with a little parcel of bank-notes, which rustled pleasantly at my touch.

My head was throbbing painfully as I left the bank, so I made my way to a restaurant and ordered a cup of tea, changing one of the sovereigns from the bag into silver when leaving. Then I hailed a cab and told the driver to take me to the City end of Mafeking Avenue, Clapton. Mafeking Avenue, indeed! The name had never seemed quite so plebeian before. As the cab rolled silently along I wondered why builders gave to their meaner streets such horribly incongruous and ugly titles, for, as I know full well, it is in the Avenues and Drives and Groves of Suburbia that the great thing, with a million aching heads, which we call "respectable poverty" drags out a drab and joyless existence and dies a shabby and ignoble death. And as long as the curse of riches and the still



"'IS THERE ANYTHING YOU WANT, HERBERT?' I ASKED, TREMULOUSLY."

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greater curse of poverty exist, just so long will plain Park Lane continue to revel in the good things of this world, while grandiloquent Ladysmith Drive or Pretoria Grove hide their ten thousand tragedies behind innumerable and depressing rows of lace curtains and green Venetian blinds.

"Mafeking Avenue, ma'am!"

I was so much annoyed with the man for calling out the hateful name with the vehemence of a railway porter that I paid him no more than his legal fare, and left him growling at the street corner.

I let myself in with the latchkey, and ran upstairs with the gold in my hand. The notes I had carefully concealed beneath my blouse during the journey in the cab. Herbert was sitting up in bed as I entered the room.

"Did you manage it all right?" he asked, laughing like a schoolboy, as I shook the imprisoned sovereigns before his face.

"Beautifully!" I replied, with enthusiasm. And I emptied the contents of the bag on to the coverlet in a golden shower. Herbert counted the money slowly.

"Ninety-nine pounds sixteen shillings and sevenpence," he announced at length. "Three and fivepence short before we've had the money an hour!"

"Three shillings cab fare and fivepence for refreshments," I explained, gaily. "I drank Uncle Bob's health in a cup of weak tea, and, feeling that the 'bus was no place for a lady with one hundred pounds in her pocket, I hailed a hansom. You're not angry with me for 'going it,' just for once, are you, Herbert?" I asked, kissing him.

"Angry!" he cried, dropping the coins one by one into a little hollow in the coverlet between his knees. "Do I look so very fierce then, Ethel? What's a twopenny-ha'penny cab fare at such a time as this? Do you call a cup of tea and a slice of seed cake 'going it'? Why, my dear girl, I shouldn't have been angry if you'd blued five pounds!"

"I'm quite sure that you would not," I said, with conviction, knowing that Herbert's sense of proportion was never properly balanced, and that his knowledge of ways and means was elementary, to say the least of it. And somehow, when my hand wandered to the spot where the larger portion of our joint capital lay concealed, I was conscious of a brief feeling of elation which ended miserably in a deeply drawn sigh. It was not the awakening of a guilty conscience which nipped in the bud that momentary sensation of gratification, but the knowledge that Herbert could not share in the golden secret which I literally carried in my bosom appeared to rob the scheme of its greatest charm and to convert the gold into a burden of useless dross.

On the very next day I "spent" one hundred pounds, receiving nothing in return but a big bundle of receipts and the effusive thanks of a large number of grateful tradesmen. People who cultivate the pernicious habit of paying ready cash would have turned green with envy had they witnessed the homage and respect that I received from the numerous callers on my first "at home" day for many months. My visitors came in coal carts, in bakers' vans, and in butchers' gigs; they stayed but a few moments, and each took something away with him when he left, until, little by little, the money evaporated into thin air, leaving nothing but an empty paper bag to remind me of the wealth of yesterday—a little paper bag which flew blazing up the chimney with a derisive roar when I threw it on the fire as the final caller took the last few shillings away.

One hundred pounds "spent," and nothing bought! Nothing in the larder but a few bare necessities; nothing in the wardrobe but a miscellaneous collection of threadbare garments; nothing in the cellar but a few handfuls of cobbles and half-a-dozen "coal bricks"! I laughed bitterly as my eyes fell on a blackened paper bag which fluttered on the register of the fireplace, like a little black devil hovering over the flames of a miniature inferno. Upstairs Herbert, in the fullness of his heart, sang a hymn of thanksgiving which tunefully declared that "all was safely gathered in," while my little black devil in the chimney swayed and danced in mocking approval of the assertion. I closed the door softly and, drawing the notes from their hiding-place, counted them, not once or twice, but a dozen times!

In the evening, at Herbert's urgent request, we indulged in a little feast, specially purchased and prepared to commemorate our deliverance from the burden of "all impending difficulties and past worries." The phraseology was Herbert's, not mine, but I repeated the words mechanically, and made a brave effort to appear as riotously happy as he. I told him a number of outrageous falsehoods during the course of the banquet, declaring that I had previously over-estimated our liabilities, and that I had still over twenty pounds in hand. It was so absurdly easy to deceive him, and his elaborate plans

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"IN THE EVENING WE INDULGED IN A LITTLE FEAST."

for the disposal of our remaining capital would have made me laugh outright under ordinary circumstances. As it was, however, I thought it the wisest policy to encourage him to exaggerate the purchasing power of a twenty-pound note, so that I could draw upon my secret resources without exciting his suspicions.

Herbert recovered rapidly under the influence of the good things which I provided. He was downstairs again, and at work, in two days' time. I had already changed two of my twenty-pound notes by that time, and was at a loss to know how to make further very necessary purchases without giving away my carefully-guarded secret. Even my husband was astonished, at length, by my remarkable display of domestic "economy."

"I had no idea that so many things could have been bought with twenty pounds, Ethel," he said, when I had exhibited to him our new supplies of clothing and household necessities. "I begin to think that my wife is the most wonderful little woman in the whole world."

I felt that his enthusiasm was more than justified by the circumstances. I was indeed a wonderful woman.

"I have still a little put by for emergencies," I said, boldly, watching him closely as I spoke.

Herbert nodded, and raised his eyebrows in the careless manner of a man who has long ago come to the conclusion that nothing is impossible in this world.

"By the way, Ethel," he said, changing the subject abruptly, "I forgot to tell you that I have written a warm letter of thanks to Uncle Bob."

"A letter!" I cried, in dismay. "What kind of a letter? When did you post it?"

"Yesterday, while you were out shopping," he answered, with a glance of mild surprise at my agitation. "Surely there is nothing extraordinary in my thanking anyone for a gift of one hundred pounds?"

"You—you thanked him for one hundred pounds?" I stammered, clutching wildly at the table for support.

"Of course I did!" answered Herbert, sharply. "Whatever are you thinking about, Ethel? Is one hundred pounds so small a matter that it isn't even worth an acknowledgment?"

By way of answer I sank into a chair and burst into tears. Herbert ran towards me and endeavoured to remove the burning hands which covered my face.

"Look at me, Ethel, and tell me what it is all about," he said, harshly. "You are hiding something from me — something shameful and dishonourable. Curse the money, and the impulse which prompted me to ask for it!"

A loud knock at the street door broke in upon his fiercely-uttered denunciation.

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"That may be Uncle Bob," he announced, hastily. "I asked him to call on us if he would. Pull yourself together, girl; I don't wish him to see my wife with red eyes."

Before I had time to declare that I wouldn't see Uncle Bob for a million pounds in hard cash, and before I could even dry my eyes or remove my working apron, Herbert, with the deplorable stupidity of mankind in general, brought his visitor straight into the dining-room, without even so much as a preliminary cough of warning.



"'YOU--YOU THANKED HIM FOR ONE HUNDRED POUNDS?' I STAMMERED."

"Uncle Bob, this is my wife," he announced, leading forward a kindly-looking little gentleman who gazed at me sympathetically through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. "Ethel, this is Uncle Bob, who has been so good to us," continued Herbert, as I rose unsteadily and held out a limp hand of welcome.

Uncle Bob took my hand in his own and gazed keenly at my tear-stained face.

"What is the trouble, my dear?" he asked, kindly. "Has this scamp of a husband of yours been ill-treating you, or are you feeling a little run down?"

"Ethel is not very well," said Herbert, making hideous grimaces at me as I shook my head sadly in denial of Uncle Bob's suggestions. "She's been overworking herself."

"Very likely," agreed Uncle Bob, taking the chair which Herbert offered him. "There must be a great deal of work in a house where no maid is kept. What an out-of-the-way place this is," he continued, changing the subject adroitly and with admirable tact. "I had the utmost difficulty in finding Mafeking Avenue. People living only a few streets away had never even heard of it."

Herbert was moving uneasily in his chair while Uncle Bob spoke. I noticed, with growing alarm, that our visitor addressed most of his remarks to me. His manner with my husband was not quite so cordial.

"We are very grateful to you for your generosity," Herbert stammered at length. "We were in a most confoundedly tight corner. That timely hundred pounds saved us from ruin, and Ethel has made it go as far as a hundred and fifty. She filled in the amount of the cheque and drew the money out for me—we've been spending it ever since."

Uncle Bob glanced curiously at Herbert as he was speaking, then his gaze wandered in my direction, and I felt my cheeks burn fiercely under the quick look of inquiry.

"I expected that you would have drawn at least two hundred and fifty pounds," he said, slowly, with his kindly eyes, now twinkling humorously, still turned in my direction. Then I realized, quite suddenly, that this little man of innocent face and large heart had grasped the situation in a moment, and was sharing my secret with me. I felt, too, that I was instantly forgiven where Herbert would have been condemned.

I tried to smile back my gratitude, but the corners of my mouth, somehow getting beyond control, twitched downwards, and I rose hastily to poke a fire which was not yet alight.

"I did not come here to receive your thanks, Herbert," said Uncle Bob. "I'm only too pleased to have done some small amount of good with my money. Now, I

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am going to ask for a little help from *you*—that is why I have called on you to-day."

Herbert gazed at his benevolent little relative in speechless astonishment.

"To make a short story of it," said Uncle Bob, "I want you to manage for me a little estate in Wales which I have recently acquired. The salary I offer for your services is not a large one—five hundred pounds a year with a small house and a fair piece of ground thrown in, but the duties are by no means of an exacting or onerous nature, and you will have plenty of spare time on your hands to devote to art — if you are so disposed."

"I should accept the offer most gladly and thankfully if I possessed more business ability," declared Herbert. "As it is, however——"

"Your wife will remedy all deficiencies in that respect," added Uncle Bob, looking slyly at me over his spectacles.

I confessed my crime to Herbert before we left Clapton for the lovely home provided by Uncle Bob—the home in which I am now writing this story, and one which makes the old days of Mafeking Avenue seem very far away indeed.

Herbert was very angry with me, of course, but his boyish fury soon evaporated when I pointed out to him that we owed our present happiness entirely to the wicked scheme which I had carried out on my own initiative.

"How do you know that?" he inquired, doubtfully.

"Because Uncle Bob told me as much," I answered, with a smile. "He happened to consult his passbook before receiving your letter of thanks, and the object of his visit was not to offer you a lucrative and responsible post, but to treat you to the very severe rating which he imagined you deserved."

Herbert avoided the very obvious comment on Uncle Bob's partiality. He kissed me and said nothing until I had lowered the dingy Venetian blinds for the last time. Then he exclaimed, dramatically:—

"And so the curtain falls on the last act of a comedy, which might well be entitled 'The Root of all Evil.'"



"'I EXPECTED THAT YOU WOULD HAVE DRAWN AT LEAST TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS,' HE SAID."

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The Chronicles of the Strand Club.

AN ACTORS' NIGHT.

XV.

LIKE other and it may be said less humorous institutions, the "Strand Club" held its grand guest-night last month, and, to quote Bolman, "instead of relying wholly upon its own store of *nuces facetiæ*, accepted the humorous hospitality of their brothers of the stage, each of whom would furnish what he considered to be the funniest story he had ever heard."



HARRY FURNISS'S ILLUSTRATION TO THE STORY TOLD BY SEYMOUR HICKS.

The first to be called upon was Mr. Seymour Hicks, who told the following:—

A well-known Irish comedian was button-holed one day in the street by a friend of his, who exclaimed, excitedly, "Oh, my dear fellow, I'm awfully glad to see you. In fact, I was looking for you. I want to ask your advice under most extraordinary circumstances."

"Really!" said the Irish comedian. "What's the matter?"

"Why," replied the other, "Captain B——, whom you know, has threatened to pull my nose the first time he meets me. What would you advise me to do?"

"Did he really make use of the threat?" asked the comedian, with an odd twinkle.

"Oh, yes. I have heard it from one or two fellows. He means to do it. He is in a deuce of a passion."

"Well," said the Irishman, in one of his most sarcastic tones, and without the ghost of a smile, "I'll tell you what to do. Soap your nose well and it will slip through his fingers!"

To accompany this story Mr. Harry Furniss rapidly dashed off on the drawing-board the design herewith reproduced.

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McCORMICK'S DRAWING TO EXPLAIN LOUIS BRADFIELD'S SAUSAGE ANECDOTE.

Mr. Louis Bradfield, who, to judge by his recent ballooning experiences, must have been seeking inspiration from the skies, provided a very earthly story which smacks somewhat of the Chicago revelations.

Two men were arguing as to the contents of a sausage. One of them said he was quite sure it contained what a self-respecting sausage should contain—pork.

The other sniffed contemptuously.

"G'arn," he said, "that ain't a pork sausage, that's 'orse."

"'Tain't," said the first man. "It's good pork sausage, that's what it is."

"I reckon you don't know nothing about it," reiterated his mate. "That's a 'orse sausage, and I'll prove it ter yer!"

Saying which he picked up the subject of altercation and left the room. Presently he returned, a beaming smile of triumph lighting up his face. "There y'are, matey, I knew I was right. It's 'orse right enough. I've proved it."

"'Ow?"

"Well, I took that there sausage and I cut it into five pieces. One, two, three, four, five, and I took it out and put it on the keb-rank round the corner. See? Then I took away the first bit, *and the other four moved up!*"

At the Chairman's request McCormick proceeded to give a humorous delineation of the foregoing narrative, with the appended result.

That popular Savoyard, Mr. Henry Arthur Lytton, related this somewhat funereal episode.

A certain family was passionately fond of bridge. They talked bridge, thought bridge, dreamt bridge—and incidentally played bridge—morning, noon, and night.

Now, one day a very unfortunate thing happened: the head of the family, a nice old man, and a demon to double "no trumps," died. Previous to his decease he had expressed a very strong desire to be cremated. This idea was most repugnant to his widow, who thought he ought to be buried in a nice shady churchyard.

His daughter, on the other hand, considered his wishes ought to be respected. And so they argued and argued about the matter until finally the daughter, tired of the incessant conversational outpouring of her mother, gave in.



BAUMER'S PICTORIAL ACCOMPANIMENT TO THE STORY TOLD BY H. A. LYTTON.

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"Very well, mother," she said, "I'll leave it to you."

"Well," returned the widow, "I must say spades!"

To Lewis Baumer fell the task of illustrating this lugubrious story.

"The other evening," said Mr. George Grossmith, junior, "two of the *jeunesse dorée* went into Scott's, a restaurant at the top of the Haymarket. It was after the theatre, and they wanted to have a little supper. They were received with marked deference by the waiter, who handed each a bill of fare and stood awaiting the order. The bills of fare were subjected to a lengthy scrutiny that threatened to overlap closing time. Presently one of the youngsters drawled out, as he languidly adjusted the angle of his evening tie:—

"'Waiter, bring me a steak, rather underdone. And —er—waiter, just—er—tell the chef—er—who it's for.'

"'Yessir.'

"'And, waiter,' chirruped the second youth in easy, breezy tones, 'I think I'll have a steak, not too under-done, and you might—just mention my name to the chef.'

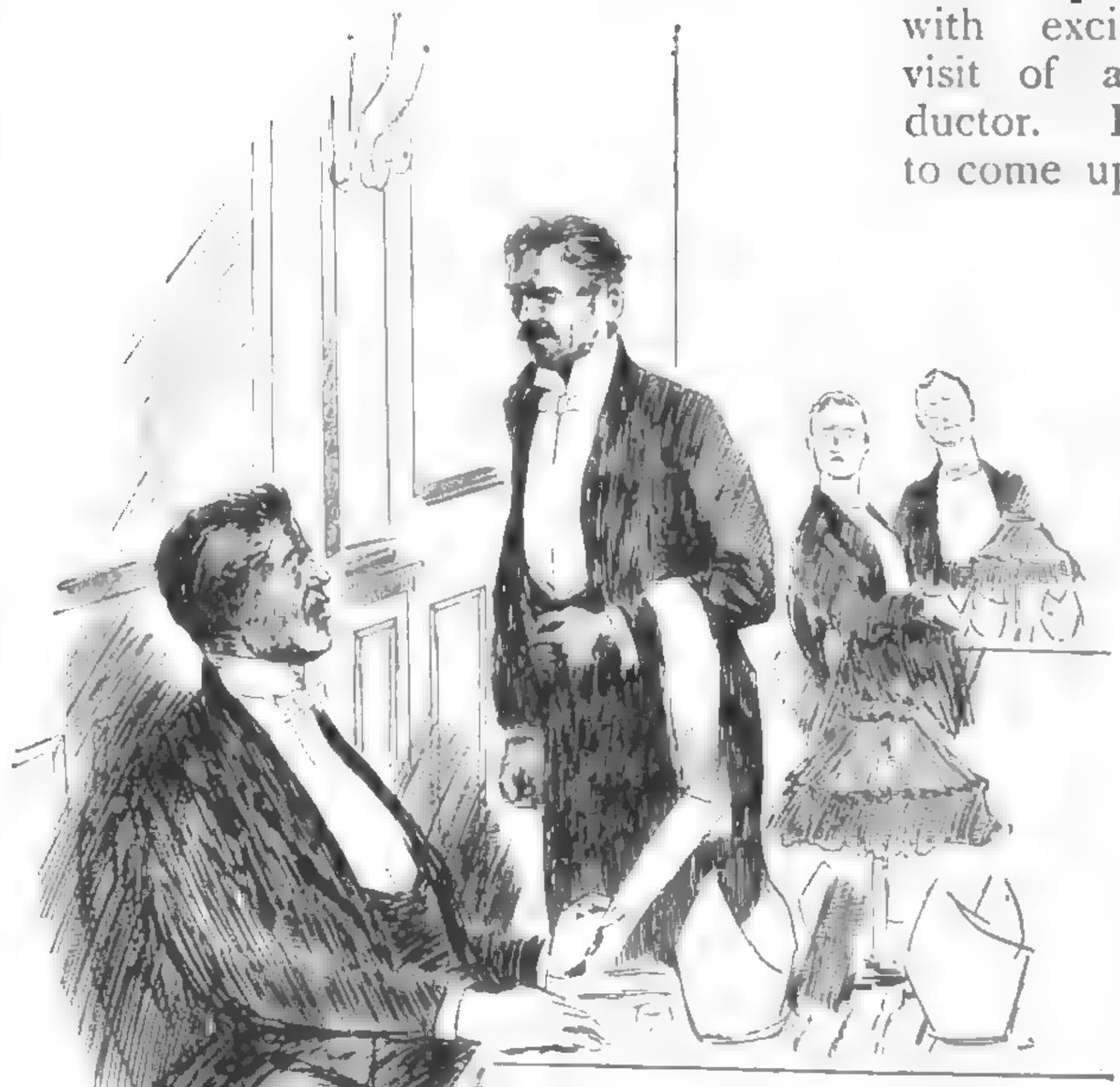
"'Yessir.'

"There was an actor seated a few tables off who had listened to the giving of these instructions with much amusement. Determined not to be thought out of it, he called the waiter and said in resonant tones:—

"'Waiter, bring me a dozen oysters, and —mention my name to every blessed oyster!'"

Amidst much laughter the talented Waters volunteered to provide a pictorial accompaniment to Grossmith's narrative. During his absence at the easel Mr. Edmund Payne, who, like Mr. Grossmith, junior, makes merry at the Gaiety Theatre, proceeded to state that the North of England is far more musical than the South. He said that up there the individual who goes in for music really does so whole-heartedly, and is bitterly disappointed if he does not excel, and made this the introduction for the following story:—

On a certain occasion the whole of the musical population were agog with excitement over the visit of a celebrated conductor. He had promised to come up to conduct what was looked upon as the *première* orchestra in Lancashire. Every player was a picked man. He had to be, for the conductor was coming up with one of his most difficult compositions.



WATERS'S ILLUSTRATION TO GEORGE GROSSMITH JUN.'S RESTAURANT STORY.

Just prior to his arrival a most unfortunate thing happened. The leading piccolo player, who was really a most accomplished performer, was taken ill and could not come.

What was to be done? Telephones and messages were dispatched all round the country until a man could be found to fill the difficult position. Just at the last moment they found one. He had a very fine reputation. Many said he was a far better player than the one who had fallen ill.

He was bustled off to the hall and the music handed to him, just as the conductor took his seat.

The piccolo player cast his eye over the score and gasped. Never in his life had he seen such black, twiddly music. The notes were like the wings of a retreating army or the feathered crowd at a homing pigeon match. The conductor waved his bâton frantically in his direction, gesticulating and perspiring, all to no purpose. A few tremulous notes escaped from the piccolo. Then he laid it aside and let the orchestra get on the best it could without him.

After the piece was over the celebrated

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FRANK REYNOLDS'S DELINEATION OF EDMUND PAYNE'S STORY OF THE FAMOUS CONDUCTOR AND THE LANCASHIRE PICCOLO PLAYER.

conductor confronted the piccolo player in a towering rage.

"I thought you could play the piccolo!" he thundered.

"Aye, that's true," responded the Lancashire genius, "so did I—until I saw the music. It's been a bit of a sook for both of us, hain't it?"

Frank Reynolds's delineation of the irate conductor and the disappointed piccolo player was voted most realistic.

Mr. G. P. Huntley related a story about an actor who once visited Wigan with a touring company and appeared as Napoleon there in "A Royal Divorce." Alas, the company met with a very cold reception, while the very weather during their stay was particularly "Wiganish." At the last performance everybody felt vastly relieved to think that their stay was near its end; in fact, the impersonator of Napoleon was so carried out of himself by the thought that on the morrow he would be able to leave the locality, that he became absent-minded and went through his part in a sort of dream. At the end of the piece Napoleon is sentenced in somewhat the following words: "We sentence you to spend the rest of your days at—St. Helena." As the words of this sentence were pronounced in a solemn voice, "Napoleon" exhibited all the signs of a doomed man so realistically that the audience applauded for the first time during the whole week, but light was thrown upon the situation as soon as the words "St. Helena" were uttered, by the actor falling upon his knees and, with tears of relief running down his cheeks, saying, "Thank Heaven! I thought you were going to say 'in Wigan'!"

Lawson Wood's rendering of the comic Napoleon and his judges is reproduced herewith.

Mr. Tom Murray, the well-known American comedian, who has become familiar to Londoners more particularly through the recent *Revue* at the Coliseum, toured the United States for twelve years before he came to Britain. Then he set foot on Irish shores, and he has many stories to tell connected with that land of humour.



LAWSON WOOD'S ILLUSTRATION TO G. P. HUNTLEY'S COMIC NAPOLEON AND HIS JUDGES.

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His favourite is all about a certain Mrs. O'Mulligan, who lay very ill in bed and was not expected to live.

All the members of her family were called to her bedside. They stood round, looking mournful and taking a sly inventory of the furniture. "Mike," said the old mother, to O'Mulligan's father, "you'll remember to give that dresser to Bridget?"

"I will that. I'll remember, sure. Faith, what a memory she has, sure!"

for you, Mike, and the cow for Kathleen, and the chist of drawers for Larry——"

"Aye, it's marvellous, indade. Her memory is perfect to the end. She doesn't forget one single thing!"

"And, Mike, remember Donovan, the grocer, and pay him the fifteen pounds we owe him."

"Don't listen to her! don't listen to her!" yelled the family. "She's raving! She's raving!"



WILL OWEN'S SKETCH TO EXPLAIN THE STORY TOLD BY TOM MURRAY.

"How ginerous she is, the dear creature," murmured Bridget, weeping, and wondering what else she is going to get.

"She is, indade," said the rest of the family.

"And Mike, there's the horse for Tim; don't forget the horse for Tim."

"No, mother; aye, isn't it wonderful, now? Conscious and raysonable to the last!"

"Wonderful! wonderful!" chimed in the rest of the family, with Tim as principal tenor.

"And mind you give my goold watch to Pat, Mike; I've wound it up for him, and it's kaping good time. And there's the pig

At the conclusion of this anecdote there were vociferous calls for Owen, and how that gentleman responded to the appeal of his colleagues by producing a more than usually brilliant example of his extraordinary skill may be seen by the above diagram.

"One's best stories, like the fisherman's biggest fish, are always those that we have forgotten," said Mr. Walter Passmore, who has added to his laurels in "The Dairymaids" at the Apollo. "One that I am very fond of is about a man who met a friend of his in the street looking very much battered.

"'What on earth have you been up to?' he asked.

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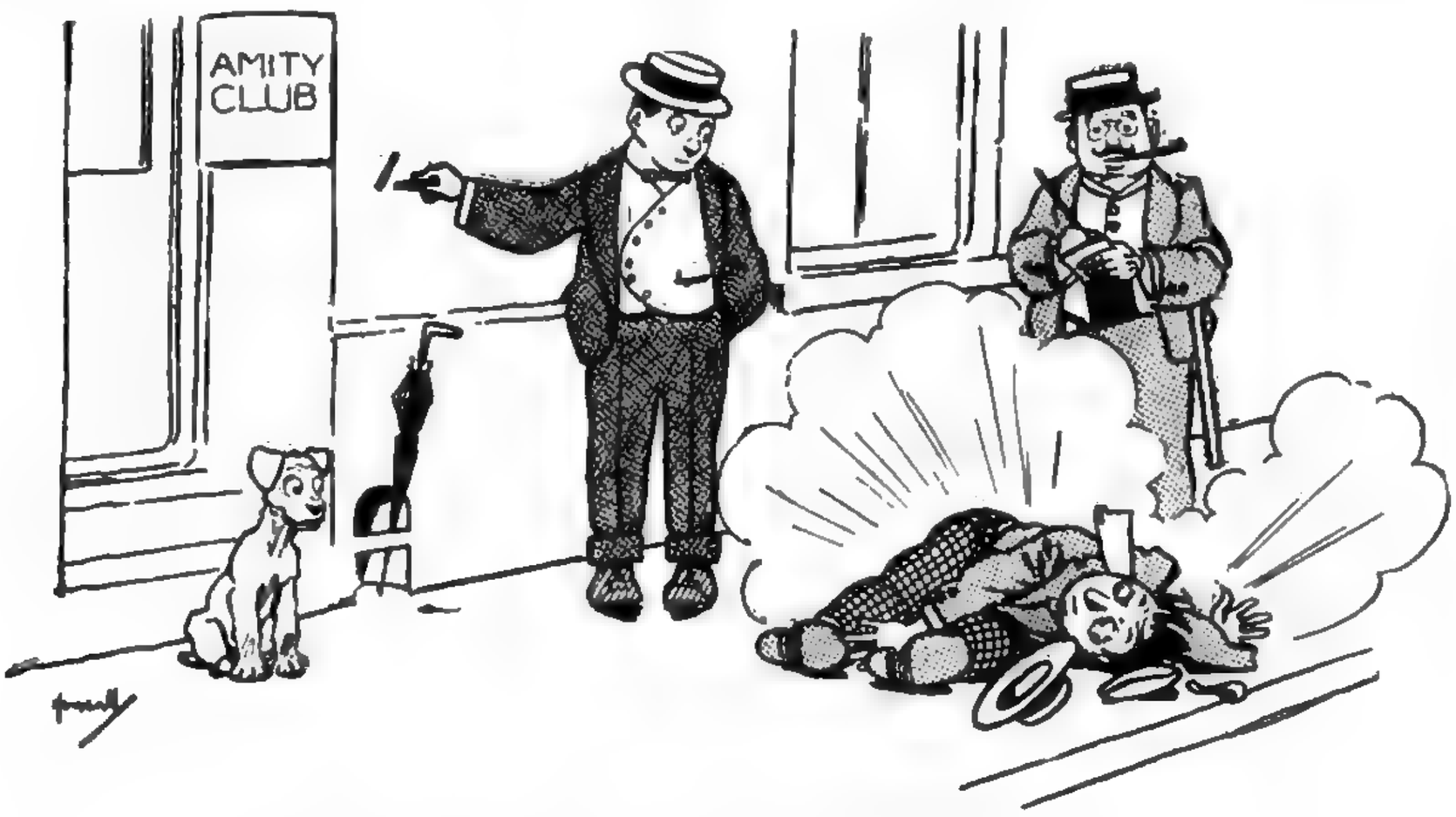
"'Well,' was the reply, 'the fact is, I had a little bit of a row down at the club this morning, but I'm going round there now to get my own back, and I want you and Harry Jenkins to come along with me and see fair play.'

"When the three friends arrived outside the club the pugilistic one bade his companions wait outside and count the foes as he threw them one by one from the window. He rushed inside, and in a few moments the noise of a tremendous scuffle was heard, which culminated in a tattered body being flung from the first-floor window and landing in the mud at their feet.

"'One!' yelled the two exultant friends, and they were about to cheer their companion on with words of advice when their attention was attracted by a pitiful voice from the bundle of rags at their feet.

"'Stop counting, you silly fools!' groaned the voice. 'It's me.'"

Whilst Hassall was busy at the easel Mr. Passmore related another story about a man who went to Manchester—where it is always raining, and invariably dirty—and who, as he crossed the road, noticed a hat at his feet. He picked it up, and found to his consternation there was a human head beneath it, which evidently belonged to someone buried in the mud.



HASSALL'S RENDERING OF WALTER PASSMORE'S CLUB STORY.

"Great Scot!" he ejaculated. "Hold on a moment, while I run and fetch a spade and dig you out."

"Don't trouble," replied the head. "I'm on top of a 'bus. By the time you get back I shall be in the next street."

This story gave Harrison an opportunity for convulsing the Club with one of his characteristic and inimitable sketches.

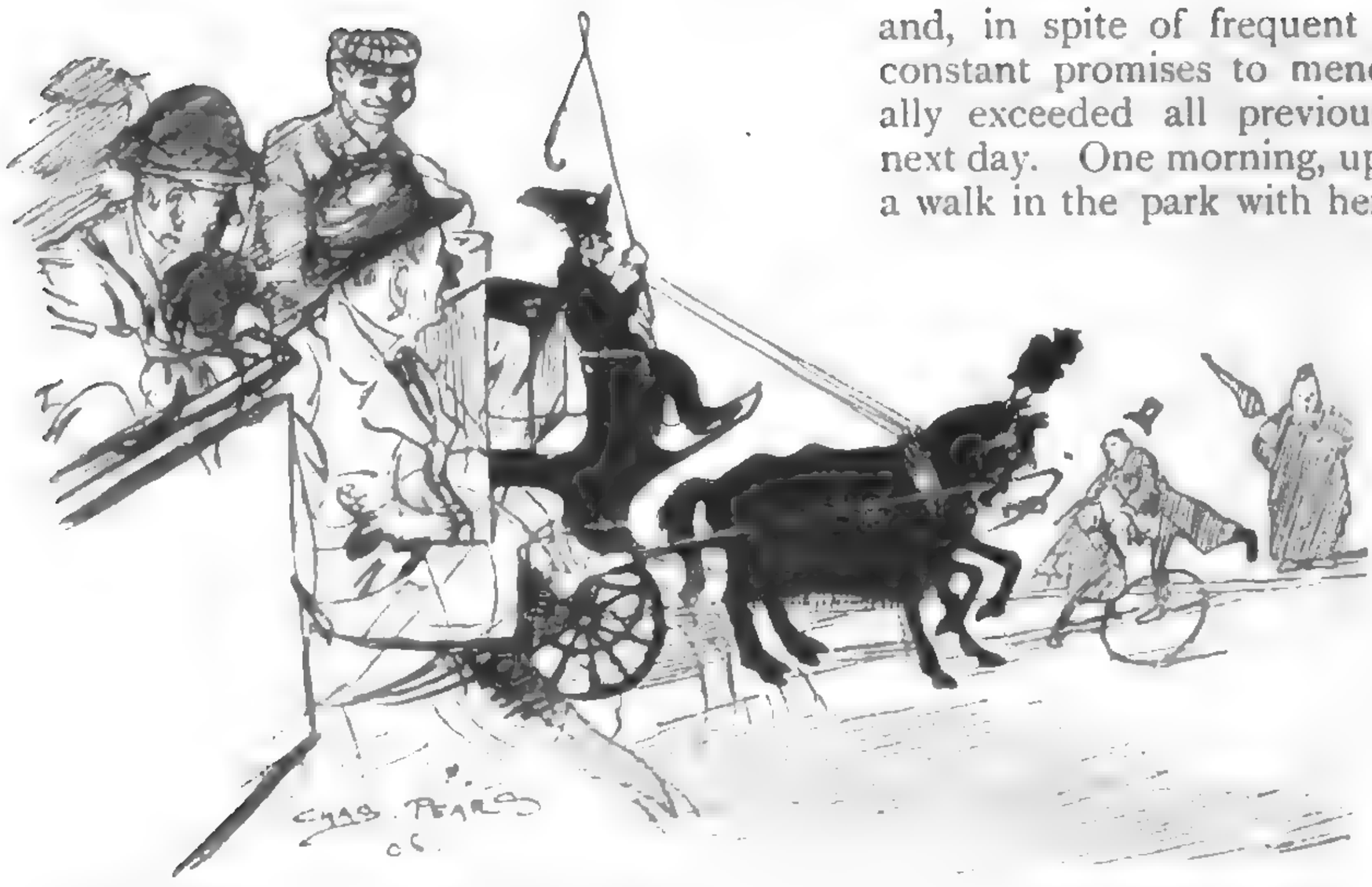
Mr. Charles Hawtrey chooses an anecdote about something which actually occurred one day in a London street.

A genial old 'bus-driver was driving down the Euston Road when he noticed a funeral procession coming in the opposite direction. The hearse, proceed-



HARRISON'S DRAWING TO EXPLAIN WALTER PASSMORE'S MANCHESTER REMINISCENCE.

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PEARS'S LIGHTNING SKETCH TO ACCOMPANY THE ANECDOTE RELATED BY CHARLES HAWTREY.

ing in the usual leisurely fashion, happened to be driven by an old acquaintance of his, between whom and himself there had always existed a healthy rivalry in the matter of repartee. As the hearse turned out of Judd Street into the Euston Road a little girl, in attempting to cross over, was nearly trampled under the horses' feet, and only escaped injury by being hastily pulled aside by a passing pedestrian.

With a genial smile upon his face the 'bus-driver whipped up his horses and, as he passed his friend in black, leant over towards him and sneeringly remarked, in a voice full of withering contempt:—

"Nah then, Greedy!"

During Mr. Hawtrey's recital Pears had been busy at the easel, and the drawing above reproduced shows the result of his labours. It is worthy of note that the artist had accomplished his task before the narrator had had time to resume his seat.

First among comedians who have taken London by storm quite recently must be numbered Mr. Dan Rolyat, who, as the sailor in "The Dairymaids," at the Apollo Theatre, scored such an instantaneous success. He regaled the Club with a story about a little girl called Dora Brooks, who was always getting into trouble with her parents for exaggerating. She would tell the wildest stories about her adventures, and, in spite of frequent punishments and constant promises to mend her ways, generally exceeded all previous efforts the very next day. One morning, upon returning from a walk in the park with her nurse, she ran to her mother very excitedly.

"Oh, mummie," she said, "I've had such a terrible adventure! As nurse and I were walking through the park a great big lion sprang out, and would have eaten me right up if nurse had not pulled me aside!"

"You naughty child," said her mother. "Go up to your room immediately and stay there until you are sorry for telling such wicked stories. You are a very naughty little girl indeed, and you must ask your good angel to forgive you for telling such a naughty, naughty lie about the lion!"

Half an hour later the mother went upstairs and found little Dora looking very penitent. "Well," she asked, "have you asked your good angel to forgive you?"

"Yes, mummie," was the reply, "I did ask, and he said, 'Don't mention it, Miss



MILLAR'S SKETCH TO ACCOMPANY DAN ROLYAT'S CHILD STORY.

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MINNS'S DRAWING TO EXPLAIN ROLYAT'S STORY OF THE BABY THAT WAS VERY CAREFULLY PACKED.

Brooks ; I've often mistaken those big yellow poodles for lions myself!'"

Millar is perhaps never so happy as when he is delineating children, and by common consent the task of illustrating Mr. Rolyat's reminiscence fell to the share of that clever artist. Mr. Rolyat's contribution proved so popular that he was induced further to enliven the assembly by relating yet another child story. This time it was about a little girl who was walking down a fashionable street in the West-end with her mother. The road and pavement were covered with straw. This unusual sight aroused the curiosity of the little girl, who asked why this should be.

"Well, dear," replied mamma, "you see Mrs. Jones, who lives opposite, has just had a little baby sent to her."

The little girl contemplated the fact for a few minutes, when she said :—

"Um-m, mamma, she seems to have been very carefully packed, doesn't she?"

Our newest member, Mr. B. E. Minns, on being called upon by the Chairman, made a successful *début* with a rapid portrayal of the foregoing incident.

Mr. Albert Chevalier gave us a couple of little anecdotes which actually happened. The first was about a well-known English actor who visited the States some years ago, and was accosted the moment he landed by an American reporter, who asked him what he thought of America. "Well," replied the new arrival, "I think the women are lovely, and as for New York, it's just fine! It reminds me so much of Paris."

"Really," replied the reporter, very much flattered. "Why is that?"

"One sees so many Americans!"

Another new member, Mr. H. Somerville, acquitted himself with distinction in the self-imposed task of illustrating this story.

Mr. Chevalier's other little anecdote was about a famous artist who happend to sit at a dinner-party one night next to an unusally talkative young lady.

"You dear man," she said, "how nice it must be for you to feel that you have done work that will live after you are dead!"



SOMERVILLE'S NOTION OF CHEVALIER'S STORY OF THE FAMOUS ACTOR AND THE AMERICAN REPORTER.

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"It is much nicer," replied he, dryly, "to have done work, my dear young lady, that will enable me to live until I die in comparative comfort."

In obedience to a nod from the Chairman, Pearse proceeded to the easel, and in an extraordinarily short space of time produced the appended really finished design.



PEARSE'S ILLUSTRATION TO CHEVALIER'S DINNER-PARTY NARRATIVE.

Mr. Harry Fragson gives us a story not from France, but from Scotland. The congregation at a small kirk not a hundred miles from Glasgow were constantly complaining of an objectionable smell in the building, which eventually became so strong that it was decided to call in the surveyor and have a thorough examination made. After sniffing about all over the place and examining every nook and corner, this individual informed the elders present that the cause of the unpleasantness was dry rot, which he said was particularly prevalent in the pulpit.

"Aye, mon," said the old beadle, who had been longing to chip in for some time past, "we get a deal o' that frae there!"

This proved to be the last anecdote of the evening, and Hodgson had barely time to produce a hurried sketch to accompany it before the meeting—memorable in the annals of the Strand Club—finally came to an end.



HODGSON'S SKETCH TO ILLUSTRATE THE STORY TOLD BY HARRY FRAGSON.

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A Story for Children. From the French of Xavier Marmier.

ONCE upon a time there was a poor little shepherd-boy named Lemmel. He was a friendless orphan, and had no relations except a wicked and stingy old stepmother, who gave him little to wear and much less to eat. Every day he took his flock to pasture, and all he had to eat, morning and evening, was a piece of bread.

One morning his stepmother went off without leaving him even this meagre meal, and Lemmel started away on his daily rounds both sad and hungry. About noon-time he happened to be on a little hill, whither he had gone to seek shelter from the sun under the branches of the trees, and noticed, not only that there was no trace of dampness on the ground, but that the turf was flat and hard, as if someone had been treading upon it. It struck him as so curious that he began to wonder what had caused the turf to be in such a state, when suddenly he caught sight of something shining in the grass. It was a pair of little shoes, white as driven snow, and so pretty that Lemmel quite forgot, while looking at them, how hungry he was.

That same evening, as he was leading his flock back to the village, a little boy ran up to him and said, politely, "Good evening."

"Good evening," replied the little shepherd.

"Do you happen, by any chance, to have seen my shoes in the pasture?"

"Yes, little one. But please let me keep them. If I take such a pretty gift to my stepmother very likely she will give me something to eat."

"No," replied the boy; "give them back to me. Some day I shall be useful to you."

Lemmel gave the shoes to the boy and went on his way home.

When his stepmother saw Lemmel come in she spoke to him angrily.

"What keeps you so late, you lazy-bones?" she said. "Get off to bed at once. There is a little soup for you at the bottom of the pot. And don't forget to get up early in the morning."

Lemmel said nothing, but went to bed in his garret, and dreamed all night of the little lad's shoes which he had picked up in the pasture.

The next morning, even before the sun rose, he was awakened by the shrill voice of his stepmother calling out to him:—

"Get up, you lazy boy! The sun was up a long time ago. Are you going to let your sheep die of hunger just because you want to lie in bed?"

Lemmel got up, snatched a bite of bread, and started for the pasture.

Again, at midday, he found himself beneath the sheltering trees on the hillside, and once more noticed that the grass was dry and trodden. He examined it a little more closely and saw something shining in the sunlight. It was a small red hat with a broad brim bordered with golden bells, so pretty, indeed,

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that in looking at it he again forgot his hunger.

The same evening, as he was returning to the village, he fell in with a pretty little girl, who greeted him politely.

"Good evening," she said.

"Good evening," replied Lemmel.

"May I ask if you have seen anything of my hat, which I lost in the pasture this morning?"

"Yes, young lady," answered the young shepherd, "I found it and thought of taking it back to my stepmother, so that she will give me something to eat."

"I beg you," replied the girl, "to give it back to me. Perhaps, if you do, I may some day be of service to you."

So Lemmel gave back the hat. He then kept on towards home, where, as usually happened, he was badly treated by his stepmother, and where during the long night he kept dreaming of the little red hat.

The following day Lemmel again noticed, under the trees on the hillside, that the ground was hard and dry. Then he began to remember some stories he had heard about the fairies of the North—elves and elfins who come at night and in a circle dance on the green sward by moonlight. Then, by mere accident, he hit his foot against a bell, which tinkled so sweetly that the flocks drew nearer in order to hear the pretty sound. In listening, too, Lemmel forgot his hunger and the sheep forgot to eat.

When the music was over the flock scattered again over the pasture. Towards evening Lemmel tried in vain to collect them until he bethought himself to ring the bell, which brought all the flock together in the twinkling of an eye. On his return to the village Lemmel met a very old man, who bade him a pleasant good evening.

"Good evening," replied Lemmel.

"May I ask if you have picked up a bell which I lost in the pasture?"

"Yes."

"Then give it back to me."

"No," replied Lemmel, "I'm not so silly as that. The day before yesterday I found a pair of glass shoes, which a small boy coaxed away from me because he said the shoes were his. Yesterday I gave back to a little girl her red hat, and now you come along and ask me to give up this bell, which I shall find of great use in herding my sheep. No. I sha'n't do it. When other people give back things which they have found they get a reward of some sort, but I don't seem to get anything."

"I beg you," answered the old man, "to return my bell."

"No; I won't!" replied the young shepherd, with resolution.

"If you give it back," said the other, "I will give you another bell just as good for your sheep. More than that, I will give you three wishes, all of which, I promise you, shall be fulfilled."

Such an offer, of course, could not be refused, and Lemmel replied:—

"Very well. I want to be a king. I want to marry someone who is very beautiful, and I want to live in a beautiful palace."

"A bit greedy," remarked the old man; "but no matter. Now, just listen to me carefully and do as I bid you. To-night, when everything is quiet, you must get up, leave your house, and keep to the north until you come to a big palace. Take this whistle. If you get into trouble at any time, whistle once. If you find yourself hard pressed, whistle twice, and if you are in very great danger break the whistle in two pieces, and I will come at once to help you."

Lemmel thanked the old man heartily for his gift and promises, then went home. Of course, he was a little late, and his stepmother, instead of giving him anything to eat, punished him and sent him off to bed. But Lemmel was happy in the thought that he would soon be free from his stepmother's cruelty.

Soon after midnight, and before the cock crew, he got up and made his way northwards, as bidden by the old man. For two days and two nights he wandered over hills and through valleys, and on the evening of the third day he found himself in front of an enormous palace. Lemmel made bold to enter, and asked one of the cooks if he could get some work to do.

"What can you do?" asked the cook.

"I can lead animals to pasture," replied Lemmel, "and make a very good shepherd."

"The king needs a shepherd," was the reply; "but you will turn out like all the others. Like them, you are certain to lose a sheep at least every day."

"I have never lost a single sheep," said Lemmel.

In the end Lemmel was taken into service, and was so watchful in his work that the wolves never succeeded in stealing one of his flock. Hence his good conduct gained for him the esteem of everybody.

One evening, when he was coming back with his sheep from pasture and singing on the way according to his custom, he noticed

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at one of the windows a young and pretty lady, who was listening to his song. It excited him very much to look upon her, so much so that on the following evening he lagged behind in order to see her, quite forgetful not only that he was losing time, but that she was the daughter of a king.

One morning the princess came to him and showed him a little snow-white lamb with a ribbon on his neck, and asked him in a friendly way to take her pet under his care, and to defend it against the greedy wolves. The young shepherd was so confused that he could hardly make reply, but he took the lamb and cared for it so well that the little animal got as fond of him as a dog is of his master. From this time Lemmel saw the princess very often. In the morning when he went out to the fields she was at her window listening to his song. In the evening when he returned she came to him, petted her lamb, and spoke to Lemmel a few friendly words.



"LEMMEL MADE BOLD TO ENTER, AND ASKED ONE OF THE COOKS IF HE COULD GET SOME WORK."

Years went by. The little shepherd became a great, strapping youth, and the princess one of the most beautiful persons ever seen.

One day the princess disappeared, and search was made for her everywhere in vain. Everyone who knew her was terribly upset by the news of her disappearance, and the king and queen were in despair. On all hands it was known that the king had made an announcement to the effect that he would give his daughter's hand in marriage, as well as half his kingdom, to anyone who found her.

Numerous princes and courtiers, superbly armed and equipped, undertook to find the princess, and returned to court saddened by the failure of their attempts. The king and queen became more and more cast down, and the young shepherd never ceased thinking of the unfortunate princess. And it came about that one night in his dreams he seemed to hear the fairy king saying to him, "Thou shalt find her in the North," but when he awoke he thought it nothing but a dream. Notwithstanding, he asked that the king might see him. The head cook, mistaking his reason, said to Lemmel, "You have done your work so well for several years that you can easily get an increase in your wages without going to his master."

Nevertheless Lemmel kept to his plan, and when he was allowed to go in to see the king he asked permission to leave the royal service so that he might search for the princess. The king replied, a little angrily: "Do you think it possible for you, a poor shepherd, to succeed where so many princes have failed?"

"I should like to try," answered Lemmel, frankly. "I would risk my life, if necessary, to find the princess."

The king, struck with such a spirit, thought at once of the old proverb that a heart worthy of the purple may still be hidden under a woollen smock, and said that he himself

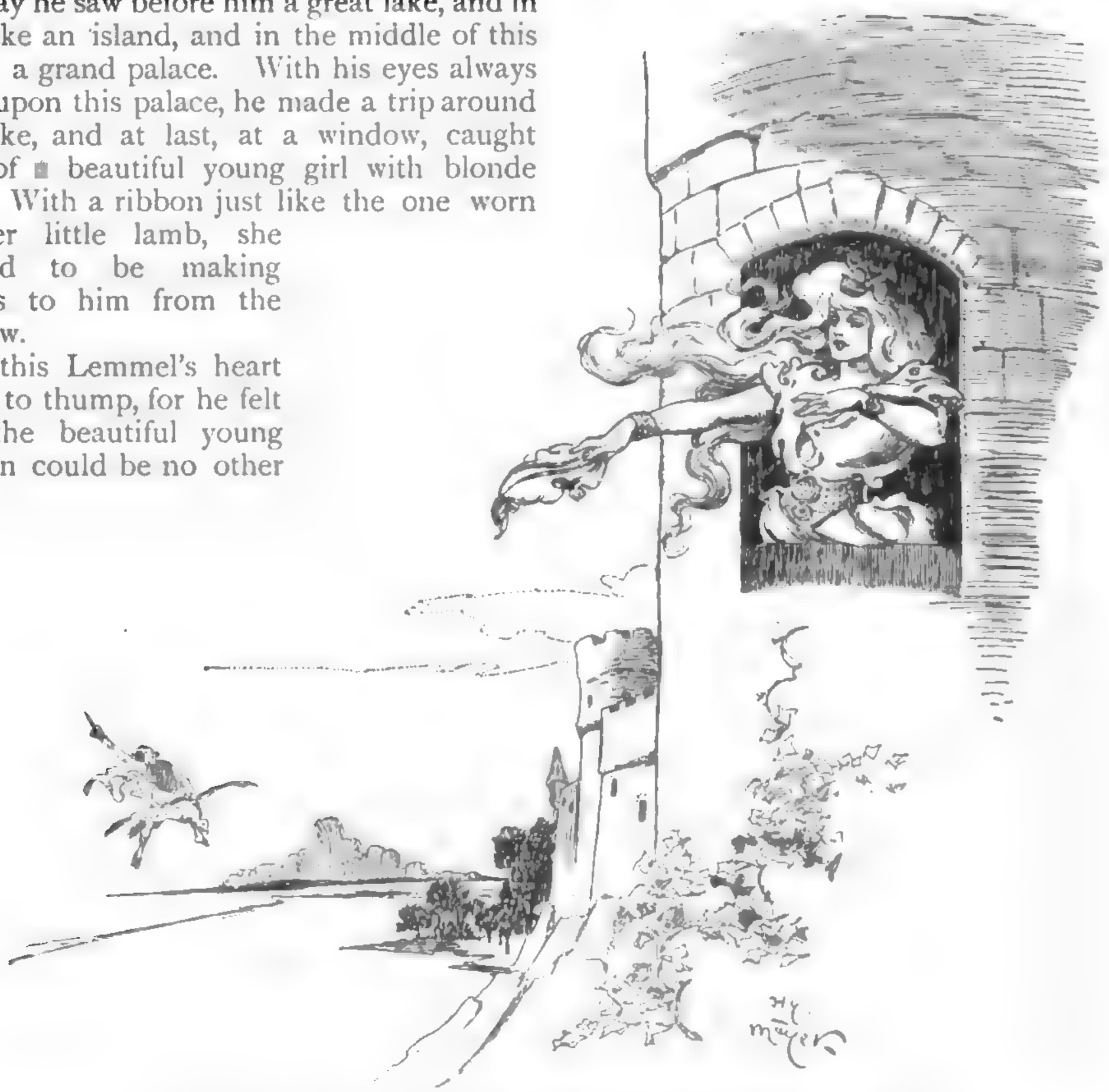
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would get a horse ready in order that Lemmel might start.

"I don't want a horse," said Lemmel, "only a few things to eat."

When Lemmel left, everybody in the palace laughed at his presumption. But he went his way northwards along deserted roads, across high mountains, so far, indeed, that he nearly came to the end of the world, when one day he saw before him a great lake, and in this lake an island, and in the middle of this island a grand palace. With his eyes always fixed upon this palace, he made a trip around the lake, and at last, at a window, caught sight of a beautiful young girl with blonde hair. With a ribbon just like the one worn by her little lamb, she seemed to be making signals to him from the window.

At this Lemmel's heart began to thump, for he felt that the beautiful young maiden could be no other



"THE FAIRY, IMMEDIATELY CHANGING INTO A POWERFUL FALCON, SHOT INTO THE AIR AND DESCENDED UPON THE ISLAND."

than the princess. But how could he reach her? How could he cross the lake? Then he remembered the promise which had been made him, and blew a blast upon his whistle. Immediately a voice behind him said:—

"Good evening."

"Good evening," said Lemmel. He turned round and saw the little boy to whom he had given back the glass slippers.

"What do you want?" asked the fairy.

"I want to get across the lake."

"Get on my back."

Lemmel did as he was told, and the fairy, immediately changing into a powerful falcon, shot into the air and descended upon the island.

Lemmel went into the kitchen of the palace and asked if he could get some work to do.

"What can you do?" asked the head cook.

"I can tend sheep."

"Good!" was the answer. "Our master, who is a giant, needs a good shepherd, but you will have to take great care, for if you lose a single sheep you will be condemned to death."

"That's pretty hard," replied Lemmel. "However, I will do it."

The next day Lemmel led his flock to the pasture, ringing his bell and singing, as was his wont. The princess was at her window and saw him.

That evening the giant was waiting to speak to him. "If you have lost a single sheep I'll kill you at once." Then he looked over the flock and, having counted every one of them, said to Lemmel: "Good! You may remain in my service."

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After saying this the giant got into a boat and, according to his custom, went three times round the lake. The princess was seated at her window, singing :—

Come, faithful shepherd, come this night to me,
My royal crown and all my heart are evermore for thee.

And Lemmel sang back :—

To-night, to-night, thy shepherd shall appear.
Wait at the window, lady. Soon he shall be near.

At midnight, when everyone in the palace was sleeping soundly, Lemmel went to the



"WITH HIS TERRIBLE CLAWS THE GIANT TOOK HOLD OF THE TWO RUNAWAYS."

tower where the princess was kept a prisoner. Through the window he heard her call :—

"I am held a prisoner with golden chains, and I cannot break them."

The young shepherd blew loudly upon his whistle, and heard behind him a voice saying :—

"Good evening."

"Good evening," he replied, and, turning round, he saw the king of the fairies, who had given him his bell and whistle.

"What do you want?" demanded the little old man.

"I want to be taken to the princess."

"Then follow me," was the reply

The little old man entered the tower, breaking the doors that barred his way, and as soon as he touched the golden chains they fell apart. Then he took the princess and Lemmel to the shore of the island, and calling the little fairy to whom the shepherd had returned the red hat, he said :—

"Take these two good people as quickly as you can to the other side of the lake."

At that moment the fairy changed into a big fish.

"Get on my back," she said, "and have no fear. If so much as a cry is uttered my power will be gone."

The princess and the shepherd did as they were told, and the fish darted off through the water. Just at this moment the giant woke, and seeing what was taking place on the lake, put on his eagle's feathers and flew into the air. In order to get out of the way the fish shot into the deep water, when suddenly the princess uttered a cry of fright, and the power of the fairy was gone for ever. With his terrible claws the giant took hold of the two runaways and, carrying them to the palace, put the Princess under lock and key in the tower and the shepherd in a cell fifty feet under ground.

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Of course, Lemmel thought that all was lost, but what hurt him most was the feeling that he would no longer be able to save the princess. At this moment the words of the fairy king again came to his mind, and taking his whistle he broke it in two pieces. Again he heard behind him a voice saying:—

"Good evening."

"Good evening," he replied.

"What do you want?"

"I want to save the princess and take her to her father."

At this command the old fairy led him through several splendid rooms into a magnificent hall filled with all sorts of weapons, such as swords, axes, and lances, some of which shone like polished steel and some like gold.

The old fairy kindled a fire in the hall, ordered the shepherd to take off his clothes, and then, putting the old clothes into the fire, made him put on a suit of sparkling armour, with a sword hanging at his side. Then the fairy said, "No sword can pierce this armour, and by your own sword the giant whom you hate should die."

Lemmel felt as much at ease in his new suit as if he had never worn anything else, and, having thus clothed him, the fairy led him back to his cell.

Meanwhile the giant made great preparations to celebrate his marriage with the princess. He had invited a great number of people to his wedding, and presented the princess with many rich gifts. On the wedding-day there was great excitement. All the guests were drinking the giant's health in exceeding great joy, although the princess herself seemed very unhappy. During the whole of the feast she sat with her head bent, crying bitterly. At the end of the banquet the giant sent his pages to see how the young shepherd was faring in his cell. What was their surprise when, in place of the poor serving-man, they found a proud and mighty soldier, in shining armour, holding a big sword. They fled from him in great fright, but Lemmel followed them and entered the dining-hall.

When the giant saw him he cried: "Keep out, you meddlesome rogue!"

But Lemmel came forth bravely, and said: "You must fight me." And so saying he drew his sword, which flashed like fire.

The giant knew that Lemmel's sword meant death, and he fell to the floor like one dead from terror.

Lemmel cut off his head, then took the princess by the hand and led her to the shore. He loosened the enchanted boat, crossed the lake, and gave back to the king the child whose loss he had mourned. The king was so happy that he gave to Lemmel his daughter in marriage, and the wedding was celebrated with great ceremony. The fortunate couple lived very happily and had many children, but chief among the treasures in their house were always a broken whistle and a little bell.



"LEMMEL CAME FORTH BRAVELY, AND SAID, 'YOU MUST FIGHT ME.'"

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Hunting the Slipper.

THE RAREST BRITISH WILD FLOWER.

By W. Carter Platts.

NOT all the sporting charms of orchid hunting are reserved for the lot of the adventurous hireling of the millionaire collector in his chase of the bizarre blooms of the tropical jungle. Though less fraught with moving accidents and hairbreadth 'scapes than Amazonian forests can provide, the pursuit is eagerly carried on in England, and the sight of the costliest exotic in the orchid-house would bring small joy to the British field naturalist compared with the realization of his highest botanical ambition—the discovery of the lady's slipper, largest and scarcest of British orchids, rarest of our rare wild flowers, blooming in its native haunts.

It has been philosophically advanced that the perennial fountain of pleasure springs from anticipation, and that the kitten never catches his tail because he recognises that the capture of it would effectually end the gleeful delights of chasing it. Something of this sort of thing must account for the unflagging pursuit by enthusiastic naturalists of the lady's slipper; for so long has this floral rarity lingered on the last step towards extinction that the chase of it provides the double-superlatively "greatest possible maximum" of hunting with the "least possible minimum" of slipper.



THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN OF THE LADY'S SLIPPER IN ITS NATIVE HAUNTS.

Vaguely, and in a general way, it is understood that the plant still survives upon the hillsides of a remote corner of Yorkshire dale-land—to wit, in Upper Wharfedale—where, amid the wild tangle of lilies, primroses, arums, and garlic, it hides its charms in the upland thickets of hazel scrub, stunted sycamore, and mountain ash which cling for life to the precipitous slopes of the savage fells. Here, through these hanging belts of mountain woodland, botanists from far and wide hunt the elusive slipper year after year with undiminished zest, though their only reward be such pleasures of eternal hope as spurred on the ancient flower of chivalry in the endless quest of the Holy Grail, and such charms of chronic anticipation as fired the medieval alchemist in his laborious search after the elixir of life.

In itself, and in spite of the gushful adulation of the average literary naturalist who has never seen it, the lady's slipper is not entrancingly beautiful, and one's first sight of it is apt to be a trifle disappointing. It is its rarity which is its chief charm, and it would be easy to name a score or two of common English wild flowers which far outbid it for gorgeous colouring. In both appearance and scientific name, *cypripedium calceolus*, the lady's slipper is markedly suggestive of the common garden

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calceolaria, consisting, as it does, of a single pale yellow pouch, deeply veined, set before four expanded claws of dark chocolate, the whole borne on a stem rising through an alternate series of lily-like leaves. As will be seen from the foregoing photograph the general appearance of the flower is not obtrusively reminiscent of the outline of the dainty feminine foot-gear of the present day, and one may be forgiven for speculating on the chances of its godfather having bestowed upon it the title of "my lady's slipper" in a moment of mental aberration when he could not think of "my lord's boxing-glove" (which would, obviously, have been more appropriate), or of his own particular lady suffering from an exceptionally severe attack of the gout at the time of the christening.



THE WHITE ARROW POINTS TO THE BLOSSOM, WHICH, IT WILL BE SEEN, IS MOST DIFFICULT TO DETECT AMONG THE WILD TANGLE OF WOODLAND GROWTH.

What adds a further piquancy to the botanical sport of hunting the slipper is the extraordinary elusiveness of the quarry. It is the veriest artful dodger of the floral kingdom. The fact that its natural habitat is amongst the scree and shifting débris of a steep hillside might account for its occasional removal for short distances by slight landslips, but the plant scorns, apparently, to confine its roving instincts to such narrow limits. It is discovered in a certain locality; the find is recorded by the Press; science hurls itself on the track—too late to see the longed-for vision that year—and eagerly bespeaks the earliest possible information of the first bloom discovered the following spring. Another spring comes round, and science waits with its camera packed for the news that never comes; for the most diligent search at and around the last-known address of the botanical will-o'-the-wisp fails to disclose its whereabouts, and it is lost to human ken until—it may be years afterwards—it turns up in the next parish but one. Then, again, so labyrinthine are the hazel scrub and fellside thicket that it requires more than casual observation to lead one back to a particular point passed in the course of erratic scrambling.

I have an octogenarian friend, possessing an intelligent general interest in the local botany and a special interest in the lady's slipper, who has passed his four-score years of active life in the centre of the region it haunts, and yet he has never once seen it blooming in its wild state. Indeed, very few people have, and the search for it is like seeking a needle in a haystack. The probabilities are that a man might sift the hay for a lifetime without finding the needle, while there is just the infinitesimal chance that the needle will find the man the first time he thrusts in his hand.

Some time ago a young man came to settle in the district indicated, and while rambling in the woods shortly after his arrival, gathered a bunch of wild flowers, including what he termed, for lack of better knowledge, a "wild calceolaria." A person to whom he showed it at once recognised it from descriptions he had heard as the lady's slipper. For twenty years since then the finder has doggedly scoured the woods for miles to discover another specimen, but so far without success. A few years later, however,

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another plant was unearthed — literally unearthed—from the same hillside and removed to a local garden, where, accepting its captivity cheerfully, it abandoned its roving habits and settled down comfortably to blooming at gratifying intervals in its artificial surroundings. One thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine revealed the much-sought orchid blooming within the shadow of Penyghent, and in 1901 it was again discovered in another direction. A lady, gathering flowers in the woods, plucked one the like of which she had never seen before. Her curiosity being aroused, she forwarded a leaf of the plant to a well-known north-country botanist, who found upon examination and reference that it was undoubtedly the foliage of *C. calceolus*. In eager haste a scientific pilgrimage to the botanical shrine was organized, and the expedition set out in thrilling expectancy. But, alas! the lady's instinct of locality was not equal to the intricacy of the mazy thickets. In the prolonged bout of hide-and-seek which ensued, the slipper won easily, and the lady and the botanist are still lamenting.



A NEAR VIEW OF THE BLOSSOM, SHOWING THE VEINED POUCH AND CLAWS.

Since then I have no record, and can trace no rumour, of the lady's slipper having been seen anywhere until June of the present year, when a little Wharfedale maiden, searching the woods for lilies, came upon a fine cluster, consisting of no less than eight stems. Fortunately, she was able to retrace her steps to the spot. This stroke of luck gave me the opportunity to take the series of photographs illustrating this article, and including the first which have ever been secured of the plant blooming in its wild state. The exact whereabouts of the spot is known only to three or four people, vowed to secrecy, and, needless to say, the prize is being kept under observation, in the hope that its freakish nature may permit it to grace the same place another year.



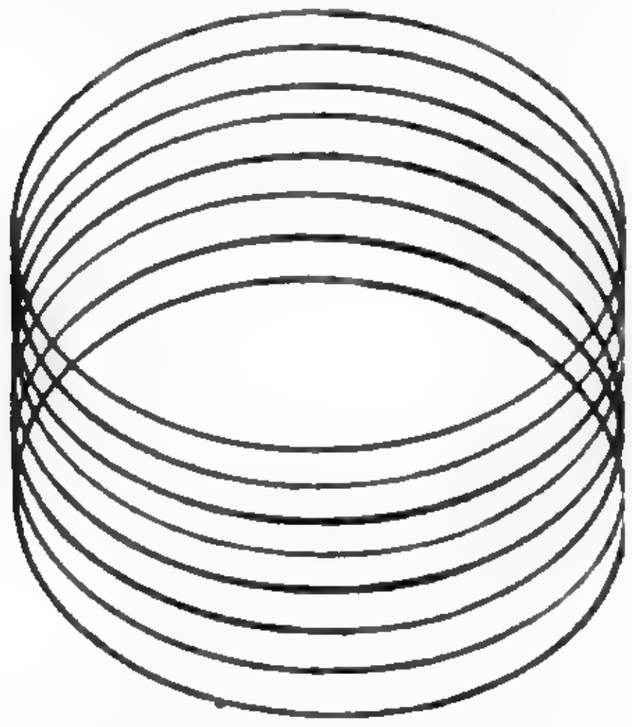
MISS MADGE CARRADICE, WHO FOUND A PLANT THIS YEAR.

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Curiosities.

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[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]



AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

LOOK at the cylinder formed by the rings shown in this design, and you will find it impossible to say whether you are looking down into it from the top or up through it from the bottom.—Mr. Arthur H. Williams, 21, Shorncliffe Road, Old Kent Road, S.E.

"SPARKLET" EARRINGS.

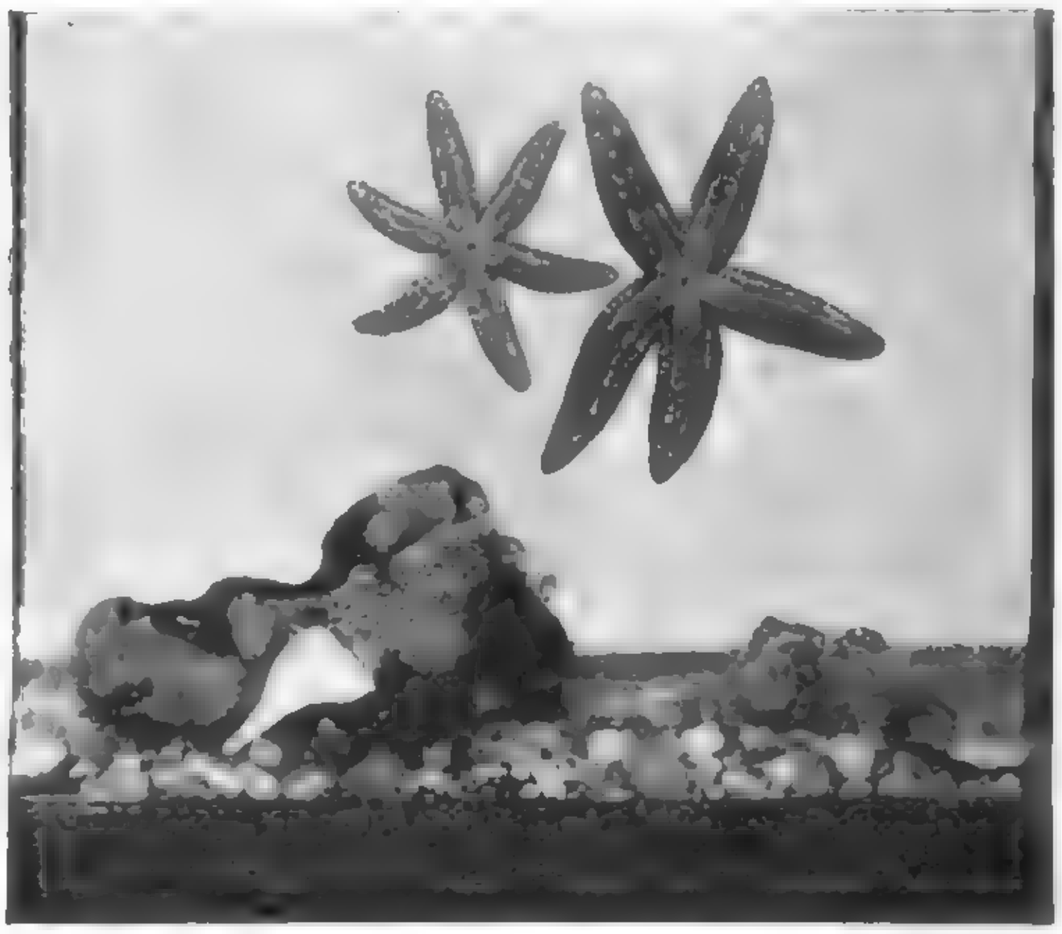
I SEND you a photograph which I obtained at Gavater, in the Solomon Islands, Pacific Ocean. It is of a native with "Sparklet" boxes in the lobes of his ears for ornaments. The lobes were so



extended that the boxes could go inside them, and the flesh formed a ring around the boxes. It is the custom for natives of the Solomons to put large ornaments in the ears in this way, but I have never seen any of them with things nearly so large as the boxes which this man used.—Mr. G. Stapleton, 4, Victoria Terrace, Restornel Road, Plymouth.

A FREAK STARFISH.

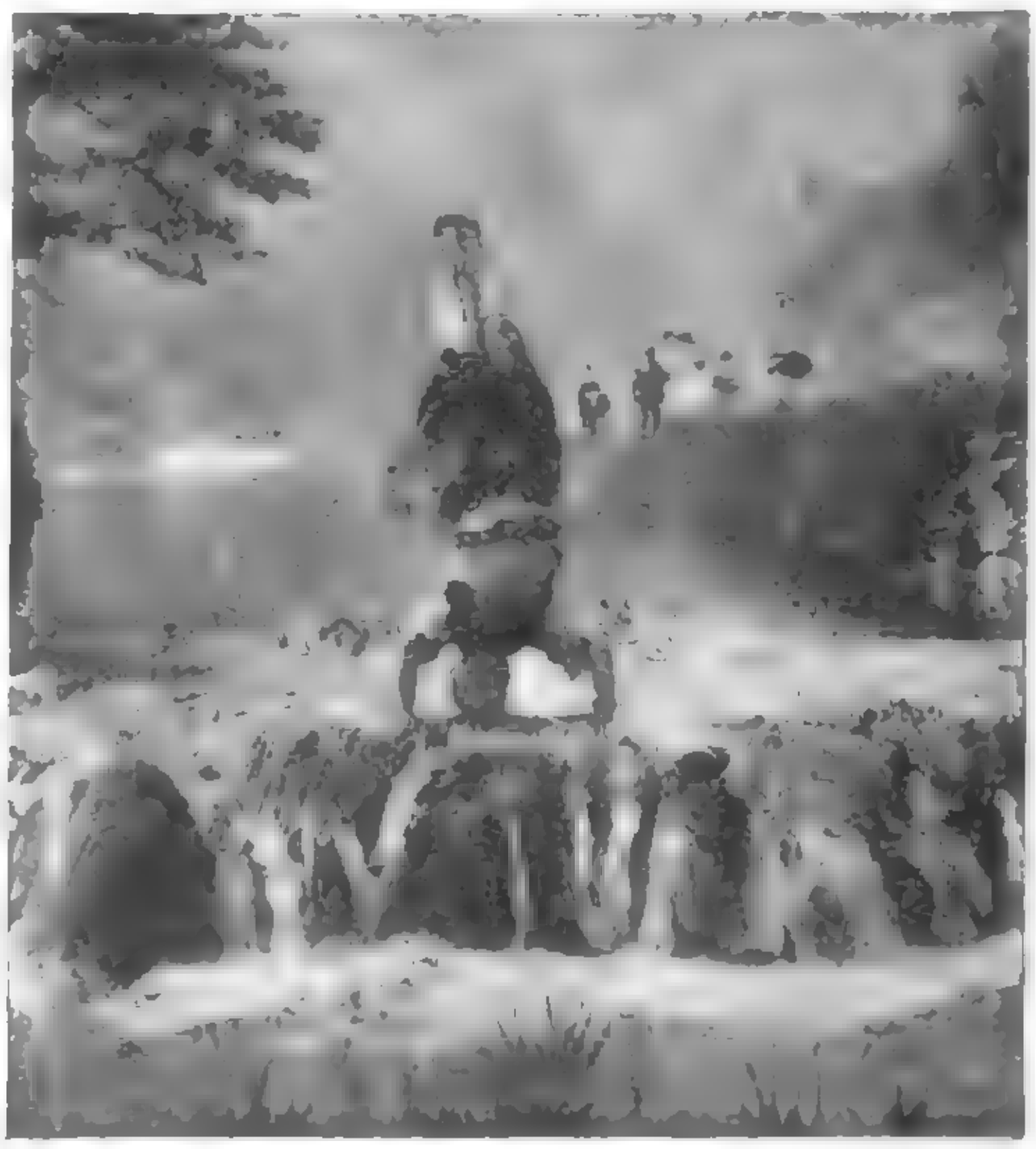
THIS starfish was received at the New York Aquarium among a lot of other starfish of various varieties, and is now on exhibition there. It can be plainly seen that it has six points or arms, in direct contrast to the five-armed one, which is very common along the Atlantic Coast. A photographing tank was filled with sea-water, and the starfish allowed to remain in it until they had attached themselves to the glass in the manner shown in the



photograph, and then the picture was taken.—Mr. Richard Du Puy, N.Y. Aquarium, Battery Park, New York.

A STRANGE ACROBATIC FEAT.

THIS snap-shot was taken mid the beauties of Dovedale, Derbyshire. The youngster will stand on his "head, nose, or ear" for a ha'penny, or dive in the water for a "threepenny." He is able to keep his balance for quite a long time, and, although at this particular fall the water flows very swiftly, he does not appear to be in any danger of falling over.—Photo. by Mr. J. B. Lyddon, West Bridgford, Notts. Sent by Mr. Geo. T. Townsend, 21, Highfield Road, West Bridgford, Notts.



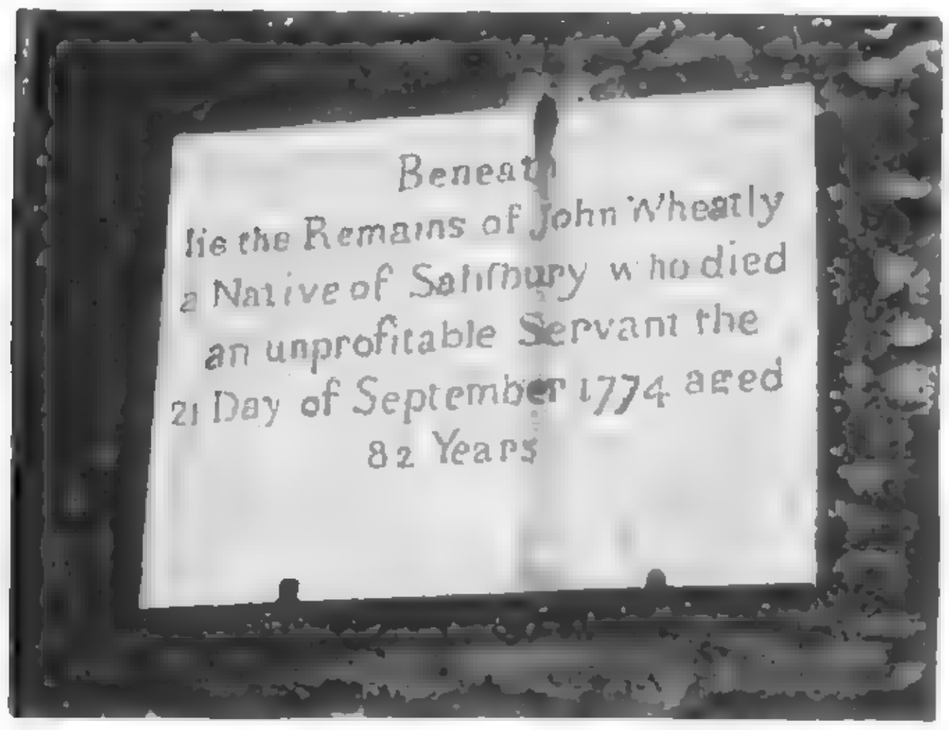
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THE HUMAN-FACED CRAB.

THE human-faced crab, called "Heike-gani" in Japanese, is only rarely caught on the coast of Takamatsu, Japan, where, according to legend, a decisive battle was fought about eight hundred years ago between the two great families of Heike and Genji. In that battle the former was totally defeated, and many brave warriors were killed. Local tradition says that every crab with the human face on its back holds the disembodied spirit of a dead hero. That is why the creature is called "Heike-gani" (*i.e.*, Heike-crab).—Mr. T. Ishibashi Tosabori, 2, Chome, Osaka, Japan.



AN INTERESTING EPITAPH.

HERE is a photograph of an interesting and quaint epitaph, which is fixed high up in the exterior wall of the parish church, Barnstaple. We more often have our virtues extolled after demise, and few of us would care to have our career described as "unprofitable."—Mr. W. H. Moon, 2, Hills View, Barnstaple.

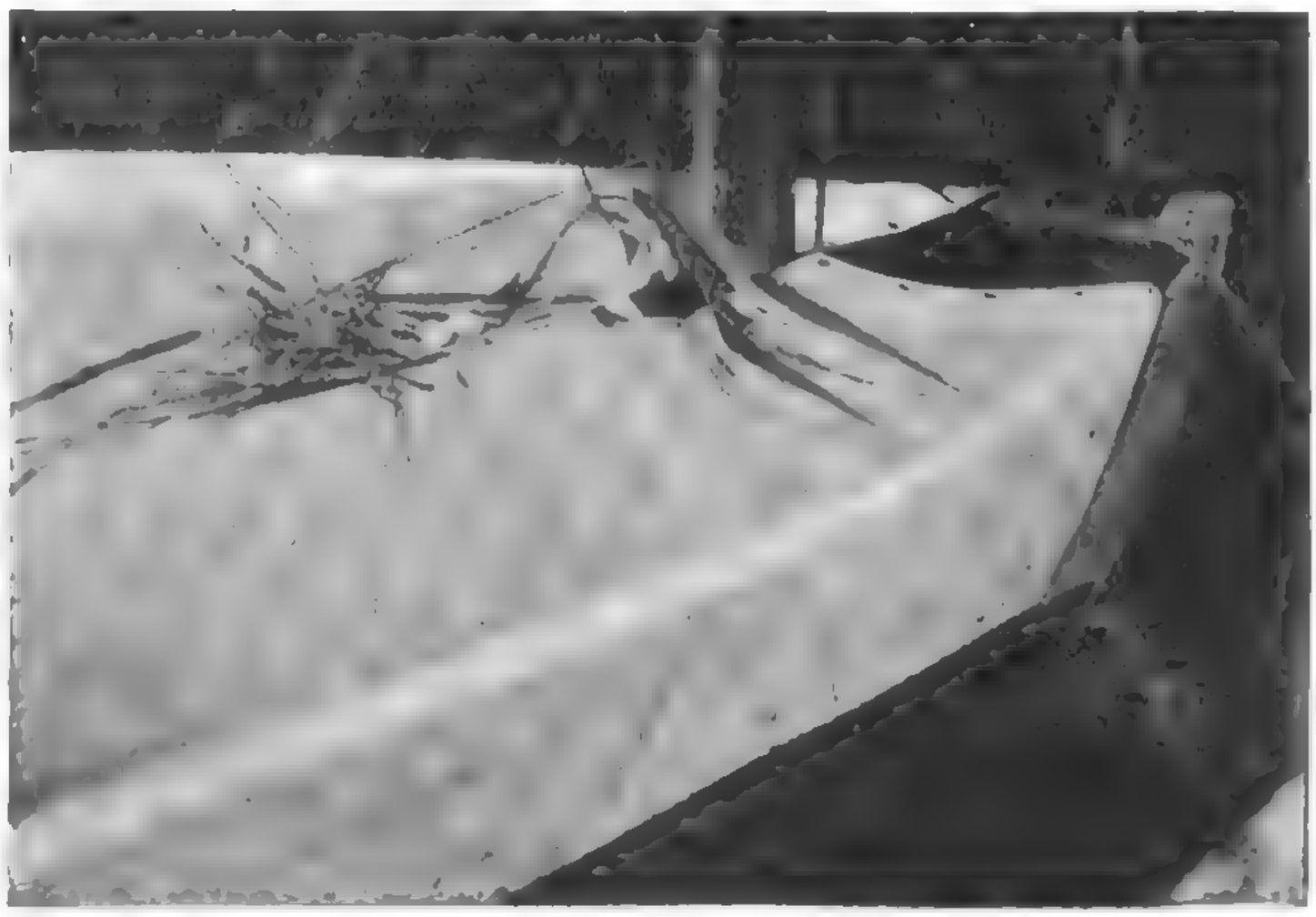
STRANGE NESTING-PLACE.

ON the 18th of June my little racing dinghy was used and made up for the night in the usual manner at her moorings in a snug creek just outside the study window, the cover being placed over her hull to keep off the glare of the sun. On the 19th a confiding moorhen selected a sagging in the cover near the mast for her nesting-place, and in a few hours had accumulated what she considered sufficient material in dried rushes and reed stems to protect her eggs, which she commenced to lay the next morning, and on the Saturday following three speckled eggs were found, and the old bird chirped indignantly at being disturbed in the act of adding a fourth. I wanted to use the boat, and, much as I am interested in natural history, I really could not allow the nest to remain undisturbed; so, after taking the accompanying photograph, an artificial nest was made in an old basket which would rise and fall with the tide, and this was placed within a few feet in the reed-bed adjoining and the eggs transferred to it. Within an hour the bird had removed one of the eggs back again on to the cover of the boat, which was promptly replaced in the new nest. This act seemed to anger the bird, or both of them, because the eggs were at once pushed out of the artificial nest and broken, and all the material of the structure scattered around it. I have lived in the heart of the Broad district all my life, but I never knew an incident of bird life to equal this.—Mr. Nicholas Everitt, Oulton Broad.



BABY OUT OF MISCHIEF.

I SEND you a photograph which I took in a small Japanese village, illustrating the way that Japanese mothers keep their babies out of mischief.—Mr. Herbert A. Kemp-Welch, Sopley Park, Christchurch, Hants.



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A ONE-EARED RABBIT.

HERE is a photograph of a rabbit with one ear; the ear is very nearly in the centre of the head, and there are no signs of its customary neighbour.



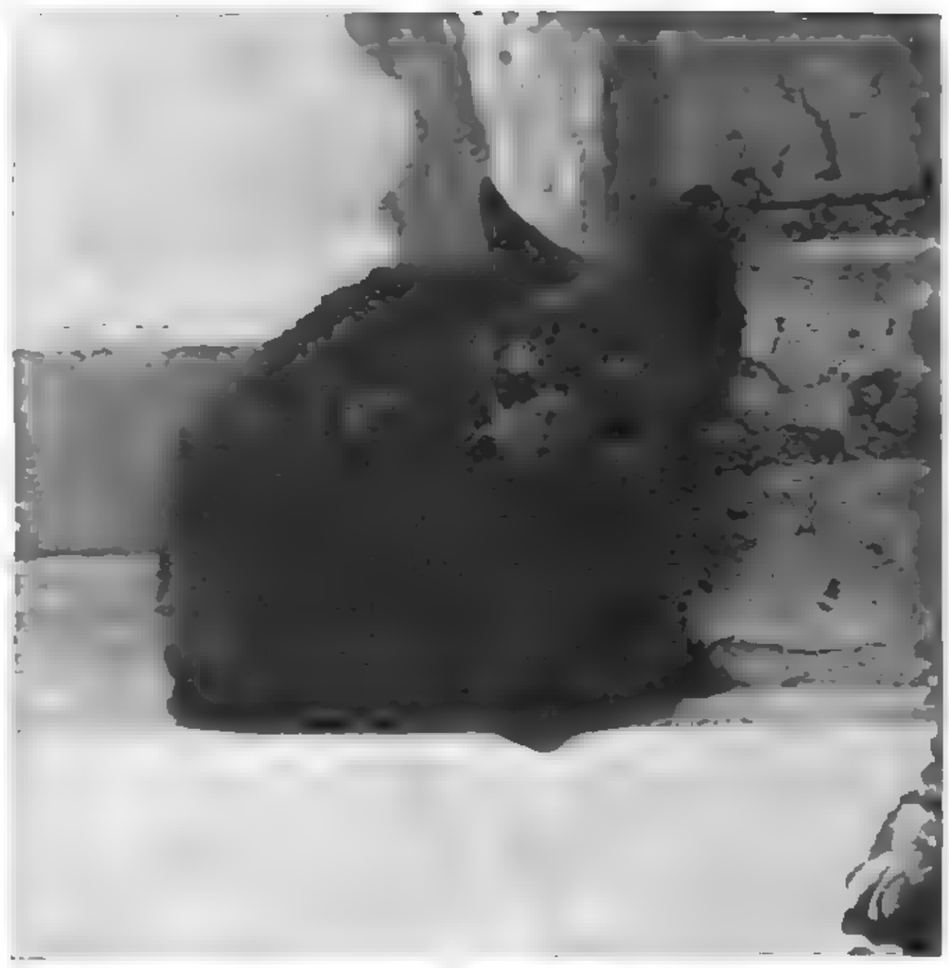
The rabbit is about eight weeks old, and its parents are quite normal bunnies.—Mr. H. King, 52, Sauvey Gate, Leicester.

NO ONE PICKS THE FLOWERS!

THE notice shown here is a most effective one, and is put up in the Cawston Ostrich Farm, Pasadena, California. I moved it from its place



under a shrub to get a good light on it, and did not, until printing, realize the absurdity of such a sign in front of a prickly cactus bed.—Miss Alice Berdell, Hotel San Remo, New York.



IS THIS THE OLDEST LIVING CAT?

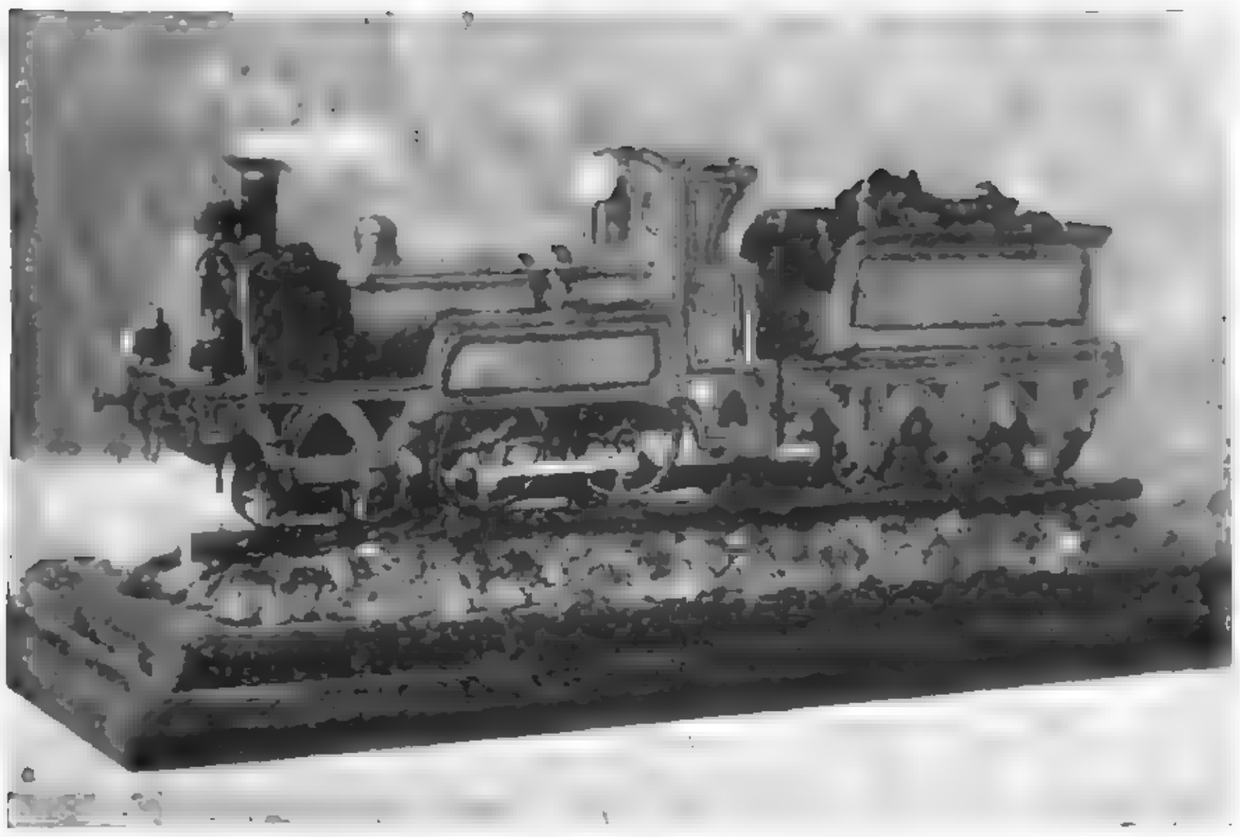
HERE is the likeness of a cat belonging to Mrs. Griffiths which was twenty-three years old in December, 1905, and is still alive. She was jet black until about six months ago, when she started to turn white at the roots of her hair. Her last kitten is with us still, and is about eight years old and jet black. — Photograph by Mr. C. Scamen, Street-house, Pontefract. Sent by Mr. C. F. Griffiths, 21, High Street, New Sharlston, Wakefield.



NATURE'S STATUARY.

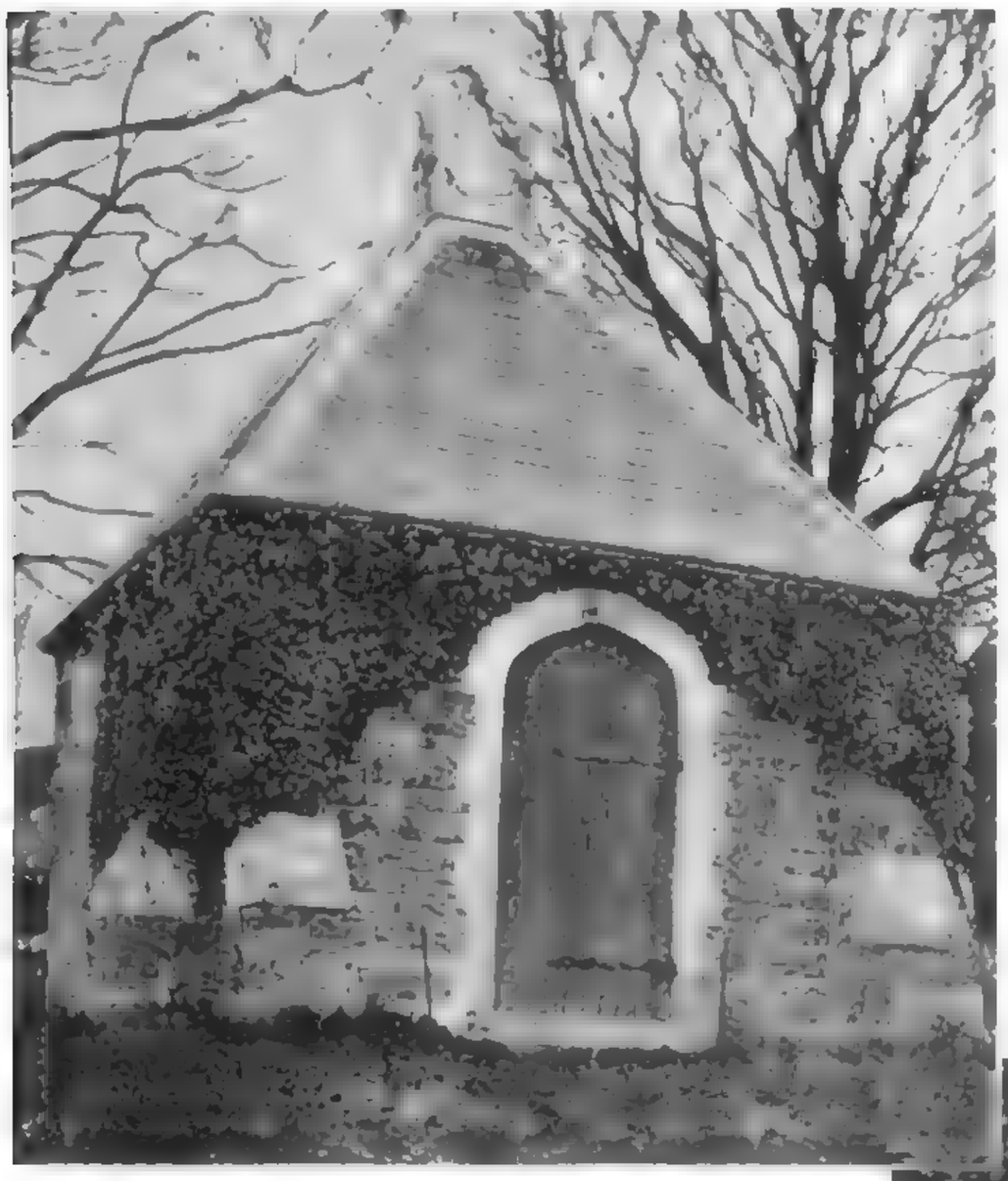
A GERMAN settler living in the bush near Rockhampton, Central Queensland, has for years been a collector of bush curios. One of the most striking is the grim figure of a soldier, with drawn sword, standing guard in front of his little cottage. The figure—arms, legs, head, and body—is one solid piece from a native tree. Our German friend has displayed his artistic skill in decking out this natural curio in the amusing fashion shown —The Rev. W. Smith, Brisbane.

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AN ENGINE MADE OF NEWSPAPER.

THIS model engine is composed of three thousand seven hundred and sixty-three pieces of common newspaper. All parts were made separately, even to the spokes and hubs of the wheels, also the rails and ballast. It is enamelled, and the wadding represents escaping steam. The whole is about two feet long and nine inches high, and took five months to make. Photo. by National Photo. Co., Pimlico. —Mr. Giles, 55, Winchester Street, Warwick Square, S.W.



A TOMB BUILT OUT OF BENDIGO'S WINNINGS.

TO build your last resting-place out of the winnings of a racehorse is rather an unusual incident, but this is what was done by a Welsh gentleman, whose tomb is here reproduced. The vault is situated in the small churchyard of Llanfor, Merionethshire, and bears over the doorway the following inscription :—

As to my latter end I go, to seek my Jubilee,
I bless the good horse Bendigo, who built this tomb for me.
Richard John Lloyd Price. 1887.

Bendigo won the Sandown Eclipse Stakes (1886) and the Cambridgeshire Stakes (1883). —Mr. Ernest Kay, 23, Greenhill Road, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

A head of figures, so 'tis said, must surely be a figure-head.
So thus, you see, below I trace a head, if not a handsome face.
The 1 and 2 I show to you, they form the head and hair,
The figure 3 then forms the nose, the 6 sets out the ear,
The 4 and 5 I did contrive to make as one fit in,
And curled them round in such a way as forms the mouth and chin;
Then 7 and 8 the collar make, and 9 and 10 the chest.
So thus the man, so far complete, until I make the rest. —G. B.



A "FIGURE" HEAD.

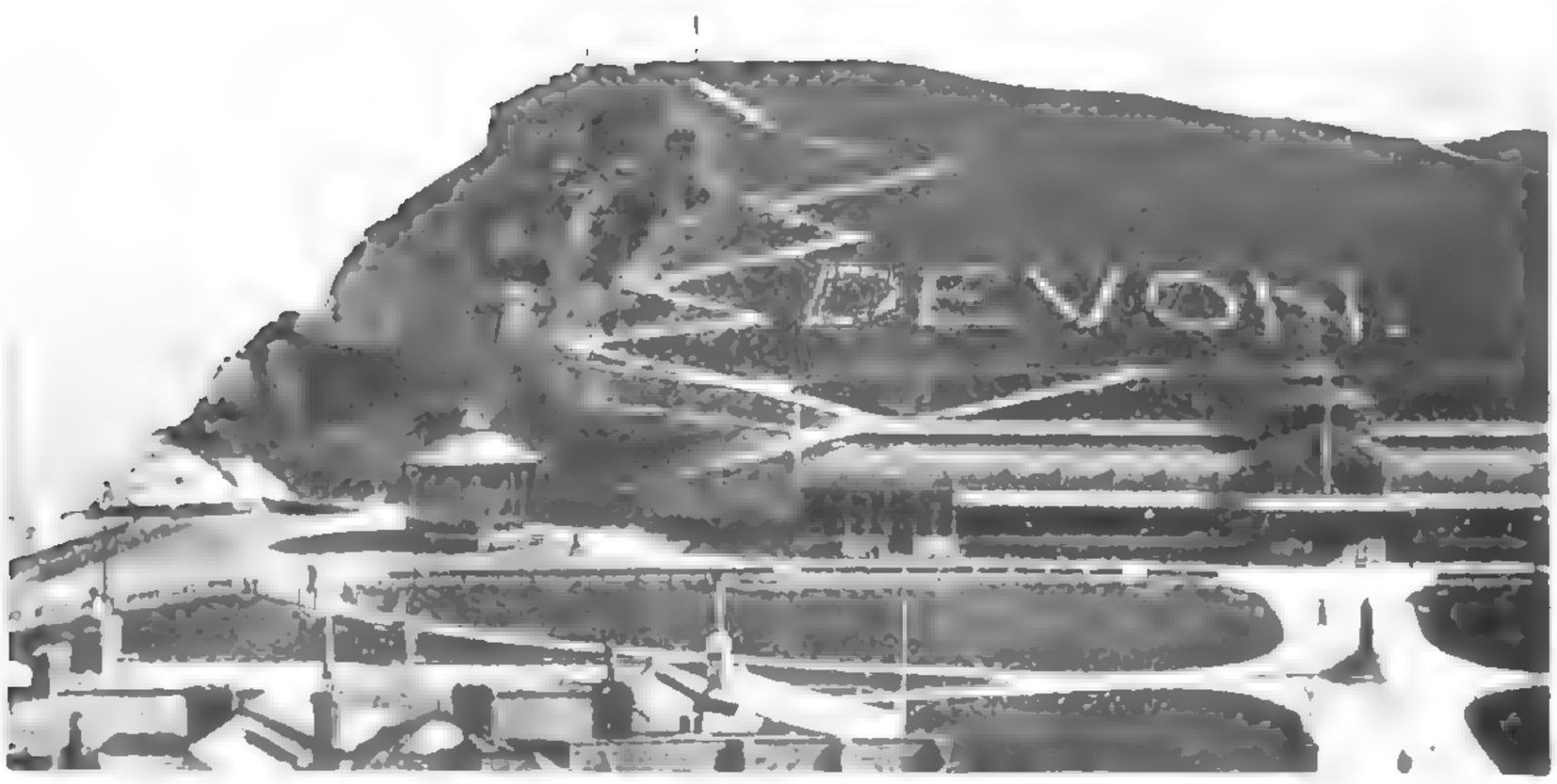
THINKING you may find the enclosed ingenious lines and figure of sufficient interest, I send them for your readers' inspection. They are by a fellow-townsman of mine.—Mr. T. Hazell, Eborville, Caerau Road, Newport, Mon.

RIVAL MOTHERS.

ON an Argentine farm a duck and a hen disputed the right to a brood of ducklings. The hen hatched them, but the duck, recognising her offspring, soon laid claim to them. For a fortnight they competed for the affection of the brood, the hen scraping to find them food, the duck displaying the counter-attractions to be found in the wayside puddles. The claimant mothers finally entered into partnership, the hen taking the vanguard and the duck bringing up the stragglers in the rear. Under this dual motherhood the seven ducklings all arrived happily to the "grown-up" age. The picture shows them out for a morning walk.—Mr. W. Herbert Gibson, Rougemont, Seaton, Devon.

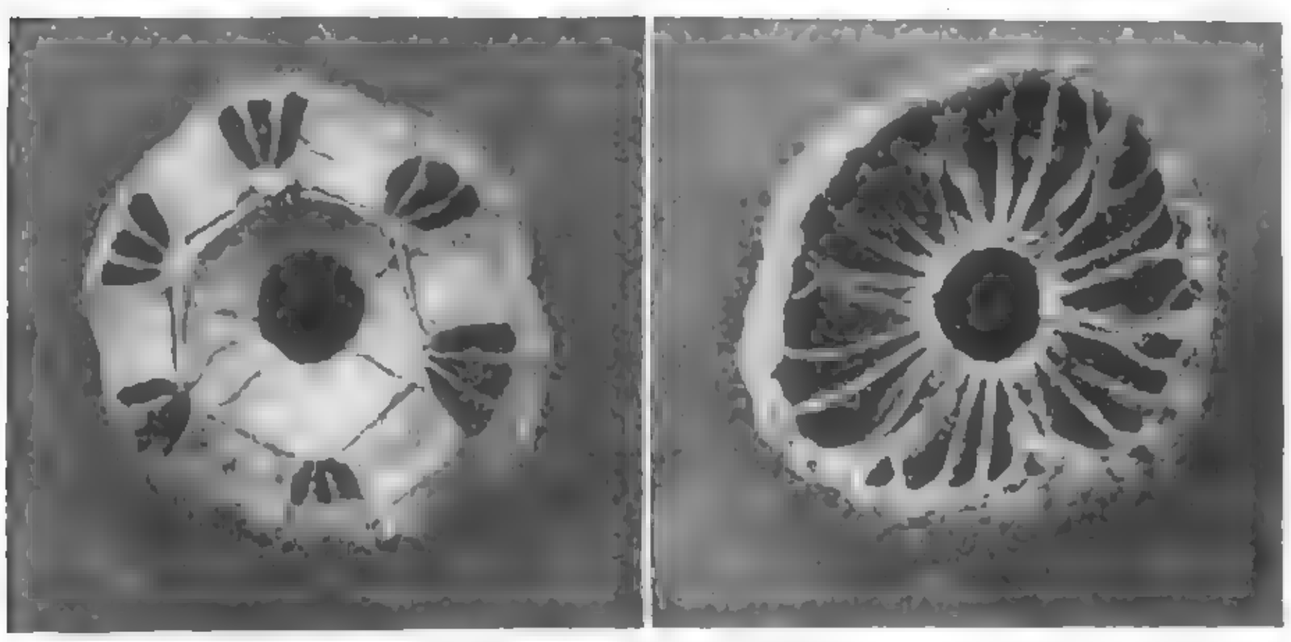


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HUMAN LETTERS.

THIS is a photograph of Capstone Hill, Ilfracombe, Devonshire. The word "Devon" consists of a party of two hundred and fifty tourists from Farnworth, near Bolton. —Mr. Joseph Wilcock, 172, Lord Street, Kearsley, Farnworth, near Bolton.

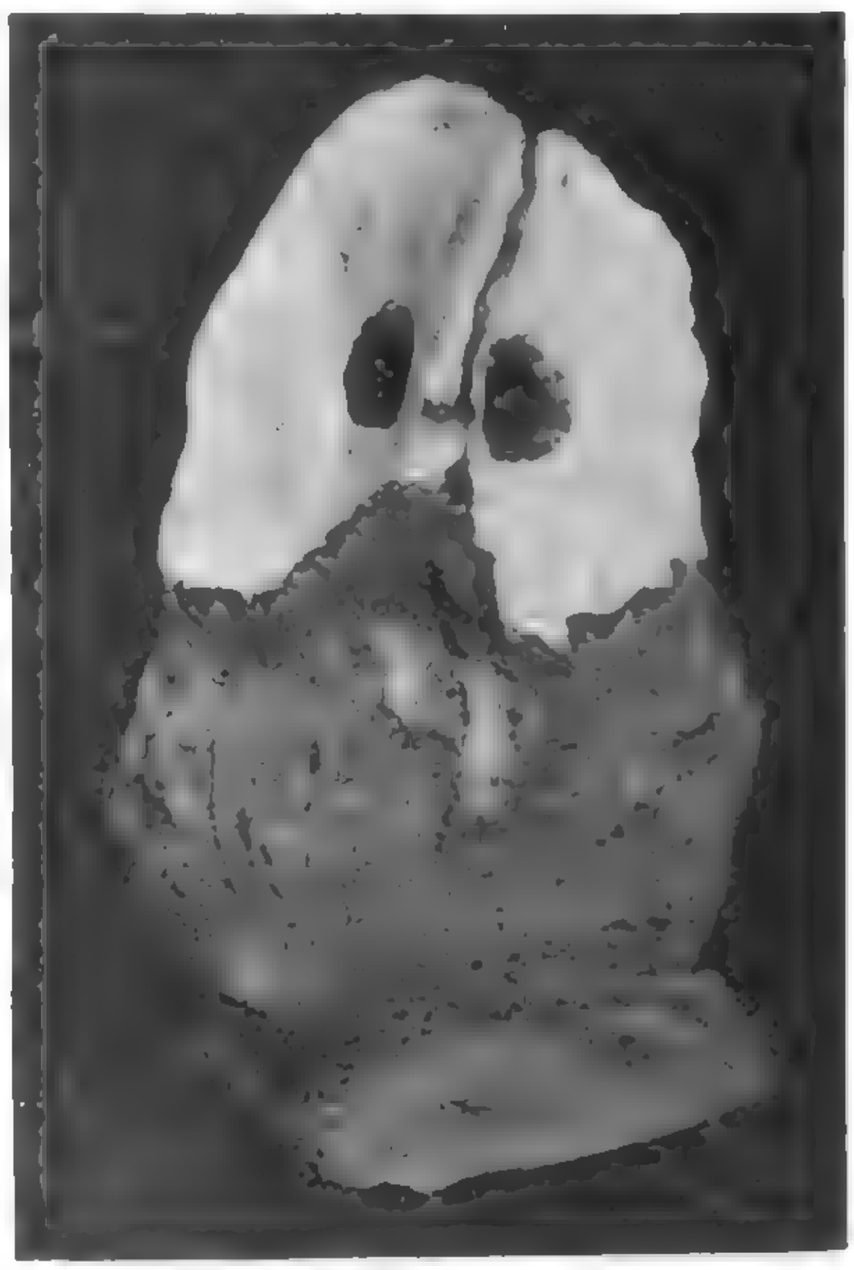


A WHALE'S EYE.

IN your issue for September, 1905, you gave illustrations of a whale's ear. Here are two photographs, taken by C. A. Pode, of a whale's eye, or, rather, the bone surrounding it. The bone was obtained from a Lapp at Tromsö, Norway, in 1900 by Mr. Arthur Marston, of Earls Croome, Worcestershire. The eye is about one inch and three-quarters in diameter. —Mr. G. R. Clarke, Upton-on-Severn.

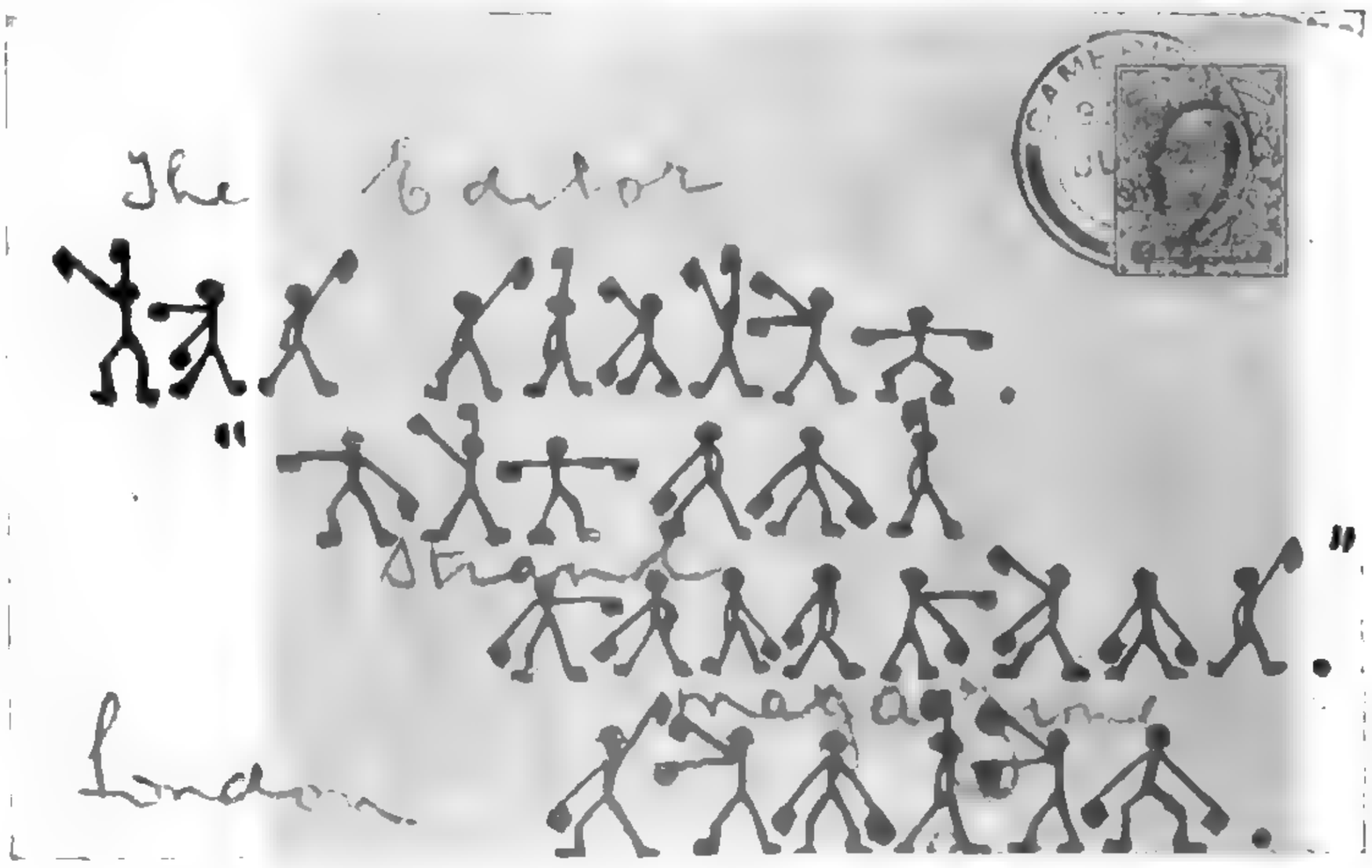
AN OYSTER-OWL.

AMONG the many tons of oyster-shells that are collected by the London Pulverizing Company to be ground, this shell, which is shaped like an owl, is one of the many curious ones, and perhaps the most curious, that have passed through the hands of the writer. The oyster-shells are first baked and then ground for the use of song-birds and poultry after being mixed with gravel.—Mr. Wm. Ashton, 73, Westmoreland Road, Walworth.



AN ADDRESS IN SEMAPHORE.

THE manikins are semaphoring THE STRAND MAGAZINE address on the envelope by means of the ordinary semaphore code as used in the Army, and the ever-vigilant Post Office officials were not long in deciphering the address, as there was no delay in delivery. The words seen in pencil were written in by the Post Office expert for the benefit of the local postman. Mr. E. R. Taylor, Saxon-Barns, Grange Road, Cambridge, sent us this letter.



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"KNOLLES AND HIS MEN STREAMED INTO THE BAILEY-YARD OF THE CASTLE."

(*See page* 366.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxii. OCTOBER, 1906. No. 190.

SIR NIGEL.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER XXI.—*(Continued.)*

OH, the buzz of joy and of prayer from all those white lips! Oh, the light of returning hope in all those sunken, weary eyes! One wild shout would have gone up had not Nigel's outstretched hands and warning voice hushed them to silence. He opened the door behind him. A curving newel staircase wound upwards into the darkness. He listened, but no sound came down. There was a key in the outer lock of the iron door. He whipped it out and turned it on the inner side. The ground that they had gained was safe. Now they could turn to the relief of these poor fellows beside them. A few strong blows struck off the irons and freed the three dancers before the fire. With a husky croak of joy they rushed across to their comrades' water-barrels, plunged their heads in like horses, and drank, and drank, and drank. Then in turn the poor, shivering wretches were taken out of the barrels, their skins bleached and wrinkled with long soaking. Their bonds were torn from them, but, cramped and fixed, their limbs refused to act, and they tumbled and twisted upon the floor in their efforts to reach Nigel and to kiss his hand.

In a corner lay Aylward, dripping from his barrel and exhausted with cold and hunger. Nigel ran to his side and raised his head. The jug of wine from which the two jailers had drunk still stood upon their table. The squire placed it to the archer's lips and he took a hearty pull at it.

"How is it with you now, Aylward?"

"Better, squire, better, but may I never touch water again so long as I live. Alas, poor Dicon has gone—and Stephen also—the life chilled out of them. The cold is in the very marrow of my bones. I pray you let me lean upon your arm as far as the fire, that I may warm the frozen blood and set it running in my veins once more."

A strange sight it was to see these twenty naked men crouching in a half-circle round the fire with their trembling hands extended to the blaze. Soon their tongues at least were thawed, and they poured out the story of their troubles with many a prayer and ejaculation to the saints for their safe delivery. No food had crossed their lips since they had been taken. The Butcher had commanded them to join his garrison, and to shoot upon their comrades from the wall. When they refused he had set aside three of them for execution. The others had been dragged to the cellar, whither the leering tyrant had followed them. Only one question he had asked them, whether they were of a hot-blooded nature or of a cold. Blows were showered upon them until they answered. Three had said cold, and had been condemned to the torment of the fire. The rest, who had said hot, were delivered up to the torture of the water-cask. Every few hours this man or fiend had come down to exult over their sufferings, and to ask them whether they were ready yet to enter his service. Three had consented and were gone. But the others had all of them stood firm—two of them even to their death.

Such was the tale to which Nigel and his comrades listened whilst they waited impatiently for the coming of Knolles and his men. Many an anxious look did they cast down the black tunnel, but no glimmer of light and no clash of steel came from its depths. Suddenly, however, a loud and measured sound broke upon their ears. It was a dull, metallic clang, ponderous and slow, growing louder and ever louder—the tread of an armoured man. The poor wretches round the fire, all unnerved by hunger and suffering, huddled together with wan, scared faces, their eyes fixed in terror on the door.

"It is he," they whispered. "It is the Butcher himself!"

Nigel had darted to the door, and listened intently. There were no footfalls save those of one man. Once sure of that, he softly turned the key in the lock. At the same instant there came a bull's bellow from without.

"Ives! Bertrand!" cried the voice. "Can

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you not hear me coming, you drunken varlets? You shall cool your own heads in the water-casks, you lazy rascals! What, not even now? Open, you dogs—open, I say!"

He had thrust down the latch, and with a kick he flung the door wide and rushed inwards. For an instant he stood motionless, a statue of dull yellow metal, his eyes fixed upon the empty casks and the huddle of naked men. Then, with the roar of a trapped lion, he turned, but the door had slammed behind him, and Black Simon, with grim figure and sardonic face, stood between.

The Butcher looked round him helplessly, for he was unarmed save for his dagger. Then his eyes fell upon Nigel's roses.

"You are a gentleman of coat-armour," he cried. "I surrender myself to you."

"I will not take your surrender, you black villain," said Nigel. "Draw and defend yourself. Simon, give him your sword."

"Nay, this is madness," said the blunt man-at-arms. "Why should I give the wasp a sting?"

"Give it him, I say. I cannot kill him in cold blood."

"But I can!" yelled Aylward, who had crept up from the fire. "Come, comrades! By these ten finger-bones, has he not taught us how cold blood should be warmed?"

Like a pack of wolves they were on him, and he clanged upon the floor with a dozen frenzied, naked figures clutching and clinging above him. In vain Nigel tried to pull them off. They were mad with rage, these tortured, starving men, their eyes fixed and glaring, their hair on end, their teeth gnashing with fury, while they tore at the howling, writhing man. Then with a rattle and clatter they pulled him across the room by his two ankles and dragged him into the fire. Nigel shuddered and turned away his eyes as he saw the brazen figure roll out and stagger to his knees, only to be hurled once more into the heart of the blaze. His prisoners screamed with joy and clapped their hands as they pushed him back with their feet until the armour was too hot for them to touch. Then at last he lay still and glowed darkly red whilst the naked men danced in a wild half-circle round the fire.

But now at last the supports had come. Lights flashed and armour gleamed down the tunnel. The cellar filled with armed men, while from above came the cries and turmoil of the feigned assault upon the gate. Led by Knolles and Nigel, the storming party rushed upwards and seized the courtyard. The guard of the gate taken in the rear threw down their weapons and cried for mercy. The gate was thrown open and the assailants rushed in, with hundreds of furious peasants at their heels. Some of the robbers died in hot blood, many in cold, but all died, for Knolles had vowed to give no quarter. Day was just breaking when the last fugitive had been hunted out and slain. From all sides came the yells and whoops of the soldiers, with the rending and riving of doors, as they burst into the store-rooms and treasure chambers. There was a joyous scramble amongst them for the plunder of eleven years: gold and jewels, satins and velvets, rich plate and noble hangings, were all to be had for the taking. The rescued prisoners, their hunger appeased and their clothes



"LIGHTS FLASHED AND ARMOUR GLEAMED DOWN THE TUNNEL."

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restored, led the search for booty. Nigel, leaning on his sword by the gateway, saw Aylward totter past, a huge bundle under each arm, another slung over his back, and a smaller packet hanging from his mouth. He dropped it for a moment as he passed his young master.

"By these ten finger-bones, I am right glad that I came to the war, and no man could ask for a more goodly life," said he. "I have a present here for every girl in Tilford, and my father need never fear the frown of the Sacrist of Waverley again. But how of you, Squire Loring? It standeth not aright that we should gather the harvest whilst you, who sowed it, go forth empty-handed. Come, gentle sir, take these things that I have gathered, and I will go back and find more."

But Nigel smiled and shook his head.

"You have gained what your heart desired, and perchance I have done so also," said he.

An instant later Knolles strode up to him with outstretched hand.

"I ask your pardon, Nigel," said he; "I have spoken too hotly in my wrath."

"Nay, fair sir, I was at fault."

"If we stand here now within this castle it is to you that I owe it. The King shall know of it, and Chandos also. Can I do aught else, Nigel, to prove to you the high esteem in which I hold you?"

The squire flushed with pleasure.

"Do you send a messenger home to England, fair sir, with news of these doings?"

"Surely I must do so. But do not tell me, Nigel, that you would be that messenger. Ask me some other favour, for indeed I cannot let you go."

"Now God forbid!" cried Nigel. "By St. Paul! I would not be so caitiff and so thrall as to leave you when some small deed might still be done. But I would fain send a message by your messenger."

"To whom?"

"It is to the Lady Mary, daughter of old Sir John Buttesthorn, who dwells near Guildford."

"But you will write the message, Nigel. Such greetings as a cavalier sends to his lady love should be under seal."

"Nay, he can carry my message by word of mouth."

"Then I shall tell him, for he goes this morning. What message, then, shall he say to the lady?"

"He will give her my very humble greeting, and he will say to her that for the second time St. Catherine has been our friend."

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW ROBERT OF BEAUMANOIR CAME TO PLOERMEL.

SIR ROBERT KNOLLES and his men passed onwards that day, looking back many a time to see the two dark columns of smoke, one thicker and one more slender, which arose from the castle and from the fort of La Brohinière. There was not an archer nor a man-at-arms who did not bear a great bundle of spoil upon his back, and Knolles frowned darkly as he looked upon them. Very gladly would he have thrown it all down by the roadside, but he had tried such matters before, and he knew that it was as safe to tear a half-gnawed bone from a bear as their blood-won plunder from such men as these. In any case it was but two days' march to Ploermel, where he hoped to bring his journey to an end.

That night they camped at Mauron, where a small English and Breton garrison held the castle. Right glad were the bowmen to see some of their own countrymen once more, and they spent the night over wine and dice, a crowd of Breton girls assisting, so that next morning their bundles were very much lighter, and much of the plunder of La Brohinière was left with the men and women of Mauron. Next day their march lay with a fair, sluggish river upon their right, and a great rolling forest upon their left which covered the whole country. At last towards evening the towers of Ploermel rose before them, and they saw against a darkening sky the Red Cross of England waving in the wind. So blue was the river Duc which skirted the road, and so green its banks, that they might indeed have been back beside their own homely streams, the Oxford Thames or the Midland Trent, but ever as the darkness deepened there came in wild gusts the howling of wolves from the forest to remind them that they were in a land of war. So busy had men been for many years in hunting one another that the beasts of the chase had grown to a monstrous degree, until the streets of the towns were no longer safe from the wild inroads of the fierce creatures, the wolves and the bears, which swarmed around them.

It was nightfall when the little army entered the outer gate of the castle of Ploermel and encamped in the broad bailey-yard. Ploermel was at that time the centre

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of British power in mid-Brittany, as Hennebon was in the west, and it was held by a garrison of five hundred men under an old soldier, Richard of Bambro', a rugged Northumbrian, trained in that great school of warriors, the Border wars. He who had ridden the marches of the most troubled frontier in Europe and served his time against the Liddesdale and Nithsdale raiders was hardened for a life in the field. Of late, however, Bambro' had been unable to undertake any enterprise, for his reinforcements had failed him, and amid his following he had but three English knights and seventy men. The rest were a mixed crew of Bretons, Hainaulters, and a few German mercenary soldiers, brave men individually, as those of that stock have ever been, but lacking interest in the cause, and bound together by no common tie of blood or tradition. On the other hand, the surrounding castles, and especially that of Josselin, were held by strong forces of enthusiastic Bretons, inflamed by a common patriotism and full of warlike ardour. Robert of Beaumanoir, the fierce seneschal of the house of Rohan, pushed constant forays and excursions against Ploermel, so that town and castle were both in daily dread of being surrounded and besieged. Several small parties of the English faction had been cut off and slain to a man, and so straitened were the others that it was difficult for them to gather provisions from the country round. Such was the state of Bambro's garrison when, on that March evening, Knolles and his men streamed into the bailey-yard of the castle.

In the glare of the torches at the inner gate Bambro' was waiting to receive them, a dry, hard, wizened man, small and fierce, with beady black eyes and quick, furtive ways. Beside him, a strange contrast, stood his squire, Croquart, a German, whose name and fame as a man-at-arms were widespread, though, like Robert Knolles himself, he had begun as a humble page. He was a very tall man, with an enormous spread of shoulders, and a pair of huge hands with which he could crack a horse-shoe. He was slow and lethargic, save in moments of excitement, and his calm, blond face, his dreamy blue eyes, and his long, light hair gave him so gentle an appearance that none save those who had seen him in his Berserk mood, raging, an iron giant, in the forefront of the battle, could ever guess how terrible a warrior he might be. Little knight and huge squire stood together under the arch of the donjon and gave welcome to the new-comers, whilst a swarm of soldiers crowded round to embrace their comrades, and to lead them off where they might feed and make merry together.

Supper had been set in the hall of Ploermel, wherein the knights and squires assembled. Bambro' and Croquart were there with Sir Hugh Calverley, an old friend of Knolles and a fellow-townsman, for both were men of Chester. Sir Hugh was a middle-sized, flaxen man, with hard grey eyes and fierce, large-nosed face sliced across with the scar of a sword-cut. There, too, were Geoffrey d'Ardaine, a young Breton seigneur; Sir Thomas Belford, a burly, thick-set Midland Englishman; Sir Thomas Walton, whose surcoat of scarlet martlets showed that he was of the Surrey Waltons; James Marshall and John Russell, young English squires; and the two brothers, Richard and Hugh Le Galliard, who were of Gascon blood. Besides these were several squires unknown to fame, and of the new-comers, Sir Robert Knolles, Sir Thomas Percy, Nigel Loring, and two other squires, Allington and Parsons. These were the company who gathered in the torch-light round the table of the seneschal of Ploermel, and kept high revel with joyous hearts because they thought that much honour and noble deeds lay before them.

But one sad face there was at the board, and that belonged to him who sat at the head of it. Sir Richard Bambro' sat with his chin leaning upon his hand and his eyes downcast upon the cloth, whilst all round him rose the merry clatter of voices, everyone planning some fresh enterprise which might now be attempted. Sir Robert Knolles was for an immediate advance upon Josselin. Calverley thought that a raid might be made into the south, where the main French power lay. Others spoke of an attack upon Vannes. To all these eager opinions Bambro' listened in a moody silence, which he broke at last by a fierce execration which drew a hushed attention from the company.

"Say no more, fair sirs," he cried, "for indeed your words are like so many stabs in my heart. All this and more we might indeed have done. But of a truth you are too late."

"Too late!" cried Knolles. "What mean you, Richard?"

"Alas that I should have to say it, but you and all these fair soldiers might be back in England once more for all the profit that I am like to have from your coming. Saw you a rider on a white horse ere you reached the castle?"

"Nay, I saw him not."

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"He came by the western road from Hennebon. Would that he had broken his neck ere he came here. Not an hour ago he left his message, and now hath ridden on to warn the garrison of Malestroit. A truce hath been proclaimed for a year betwixt the French King and the English, and he who breaks it forfeits life and estate."

"A truce!" Here was an end to all their fine dreams. They looked blankly at each other all round the table, whilst Croquart brought his great fist down upon the board until the glasses rattled again. Knolles sat with clenched hands as if he were a figure of stone, while Nigel's heart turned cold and heavy within him. A truce! Where, then, was his third deed, and how might he return without it?

Even as they sat in moody silence there was the call of a bugle from somewhere out in the darkness. Sir Richard looked up with surprise.

"We are not wont to be summoned after once the portcullis is up," said he. "Truce or no truce, we must let no man within our walls until we have proved him. Croquart, see to it!"

The huge German left the room. The company were still seated in despondent silence when he returned.

"Sir Richard," said he, "the brave knight, Robert of Beaumanoir, and his squire, William de Montaubon, are without the gate, and would fain have speech with you."

Bambro' started in his chair. What could the fierce leader of the Bretons, a man who was red to the elbow with English blood, have to say to them? On what errand had he left his castle of Josselin to pay this visit to his deadly enemies?

"Are they armed?" he asked.

"They are unarmed."

"Then admit them and bring them hither, but double the guards and take all precaution against surprise."

Places were set at the farther end of the table for these most unexpected guests. Presently the door was swung open and Croquart, with all form and courtesy, announced the two Bretons, who entered with the proud and lofty air of gallant warriors and high-bred gentlemen. Beaumanoir was a tall, dark man with raven hair and long, swarthy beard. He was strong and straight as a young oak, with fiery black eyes, and no flaw in his comely features save that his front teeth had been dashed from their sockets. His squire, William of Montaubon, was also tall, with a thin, hatchet face, and two small grey eyes set very close upon either side of a long, fierce nose. In Beaumanoir's expression one read only gallantry and frankness; in Montaubon's there was gallantry also, but it was mixed with the cruelty and cunning of the wolf. They bowed as they entered, and the little English seneschal advanced with outstretched hand to meet them.

"Welcome, Robert, so long as you are beneath this roof," said he. "Perhaps the



"'A TRUCE!' HERE WAS AN END TO ALL THEIR FINE DREAMS."

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time may come in another place when we may speak to each other in another fashion."

"So I hope, Richard," said Beaumanoir. "But, indeed, we of Josselin bear you in high esteem, and are much beholden to you and to your men for all that you have done for us. We could not wish better neighbours, nor any from whom more honour is to be gained. I learn that Sir Robert Knolles and others have joined you, and we are heavy-hearted to think that the orders of our Kings should debar us from attempting a venture."

He and his squire sat down at the places set for them, and, filling their glasses, drank to the company.

"What you say is true, Robert," said Bambro', "and before you came we were discussing the matter among ourselves and grieving that it should be so. When heard you of the truce?"

"Yester evening a messenger rode from Nantes."

"Our news came to-night from Hennebon. The King's own seal was on the order. So I fear that for a year, at least, you will bide at Josselin and we at Ploermel, and kill time as we may. Perchance we may hunt the wolf together in the great forest, or fly our hawks on the banks of the Duc."

"Doubtless we shall do all this, Richard," said Beaumanoir, "but, by St. Cadoc! it is in my mind that with good will upon both sides we may please ourselves and yet stand excused before our Kings."

Knights and squires leaned forward in their chairs, their eager eyes fixed upon him. He broke into a gap-toothed smile as he looked round at the circle, the wizened seneschal, the blond giant, Nigel's fresh young face, the grim features of Knolles, and the yellow, hawk-like Calverley, all burning with the same desire.

"I see that I need not doubt the good will," said he, "and of that I was very certain before I came upon this errand. Bethink you, then, that this order applies to war but not to challenges, spear-runnings, knightly exchanges, or the like? King Edward is too good a knight, and so is King John, that either of them should stand in the way of a gentleman who desires to advance himself or to venture his body for the exaltation of his lady. Is this not so?"

A murmur of eager assent arose from the table.

"If you, as the garrison of Ploermel, march upon the garrison of Josselin, then it is very plain that we have broken the truce, and upon our heads be it. But if there be a private bickering betwixt me, for example, and this young squire, whose eyes show that he is very eager for honour, and if thereafter others on each side join in and fight upon the quarrel, it is in no sense war, but rather our own private business, which no King can alter."

"Indeed, Robert," said Bambro', "all that you say is very good and fair."

Beaumanoir leaned forward towards Nigel, his brimming glass in his hand.

"Your name, squire?" said he.

"My name is Nigel Loring."

"I see that you are young and eager, so I choose you as I would fain have been chosen when I was of your age."

"I thank you, fair sir," said Nigel. "It is great honour that one so famous as yourself should condescend to do some small deed upon me."

"But we must have cause for quarrel, Nigel. Now, here I drink to the ladies of Brittany, who of all ladies upon this earth are the most fair and the most virtuous, so that the least worthy amongst them is far above the best of England. What say you to that, young sir?"

Nigel dipped his finger in his glass and, leaning over, he placed its wet impress on the Breton's hand.

"This in your face!" said he.

Beaumanoir swept off the red drop of moisture and smiled his approval.

"It could not have been better done," said he. "Why spoil my velvet paltock, as many a hot-headed fool would have done? It is in my mind, young sir, that you will go far. And now, who follows up this quarrel?"

A growl ran round the table. Beaumanoir ran his eyes round and shook his head.

"Alas!" said he, "there are but twenty of you here, and I have thirty at Josselin who are so eager to advance themselves that if I return without hope for all of them there will be sore hearts amongst them. I pray you, Richard, since we have been at these pains to arrange matters, that you in turn will do what you may. Can you not find ten more men?"

"But not of gentle blood."

"Nay, it matters not, if they will only fight."

"Of that there can be no doubt, for the castle is full of archers and men-at-arms, who would gladly play a part in the matter."

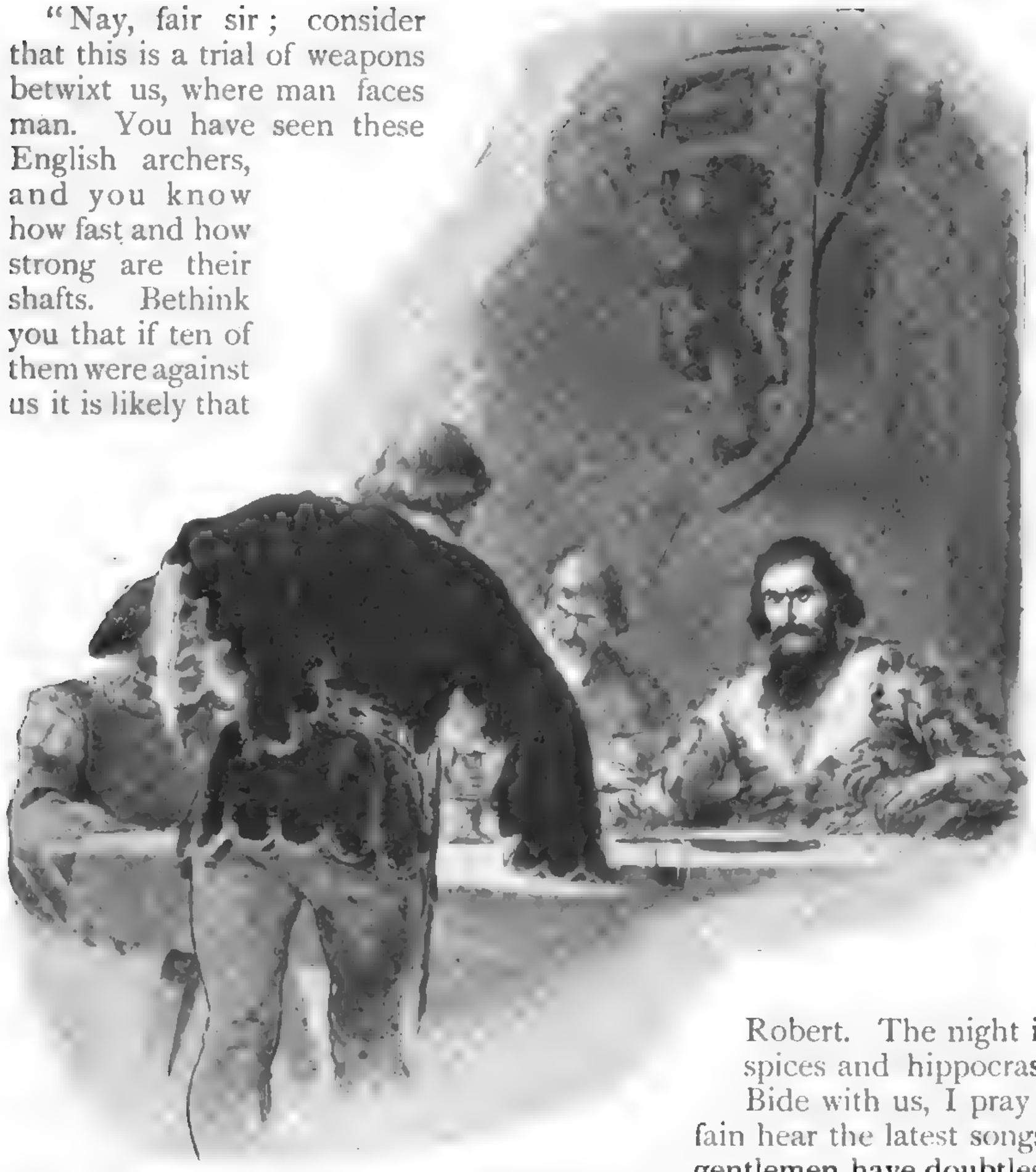
"Then choose ten," said Beaumanoir.

But for the first time the wolf-like squire opened his thin lips.

"Surely, my lord, you will not allow archers?" said he.

"I fear not any man."

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"NIGEL DIPPED HIS FINGER IN HIS GLASS AND, LEANING OVER, HE PLACED ITS WET IMPRESS ON THE BRETON'S HAND."

"Nay, fair sir; consider that this is a trial of weapons betwixt us, where man faces man. You have seen these English archers, and you know how fast and how strong are their shafts. Bethink you that if ten of them were against us it is likely that half of us would be down before ever we came to handstrokes."

"By St. Cadoc! William, I think that you are right," cried the Breton. "If we are to have such a fight as will remain in the memories of men you will bring no archers and we no cross-bows. Let it be steel upon steel. How say you, then?"

"Surely we can bring ten men-at-arms to make up the thirty that you desire, Robert? It is agreed, then, that we fight on no quarrel of England and France, but over this matter of the ladies, in which you and Squire Loring have fallen out. And now the time?"

"At once."

"Surely at once, or perchance a second messenger may come and this also be forbidden. We will be ready with to-morrow's sunrise."

"Nay, a day later," cried the Breton squire. "Bethink you, my lord, that the three lances of Radenac would take time to come over."

"They are not of our garrison, and they shall not have a place."

"But, fair sir, of all the lances of Brittany——"

"Nay, William, I will not have it an hour later. To-morrow it shall be, Richard."

"And where?"

"I marked a fitting place even as I rode here this evening. If you cross the river and take the bridle-path through the fields which leads to Josselin you come midway upon a mighty oak which stands at the corner of a fair and level meadow. There let us meet at midday to morrow."

"Agreed!" cried Bambro'. "But I pray you not to rise, Robert. The night is still young, and the spices and hippocras will soon be served. Bide with us, I pray you, for if you would fain hear the latest songs from England these gentlemen have doubtless brought them. To some of us, perchance, it is the last night, so we would make it a full one."

But the gallant Breton shook his head.

"It may indeed be the last night for many," said he, "and it is but right that my comrades should know it. I have no need of monk or friar, for I cannot think that harm will ever come beyond the grave to one who has borne himself as a knight should; but others have other thoughts upon these matters, and would fain have time for prayer and penitence. Adieu, fair sirs, and I drink a last glass to a happy meeting at the midway oak."

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOW THIRTY OF JOSSELIN ENCOUNTERED THIRTY OF PLOERMEL.

ALL night the castle of Ploermel rang with warlike preparations, for the smiths were hammering, and filing, and riveting, preparing the armour of the champions. In the stable-yard ostlers were testing and grooming the great war-horses, whilst in the chapel knights and squires were easing their souls at the knees of old Father Benedict. Down in the

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"IN THE CHAPEL KNIGHTS AND SQUIRES WERE EASING THEIR SOULS AT THE KNEES OF OLD FATHER BENEDICT."

courtyard, meanwhile, the men-at-arms had been assembled, and the volunteers weeded out until the best men had been selected. Black Simon had obtained a place, and great was the joy which shone upon his grim visage. With him were chosen young Nicholas Dagsworth, a gentleman adventurer, who was nephew to the famous Sir Thomas; Walter, the German; Hulbitée, a huge peasant whose massive frame gave promise which his sluggish spirit failed to fulfil; John Alcock, Robin Adey, and Raoul Provost. These, with three others, made up the required thirty. Great was the grumbling and evil the talk amongst the archers when it was learned that none of them were to be included, but the bow had been forbidden on either side. It is true that many of them were expert fighters both with axe and with sword, but they were unused to carry heavy armour, and a half-armed man would have short shrift in such a hand-to-hand struggle as lay before them.

It was two hours after tierce, or one hour before noon, on the fourth Wednesday of Lent in the year of Christ 1351, that the men of Ploermel rode forth from their castle gate and crossed the bridge of the Duc. In front was Bambro' with his squire Croquart on a great roan horse bearing the banner of Ploermel, which was a black rampant lion holding a blue flag upon a field of ermine. Behind him came Robert Knolles and Nigel Loring, with an attendant at their side, who carried the pennon of the black raven. Then rode Sir Thomas Percy with his blue lion flaunting above him, and Sir Hugh Calverley, whose banner bore a silver owl, followed by the massive Belford, who carried a huge iron club, weighing sixty pounds, upon his saddle-bow, and Sir Thomas Walton, the knight of Surrey. Behind them were four brave Anglo-Bretons — Perrot de Commelain, Le Gaillart, D'Aspremont, and D'Ardaine, who fought against their own countrymen because they were partisans of the Countess of Montfort. Her engrailed silver cross upon a blue field was carried at their head. In the rear were five German or Hainault mercenaries, the tall Hulbitée, and the men-at-arms. Altogether, of these combatants twenty were of English birth, four were Breton, and six were of German blood. So, with glitter of armour and flaunting of pennons, their war-horses tossing and pawing, the champions rode down to the midway oak. Behind them streamed hundreds of archers and men-at-arms, whose weapons had been wisely taken from them lest a general battle should ensue. With them also went the townsfolk, men and women, together with wine-sellers, provision merchants, armourers, grooms, and heralds, with surgeons to tend the wounded and priests to shrive the dying. The path was blocked by this throng, but all over the face of the country horsemen and footmen, gentle and simple, men and women, could be seen speeding their way to the scene of the encounter.

The journey was not a long one, for presently, as they threaded their way through the fields, there appeared before them a great grey oak which spread its gnarled, leafless

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branches over the corner of a green and level meadow. The tree was black with the peasants who had climbed into it, and all round it was a huge throng, chattering and calling like a rookery at sunset. A storm of hooting broke out from them at the approach of the English, for Bambro' was hated in the country, where he raised money for the Montfort cause by putting every parish to ransom and maltreating those who refused to pay. There was little amenity in the warlike ways which had been learned upon the Scottish border. The champions rode onward without deigning to take notice of the taunts of the rabble, but the archers turned that way and soon beat the mob into silence. Then they resolved themselves into the keepers of the ground, and pressed the people back until they formed a dense line along the edge of the field, leaving the whole space clear for the warriors.

The Breton champions had not yet arrived, so the English tethered their horses at one side of the ground and then gathered round their leader. Every man had his shield slung round his neck, and had cut his spear to the length of five feet, so that it might be more manageable for fighting on foot. Besides the spear, a sword or a battle-axe hung at the side of each. They were clad from head to foot in armour, with devices upon their crests and surcoats to distinguish them from their antagonists. At present their visors were still up and they chatted gaily with each other.

"By St. Dunstan!" cried Percy, slapping his gauntleted hands together and stamping his steel feet, "I shall be right glad to get to work, for my blood is chilled."

"I warrant you will be warm enough ere you get through," said Calverley.

"Or cold for ever. Candle shall burn and bell toll at Alnwick Chapel if I leave this ground alive. But come what may, fair sirs, it should be a famous joust and one which will help us forward. Surely each of us will have worshipfully won worship if we chance to come through."

"You say truth, Thomas," said Knolles, bracing his girdle. "For my own part I have no joy in such encounters when there is warfare to be carried out, for it standeth not aright that a man should think of his own pleasure and advancement rather than of the King's cause and the weal of the army. But in times of truce I can think of no better way in which a day may be profitably spent. Why so silent, Nigel?"

"Indeed, fair sir, I was looking towards Josselin, which lies, as I understand, beyond those woods. I see no sign of this debonair gentleman and of his following. It would be indeed grievous pity if any cause came to hold them back."

Hugh Calverley laughed at the words.

"You need have no fear, young sir," said he. "Such a spirit lies in Robert de Beaumanoir that if he must come alone he would ride against us none the less. I warrant that if he were on a bed of death he would be borne here and die on the green field."

"You say truly, Hugh," said Bambro'. "I know him and those who ride behind him. Thirty stouter men or more skilled in arms are not to be found in Christendom. It is in my mind that, come what may, there will be much honour for all of us this day. Ever in my head I have a rhyme which the wife of a Welsh archer gave me when I crossed her hand with a golden bracelet after the intaking of Bergerac. She was of the old blood of Merlin, with the power of sight. Thus she said:—

'Twixt the oak tree and the river
Knightly fame and brave endeavour
Make an honoured name for ever.

Methinks I see the oak tree, and yonder is the river. Surely this should betide some good to us."

The huge German squire betrayed some impatience during this speech of his leader. Though his rank was subordinate, no man present had more experience of warfare or was more famous as a fighter than he. He now broke brusquely into the talk.

"We would be better employed in ordering our line and making our plans than in talking of the rhymes of Merlin, or such old wives' tales," said he. "It is to our own strong arms and good weapons that we must trust this day. And first I would ask you, Sir Richard, what is your will if perchance you should fall in the midst of the fight?"

Bambro' turned to the others.

"If such should be the case, fair sirs, I desire that my squire Croquart should command."

There was a pause while the knights looked with some chagrin at each other. The silence was broken by Knolles.

"I will do what you say, Richard," said he, "though indeed it is bitter that we who are knights should serve beneath a squire. Yet it is not for us to fall out among ourselves now at this last moment, and I have ever heard that Croquart is a very worthy and valiant man. Therefore, I will pledge you on

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jeopardy of my soul that I will accept him as leader if you fall."

"So will I also, Richard," said Calverley.

"And I too!" cried Belford. "But surely I hear music, and yonder are their pennons amid the trees."

They all turned, leaning upon their short spears, and watched the advance of the men of Josselin, as their troop wound its way out from the woodlands. In front rode three heralds with tabards of the ermine of Brittany, blowing loudly upon silver trumpets. Behind them a great man upon a white horse bore the banner of Josselin, which carries nine golden torteaux upon a scarlet field. Then came the champions, riding two and two, fifteen knights and fifteen squires, each with his pennon displayed. Behind them, on a litter, was borne an aged priest, the Bishop of Rennes, carrying in his hands the viaticum and the holy oils, that he might give the last aid and comfort of the Church to those who were dying. The procession was terminated by hundreds of men and women from Josselin, Guegon, and Helleon, and by the entire garrison of the fortress, who came, as the English had done, without their arms. The head of this long column had reached the field before the rear were clear of the wood, but as they arrived the champions picketed their horses on the farther side, behind which their banner was planted, and the people lined up until they had enclosed the whole lists with a dense wall of spectators.

With keen eyes the English party had watched the armorial blazonry of their antagonists, for those fluttering pennons and brilliant surcoats carried a language which all men could read. In front was the banner of Beaumanoir, blue with silver frets. His motto—"J'ayme qui m'ayme"—was carried on a second flag by a little page.



"THEY ALL TURNED, LEANING UPON THEIR SHORT SPEARS, AND WATCHED THE ADVANCE OF THE MEN OF JOSSELIN."

"Whose is the shield behind him—silver with scarlet drops?" asked Knolles.

"It is his squire, William of Montaubon," Calverley answered. "And there are the golden lion of Rochefort and the silver cross of Dubois the Strong. I would not wish to meet a better company than are before us this day. See, there are the blue rings of young Tintiniac, who slew my squire Hubert last Lammastide. With the aid of St. George I will avenge him ere nightfall."

"By the three Kings of Almain," growled Croquart, "we will need to fight hard this day, for never have I seen so many good soldiers gathered together. Yonder is Yves Cheruel, whom they call the man of iron;

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Caro de Bodegat also, with whom I have had more than one bickering—that is he with the three ermine circles on the scarlet shield. There, too, is left-handed Alain de Keranais; bear in mind that his stroke comes on the side where there is no shield."

"Who is the small, stout man?" asked Nigel. "He with the black and silver shield. By St. Paul! he seems a very worthy person, and one from whom much might be gained, for he is nigh as broad as he is long."

"It is Sir Robert Raguenal," said Calverley, whose long spell of service in Brittany had made him familiar with the people. "It is said that he can lift a horse upon his back. Beware a full stroke of that steel mace, for the armour is not made that can abide it. But here is the good Beaumanoir, and surely it is time that we came to grips."

The Breton leader had marshalled his men in a line opposite to the English, and now he strode forward and shook Bambro' by the hand.

"By St. Cadoc! this is a very joyous meeting, Richard," said he, "and we have certainly hit upon a very excellent way of keeping a truce."

"Indeed, Robert," said Bambro', "we owe you much thanks, for I can see that you have been at great pains to bring a worthy company against us this day. Surely, if all should chance to perish, there will be few noble houses in Brittany who will not mourn."

"Nay, we have none of the highest of Brittany," Beaumanoir answered. "Neither a Blois, nor a Leon, nor a Rohan, nor a Conan fights in our ranks this day. And yet we are all men of blood and coat-armour, who are ready to venture our persons for the desire of our ladies and the love of the high order of knighthood. And now, Richard, what is your sweet will concerning this fight?"

"That we continue until one or other can endure no longer, for since it is seldom that so many brave men draw together it is fitting that we see as much as is possible of each other."

"Richard, your words are fair and good. It shall be even as you say. For the rest each shall fight as pleases him best from the time that the herald calls the word. If any man from without shall break in upon us he shall be hanged on yonder oak."

With a salute he drew down his visor and returned to his own men, who were kneeling in a twinkling, many-coloured group whilst the old bishop gave them his blessing.

The heralds rode round with a warning to the spectators. Then they halted at the side



"THE OLD BISHOP GAVE THEM HIS BLESSING."

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"IN A VERY FEW MOMENTS ALL ORDER HAD BEEN LOST AND THE TWO BANDS WERE MIXED UP IN ONE FURIOUS, SCRAMBLING, CLATTERING THRONG."

of the two bands of men, who now stood in a long line facing each other with fifty yards of grass between. The visors had been closed, and every man was now cased in metal from head to foot, some few glowing in brass, the greater number shining in steel. Only their fierce eyes could be seen smouldering in the dark shadow of their helmets. So for an instant they stood glaring and crouching. Then with a loud cry of "Allez!" the herald dropped his upraised hand, and the two lines of men shuffled as fast as their heavy armour would permit until they met with a sharp clang of metal in the middle of the field. There was a sound as of sixty smiths working upon their anvils. Then the babel of yells and shouts from the spectators, cheering on this party or that, rose and swelled until even the uproar of the combat was drowned in that mighty surge.

So eager were the combatants to engage that in a very few moments all order had been lost and the two bands were mixed up in one furious, scrambling, clattering throng, each man tossed hither and thither, thrown against one adversary and then against another, beaten and hustled and buffeted, with only the one thought in his mind to thrust with his spear or to beat with his axe against anyone who came within the narrow slit of vision left by his visor. But, alas for Nigel and his hopes of some great deed! His was at least the fate of the brave, for he was the first to fall. With a high heart he had placed himself in the line as nearly opposite to Beaumanoir as he could, and had made straight for the Breton leader, remembering that in the outset the quarrel had been so ordered that it lay between them. But ere he could reach his goal he was caught in the swirl of his own comrades and, being the lighter man, was swept aside and dashed into the arms of Alain de Keranais, the left-handed swordsman, with such a crash that the two rolled upon the ground together. Light-footed as a cat, Nigel had sprung up first and was stooping over the Breton squire when the powerful dwarf, Raguenal, brought

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his mace thudding down upon the exposed back of his helmet. With a groan Nigel fell upon his face, blood gushing from his mouth, nose, and ears. There he lay, trampled over by either party, while that great fight for which his fiery soul had yearned was swaying back and forwards above his unconscious form.

But Nigel was not long unavenged. The huge iron club of Belford struck the dwarf Raguenal to the ground, while Belford in turn was felled by a sweeping blow from Beaumanoir. Sometimes a dozen were on the ground at one time, but so strong was the armour, and so deftly was the force of a blow broken by guard and shield, that the stricken men were often pulled to their feet once more by their comrades, and were able to continue the fight. Some, however, were beyond all aid. Croquart had cut at a Breton knight named Jean Rousselot and had shorn away his shoulder-piece, exposing his neck and the upper part of his arm. Vainly he tried to cover this vulnerable surface with his shield. It was his right side, and he could not stretch it far enough across, nor could he get away on account of the press of men around him. For a time he held his foemen at bay, but that bare patch of white shoulder was a mark for every weapon, until at last a hatchet sank up to the socket in the knight's chest. Almost at the same moment a second Breton, a young squire named Geoffrey Mellon, was slain by a thrust from Black Simon which found the weak spot beneath the armpit. Three other Bretons, Yves Cheruel, Caro de Bodegat, and Tristan de Pestivien, the first two knights and the latter a squire, became separated from their comrades, and were beaten to the ground with English all around them, so that they had to choose betwixt instant death and surrender. They handed their swords to Bambro' and stood apart, each of them sorely wounded, watching with hot and bitter hearts the *mêlée*, which still surged up and down the field.

But now the combat had lasted half an hour without stint or rest, until the warriors were so exhausted with the burden of their armour, the loss of blood, the shock of blows, and their own furious exertions that they could scarce totter or raise their weapons. There must be a pause if the combat were to have any decisive end. "Cessez! Cessez! Retirez!" cried the heralds, as they spurred their horses between the exhausted men. Slowly the gallant Beaumanoir led the twenty-five men who were left to their original station, where they opened their visors and threw themselves down upon the grass, panting like weary dogs and wiping the sweat from their bloodshot eyes. A pitcher of wine of Anjou was carried round by a page and each in turn drained a cup, save only Beaumanoir, who kept his Lent with such strictness that neither food nor drink might pass his lips before sunset. He paced slowly amongst his men, croaking forth encouragement from his parched lips and pointing out to them that among the English there was scarce a man who was not wounded, and some so sorely that they could hardly stand. If the fight so far had gone against them, there were still five hours of daylight, and much might happen before the last of them was laid upon his back.

Varlets had rushed forth to draw away the two dead Bretons, and a brace of English archers had carried Nigel from the field. With his own hands Aylward had unlaced the crushed helmet and had wept to see the bloodless and unconscious face of his young master. He still breathed, however, and, stretched upon the grass by the river-side, the bowman tended him with rude surgery until the water upon his brow and the wind upon his face had coaxed back the life into his battered frame. He breathed with heavy gasps, and some tinge of blood crept back into his cheeks, but still he lay unconscious of the roar of the crowd and of that great struggle which his comrades were now waging once again.

The English had lain for a space bleeding and breathless, in no better case than their rivals, save that they were still twenty-nine in number. But of this muster there were not nine who were hale men, and some were so weak from loss of blood that they could scarce keep standing. Yet, when the signal was at last given to re-engage, there was not a man upon either side who did not totter to his feet and stagger forward towards his enemies.

But the opening of this second phase of the combat brought one great misfortune and discouragement to the English. Bambro', like the others, had undone his visor, but with his mind full of many cares he had neglected to make it fast again. There was an opening an inch broad betwixt it and the beevor. As the two lines met the left-handed Breton squire, Alain de Keranais, caught sight of Bambro's face, and in an instant thrust his short spear through the opening. The English leader gave a cry of pain and fell on his knees, but staggered to his feet again, too weak to raise his shield. As he stood

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exposed the Breton knight, Geoffrey Dubois the Strong, struck him such a blow with his axe that he beat in the whole breastplate with the breast behind it. Bambro' fell dead upon the ground, and for a few minutes a fierce fight raged round his body. Then the English drew back, sullen and dogged, bearing Bambro' with them, and the Bretons, breathing hard, gathered again in their own quarter. At the same instant the three prisoners picked up such weapons as were scattered upon the grass, and ran over to join their own party.



"AS HE STOOD EXPOSED THE BRETON KNIGHT, GEOFFREY DUBOIS THE STRONG, STRUCK HIM."

"Nay, nay," cried Knolles, raising his visor and advancing. "This may not be. You have been held to mercy when we might have slain you, and by the Virgin I will hold you dishonoured, all three, if you stand not back."

"Say not so, Robert Knolles," Yves Cheruel answered. "Never yet has the word 'dishonour' been breathed with my name, but I should count myself fainéant if I did not fight beside my comrades when chance has made it right and proper that I should do so."

"By St. Cadoc! he speaks truly," said Beaumanoir, advancing in front of his men. "You are well aware, Robert, that it is the law of war and the usage of chivalry that if the knight to whom you have surrendered is himself slain, the prisoners thereby become released."

There was no answer to this, and Knolles, weary and spent, returned to his comrades.

"I would that we had slain them," said he. "We have lost our leader, and they have gained three men by the same stroke."

"If any more lay down their arms it is my order that you slay them forthwith," said Croquart, whose bent sword and bloody armour showed how manfully he had borne himself in the fray. "And now, comrades, do not be heavy-hearted because we have lost our leader. Indeed, his rhymes of Merlin have availed him little. But, by the three Kings of Almain, I can teach you what is better than an old woman's prophecies, and that is that you should keep your shoulders together and your shields so close that none can break between them. Then you will know what is on either side of you, and you can fix your eyes upon the front. Also, if any be so weak or wounded that he must sink his hands, his comrades on right and left can bear him up. Now advance all together in God's name, for the battle is still ours if we bear ourselves like men."

In a solid line the English advanced, while the Bretons ran forward as before to meet them. The swiftest of these was a certain

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squire, Geoffrey Poulart, who bore a helmet which was fashioned as a cock's head, with high comb above and long, pointed beak in front pierced with the breathing-holes. He thrust with his sword at Calverley, but Belford, who was the next in the line, raised his giant club and struck him a crushing blow from the side. He staggered, and then, pushing forth from the crowd, he ran round and round in circles as one whose brain is stricken, the blood dripping from the holes of his brazen beak. So for a long time he ran, the crowd laughing and cock-crowing at the sight, until at last he stumbled and fell stone-dead upon his face. But the fighters had seen nothing of his fate, for desperate and unceasing were the rush of the Bretons and the steady advance of the English line. For a time it seemed as if nothing would break it, but gap-toothed Beaumanoir was a general as well as a warrior. Whilst his weary, bleeding, hard-breathing men still flung themselves upon the front of the line, he himself, with Raguenal, Tintiniac, Alain de Keranais, and Dubois, rushed round the flank and attacked the English with fury from behind. There was a long and desperate *mêlée*, until once more the heralds, seeing the combatants stand gasping and unable to strike a blow, rode in and called yet another interval of truce. But in those few minutes, whilst they had been assaulted upon both sides, the losses of the English party had been heavy. The Anglo-Breton, D'Ardaine, had fallen before Beaumanoir's sword, but not before he had cut deeply into his enemy's shoulder. Sir Thomas Walton, Richard of Ireland, one of the squires, and Hulbitée, the big peasant, had all fallen before the mace of the dwarf Raguenal or the swords of his companions. Some twenty men were still left standing upon either side, but all were in the last state of exhaustion, gasping, reeling, hardly capable of striking a blow. It was strange to see them as they staggered with many a lurch and stumble towards each other once again, for they moved like drunken men, and the scales of their neck-armour and joints were as red as fishes' gills when they raised them. They left foul, wet foot-prints behind them on the green grass as they moved forward once more to their endless contest. Beaumanoir, faint with the drain of his blood and with a tongue of leather, paused as he advanced.

"I am fainting, comrades!" he cried. "I must drink."

"Drink your own blood, Beaumanoir!" cried Dubois; and the weary men all croaked together in dreadful laughter.

But now the English had learned from experience, and under the guidance of Croquart they fought no longer in a straight line, but in one so bent that at last it became a circle. As the Bretons still pushed and staggered against it they thrust it back on every side, until they had turned it into the most dangerous formation of all, a solid block of men, their faces turned outwards, their weapons bristling forth to meet every attack. Thus the English stood, and no assault could move them. They could lean against each other back to back while they waited and allowed their foemen to tire themselves out. Again and again the gallant Bretons tried to make a way through. Again and again they were beaten back by a shower of blows. Beaumanoir, his head giddy with fatigue, opened his helmet and gazed in despair at this terrible, unbreakable circle. Only too clearly he could see the inevitable result. His men were wearing themselves out. Already many of them could scarce stir hand or foot, and might be dead for any aid which they could give him in winning the fight. Soon all would be in the same plight. Then these cursed English would break their circle, to swarm over his helpless men and to strike them down. Do what he might, he could see no way by which such an end might be prevented. He cast his eyes round in his agony, and there was one of his Bretons slinking away to the side of the lists. He could scarce credit his senses when he saw by the scarlet and silver that the deserter was his own well-tried squire, William of Montaubon.

"William! William!" he cried. "Surely you would not leave me!"

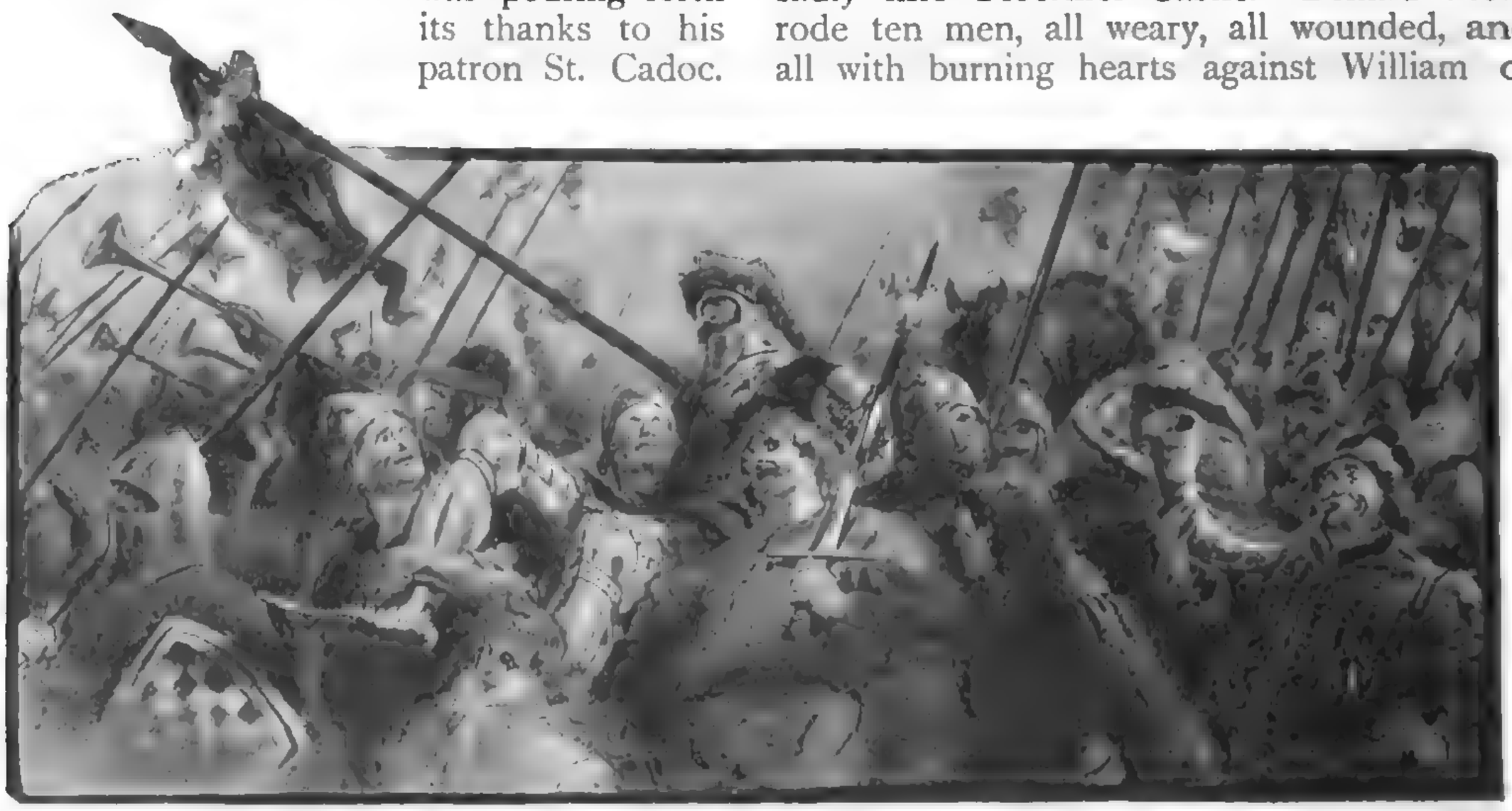
But the other's helmet was closed and he could hear nothing. Beaumanoir saw that he was staggering away as swiftly as he could. With a cry of bitter despair he drew into a knot as many of his braves as could still move, and together they made a last rush upon the English spears. This time he was firmly resolved, deep in his gallant soul, that he would come no foot back, but would find his death there amongst his foemen or carve a path into the heart of their ranks. The fire in his breast spread from man to man of his followers, and amid the crashing of blows they still locked themselves against the English shields and drove hard for an opening in their ranks. But all was vain! Beaumanoir's head reeled. His senses were leaving him. In another minute he and his

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men would have been stretched senseless before this terrible circle of steel, when suddenly the whole array fell in pieces before his eyes; his enemies, Croquart, Knolles, Calverley, Belford, all were stretched upon the ground together, their weapons dashed from their hands and their bodies too exhausted to rise. The surviving Bretons had but strength to fall upon them, dagger in hands, and to wring from them their surrender with the sharp point stabbing through their visors. Then victors and vanquished lay groaning and panting in one helpless and blood-smeared heap.

To Beaumanoir's simple mind it had seemed that at the supreme moment the saints of Brittany had risen at their country's call. Already, as he lay gasping, his heart was pouring forth its thanks to his patron St. Cadoc. long prick spurs into its side. Those who faced him saw this sudden and unexpected appearance. Time was when both horse and rider must have winced away from the shower of their blows. But now they were in no state to meet such a rush. They could scarce raise their arms. Their blows were too feeble to hurt this mighty creature. In a moment it had plunged through the ranks and seven of them were on the grass. It turned and rushed through them again, leaving five others helpless beneath its hoofs. No need to do more. Already Beaumanoir and his companions were inside the circle, the prostrate men were helpless, and Josselin had won.

That night a train of crestfallen archers, bearing many a prostrate figure, marched sadly into Ploermel Castle. Behind them rode ten men, all weary, all wounded, and all with burning hearts against William of



"THE VICTORS WERE BORNE IN ON THE SHOULDERS OF A SHOUTING MOB."

But the spectators had seen clearly enough the earthly cause of this sudden victory, and a hurricane of applause from one side, with a storm of hooting from the other, showed how different was the emotion which it raised in minds which sympathized with the victors or the vanquished. William of Montaubon, the cunning squire, had made his way across to the spot where the steeds were tethered and had mounted his own great roussin. At first it was thought that he was about to ride from the field, but the howl of execration from the Breton peasants changed suddenly to a yell of applause and delight as he turned the beast's head for the English circle and thrust his Montaubon for the foul trick that he had served them. But over at Josselin, yellow gorse-blossoms in their helmets, the victors were borne in on the shoulders of a shouting mob, amid the fanfare of trumpets and the beating of drums. Such was the combat of the midway oak, where brave men met brave men, and such honour was gained that from that day he who had fought in the Battle of the Thirty was ever given the highest place and the post of honour; nor was it easy for any man to pretend to have been there, for it has been said by that great chronicler who knew them all that not one on either side failed to carry to his grave the marks of that stern encounter.

(*To be continued.*)

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COLONEL AMMON.

The Complete Story of One of the Most Extraordinary Frauds of Modern Times.

By Arthur Train.

WHEN Robert A. Ammon, a member of the New York Bar, was convicted, on the 17th of June, 1903, of receiving stolen goods, he had, in the parlance of his class, been "due" for a long time. The stolen property in question was the sum of six thousand one hundred pounds in bank-notes, part of the loot of the notorious "Franklin Syndicate," devised and engineered by William F. Miller, who later became the catspaw of his legal adviser, the subject of this history.

Ammon stood at the bar and listened to his sentence of no less than four years at hard labour in Sing Sing.

For years "Bob" Ammon had been a familiar figure in the Wall Street district of New York. Although the legal adviser of swindlers and confidence men, he was a type of American whose energies, if turned in a less dubious direction, might well have brought him honourable distinction. Tall, strong as a bull, bluff, good-natured, reckless, and of iron nerve, he would have given good account of himself as an Indian fighter or frontiersman. His fine presence, his great vitality, his coarse humour, his confidence and bravado had won for him many friends of a certain kind and engendered a feeling among the public that somehow, although the associate and adviser of criminals, he was outside the law, to the circumventing of which his energies were directed. Unfortunately, his experiences with the law had bred in him a contempt for it which ultimately caused his downfall.

Needless to say, he was to his clients as a god knowing both good and evil, as well as how to eschew the one and avoid the other. Miller hated, loathed, and feared him, yet freely entrusted his liberty, and all he had risked his liberty to gain, to this strange and powerful personality, which held him enthralled by the mere exercise of a physical superiority.

The "Franklin Syndicate" had collapsed, amid the astonished outcries of its thousands of victims, on November 24th, 1899, when, under the advice and with the assistance of Ammon, its organizer, "Five-Hundred-and-Twenty-per-Cent. Miller," had fled to Canada. It was nearly four years later, in June, 1903, that Ammon, arraigned at the bar of justice as a criminal, heard Assistant District Attorney Nott call William F. Miller, convict, to the witness-box to testify against him. A curious contrast they presented as they faced one another: the emaciated youth of twenty-five, the hand of Death already tightly fastened upon his meagre frame, coughing, hollow-cheeked, insignificant, flat-nosed, almost repulsive, who dragged himself to the witness-box, and the swaggering athlete who glared at him from the bar, surrounded by his cordon of able counsel. As Ammon fixed his penetrating gaze upon his former client, Miller turned pale and dropped his eyes. Then the prosecutor, realizing the danger of letting the old hypnotic power return even for an instant,

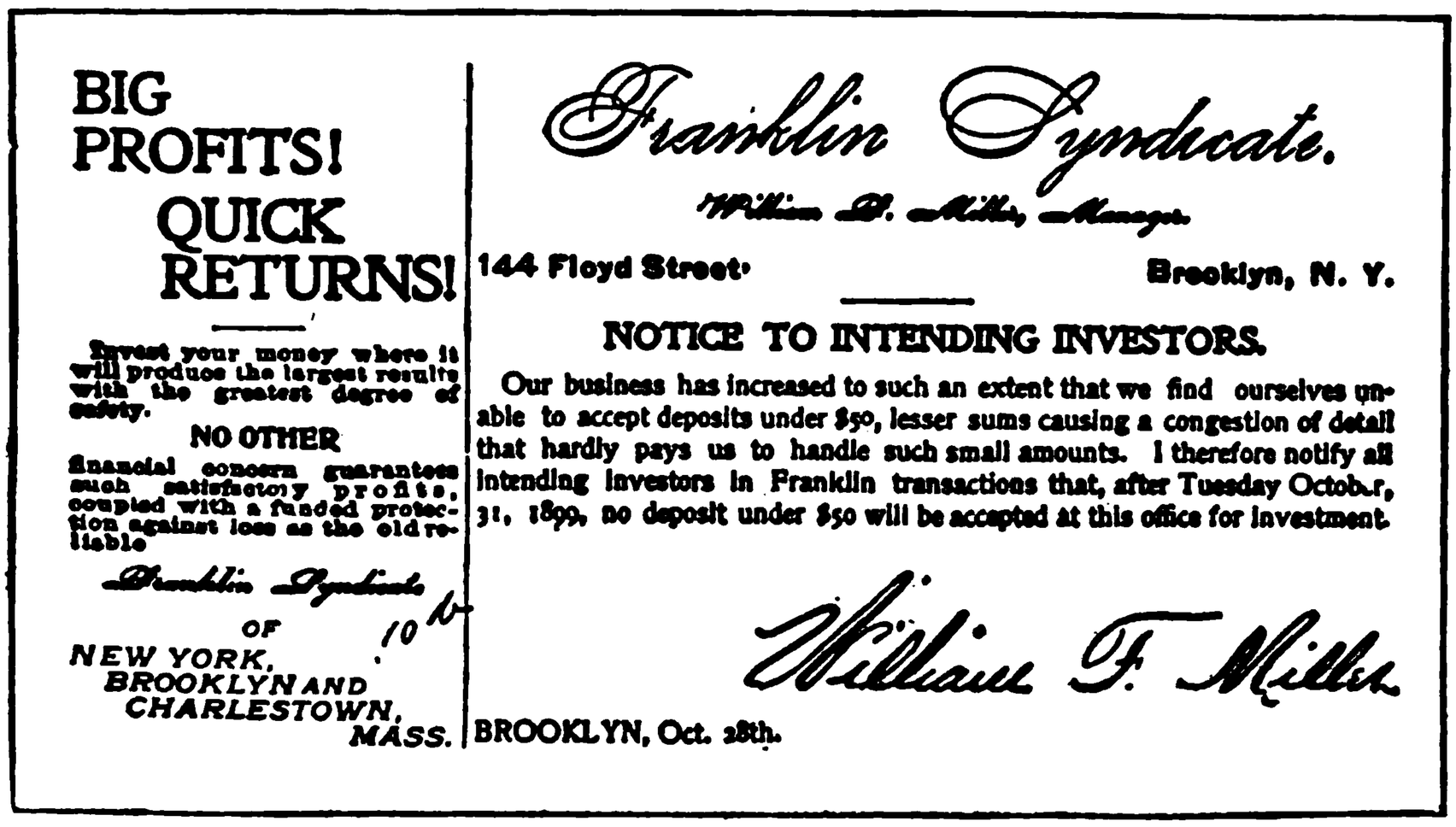
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quickly stepped between them. Miller raised his eyes and smiled, and those who heard knew that this miserable creature had been through the fire and come forth to speak true things.

The trial of Ammon involved practically the re-proving of the case against Miller, for which the latter had been convicted and sentenced to ten years in the State prison, whence he now issued like one from the tomb to point the skeleton incriminating finger at his betrayer.

The case began by the convict-witness testifying that the whole business was a miserable fraud from start to finish, carried on and guided by the advice of the defendant. He told how he, a mere boy of twenty-one, more, but soon he hired a boy. This was in February, 1899. Business increased. The golden flood began to appear in a constant rivulet. He hired four more employés and the whole top floor of the house. The golden rivulet became a steady stream. Every Monday morning the Floyd Street house was crowded with depositors, who drew their interest, added to it, deposited it again, and went upon their way rejoicing.

Then with a mighty roar the torrent burst into a deluge. The Floyd Street quarters were besieged by a clamouring multitude fighting to see which of them could give up his money first, and there had to be a special delivery for Miller's mail. He rented the whole house and hired fifty clerks. You could


BIG PROFITS!
QUICK RETURNS!

Invest your money where it will produce the largest results with the greatest degree of safety.

NO OTHER

financial concern guarantees such satisfactory profits, coupled with a funded protection against loss as the old reliable

Franklin Syndicate
OF
NEW YORK,
BROOKLYN AND
CHARLESTOWN,
MASS.

Franklin Syndicate.

William F. Miller, Manager.

144 Floyd Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOTICE TO INTENDING INVESTORS.

Our business has increased to such an extent that we find ourselves unable to accept deposits under $50, lesser sums causing a congestion of detail that hardly pays us to handle such small amounts. I therefore notify all intending investors in Franklin transactions that, after Tuesday October 31, 1899, no deposit under $50 will be accepted at this office for investment.

William F. Miller

BROOKLYN, Oct. 28th.

ONE OF MILLER'S ALLURING CIRCULARS.

burdened with a sick wife and baby, unfitted by training or ability for any sort of lucrative employment, conceived the alluring idea of soliciting funds for investment, promising enormous interest, and paying this interest out of the principal entrusted to him. For a time he preyed only upon his friends, claiming "inside information" of large "deals" and paying ten per cent. per week on the money received out of his latest deposits.

Surely the history of civilization is a history of credulity! Miller prospered. From having his office "in his hat," he took an upper room in a small two-storey house at 144, Floyd Street, Brooklyn—a humble tenement, destined to be the scene of one of the most extraordinary exhibitions of man's cupidity and foolishness in modern times. At first he had tramped round like a pedlar, delivering the dividends himself and soliciting deposit your money almost anywhere, from the parlour to the pantry, the clothes-closet, or the bath-room. On Fridays the public stormed the house *en masse*, since the money must be deposited on that day to draw interest for the following week. The crush was so great that the front steps broke down. Imagine it! People struggling to get up the steps to cram their money into Miller's pockets! There he sat, behind a desk, at the top of the stairs, solemnly taking the money thrown down before him and handing out little pink and green stamped receipts in exchange. There was no place to put the money, so it was shoved on to the floor behind him. On Friday afternoons Miller and his clerks waded through it knee-deep. There was no pretence of book-keeping.

How the money poured in may be realized from the fact that the excess of receipts over disbursements for the month ending Novem-

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ber 16th was four hundred and thirty thousand dollars—eighty-six thousand pounds.

Hitherto Miller had been the central figure. Colonel Robert A. Ammon now became the *deus ex machina.* Miller's advertising had become so extensive that he had been forced to retain a professional agent, one Rudolph Guenther, to supervise it, and when the newspapers began to make unpleasant comments Guenther took Miller to Ammon's office in the Bennett Building in Nassau Street. Ammon accepted a hundred dollars from Miller, and listened to his account of the business. From that time forward Miller and he were in frequent consultation. Miller became a mere puppet; Ammon twitched the wire.

It was now well on in November, and the Press of both Boston and New York was filled with scathing attacks upon the syndicate. The reporters became so inquisitive as to be annoying to the peaceful Miller. "Send the reporters over to me!" directed Ammon.

The *Post* (of Boston) said the whole thing was a miserable swindle. Ammon, accompanied by Miller carrying a satchel which contained fifty thousand dollars in greenbacks, went to Boston, visited the offices of the *Post*, and pitched into the editor.

"The business is all right; you must give us a fair deal!"

The pair also visited Watts, the chief of police.

"You keep your mouth shut," said Ammon to Miller. "I'll do all the talking." He showed Watts the bag of money, and demanded what he had meant by calling the enterprise a "green goods business." If the thing wasn't all right, did Watts suppose that he, Colonel Robert A. Ammon, would be connected with it? The chief backed down, and explained that he had jokingly referred to the colour of one of the receipts, which happened to be green.

The beginning of the end, however, was now in sight—at least for the keen vision of Bob Ammon. He advised stimulating deposits and laying hands on all the money possible before the crash came. Accordingly Miller sent a telegram to all depositors:—

"We have inside information of a big transaction, to begin Saturday or Monday morning. Big profits. Remit at once so as to receive the profits.

"WILLIAM F. MILLER,
"Franklin Syndicate."

The customers in large measure responded. But the game was nearly up. There were scare-heads in the papers. Miller saw detectives at every corner. On the evening of Tuesday, November 21st, 1899, the deposits were crammed into Miller's desk and left there overnight.

The next morning Miller returned to Floyd Street, and spent that day in the usual routine, and also on Thursday remained until about twelve o'clock noon, when he placed thirty thousand five hundred dollars in bills (sixty-one thousand pounds) in a satchel and started for Ammon's office.

"Billy, I think you'll have to make a run for it," said Ammon. "The best thing for you is to go to Canada."

It still remained to secure the money, which Miller had deposited in the banks, in such a way that the customers could not get hold of it. Ammon explained how that could easily be done. The money should be all turned over to him, and none of the creditors would ever see it again. He did not deem it necessary to suggest that neither would Miller. Accordingly the two, the lawyer and the client, went to the office of Wells, Fargo, and Co., Ammon obligingly carrying the satchel containing the thirty thousand five hundred dollars. Here Ammon deposited the contents to his own account, as well as a certificate of deposit for one hundred thousand dollars and a cheque for ten thousand dollars, representing the balance of Miller's loot.

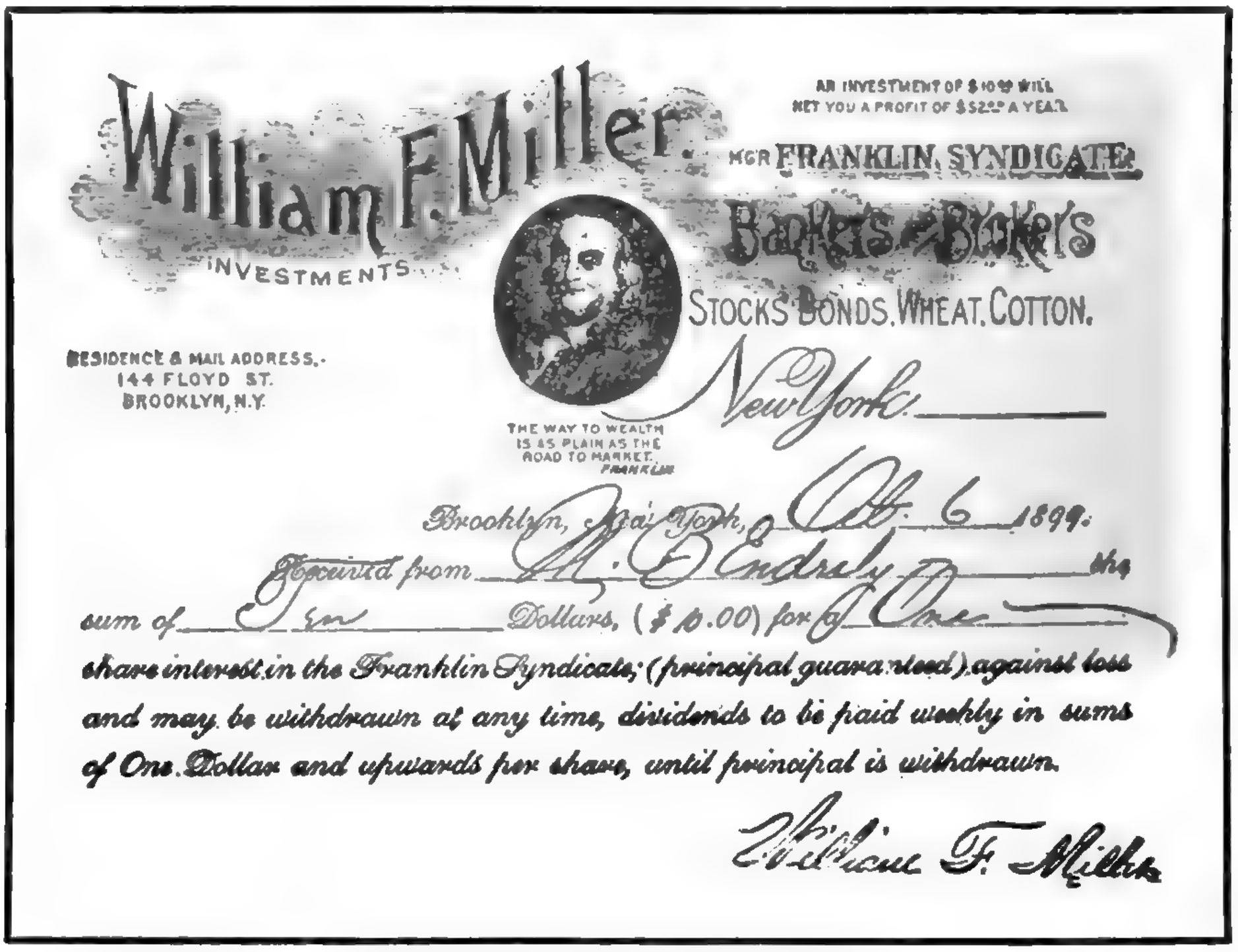
In addition to this he received an order for forty thousand dollars United States Government bonds, which were on deposit with Wells, Fargo, and Co., and later, through Miller's father, sixty-five thousand dollars in bonds of the New York Central Railroad and the United States Government. Thus Ammon secured from his dupe the sum of two hundred and forty-five thousand five hundred dollars, the enhanced market value of the securities bringing the amount up to two hundred and fifty thousand five hundred dollars, besides whatever sums he had been paid by Miller for legal services, which could not have been less than ten or fifteen thousand dollars. The character of the gentleman is well illustrated by the fact that afterwards, when paying Mrs. Miller her miserable pittance of five dollars per week, he explained to her that "he was giving her that out of his own money, and that her husband *was in his debt!*"

There still remained, however, the chance of getting a few dollars more, and Ammon advised Miller "to try to get Friday's receipts, which were the heaviest day's business."

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Acting on this suggestion, Miller returned the next morning to Floyd Street at about half-past nine, finding a great crowd of people waiting outside. About one o'clock he started to go home, but, discovering that he was being followed by a man whom he took to be a detective, he boarded a street-car, dodged through a drug store and a Chinese laundry, finally gained the elevated railroad, with his pursuer close at his heels, and eventually reached the lawyer's office about two o'clock in the afternoon. Word was received almost immediately over the telephone that Miller had been indicted in King's County for conspiracy

fellow who had invented a brilliant scheme to get away with other people's money, and had carried it through successfully—more than successfully—beyond the dreams of even the most avaricious criminal, and then, richer than Midas, had handed over the whole fortune to another for the other's asking, without even a scrap of paper to show for it. More than that, he had then voluntarily extinguished himself. Had Ammon not chuckled he would not have been Bob Ammon. The money was stolen, to be sure, but Ammon's skirts were clean. There was nothing to show that the two hundred and forty-five thousand



THE FRANKLIN SYNDICATE'S RECEIPT FORM.

to defraud, and Ammon stated that the one thing for Miller to do was to go away. Miller replied that he did not want to go unless he could take his wife and baby with him, but Ammon assured him that he would send them to Canada later in charge of his own wife. Under this promise Miller agreed to go. Thereupon he exchanged hats with someone in Ammon's office and started for Canada.

How the wily colonel must have chuckled as poor Miller trotted down the stairs like a sheep, leaving his fleece behind him! A golden fleece, indeed! Did ever a lawyer have such a piece of luck? Here was a little

dollars he had received was stolen money. There was only one man—a discredited felon—who could hint that the money was even "tainted," and he was safely over the border, in a foreign jurisdiction, not in the custody of the police, but of Ammon himself, to be kept there (as Mr. Robert C. Taylor so aptly phrased it in arguing Ammon's case on appeal) "on waiting orders. Ammon had Miller on a string, and as soon as Ammon (for his own sake) was compelled either to produce Miller or to run the risk of indictment, he pulled the string and brought Miller back into the jurisdiction."

Needless to say, great was the ado made

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over the disappearance of the promoter of the Franklin Syndicate, and the authorities of King's County speedily let it become known that justice required that someone should be punished for the colossal fraud which had been perpetrated. The grand jury of the county started a general investigation. Public indignation was stirred to the point of ebullition. In the midst of the rumpus there came a knock on the office door of the Hon. John F. Clark, district attorney of King's County, and Colonel Robert A. Ammon announced himself. The two men were entire strangers to each other, but this did not prevent Ammon, with his inimitable assurance, from addressing the district attorney by his first name.

"How are you, John?" he inquired, nonchalantly. "What can I do for you?"

Mr. Clark repressed his natural inclination to kick the insolent fellow forcibly out of his office, invited him to be seated, and rang for a stenographer. Ammon asserted his anxiety to assist the district attorney by every means in his power, but denied knowing the whereabouts of Miller, alleging that he was simply acting as his counsel. Mr. Clark replied that in Miller's absence the grand jury might take the view that Ammon himself was the principal. At this Ammon calmly assured his host that so far as he was concerned he was ready to go before the grand jury at any time.

"That is just what I want," returned Mr. Clark; "the grand jury is in session. You come over."

Ammon arose with a smile and accompanied the district attorney towards the door of the grand jury room. Just outside he suddenly placed his hand to his head as if recollecting something.

"One moment," he exclaimed. "I forgot that I have an engagement. I will come over to-morrow."

"Ah!" retorted Mr. Clark, "I do not think you will be here to-morrow."

Two weeks later Miller was safely ensconced without bail in Raymond Street jail. He was tried, convicted, and sent for ten years to Sing Sing prison.

Of the enormous sums turned over to Ammon he received nothing save the money necessary for his support in Montreal, for the lawyers who defended him, and five dollars per week for his wife and child up to the time he turned State's evidence. It is interesting to note that among the counsel representing Miller upon his trial was Ammon himself.

The conviction of Miller, with his sentence to ten years in the State prison, did not, however, prevent the indictment of Ammon for receiving stolen money in New York County, although the chance that he would ever have to suffer for his crime seemed small indeed. The reader must bear in mind that up to the time of Ammon's trial Miller had never admitted his guilt; that he was still absolutely, and apparently irrevocably, under Ammon's sinister influence, keeping in constant communication with him and implicitly obeying his instructions while in prison; and that Miller's wife and child were dependent upon Ammon for their daily bread. No wonder Ammon strode the streets confident that his creature would never betray his own betrayer.

Miller followed his orders to the letter, and the stipend was increased to the munificent sum of forty dollars per month.

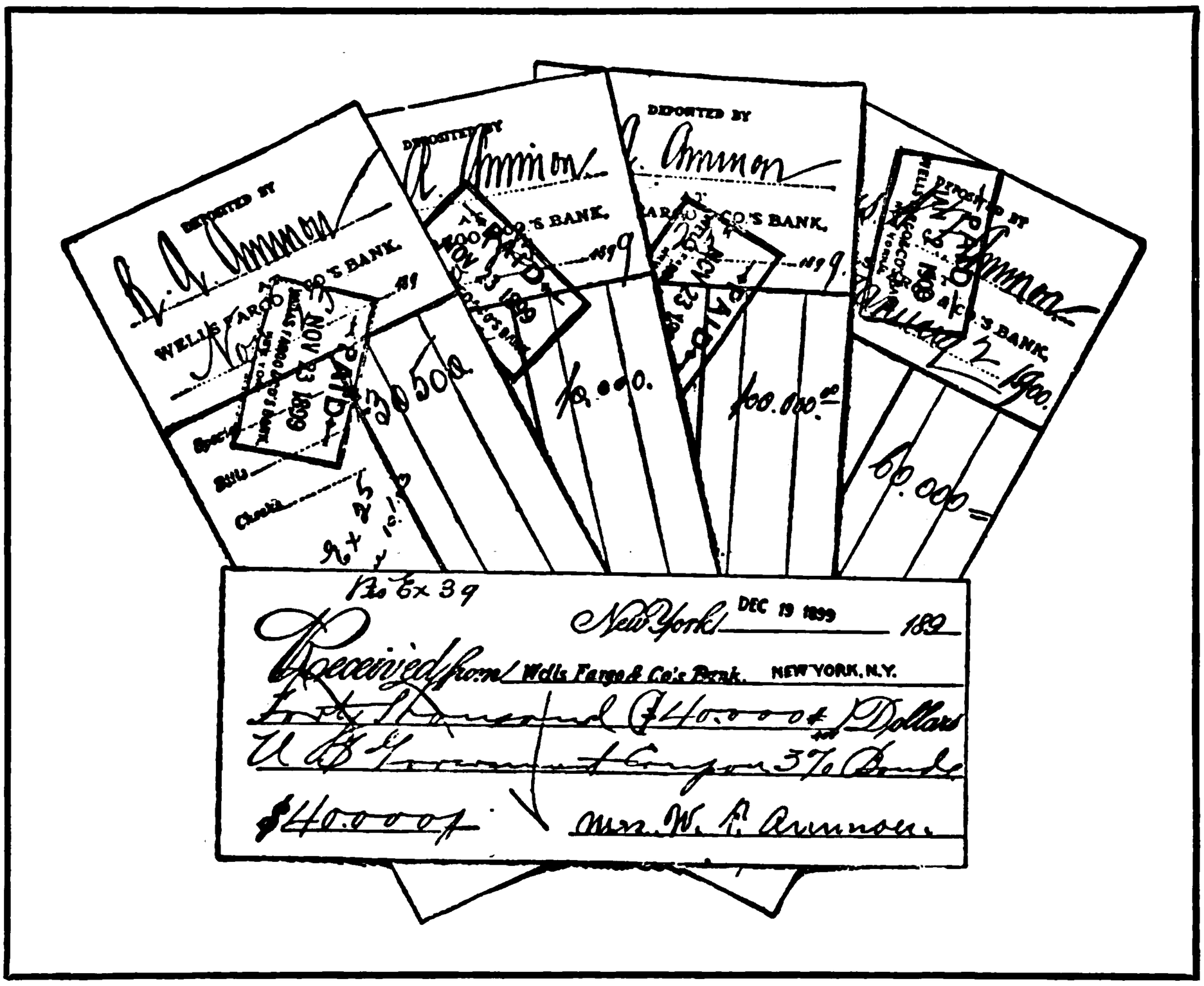
Meantime the case against Ammon languished and the district attorney of New York County was at his wits' end to devise a means to procure the evidence to convict him. To do this it would be necessary to establish affirmatively that the thirty thousand five hundred dollars received by Ammon from Miller and deposited with Wells, Fargo, and Co. was the identical money stolen by Miller from the victims of the Franklin Syndicate. Only one man in the world, as Ammon had foreseen, could supply this last necessary link in the chain of evidence, and he was a convict—and mute.

At last the district attorney himself, accompanied by Mr. Nott, who later prosecuted Ammon, made a special trip to Sing Sing to see what could be done. They found Miller lying upon his prison pallet, his harsh cough and blazing eyes speaking only too patently of his condition. At first Mr. Nott tried to engage him in conversation while the district attorney occupied himself with other business in another part of the ward, but it was apparent that Miller would say nothing. The district attorney then approached the bed where Miller was lying and inquired if it were true that he declined to say anything which might tend to incriminate Ammon. After some hesitation Miller replied that, even if he should testify against his old accomplice, there was nothing to show that he would be pardoned, and that he would not talk unless he had actually in his hands some paper or writing which would guarantee that if he did so he would be set free.

The spectacle of a convicted felon haggling with an officer of the law over the terms upon which he would consent to avail

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himself of an opportunity to make the only reparation still possible angered the district attorney, and, turning fiercely upon the prisoner, he arraigned him in scathing terms, stating that he was a miserable swindler and thief, who had robbed thousands of poor people of all the money they had in the world; that he showed himself devoid of every spark of decency or repentance by refusing to assist the State in punishing his confederate and assisting his victims in getting back what was left of the money; and that he, the district attorney, felt himself humiliated in having



BANK FORMS USED BY COLONEL AMMON.

consented to come there to visit and talk with such a heartless and depraved specimen of humanity. The district attorney then turned his back upon Miller, whose eyes filled with tears, but who made no response.

A few moments later the convict asked permission to speak to the district attorney alone. With some reluctance the latter granted the request and the others drew away.

"Mr. District Attorney," said the wretched man, in a trembling voice, with the tears still suffusing his eyes, "I *am* a thief; I did rob all those poor people, and I am heartily sorry for it. I would gladly die if by doing so I could pay them back. But I haven't a single cent of all the money that I stole, and the only thing that stands between my wife and baby and starvation is my keeping silence. If I did what you ask, the only money they have to live on would be stopped. I can't see them starve, glad as I would be to do what I can now to make up for the wrong I have done."

The district attorney's own eyes were not entirely dry as he held out his hand to Miller.

"Miller," he replied, "I have done you a great injustice. I honour you for the position you have taken. Were I in your place I should probably act exactly as you are doing. I cannot promise you a pardon if you testify against Ammon. I cannot even promise that your wife will receive forty dollars a month, for the money in my charge cannot be used for such a purpose; all I can assure you of is that, should you decide to help me, a full and fair statement of all you may have done will be sent to the Governor, with a request that he act favourably upon any application for a pardon which you may make. The choice must be your own. Whatever you decide to do, you have my respect and sympathy.

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Think well over the matter. Do not decide at once; wait for a day or two, and I will return to New York and you can send me word."

They shook hands, the prosecutor and the convict, and the best of each shone in their eyes as they said good-bye. The next day Miller sent word that he had determined to tell the truth and take the stand, whatever the consequences to himself and his family might be. He was immediately transferred to the Tombs Prison in New York City, where he made a complete and full confession. At the same time Ammon was rearrested upon a Bench warrant. As Miller had foreseen, the monthly payment to his wife instantly stopped.

The usual effect produced upon a jury by the testimony of a convict accomplice is one of distrust or open incredulity. Every word of Miller's story, however, carried with it the impression of absolute truth. As he proceeded, in spite of the sneers of the defence, an extraordinary wave of sympathy for the man swept over the court-room, and the jury listened with close attention to his graphic account of the rise and fall of the outrageous conspiracy. No room was left for even the slightest doubt, not only that the money had been stolen, but that Ammon had received it. Indeed, so plain was the proposition that the defence never for an instant contemplated the possibility of putting Ammon into the box in his own behalf. The efforts of the defence were directed entirely to making out Miller such a miscreant upon his own testimony that perforce the jury could not accept his evidence when it reached the point of implicating Ammon. All their attempts in this direction, however, only roused increased sympathy for the witness and hostility towards their own client, and made the jury the more ready to believe that Ammon had been the only one in the end to profit by the transaction.

Ammon's conviction was affirmed throughout the courts, including the Court of Appeals, and the defendant himself is now engaged in serving out his necessarily inadequate sentence — necessarily inadequate since, under the laws of the State of New York, the receiver of stolen goods, however great his moral obliquity may be, and however great the amount stolen, can only receive half the punishment which may be meted out to the thief himself, "receiving" being punishable by only five years or less in prison, while grand larceny is punishable by ten years.

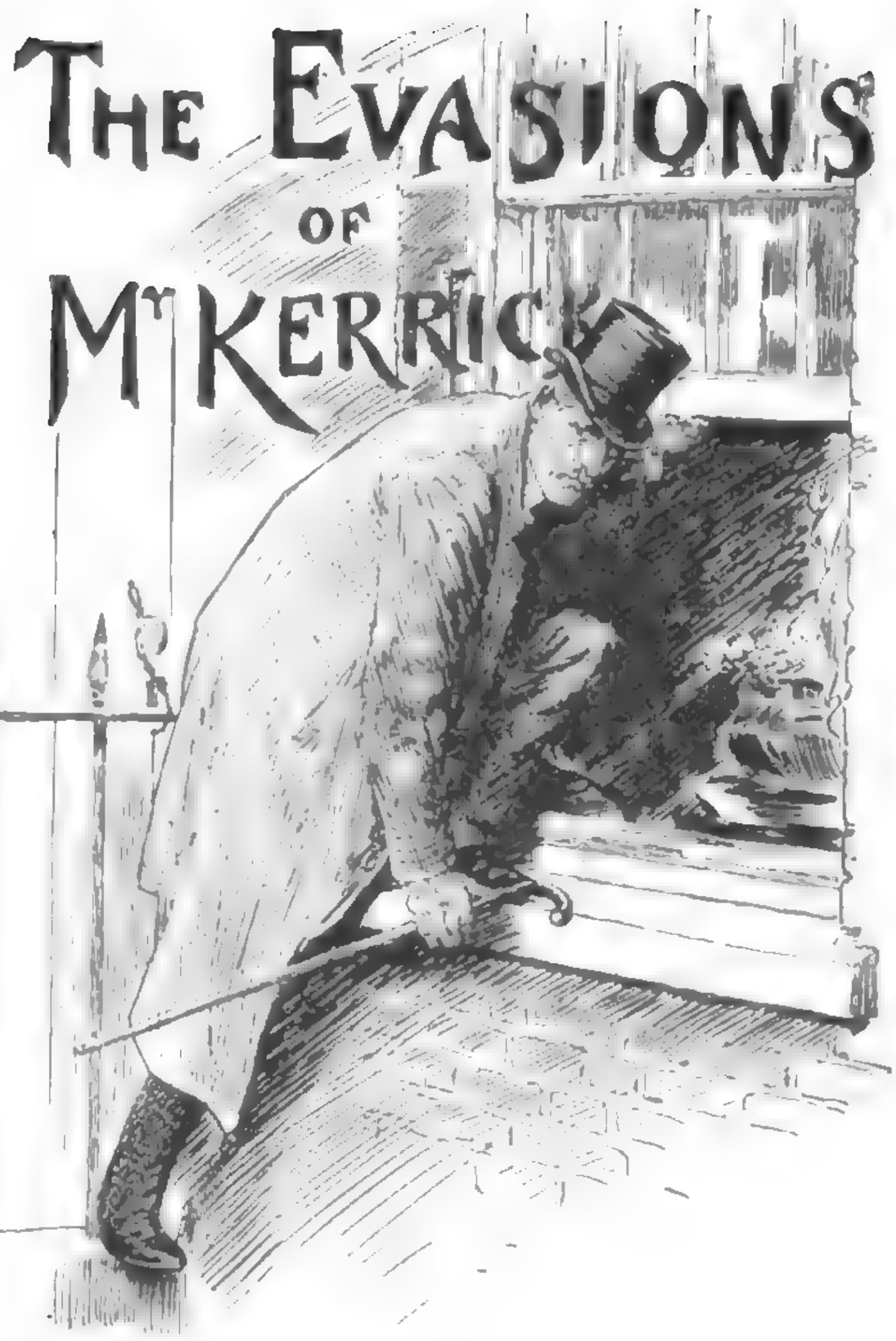
Who was the greater criminal—the weak, ignorant, poverty-stricken clerk, or the shrewd, experienced lawyer who preyed upon his client and through him upon the community at large?

The confession of Miller, in the face of what the consequences of his course might mean to his wife and child, was an act of moral courage. The price he had to pay is known to himself alone. But the horrors of life in prison for the "squealer" were thoroughly familiar to him when he elected to do what he could to atone for his crime.

Ammon arrived in Sing Sing with a degree of *éclat*. He found numerous old friends and clients among the inmates. He brought a social position, which has its value. Money, too, is no less desirable there than elsewhere, and Ammon has plenty of it.

In due course, but not until he had served more than half his sentence (less commutation), Miller, a broken man, received his pardon and went back to his wife and child. When Governor Higgins performed this act of executive clemency many honest folk in Brooklyn and elsewhere loudly expressed their indignation. District Attorney Jerome did not escape it. Was this contemptible thief, this meanest of all mean swindlers, who had stolen hundreds of thousands, to be turned loose on the community when he had served half his sentence? It was an outrage! A disgrace to civilization! Reader, how say you?

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By R. E. Vernède.

I.

THE light from the bull's-eye lantern flashed full on the window; then it came bobbing here and there about the room. Mr. Kerrick, from the shelter of a Japanese screen behind which he had concealed himself in an instinctive way, watched it disgustedly.

The situation might not, he reflected, be an unprecedented one, but that did not make it any the less awkward, particularly if the policeman outside should happen to be a fool. It was true that, in one way, his presence in the wrong house admitted of a simple enough explanation, and Kerrick ran through the facts so as to have them ready in a concise form for the policeman.

He had been out to dinner, and, coming back late, found that he had lost the latch-key of No. 37, Roydon Road. No. 37 was the Derwents' house, where he was sleeping. Having lost the latch-key, he had applied himself to the knocker—a natural thing to do. The unnatural thing was that the Derwents had not waked. He had knocked for ten minutes—in an east wind. The policeman would appreciate the fact that a man who has been knocking vainly in an east wind for ten minutes should bethink himself of the dining-room window. Kerrick had thought of it. He knew that the Derwents would rather he broke it than risked getting pleurisy, and he had acted on that knowledge. Having broken it—and it was rather a skilful thing to have done without falling into the area below—Kerrick had clambered in and turned on the light.

Thereupon he had made the discovery that he was in the wrong house, and, preparatory to getting out again, he had turned the light off. The policeman's simultaneous arrival had prevented this consummation.

It was a perfectly true and not unreason-

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able story. Only, as Kerrick was aware, there were one or two weak points about it. The weakest, perhaps, was that he had turned off the light. He ought not to have done that; it gave a suggestion of conscious guilt to his behaviour for which there was no foundation. Another very awkward circumstance was that, if the house he had entered was not 37, Roydon Road—and it certainly wasn't—it was not in Roydon Road at all. For it was undoubtedly No. 37, and there could hardly be two such numbers in the same road. Behind his Japanese screen Kerrick denounced the similarity of London suburban streets. The wretched road had looked exactly like Roydon Road. The houses were built on the same plan, with stucco fronts and abominable area railings. Why couldn't it happen to be Roydon Road? Had it been, the Derwents would be living next door, and he could easily have convinced the policeman. As it was, they might live miles away. He was not sure, now that he came to consider the matter, that Roydon Road was the next one, or even the next after that. He had been thinking, as he walked, about other things, not about an absurd block of houses called Roydon Road; and, since he hadn't arrived there by intuition, he might not have arrived anywhere near it. He might not even be in Bayswater.

The third weak point in his case struck Kerrick only after the bobbing light, which had been up and down the room half-a-dozen times, was suddenly withdrawn. That point was that by concealing himself all this time he had justified the very worst suspicions the policeman might entertain.

Bang!

Kerrick jumped to his feet. For a moment he had trusted that the policeman had gone off. Instead, the fellow was thumping on the hall door, using his truncheon evidently in place of the knocker. If there was anyone in the house he must surely be roused soon, and then . . .

In imagination Kerrick saw himself apprehended, handcuffed, and marched off to prison, while the next day's papers would print paragraphs headed—

PORTRAIT PAINTER AND CRACKSMAN.
RISING ARTIST TAKEN RED-HANDED.

They would be followed, after he had explained the accident which had befallen him, by the old latch-key joke. He had dined out, and he was well enough known, he realized, to make the jest irresistible to the comic reporter. "Never!" Kerrick was not devoid of humour, but he spoke the word aloud with a resolution that was almost mock-heroic, as he felt in the dark for the door. Rather than be the victim of that joke he would assault the policeman and, if necessary, be brought up on that charge. But there might be some way of escape. He crept along the dimly-lighted hall, into which he had issued and which vibrated with the policeman's thunderous knockings, caught sight of a door-knob that might be the handle to some back way into the street, turned it swiftly, and entered the room.

A green-shaded lamp in the far corner was the only light in it, save for the-glow from a red fire, which, more than the lamp, showed the room to be a library of the kind that contains books. This room contained many books—shelf upon shelf of them—a pleasant sight enough if Kerrick had not happened to be in search of a back door. Back door there was none, and Kerrick was turning to make fresh search elsewhere when he caught sight of what was destined to delay his farther progress.

This was a girl, asleep in a deep cushioned arm-chair. The chair had its back to the door, and for a moment Kerrick only saw dark hair and an outline of red velvet that reflected the fire-glow. Stepping forward he saw red lips slightly parted in most peaceful slumber, a magazine open on a red velvet lap, and two red-slippered feet pressed against the fender. It was the latter phenomenon, he afterwards maintained, that hurried him to act as he did.

Her position was unsafe. She had fallen asleep with her feet too close to the fire. A red-hot coal might at any moment fall on one of her ankles. Or, starting up suddenly at the noise of that officious constable's knocking, she might almost thrust a foot into the fire. It was mere charity to rouse her, and the only question was how to do it in the most delicate manner. Pondering this question, Kerrick bent forward to see how fast asleep she was. Bending forward to assure himself on this point, he almost touched her lips. Almost touching her lips appearing to bear every resemblance to a wasted opportunity, and the proverb concerning the advisability of being hanged for a sheep rather than for a lamb occurring to him with overcrowding force, he kissed her.

She sat up so instantly that Kerrick only had time for a single step backwards.

"Oh, dear!" she said, and began rubbing her eyes as people do when they have opened

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them suddenly to an unaccustomed light. "I'm afraid I've been asleep," she added. "It's Mr. Armstrong, isn't it?"

"Not at all," said Kerrick. "I mean, I hope I haven't disturbed you."

She was so pretty that he managed to forget that the policeman's last thump had been his loudest, and that he was probably raising his truncheon for a still louder one.

"I ought to have been in bed," said the girl. "Minna's gone some time ago. She said you would be sure to look after yourself, whether you came back with Jack or not."

"Very good of her," said Kerrick. He didn't know who Minna might be, or Jack, and he didn't greatly care. "You went to sleep too near the fire," he said, reprovingly. "I thought I had better wake you."

"Did you?" said the girl.

"I hope you didn't mind?"

"Not at all," she said, and smiled. "It was very kind of you, of course. I expect you always do your duty, Mr. Armstrong—don't you?—even when you don't happen to know the person you're doing it to."

"I'm longing to be introduced, though," said Kerrick.

She rose from her chair and made him a curtsy.

"I'm Peggy Gordon," she said. "In fact, Jack's sister-in-law."

"How jolly!" said Kerrick, and had his pointless remark supplemented by a perfect hail of blows on the front door.

"What can that be?" said Miss Gordon, with round eyes. It seemed to Kerrick that he had better confess at once. He started to do so.

"I'm afraid it's a policeman," he said. "You see, I mislaid my latch-key, and——"

But Miss Peggy Gordon was not, it seemed, disposed to listen at the present moment.

"Minna will be waked if we don't send him away," she said, and made for the front door without another word. Following her, Kerrick found her turning the handle of the door.

"But, Miss Gordon——" he began.

"You broke the dining-room window, didn't you?" she interrupted him. "Well, I'm just going to tell this policeman so, and that he needn't think he's on the track of a burglar."

"Oh, I see," said Kerrick, and stood by during the brief conversation she granted to the guardian of the law. Luck, it seemed, was with him, for instead of being handed over he was having his innocence vouched by an inmate of the house. He wondered a little who Mr. Armstrong was, and what would happen when he came back with Jack, her brother-in-law; but for the time being he decided to trust to luck.

"There!" said Miss Gordon, closing the door on the policeman's back. "And now I must go to bed." She moved slowly to where the stairs began to ascend, and then paused. "Do you know, Mr. Armstrong, men are contradictory things? I always, somehow, pictured you as rather prim, and the first thing you do is to break through a dining-room window at night, just like a burglar; and I was quite sure you were pedantic when I read that article of yours on those pictures, you know—the man who can't see the romance in them must be pedantic—and yet the first time I see you, you——"

"I—what?" asked Kerrick.

"Wake up a girl you don't know so—so very chivalrously." She turned and began to mount the stairs. "Good night, Mr. Armstrong. I expect you know your room—don't you?—in case you don't intend to wait up for Jack. It's the one you always have, Minna said."

Kerrick stood where he was. It was the most charming snub he ever remembered to have received. Not the smallest sign had she given at the time that she was conscious of his impertinence, but she meant to show—and had clearly shown—him that he was not to presume again. She had done it kindly, thinking him to be Armstrong, her brother-in-law's friend and a guest of the house. Armstrong! Why, that was the name of the critic who had been slating his—Kerrick's—pictures in one of the art papers, and she disagreed with Armstrong's criticisms, and had told him—Kerrick—so.

For the first time that night Kerrick felt ashamed of himself. He had taken a mean advantage of her. Would such a girl forgive him for having caused her to praise him to his face? The housebreaking and the kiss were venial sins by comparison. He deserved to suffer for what he had done.

The possibility of gaining his deserts was brought to Kerrick with some force by his hearing—almost on top of this reflection—the steps of someone approaching the house. The person was stopping, too—feeling for the lock with a key.

Kerrick bolted for the stairs, and got round the bend in them just in time to evade being sighted by a spectacled man who had entered. Jack or Armstrong?

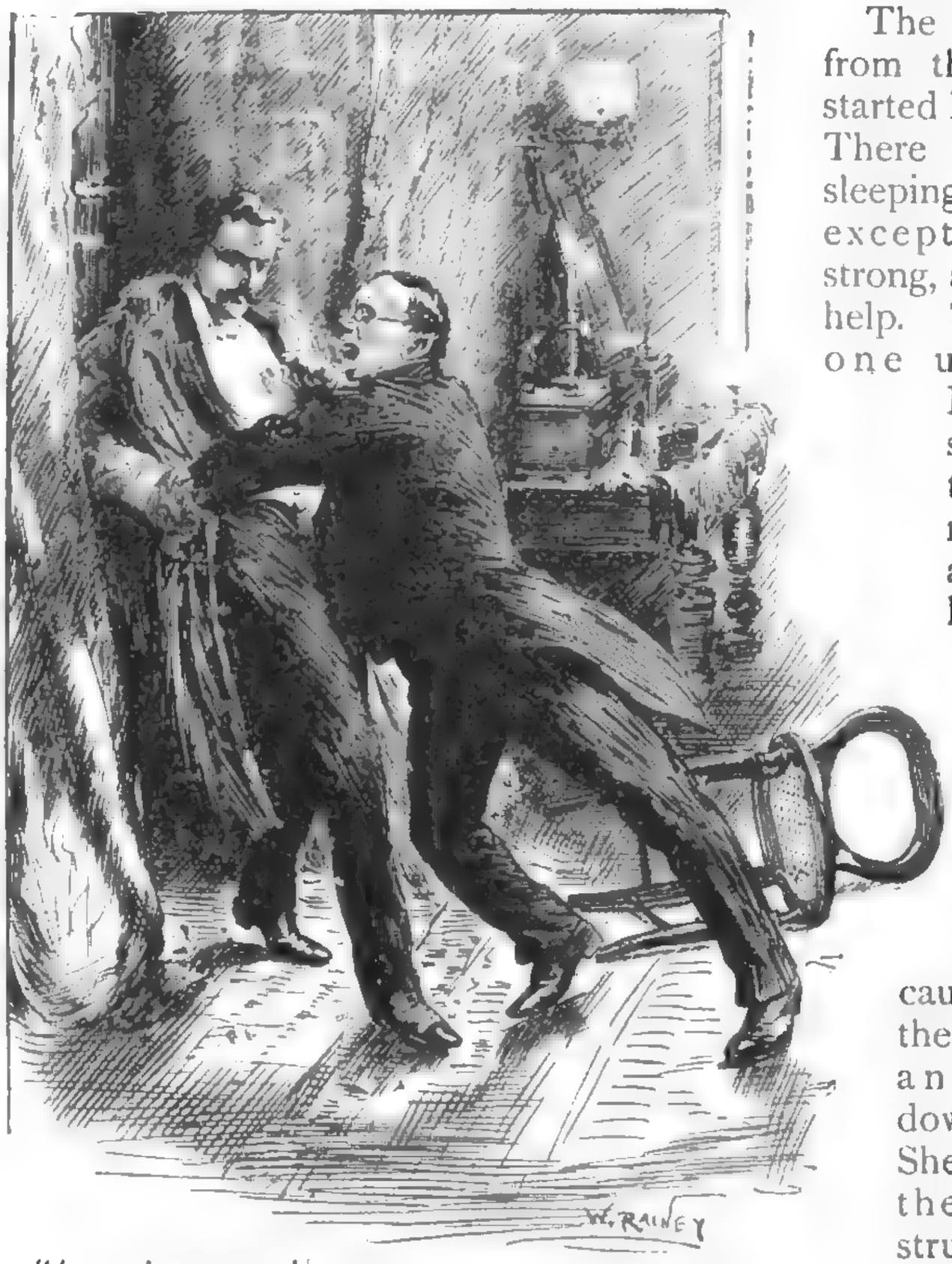
Whichever it was came straight for the stairs and began to mount them. For a

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moment Kerrick meditated upon surrender and explanation, and then again the more alluring idea of escape took hold of him. If he could only evade the new-comer, the hall door was unguarded. But it was of no use to remain on the landing. Committing himself to the goddess Luck, who had so far favoured him, Kerrick turned the handle of the door nearest him and entered a bedroom. The room was empty of occupants, but ready, it seemed, for a guest. If it were the room Armstrong usually occupied, and the man coming up were Jack, all would be well. On top of which reflection Kerrick had to dive to the shelter of the window curtains, for the door was being opened. Luck had forsaken Kerrick. He had not even time to dream that there was a chance of his remaining undiscovered behind the curtain till the other man betook himself to bed and to sleep before the curtains were pulled aside.

"I — I'm sorry," Kerrick began to stutter, being thus exposed.

"Help! Thieves!" yelled the other man, and fell upon him instantly.



"'HELP! THIEVES!' YELLED THE OTHER MAN, AND FELL UPON HIM INSTANTLY."

II.

MISS PEGGY GORDON'S reflections, as she brushed her long hair in front of a mirror made bright with the light of two tall candles, were to the effect that it is impossible to judge a man from hearsay. How often Minna had spoken of Mr. Armstrong's pedantic habits! That, and the cut-and-dried, unmagnanimous criticisms of that paper on Mr. Kerrick's pictures, had predisposed Peggy to hate Mr. Armstrong. She did not like him now, of course. It was most insufferably impertinent of the man to have kissed her as she lay asleep in the armchair like that, and it justified her deepest resentment; only—it could hardly be considered a pedantic course of action. Pedants are rarely impertinent in that way. It would be annoying if pedants were. One would not care to have been kissed even unawares —by a pedant. Perhaps Mr. Armstrong was not a pedant. If he were not, there might have been some temptation. The mirror into which she looked assured Miss Peggy Gordon that there had been a considerable temptation. She blushed at the mirror, and the mirror blushed back a deeper red.

"Help! Thieves!"

The cry ringing up from the next floor started her to her feet. There was no one sleeping on that floor except Mr. Armstrong, and he wanted help. There was no one upstairs but Minna and the servants, and they would be no help. Peggy approved of her dressing-jacket in the twinkling of an eye, in which she made a coil of her long tresses. Then she caught up one of the tall candles and padded down the stairs. She could hear the sounds of struggling as she went—bumpings and deep breathings—and her heart went into her mouth as a heavy fall, followed by a groan, met her at the door.

Was it Mr. Armstrong who had fallen? Without hesitation she sped in.

The gas was burning in the room, but low, not having been turned on, it seemed, by Mr. Armstrong before he was attacked by the burglar. But Peggy's candle sufficed to show that her fears had not been realized. The man who had come down with a crash was a burly, spectacled person, and he lay there stunned. Mr. Armstrong stood beside him, panting.

"Oh, dear!" said Peggy, and set down her

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candle with a shaky hand. "I was afraid a burglar might have killed you. Thank g-goodness he hasn't."

For a moment Kerrick stared. He had not deemed it possible that he could preserve the *rôle* of Armstrong when she entered the room. For one thing his sense of guilt was piling up. For another he had somehow feared that the spectacled man was her brother-in-law, Jack. Obviously he wasn't. The spectacled man was Armstrong, and he was stunned. The temptation was again too strong. (Afterwards Kerrick tried to make out that it would not have been fair to the girl to break the truth to her instantly—there alone in the dead of the night—it might have terrified her.)

"It's awfully brave of you to come down," he said. "No other girl would have done it. I don't know how to thank you."

He spoke with so much feeling that she, having decided he was not a pedant, began to be afraid that he might not think it necessary for her to be asleep this time.

"Never mind about that," she said, quickly. "The man, is he——"

"Stunned, I think," said Kerrick, not without anxiety. "He hit his head on the washstand."

"It might have been you."

"It ought to have been. I mean," said Kerrick, "I think I'd better try and bring him to."

He got out his handkerchief and dipped it in the water-jug. What he was asking himself was how he was going to get away. Jack might come back at any minute now.

"Do you think," he said, as she took the handkerchief from him and began to bathe the stunned man's face, "that, if I were to tie his hands with something and lock him in, you would mind being left if I went for a policeman?"

"No," said Peggy.

Kerrick set about this task with a torn towel, feeling heartless and clumsy.

"I wonder who he can be?" said the girl, as he went on diligently knotting. Kerrick had his back to her, and inquisitively she slipped a hand into the burglar's pocket. It contained letters—nothing more dreadful—and she held one carelessly towards the light. It was addressed to "C. F. Armstrong, Esq."—in Minna's handwriting. Suddenly springs worked in Peggy's brain. Very cautiously she looked at the initials in the corner of the handkerchief which she had taken from the supposed Mr. Armstrong. The initials were "R. C. K." Peggy rose. R. C. K. was still tying the wrists of C. F. Armstrong, Esq. Peggy backed to the door quietly and half opened it. The key was on the outside.

"Halloa!" said Kerrick, looking up from his task.

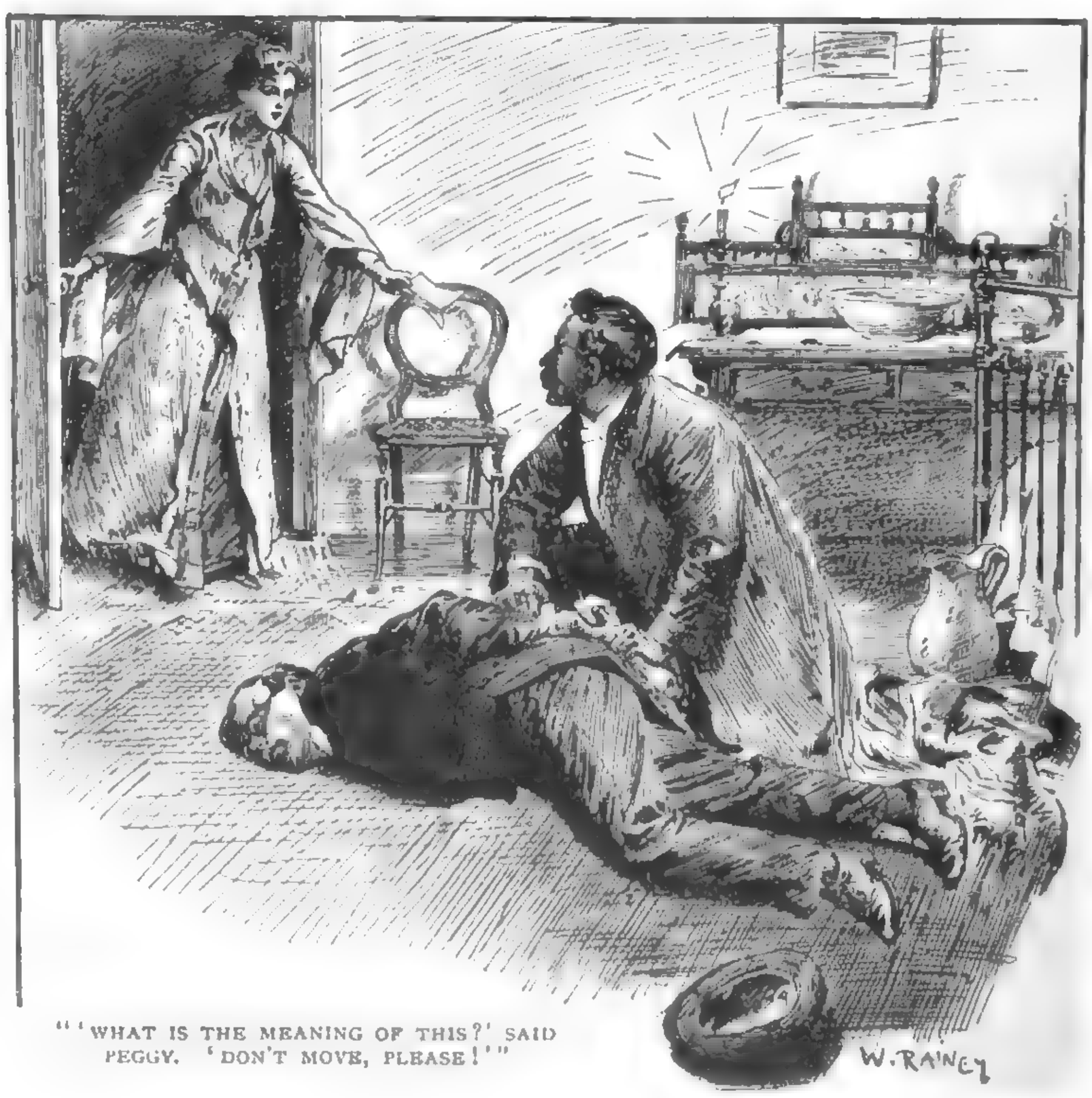
"What is the meaning of this?" said Peggy. "Don't move, please!" She tossed the letter towards him, standing warily.

Kerrick looked, read, and began to laugh. Armstrong was showing signs of coming to. Verily, he himself was taken in the pit.

"What does it mean?" she repeated, haughtily.

"Will you believe me if I explain?" he asked.

"Explain first," she said.



"'WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?' SAID PEGGY. 'DON'T MOVE, PLEASE!'"

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The story which he feared to tell the policeman in the first instance sounded unutterably less credible now, as he was aware. But he stumbled through it with what spirit he could, and became conscious that, strange as it might seem, she appeared to be believing it. Once or twice she laughed with him, her hand still on the door.

She was amazingly pretty, and fearless. And he had been afraid that he would frighten her.

"If only you'll forgive me," he ended. "Everything," he added, with audacity.

"What is your name, first?" she said, a little rosier at that.

The web which circumstances had woven round him entangled Kerrick still. She would not pardon him for having allowed her to express a young girl's admiration for him. Some day perhaps he could explain—but not now.

"John Parkinson O'Malley," he said.

"Then, Mr. John Parkinson O'Malley," she said, "you stole that handkerchief," and flinging it towards him she was through the door. He heard it locked on the outside before she spoke again.

"Now, Mr. O'Malley, I am going for the policeman," she said.

Kerrick watched Armstrong struggling into consciousness disconsolately. That mocking laughter of hers was too much for him. He had a kind of feeling that there was one thing Miss Peggy Gordon would never forgive, and it was not her forced admiration, but his tame submission to discomfiture at her hands. She was of the sort that looks for a Petruchio and mocks the rest. But what would Petruchio have done if Kate had locked him in and gone for a policeman?

III.

FIVE minutes later Kerrick had solved that question—not without risk to life and limb. Looking back at the water-pipe by which he had managed to descend, he decided that Armstrong had very nearly been avenged for any wrong that had been done him. As it was he picked up Armstrong's hat, which he had had the forethought to precipitate on to the pavement, pending his own arrival there, and put it on. All that he had now to do was to evade Peggy and the policeman.

His first move was to get out of the street which was not Roydon Road without encountering them. He made for the nearest corner. The east wind, which had been the cause of his breaking that window, was still blowing unpleasantly as he turned off the road and paused as he heard a man running towards him. If it were the policeman — but another moment showed him it was not the policeman, and he walked to meet the runner as the least suspicious thing to do under the circumstances. The two men encountered under the blowing yellow light of a street lamp, and the runner stopped.

"Kerrick!" he said, short of breath.

"Hadderly!" said Kerrick. "What are you sprinting along for at this time of night?" Hadderly was a friend he had not met for a year or more.

"You're the very man I want," said Hadderly; "at least, if you'll lend me a hand now. Haven't time to explain — but I live in the next road — and there's a burglar in the house. My sister-in-law — awfully plucky girl — surprised him and locked him into one of the bedrooms. He's half killed a friend of mine, though—Armstrong. Peggy rushed out for a policeman and met me. I sent her on to get help, but if you'll come with me we ought to fix the brute before he does any more damage!"

"I'll come, with pleasure," said Kerrick. With Jack turning out to be his old friend Hadderly, bent on making him capture himself, the fantasy of the night seemed complete, and there was nothing to be done but surrender to the pleasant mischief of it. He felt pretty sure that Armstrong, in that short struggle in the semi-lit room, had not recognised him. Only Peggy had. And he wanted to know what Peggy would say to the new turn that affairs had taken. She deserved to be made arbitress of the occasion.

When Miss Peggy Gordon arrived at the house with the policeman she was met by her brother-in-law at the hall door.

"It's all right," he said. "At least, the burglar's got away, I'm sorry to say, but Armstrong's none the worse except for a bump on the head. Kerrick and I found him just come to, and beginning to roar when he found himself bolted into his own room in a battered condition. Fancy, Minna slept through it all. The man must have got out by the piping; nasty job, I should think."

"Oh!" said Peggy, a little disappointed, and the policeman asked to be shown the room in which the struggle had taken place.

"I'll show you," said Hadderly. "Peggy,

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you'd better go into the library and warm yourself. There's still a fire there. And Armstrong and Kerrick are drinking your health in whisky. They both think it's an awfully brave thing for you to have done."



"'IT'S ALL RIGHT,' HE SAID. 'AT LEAST, THE BURGLAR'S GOT AWAY, I'M SORRY TO SAY.'"

"Who is Mr. Kerrick?" said Peggy.

"The artist," said Hadderly. "Friend of mine. You'll like him."

Peggy walked slowly towards the library. She was a little disappointed that the burglar had got away, and yet rather glad. She would not have liked to be the cause of sending him to prison, though he deserved it, if only for—for his audacity. What a pity burglars were so wicked, she thought, and critics so pedantic! She would much prefer that Mr. Armstrong had been the burglar.

Mr. Armstrong, spectacled and pale, rose up to introduce himself as she entered the library. "I'm excessively indebted to you, Miss Gordon," he said, in just the nervous way she would have expected him to speak. "And this—this is another of Jack's friends, Mr. Kerrick."

Peggy found herself looking into the level, humorous eyes of the burglar.

"I had the luck to meet Hadderly—never connected him, by the way, with your brother-in-law, Jack—just as he was rushing along to capture your thief, Miss Gordon," he said. "So I came with him. I'm uncommonly glad I did, if it was only to be able to congratulate you on what you did. I'm sorry the thief got away."

Her eyes began to dance.

"Perhaps he hasn't," she said. "The policeman is still in the house, Mr. O'—Kerrick."

"Is he?" said Kerrick. "Well, I won't stop, anyhow, and keep you up. Would you mind telling Jack that I thought it better to go off, but that I hope to come and call and inquire for you to-morrow—if I may?"

"I'll tell him," said Peggy, trying not to smile, as he moved towards the door.

"I may call?" he asked, pausing.

"I fancy it might be safe," said Peggy.

"I'm afraid you'll be awfully sleepy, though, after to-night. Still, if you really don't mind——"

Peggy's only answer this time was a blush. It was her fourth or fifth that night.

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Is a University Training of Use in Business?

THE OPINIONS OF EMINENT BUSINESS MEN.

WE live in an age of fierce commercial competition, and there is a sentiment regarding aspirants for a commercial career which finds its expression in the recent dictum of an American plutocrat that "A University education ruins a young man for business." Is this really the case? Are the hundreds and thousands of youths destined by their parents and guardians for a commercial and industrial career being lamentably handicapped by the studies they are pursuing at Oxford and Cambridge? This is a practical question, the importance of which can scarcely be overrated. Several eminent authorities in the world of affairs to whom we recently addressed the question expressed varying opinions.



LORD BURTON.
From a Photo. by Maull & Fox.

LORD BURTON, for example, is quite emphatic on the point. "I should not," he writes, "consider a residence at Oxford or Cambridge a good preliminary for a commercial career."

THE EARL OF KINNOULL, a director of several great companies, on the other hand, writes: "In my opinion the answer is undoubted. A training at a University must assist and not retard a young man destined for a commercial or active career. But the question that appears to me to be more important is—What course of training can a young man have from the age of eighteen to twenty-one if he does not go to a University?

"The age from eighteen to twenty-one is a very crucial one, and it perhaps is the epoch during which a young man's character and bent is first developed. Your question embraces 'a commercial or active career.' The latter term is very wide. Personally, I believe application in youth is a surer road to sound knowledge and success than brilliancy in any particular form. This being so, an educational career at a University must be of great service to any youth who has the power of applying himself to gather knowledge thoroughly, and not superficially, as is so often the case. To a youth whose fortune is



THE EARL OF KINNOULL.
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

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to be in the world of commerce, a sound education, at Cambridge especially, is bound to be very valuable to him in after-life. Further, socially he makes great college friends, who, apart from the social and affectionate pleasures he may derive therefrom, may eventually be of great utility to him in manifold ways, whether in commerce or wider circles of any kind."



LORD AVEBURY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

LORD AVEBURY, who is the chairman of the London Bankers and president of the Central Association of Bankers, an ex-president of the London Chamber of Commerce, author of innumerable political and educational addresses, and a member of many learned and scientific societies, writes: "The Universities differ very much and the degrees signify very different qualifications. In my opinion no degree should be conferred on anyone who has not some knowledge of—1, science; 2, classics; 3, some modern language. Unfortunately, however, most Universities give degrees which require classics or mathematics only; but however great a scholar may be in either of these important subjects, such a man is, after all, only half-educated. A one-sided education of this kind seems to me to be of comparatively little advantage and to give a radically wrong impression of the world we live in. On the other hand, a wise, all-round education is an inestimable advantage."



LORD WINTERSTOKE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"The answer to your question," writes LORD WINTERSTOKE, who will, perhaps, be more familiar to our readers as Sir W. H. Wills, chairman of the Imperial Tobacco Company and a director of the Great Western Railway, "depends a good deal on the position of the young man and the nature of the business. If after a University course he is to succeed eventually to the management of a banking, manufacturing, or other mercantile undertaking, then most decidedly a University training is largely advantageous. If, however, on leaving a public school, say at eighteen, he has to begin to learn a manufacturing industry involving close application for some years, and has his way to make in that particular business, it becomes a serious question whether three years at Oxford or Cambridge would be of real value to him. The time spent there would hardly prepare him for factory work, and would most probably disincline him at twenty-two to take kindly to work and hours which he would have willingly accepted before he had had the comparatively easy time which the University course would give him — and he might learn much more in three years' factory training that would be of future use to him than if he spent them in working for a degree. If, however, he was a student of chemistry or physical science the difference would be much lessened, and the results in either case might be of pretty equal advantage.



MR. T. F. BLACKWELL.
From a Photo. by London Stereoscopic Co.

"It is difficult to lay down any hard and fast line for general adoption, as so much must depend upon the lad himself and the nature of the pursuit to which he proposes to devote himself. In some cases the University course would be the making of a man, and in some others it would certainly do serious harm to his future welfare and business success."

On being shown a copy of this letter, Mr. THOMAS F. BLACKWELL, head of the firm of Crosse and Blackwell, wrote: "I entirely agree with the views expressed by Lord Winterstoke."

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"It all depends on the man," wrote Mr. ALFRED BEIT, the great South African magnate, whose recent death will prove an irreparable loss to the country of his adoption, "whether he will be helped by a University education or not. My own opinion is that of Mr. Rhodes, that if a young fellow who intended to follow a commercial career lacked character a University training would help to give him character; while, on the other hand, if he was naturally of a strong character, the University would not take any of it away. And character and manners succeed to a far greater extent in business than people think. I should say, therefore, that a young man who is naturally acute and trustworthy is greatly helped by a modern University education."



From a Photo. by] THE LATE MR. A. BEIT. *[E. H. Mills.*

"I can only give my view," writes LORD KINNAIRD, who is a director of the well-known banking firm of Barclay and Co., Limited, "with reference to Oxford and Cambridge, which I think I know fairly well. I do not feel competent to express an opinion regarding any of the other Universities. If a young man has some family business ready for him to enter, and if he has passed with credit the public school curriculum, the University probably would not do any harm, though it would take some time to readjust his ideas as to the relation between work and play. The University holiday of seven or eight months, with four or five months' work, is not a business ideal of work and play.

"For a young man who has to make his own way in life I think the public schools should be sufficient for him to make a number of friends. The age of twenty-one or twenty-two years is far too old to begin serving his apprenticeship to business. I can quite conceive that some different course of training might be devised by the Universities whereby one or even two years at the University might be an advantage even to a young man who has to rely on his own exertion for his future career."



LORD KINNAIRD.
From a Photo. by Maull & Fox.

LORD ALDENHAM, head of the firm of Antony Gibbs and Sons, and an ex-Governor of the Bank of England, writes: "It depends upon the man. The same question was put to me by the Governor of the Bank when I had been a year or two a director. I answered that, so far as I was a good director, my University education had helped to make me so; and that, whereas I had been told that I must be content to serve as Governor when the time

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LORD ALDENHAM.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

a large stock of accurate learning; but, even so, if he has the sense to assimilate what is given him, and if he uses his time and opportunity to exercise his mind and to make good friends, his education will, in my belief, not only have not been thrown away, but, in proportion as he may have used it for the best, will prove a help to him in the career which may fall to his lot, whether it be in commerce or in any other walk of life."

LORD ARMSTRONG writes: "I should say that on the whole it is distinctly to a young man's advantage to have had a University education, as in my opinion it has a narrowing effect on a young man's mind to specialize too early in life, and, in addition to this, the time spent at the University, apart from the mere knowledge acquired there, broadens a man's views, brings him into contact with men of varied views and character, and teaches him to find his own level in a manner that cannot fail to be of advantage to him in after-life; and, again, the University, with its somewhat milder discipline than that of a public school, is a very fitting preparation for the period when all discipline will be relaxed, except self-discipline. I may add that from experience I find that employers of labour and directors of great industries are more and more inclined to select as their lieutenants men of a University education rather than those without it. I feel that this tendency will increase as the education in the Universities becomes more and more liberal in character."

should come, it would make my fitting myself for it an easier task than it would otherwise be.

"It depends upon the man. If the young man is content to go through his career at the University in a perfunctory way (as I did for my first two years), he does not accumulate



LORD ARMSTRONG.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

LORD GLANTAWE, formerly known as Sir J. J. Jenkins, who has for forty years past been a leading spirit in Welsh municipal enterprise, and is a director of the Metropolitan Bank, writes: "My opinion is that of most practical men, that it depends upon the man himself. Judging from my own experience, I am of the opinion that, all things being equal, a University training would be a great help."

SIR EDWARD STERN, head of the great City firm of Stern Brothers, writes: "I may say in the first place it depends a great deal on the young man. My experience is that an Oxford or Cambridge training retards an ordinary young man; he learns lazy habits and an absolute want of the sense of duty; everything seems to him to be more important than his work, and although very ignorant, having learnt no foreign languages and little mathematics, he considers himself far too superior for the everyday drudgery of a business life. The London University, as it used to be, was a good training, as a man was bound to work hard in order to pass, and was dependent on himself; he did not have inducements to waste his time on games, and finished his University education at an



LORD GLANTAWE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

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earlier age than at Oxford or Cambridge."

Mr. C. J. PHILLIPS, deputy-chairman of the firm of Watney, Combe, Reid, and Co., Limited, writes: "I am strongly of opinion that a University training assists a young man in a commercial career in London, especially if he has an opening or opportunities in readiness. He may possibly find the details more irksome at first than he would have done had he not spent three or four years at a University, but he will be able much more readily to take up his right position than he otherwise would have done; the presence he will have acquired and the circle of friends he will meet in the City, ever ready to make matters go as smoothly as possible for him, will prove beneficial both to himself and the house with which he may be connected."



SIR E. D. STERN.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

SIR HENRY KIMBER, BART., M.P., a director of the Capital and Counties Bank and chairman of the South Indian Railway Company, writes: "The question does not admit of a general answer, yes or no. In its nature University training is valuable to a man wherever he goes and whatever he does. It cannot retard a man, unless he is a fool and allows it to do so by his own weakness. Knowledge is power wherever it goes. It may be abused, as may everything else. On the other hand, it is difficult to conceive any career, especially a 'commercial or active' one, in which the knowledge of men and things acquired and acquirable in University training would not assist the man. Surely he must as a unit be so much the more valuable by the knowledge he has acquired. Whether he uses or abuses or neglects it is another question, which depends entirely on himself and not upon the intrinsic value of University training, of which I can have no doubt in the world. I speak from very personal experience in a long life of great activity. Knowledge is an asset. It depends on its possessor whether it is 'to the good' or the reverse."



MR. C. J. PHILLIPS.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"You ask," writes SIR J. H. PULESTON, the eminent financier and chairman of the City of London Conservative Association, "'Does a University training assist or retard a young man destined for a commercial or active career?' This is not easily answered, as so much depends upon the man himself. I remember some years since two young men so destined, and each having splendid business prospects. One was spoilt by his University training; the other found it a great advantage throughout a successful business career. I think it will be found that whilst it unfits some, it benefits others. It must be remembered that the Universities, as a rule, do not give the education most fitted for a business or commercial career. Degrees are given for proficiency in subjects which are not of the most value to such men, who require the knowledge of languages so useful in commerce and a sound, wholesome education rather than what is known as a classical education—good as the latter may be.

"I have often wondered why our great Universities do not open a curriculum of study specially suitable for business careers. Even then there would no doubt be some youngsters whose sojourn at the University would take their minds away from the idea of

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qualifying for business, and find it irksome to stick to it; though generally this should not preclude that University education which in after-life will largely contribute to a superior position among business men. Young gentlemen are so differently constituted that the right advice to some would be to go to the University, whilst to others, perhaps a minority, the best advice would be good ordinary education and then early business training."

SIR ALFRED BATEMAN, who is chairman of the Advisory Committee on Commercial Intelligence, writes: "In my opinion the training of a University is of some little advantage to a young man who is destined for a business career, but he necessarily starts learning the technical details of his business three years later than he otherwise would. My experience of the average successful commercial man engaged, say, in the production or sale of a particular article is that he knows everything possible about the article in question, but has very narrow views on other subjects, and should he wish to extend his operations to general trade, perhaps as a banker or foreign trading merchant, he will have to pick up a great deal by rule of thumb. In such a case University training would have been of much advantage, especially if that training had been in the new School of Economics at Cambridge. For any development still more outside the business career, such as municipal or Parliamentary work, University training is even more useful. In speaking of University training I take for granted that the young man makes the most of his University life, and is not content to loaf through his three or four years with a minimum of work and a maximum of pleasure."



SIR H. KIMBER, BART, M.P.
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.



SIR J. H. PULESTON.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



SIR ALFRED BATEMAN.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

SIR AUGUSTUS PREVOST, Governor of the Bank of England, 1901-1903, writes: "From my nearly fifty years' business experience I am decidedly of opinion that a University training is of assistance to a young man destined to a commercial or active business career. There, of course, may be exceptions in cases where special practical knowledge would require his being trained to a business at an early age, but as a general rule I should say that a University man has an advantage. In many instances, too, the social knowledge which he may get may be very useful in certain classes of business, for acquaintances made at College continue long after leaving the University. I do not believe that for a young man of average intelligence intended for business he could be ultimately retarded by the few years spent in University life."

SIR W. H. HOLLAND, vice-president of the Associated Chambers of Commerce and vice-chairman of the Fine Cotton Spinners' Association, Limited, writes: "The question as to whether a University training assists or retards a young man destined for a commercial or active career depends, so far as I am able to judge, on so many factors that it seems to me impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule. Amongst

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these factors I should place—1. The character and good sense of the young man himself. 2. The sort of friends he makes at the 'Varsity. 3. The kind of duties required of him in his business career. 4. The question whether or not he has his own way to make, or can step into an assured position. 5. The tastes and education of his employer.

"In regard to the first and second of these factors I should say that if a young man is not less determined to throw himself heartily into a business career after leaving the University than he was before he went there, then his University training is so much to the good, and decidedly advantageous.



SIR AUGUSTUS PREVOST, BART.
From a Photo. by Fradelle & Young.

"Without attempting to dogmatize, I should imagine that, if he is made of the right stuff, he will be on his guard lest he should acquire any tastes likely to disincline him from making the sacrifices which are usually the price of success, especially when a man is obliged to be the architect of his own fortune. But, however satisfactory in point of character and attainments the young man may be, I can well believe that it is not always easy to get a start in a business house, and for lack of such an opportunity many a man has failed to make much out. This, then, seems to me to be a crucial question, viz.: Does the University-trained man more readily find business openings than the man not so trained? And although I believe matters are improving in this respect—thanks to Chambers of Commerce and other bodies—I doubt whether, hitherto, such a question could truthfully be answered in the affirmative. Of course, openings vary greatly. For positions where manners, address, and *savoir faire* are the chief essentials, I don't doubt that the preference would be given to a University man—other things being equal—



SIR W. H. HOLLAND.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



SIR ALFRED JONES.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

especially where the principal himself had been so trained.

"The same remark will apply, I should imagine, to positions requiring high scientific attainments. But for positions in the management of a large and complicated business, where several years' apprenticeship are needed to master its intricate details, I am bound to say that it seems to me the youth who enters the service of the firm at (say) eighteen, and devotes to the mastery of those details the years which his rival spends at college, has a great advantage, inasmuch as he is already installed, probably, in the confidence of his employer. And, however accomplished the University man may be on the completion of his terms, he will often find it difficult, if not impossible, in such a case to oust his rival who already has so much of his master's business at his fingers' ends. If, therefore, I were asked to summarize the chances of a University man obtaining employment, I should say that his training would help him greatly in the first two cases I have just mentioned, but would somewhat handicap him in the third. Further, I have no hesitation in saying that the business prospects of a University man would be vastly improved if proficiency in modern languages were made an essential part of his curriculum."

"I consider," writes SIR ALFRED JONES, the great Liverpool shipping magnate, "that a University training does retard a young man's progress in commercial life, by occupying years in the study of classical and other subjects when commercial training would be more valuable. At sixteen every youth destined for a commercial life should have quite begun his career. Another thing: a University man, more often than not, does not take that practical view of things which is the essence of commercial life."

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THE BOOK OF BROTHER MAEL-ISU.

By Ethna Carbery.

THE fortunes of his family were, indeed, at their lowest ebb on that day when Cathal Maguire of Tempo received a visit from Professor Eric Branson, the German philologist.

The professor was famous among the *savants* of Europe as a Celtic scholar. He had translated and edited the publication of several of the precious manuscripts buried until then in Continental libraries, and for this service to literature he had earned the congratulations of the great Universities. Now he had come to Ireland to supplement his book knowledge by acquiring the modern language as spoken by the people. For six months he had sojourned in the Isles of Aran—that storm-swept, rugged trio of rocks off the western coast—and had returned to the mainland fluent of speech in the language, which, amongst those island fishermen, is still as pure and melodious as in the days when Enda the Holy gathered around him the pious youths of ancient Eire.

It was on the eve of his departure for Germany that the professor had heard of the treasure of the Maguires—the ancient book of Brother Mael-Isu.

"Do not go away without seeing it," he was advised. "It is a wonderful example of early Irish art. By right it belonged to the MacScanlans, hereditary Erenachs of Devenish, but when Nuala ní Scanlan married Cuconacht Maguire, three generations back, she, being the last of the elder branch, brought it as part of her dowry into her husband's family. The present owner, Cathal Maguire, is miserably poor and backboneless; nothing has ever seemed to prosper with him except children. His is the usual long Irish family—a wild, clever brood, without any prospect before them. He has little of the pride of the old Maguires—poverty has killed it, maybe—and I have heard it said that he has put a price on the book."

Professor Branson, with the true collector's enthusiasm, delayed his return, and set out for Tempo instead. He found in Cathal Maguire a thin, bent man, whose weak chin and lined face told how ill he was equipped for a place in the world of progress. The surroundings were in keeping with his character. Everything spoke of decay: a decay that had met with no obstacle in its destructful course. The broken windows of his great, empty, dismal house let in the wind and rain; the rotten floors were yawning pitfalls for the unwary; the mildewed walls were stripped of plaster here and there. Out of doors the same desolation prevailed, save where Nature had dominated the neglect of man and asserted her strength in a riotous wealth of blossoms.

Yet, despite unprepossessing first appearances, the professor felt curiously drawn to this man, who seemed to lack even the heart to live. Perhaps it was in recognition of one heritage the unfortunate descendant of a noble line had preserved from the wreck of his manhood's promise: he was clearly a gentleman. His manners had all the smoothness and courtesy of one who was superior to Fate instead of being under her heel.

"You shall see it with pleasure," he said, when the professor had enlightened him as to the object of his visit. "It is at Tempo now, having been returned to us only a few days ago from the other side of the lough, where it was borrowed to swear some witnesses on in a case of cattle-lifting. No one dare deny the truth who swears on the book of Brother Mael-Isu."

"Do the people really believe that?" queried the professor, his eyes twinkling a little behind their glasses.

"They do, and they fear the consequences of a lie sworn on it more than that of one sworn on the Bible."

"A beautiful tradition—beautiful," said the professor, enthusiastically, "but rather absurd at this late day."

"We do not regard it in that light hereabouts," Maguire replied, gravely, and with a touch of reproach in his voice. "We have proof of its compelling power. Why, only a couple of months ago it was borrowed to settle a case over in Ballygawley, where, in the lodging-house kept by a man named Cormac Magennis, a dispute arose over a ten-pound note that a lodger complained he had lost. Magennis, jealous of the good name of his house, locked all the doors immediately,

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keeping within all who had been in the house at the time of the robbery, and sent over here for the book. Everyone present was compelled to swear on it, and did so, clearing themselves, amongst them being a servant of the house. That evening the girl suddenly lost her reason, but in a lucid interval afterwards confessed to her master that she had stolen and secreted the money. This fact is beyond dispute."

"How extraordinary!"

"Yes. And sweethearts parting—one or other of them emigrating—come here to pledge their faith on it. Sometimes I have witnessed very sad scenes, and the book has been blistered with many tears."

relatives. I did not know it was an object of so much regard to the country-folk generally."

"It would take me longer than perhaps you'd care to listen to tell you all its story, sir—all the cures that have been effected through it," Maguire said, rising and approaching the broken front window. A group of children were playing boisterously on the lawn. He called out to one, "Art, tell Caitlín to bring the book here." The boy ran off shouting "Caitlín," and in a moment the echoes of his shrill young voice and running feet were heard resounding through the empty corridors of the old house.

The echoes had hardly time to die away



"THE DOOR OF THE ROOM OPENED AND A TALL YOUNG GIRL APPEARED ON THE THRESHOLD."

"I am quite impatient to see it," said the professor; "your stories are more than interesting, they are unique. Of course, I partly understood that it was held in veneration, but only by your own family and

when the door of the room opened and a tall young girl appeared on the threshold. Her dark eyes, shadowy as pools in a bog-land, were alight with happy wonder, and she shook back her tangled black hair in a quick,

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impatient fashion as she advanced. She could not have been more than sixteen, slender and shapely, with a little dusky face whose sudden blush had all the richness of a damask rose. Her blue homespun dress was threadbare, but she wore its shabbiness with a grace that recognised no flaw. Clasped to her bosom she held something wrapped up in a piece of faded brocade.

"Father," she said, interrogatively, and reddening shyly, "you sent for the book?"

"I did, my dear. Give it to me."

She came across the room and placed it in his outstretched hands, carefully. "One of the corners of the shrine got injured last time it was out," she bent to whisper in his ear. "Larry O'Meehan said the man who had been swearing on it struck it down to the ground." Her quiet eyes were now flaming with anger. Her father did not reply for a moment—seemingly he was examining the damaged corner. When he lifted his eyes they held no anger such as burned in his daughter's at the sacrilege, but rather a look of calculation. When he did speak it was to introduce Professor Branson.

"Caitlín, this gentleman is a scholar from Germany, who came over to study Gaelic, and has been hearing of our book. He didn't wish to leave Ireland without seeing it and learning its history. I have been telling him some of the stories already."

Caitlín smiled and said in Gaelic: "Is it carrying the stories the gentleman will be over the world for the great scholars to put into writing? If that is so, Brother Mael-Isu will be glad, surely; he has waited so long for the written praise."

"Will Brother Mael-Isu really care?" asked the professor in the same tongue, quietly turning to Caitlín, "seeing that he is in Heaven?"

Her father answered for her. "He is a very real person in these parts—Brother Mael-Isu. Somehow he seems nearer to the people than the saints they pray to. He is one of themselves, as it were."

"It is a beautiful belief," repeated the professor, as he took the shrine reverently into his hands. He saw that it was of bronze, with roof and gables embossed with silver, and still showing traces in the hollow panels of exquisite carving. Here and there was a dinge, and a few of the silver bosses were missing, but, despite all this, the professor was compelled to admit to himself that it was one of the most perfect specimens he had yet seen. After his thoughtful eye had scrutinized it carefully he unfastened the quaint clasp and took out a large leather-bound volume. Caitlín sat watching him with glowing eyes, and as he opened the book his start of surprise brought a swift blush of joy into her lovely face.

Truly the marvellous beauty of the work might well surprise him. The marginal scrolls, with their intricate interlacings, and the vivid capital letters, all a wonder of gold and blue, and scarlet and green, contrasting with the heavy dead-black of the text, made him exult within himself at the value of his find. And in his mind the desire of possessing it swiftly became a resolution.

It was a copy of the Gospels. He turned over the pages slowly, fascinated and envious. How exultant he should feel when submitting this treasure to his fellow-*savants* at home! It should have a place in one of the libraries by right; but, then, how could one part with it? His dreams were broken in upon by the shy voice of Caitlín.

"He had but one fear, Brother Mael-Isu," she said, growing crimson again at her own courage; "he was not afraid of the death they might give him, but he was afraid they should find his book. It is here he says it." She turned over the leaves rapidly. "Grand-father taught me every word, although he said the spelling was so old that only the great scholars could read it now." Her slender fingers followed the lines as she read: "The Lochlanach are with us, my sharp sorrow! The holy abbot and kindly brothers are lying under their swords. The flames are about God's altar, and the walls of our house crumble. I, Brother Mael-Isu, who write, hide this book of the Holy Gospels under the corner flag-stone of the dark cell wherein the brethren retired for meditation. On the finder thereof in the days to come I lay but one charge—keep it from the sea-people, the Lochlanach, who have wrought us this woe, and ravished our house of its precious writings, and its carven gold and silver. My blessing on the hand that finds and obeys this last wish of Brother Mael-Isu. O God, my God! to Thee the honour and glory!"

Caitlín's voice trembled ere she had finished, and even Professor Branson's eyes were moist. Only her father sat impassive, with the same calculating look on his face.

There was silence for a few minutes, which the professor broke half diffidently. "Pardon me if I err and if I am intrusive; but it was hinted to me that you might be willing to part with the book for——" He had the grace to hesitate. "I would

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place it in one of our great libraries for its better preservation."

All at once the light died out in Caitlín's young face as sudden as a candle-flame might be quenched in wind. She sprang from her chair and stood with her back to the wall, like a creature at bay, holding the book clasped tight to her breast.

"Are you one of them," she gasped, "that you want it? He knew you would come, Brother Mael-Isu, for I have seen him these three nights gone, in dreams, and he said those last words of his over and over again in my ear. You are of the sea-people, the Lochlanach?" She turned upon him in a passion of fear.

"The Danes? No," said Professor Branson. "I was born in Germany." As he answered this he remembered his young Danish mother, so long dead. "A German is very different from a Dane."

Caitlín looked at him doubtfully.

Her father broke the awkwardness of the situation by saying, quietly, "It is not for sale, sir," but his tone lacked confidence, and his eye met the other's with a sort of warning.

"Then I apologize," murmured the professor, with embarrassment.

"You may go now, Caitlín," Maguire said, turning again to her, and Caitlín, breathing heavily like one who has seen the edge of a precipice in time, withdrew hastily without any farewell words to the stranger, still clasping the book with feverish embrace. That night she fell asleep with her arms about it, and in her heart a warm glow of thankfulness for its safety.



"HER SLENDER FINGERS FOLLOWED THE LINES AS SHE READ."

Professor Branson wakened the next morning with a curious thrill of disappointment stirring within him. It took a few moments to collect his thoughts, and then the thrill of disappointment grew into a poignant regret. He turned restlessly from side to side. "To think of such a treasure being buried here," he muttered, "running the risk of being lost or destroyed every time those foolish people lend it out. Of course, even if it were for sale it would be difficult to put a price on it; but I'd gladly offer a hundred pounds, or even two, to have it for my own."

A knock at the door interrupted him, and in reply to his "Come in" one of the hotel attendants entered.

"It is Maguire of Tempo that's below, sir," he said, "and wants to see you on important business."

The professor gave a start.

"Send him up at once," he said. "If it is important I shall not delay him by dressing."

His visitor came in with the breathless air of one who had travelled hurriedly. The colour came and went in his thin face and his frame shook visibly. His touch on the professor's outstretched hand felt cold as ice.

"Sir," he said, plunging at once into his subject, "I told you a lie yesterday when I said the book was not for sale. If things were with the Maguires as they had been, I would not part with it to save my soul. But seeing"—he faltered, and went on in a whisper—"our poverty, bitter poverty, and my poor children brought up without education, save of the most meagre, without proper food or clothing, I think Brother Mael-Isu will forgive me if——I am a desperate man,

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sir. The place is mortgaged beyond redemption so far as I am concerned, and the future has no outlook for me. I have sold the old oaken furniture from time to time until, as you have seen, the house is bare as a barn. There is really nothing of value left except the book."

"Have you a price on it?" asked the professor.

Maguire murmured dreamily, half to himself, "I would make a priest of Cuconacht and send Caitlín away to a convent for a year. Then they might help to educate the younger ones later. If their mother had lived she would have found some way out of this trouble."

"Have you any set price on it, Mr. Maguire?" repeated the other.

"Price? Oh, no! I have no idea of the commercial value of such things. It is quite a sudden thought with me to sell it. But I shall be grateful if you do what is fair to me in the transaction."

"I will give you two hundred pounds," said the professor, warily watching his man.

Maguire's dull face lighted up. "It is a fortune," he breathed, with relief.

"Then you are satisfied?"

"Quite"

"Have you the book here?"

"Yes, sir." He unbuttoned his big *cotamór* and drew it forth.

"The shrine, the *cumdach*, where is it?" the professor asked, quickly.

"I cannot give you both," said Maguire, a little red flush coming into his cheeks.

"But I want both."

"It would break Caitlín's heart. She slept all night with the shrine in her arms, and when I bent over her at dawn to bring it here I could not unloose her hold from about it without wakening her. I could only unfasten the clasp and withdraw the book."

Professor Branson studied the situation for an instant. After all, although the bronze and silver shrine was of incalculable value, the book was of greater consequence to him from the *savant's* point of view. He was having the best of the bargain, he admitted, inwardly, and would not haggle over the price.

"Very well, then," he said. "I am content," drawing out his cheque-book.

Maguire pocketed the cheque with a brief word of thanks, his gaze fixed all the time on the leather-bound volume lying on the bed. The professor uttered some commonplace regarding the weather, but his visitor did not seem to hear. He merely sighed and was silent, still looking intently, with sorrowful eyes, in which the gathering tears glistened, on the old, venerated relic of his people from which he was parting. Then he bade the other an abrupt good-morning and went out hastily.

Left to himself the professor finished his dressing, descended for his breakfast, and returned to the quiet of his room again. He stretched himself easily in an arm-chair by the window and took the precious volume into his hands. If he had been enchanted by the first glance at it in Tempo the day previous, his satisfaction on closer acquaintance was a more enthusiastic quality. He studied the delicate colouring and finely-drawn scrolls in the borders with a loving and appreciative eye. "It is even more beautiful than the Book of Kells," he assured himself, "which has been called the work of angels rather than of man." He turned to the final page, and read Brother Mael-Isu's last words. "It is wonderful, wonderful," he said aloud. "A veritable treasure-house. I have made the bargain of my lifetime." Then he lingeringly, lovingly, turned the last cover. As it fell he was startled by a fine white mist which suddenly crept between his eyes and the book, obscuring it. He looked around him and saw the room filling with the ghostly vapour. He tried to keep it off with thrusting hands, but it gathered closer and closer until it pervaded the whole place like a dream. His brain felt the weight of it, and his beating hands dropped powerless. His eyes still remained wide open, staring steadily into the mist, and, although he shivered under the cold fear creeping along every nerve, he realized, somehow, that he was, and would be, safe from harm. Moreover, he realized, too, that he was in full possession of his senses, and that, whatever might be the meaning of this supernatural visitation, he was regarding it, despite his natural nervousness, with curiosity and a certain amount of philosophical observation.

For a brief space the white mist clung motionless around him. Then it opened and rolled back on either side, leaving before him a long vista between gloomy walls. He seemed to walk down a dark, unevenly flagged corridor, and as he went along he was aware of low, oval-headed doors on the left and right. Some of these were opened, revealing dark interiors. He saw no one, but he heard shrill, pitiful cries, exultant shouts, and the trampling of many feet. He had a sense of

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"HE TRIED TO KEEP IT OFF WITH THRUSTING HANDS."

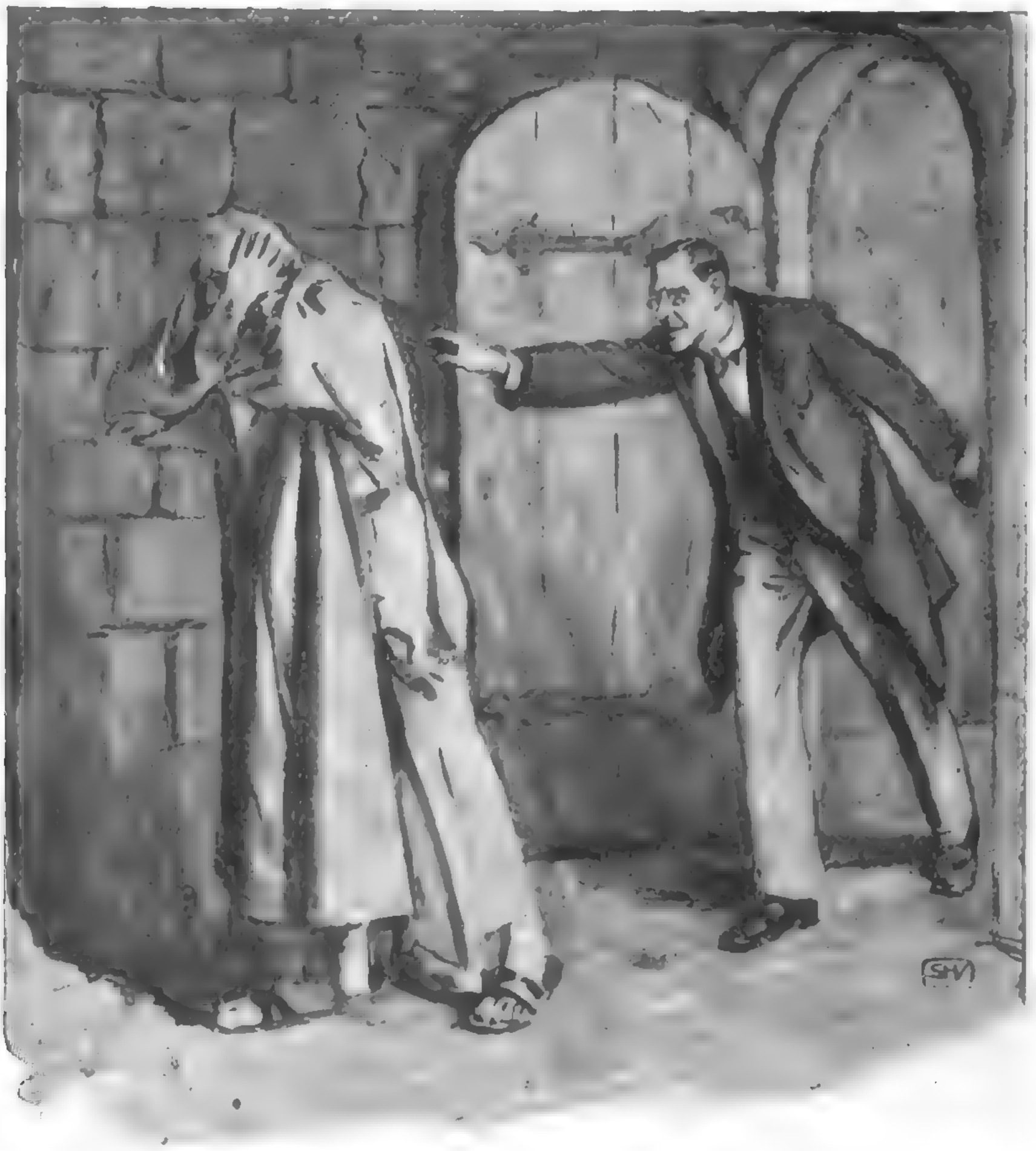
burning wood, and of dense smoke that penetrated the roof of the corridor and hung about him. At the end of it, in the half obscurity, he saw a gleam of light. He hurried towards it with a great dread knocking at his heart. The light came in a narrow thread from one of the low doorways which was slightly ajar, and which he entered quickly, glad of a refuge from the now blinding smoke. He found himself in a small, dismal cell, where a white-clad figure was standing before a reredos with bowed head and did not seem to hear his entrance. He went nearer and perceived that the occupant was an aged monk, whose scant hair fell, snowy as bog-cotton, from beneath his tonsured crown. The monk was slowly and carefully writing in a large book, upon which the solitary rushlight, stuck upon the wall, threw but a fitful ray. Branson bent over the shoulder of the quiet figure and followed the blue-veined, withered hand across the page. For a time he watched the Gaelic letters grow under the quill before he gathered their meaning; then a sense of familiarity made him bend yet nearer, puzzled and startled.

"I, Brother Mael-Isu, who write," he read, "hide this book of the Holy Gospels under the corner flagstone of the dark cell wherein the brethren retired for meditation. On the finder thereof in the days to come I lay but one charge—keep it from the sea-people, the Lochlanach——"

In a flash he remembered and understood. Those triumphant shouts came from the Lochlanach pillaging the monastery, and the shrill cries were the dying shrieks of monk and lay-brother. Something within him stirred to life as he listened, some strange brutal instinct and thirst of blood that impelled him towards the burning chapel, whence came the sounds of butchery. Yet another power held him where he stood, still watching the slowly moving pen until the final words, "O God, my God! to Thee the honour and glory!" seemed to break the spell. Then he felt the brutal desires increase, and along with them a cunning which prompted him to withdraw into the shadow and watch the old monk by stealth. He lurked here, with his right hand clenched as if some deadly weapon were within those tense fingers, and his eyes strained in their sockets as he followed every movement of the other. First the monk shook from a curiously shaped vessel some fine grey sand over the writing, waited patiently until the ink was dry, then blew the sand away in a little dusky cloud. He closed the book reverently, and, groping behind the reredos, brought forth a case, at sight of which Branson, or the evil spirit that was within him, felt his heart leap with covetousness, until he could barely control himself from dashing out of his retreat and tearing it from the grasp of the old man.

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It was ablaze with jewels, with silver and gold; little brilliant points of light shot up from every part of it as the monk turned it in his trembling hands. He unfastened a clasp that was literally one gorgeous flame, and carefully bestowed the book within. Then he wrapped up the case in some heavy, still rang and the clang of steel cut sharply through the clamour. The monk suddenly clapped his hands to his head with a moan and ran from the cell. Branson clutched at him, but missed and fell forward. Quickly Branson was on his feet again and following him along innumerable passages and round



"BRANSON CLUTCHED AT HIM."

dark material, and tottering across the cell deposited his precious burden in a hole scooped out close to the wall. Around and over it he gathered the damp clay, kneading it down until the surface was level, and then, with painful breathings and a straining of every feeble muscle, he lowered a large flagstone into place above it.

Branson followed every movement with keen watchfulness, the lust of greed quivering even to his finger-tips. He could barely restrain himself while the old monk knelt down to pray and, on rising, made the sign of the Cross in the four corners of the cell. Through the open door the desperate cries sharp corners, guided only in the dimness by the distant flutter of the white robe, for the sandalled, flying feet gave forth no sound.

At length the white figure climbed swiftly a flight of narrow steps. It was a spiral stair, and Branson, as he sprang after, heard the noise and the crackling of fire grow louder and louder. The smoke, too, came rushing by in thick volumes, and tongues of fire licked the walls here and there. Then a great hurting blaze of light struck full on his eyeballs; he felt his senses swim in the heat and wild confusion, and knew he was now in the place of flame and death, in the great

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aisle of a chapel. The monk had disappeared for a moment, but as Branson stood looking on he saw him dashing, with a swiftness extraordinary for one of his years and feebleness, through the awful havoc. At that instant the desire for blood which he had experienced in the cell rushed back on him in full force, and stooping he caught a gory battle-axe from the ground and leaped after his prey.

The monk reached a spot where a mitred figure lay prone, amid dead and dying. He bent over the figure, and, with a cry, threw his arms around it. Quick as thought the red axe went crashing through the tonsured head, and the old monk fell forward, without a groan, on the abbot's body. Branson gave a shout of mad exultation, and then threw himself into the fight where it waged the most fiercely. He carved his way with the blood-dripping axe, chanting praise to the Viking's God, and laughing loud in the frenzy of that sweeping rush.

The mail-coated men of Lochlan darted hither and thither, like lightning flashes in the clouds of smoke and flame, and after and before them dashed the saffron-shirted native chieftains and their kerns. He saw the saffron shirts go down under the sea-green blades of his own people, and the serpent banner wave victorious above the piles of slain. There was a princely man of Lochlan—a veritable giant in size—with long, ruddy hair that floated on the wind of battle, and blue eyes glinting coldly bright as stars in a winter sky, towering over all. He, too, chanted a hymn to Thor, in which his own name was blent with that of the war-god. Branson's heart leaped at the chaunt, for he knew that the victor over the white monks and the saffron-shirted Gaels was none other than Erc of the Red Shields—Jarl Erc, son of Wulf the King.

As Jarl Erc sang he clove his way towards the high altar. Branson joyously sprang in front of him, felling with his axe the solitary few who yet stood, daring to dispute the progress of the great Erc. He bounded over the rails and up the steps towards where one, and he the last of his brethren now left alive, stood with shining, radiant face, and with hands outstretched, beseeching the blessing of his God upon the slayers. One exultant cry from Branson, one swift, sweeping blow, and the monk's dead body rolled from the steps. Standing then upon the steps of the high altar, and wildly brandishing above his head the dripping axe, he raised a Viking chaunt.

Red are the ways
Where the death-smiter
Reaps the rich harvest.

On a cloud
Thor has descended ;
Lightnings and hail
Of blood-red are his heralds.
In his right hand
Holds he the Hammer,
In his left bears
Mead-cup for the victors.

The White Christ is low
On the red altars —
The bird of the string
Slew him unerring :
And high over all
The snake rears her flat crest,
And golden shields praise
Great Thor with loud voices.

A great figure of the meek Christ upon the Crucifix, all carved from one solid piece of oak, filled the background above the altar. As Branson concluded the last words of his chaunt he waved the axe three times above his head, and then, with the accompaniment of a savage yell, sent it crashing through the side of the Christ, whereupon one spurt of blood dropped therefrom upon his uplifted face ; and that instant all demoniac feeling quitted him, a blissful, holy calm came into his fevered brain, he dropped the axe from his grasp, meekly bowed his head, and momentarily closed his eyes. They opened to his own room ; the book of Brother Mael-Isu lay upon his knee, the cover still only falling.

He looked round him dazed. Everything was in its normal condition, as well as he could see, except that a faint mist was rolling in from the corners of the room and fading softly into nothingness. He sank back in his chair weakly, breathing heavily, while the cold perspiration broke out on his forehead. "I am not dreaming," he said. "I was a savage Lochlanach. I saw Brother Mael-Isu. I slew him. I—I committed most horrible sacrilege on the figure of the Saviour. What means it ?"

He stared straight before him with knitted brows. Was the curse of the old monk falling upon him ? Would he have to go through this dreadful experience again ? And again ? The belief became fixed in his mind that this would be a usual occurrence if the book was his, and he shivered at the thought. Not for a million such would he go through that trial once more. Perhaps there was more meaning in his unconscious movements than he knew. Perhaps he was a reincarnation of Brother Mael-Isu's murderer. Heaven knows ! He looked at the book shudderingly. With trembling hands he laid it on the table.

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"I am unstrung; frightened as a baby. I must send for Maguire to take it back again to the keeping of that sweet-eyed child."

A timid knock upon the door caused him to start nervously to his feet. The handle was turned, and the door pushed half-open very gently, before he could gather voice to bid the knocker enter. He saw Cathal Maguire's pale, strained face peering in, and uttered a cry of welcome and relief.

"Thank Heaven!"

Maguire came quickly over to the table, threw down the cheque Professor Branson had given him but a couple of hours before, and seized the book.

"I couldn't part with it, sir. There would be a curse on me and mine. I have suffered—suffered since!" They looked at each other with drawn faces.

"I, too, have suffered," said the professor. And, after some moments' pause, added, "I have seen ——" he began, and then broke off with the inquiry, "But, tell me, when and how did Brother Mael-Isu die?"

"It was when the Danes plundered Devenish in the year 822 and put the monks to the sword. The book was preserved miraculously, and might never have been found but for a very holy priest who dreamt of a treasure hidden in a certain place amongst the ruins. The dream came thrice to him, and was so vivid that he had the spot dug up and the book discovered. But you said, sir, that you had seen——"

"A vision," replied the professor. "I cannot speak of it. But I must tell you one thing, which perhaps may help you to understand: my mother was a Dane."

Cathal Maguire looked at him thoughtfully, and nodded his head a couple of times.

"We have both been to blame," he said, "I most of all. But when I had parted with the book my heart felt torn in two, and Caitlín's sorrow was too pitiful to see. So I came back to ask your pardon and return the money. We must struggle along somehow until the clouds break; but never again, with the help of God, shall I take a price for the heirloom of my people. It was a shameful bargain, and I fear the money would have brought evil to me and mine as the thirty pieces of silver did to Judas."



"HE SAW CATHAL MAGUIRE'S PALE, STRAINED FACE PEERING IN."

So the book returned to Tempo and remained there, venerated and carefully guarded, until one sad exodus Cathal Maguire and his children joined in the passing of the Gael to the exile's refuge beyond the wide, grey sea where the sun goes down. But, ere they departed, the precious volume was given into kindly hands, which laid it in an honoured place amongst the rare manuscripts of our old, old scribes, now preserved in our capital, where it is still to be seen, a marvel of beauty which the passing years touch with gentle fingers, so that the gold is scarcely dimmed, and the angelic truths are well-nigh as fresh as when Brother Mael-Isu transcribed it in his quiet cell by the waters of Loch Erne eleven centuries ago.

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"PUNCH"-MAKERS OF TO-DAY.

DEPICTED BY EACH OTHER.

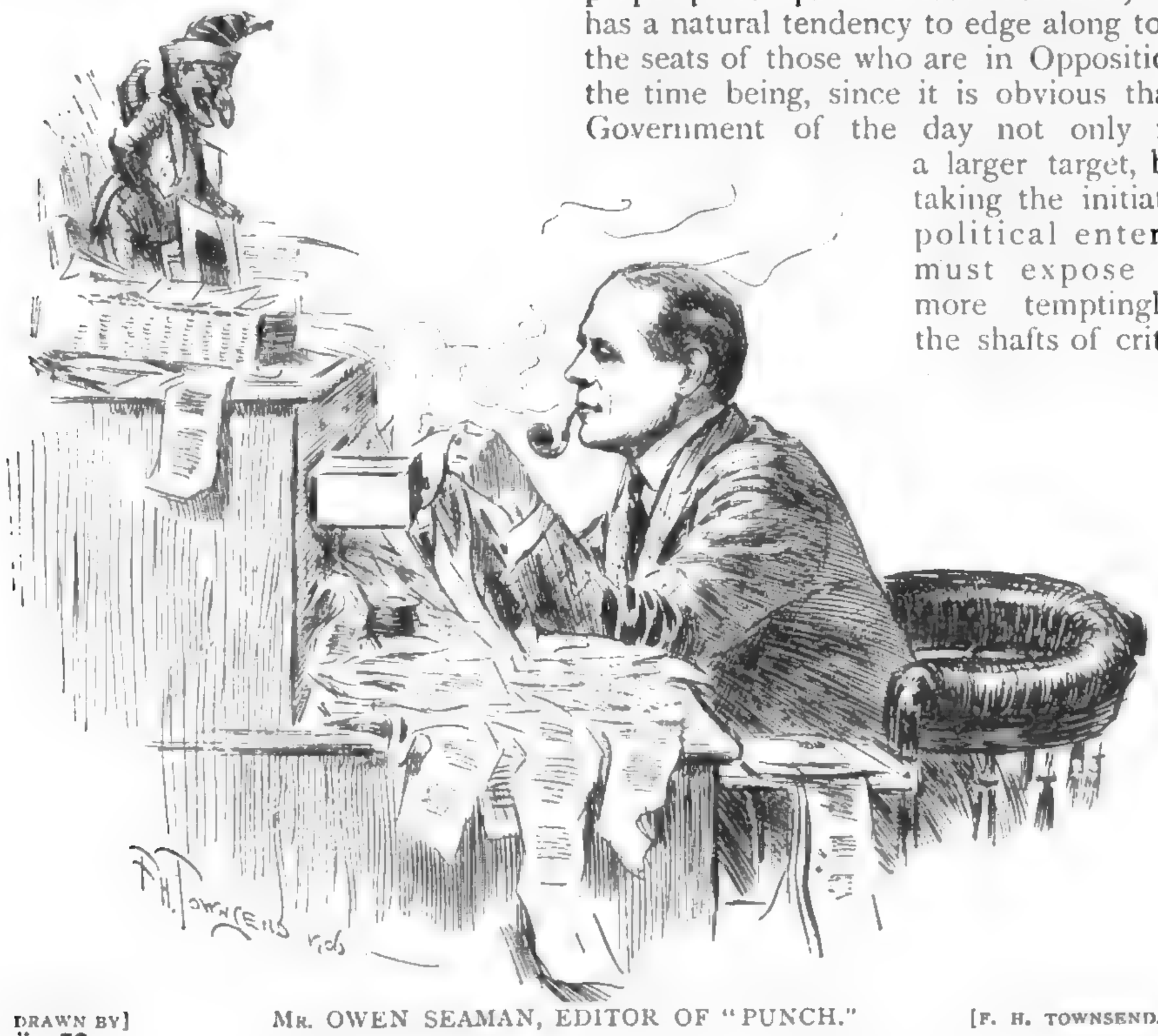
ALTHOUGH it takes a hundred men (and some ladies) to produce *Punch*, yet we shall not much err if we ascribe seven-tenths of the weekly result to the eleven privileged persons who take their seat every Wednesday night round the famous Mahogany Tree in Bouverie Street. This is the indoor staff. The staff has undergone many changes of late years. At the top of the table now sits Mr. Owen Seaman, youthful in appearance, ruddy, clean-shaven, well-groomed, quiet-mannered. His art is the art of Horace. He polishes the laughing line and sets his satire in a stately setting. A few years ago *Punch's* new editor was a professor of literature at the Durham College of Science, Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he was known as a terribly clever fellow, not without a disconcerting gift of pomposity, alternating with fits of comic badinage. His reputation for the latter once induced a don to say: "I have often thought Seaman would become Prime Minister some day, but I perceive there is no hope for him but in the music-halls."

So many rumours have gone abroad concerning the policy of *Punch* under its new head that, at the request of the present writer, Mr. Seaman has amiably penned the following lines, which may be taken as an official *pronunciamiento* to all who are interested in the future career of our great comic journal:—

"I have been asked to say something about the 'policy' of Mr. *Punch*. If the word is to be taken in a general sense, the answer is easy. His true intent is all for your delight. But if a party sense is implied the answer is almost easier still; for the policy of Mr. *Punch* is to have no policy at all. He is, I hope, the loyal servant of his King, but otherwise *nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*.

"Almost every hue of political opinion is represented at his Round Table, and of their combination is made the bow which he draws at a venture upon the foibles of men. And here I venture to think that his cartoonists have an advantage over those of other papers whose humour is compelled to serve the purpose of a fixed political creed.

"A true lover of that liberty which is the first essential of critical satire, he finds his proper place upon the cross-benches; but he has a natural tendency to edge along towards the seats of those who are in Opposition for the time being, since it is obvious that the Government of the day not only makes a larger target, but in taking the initiative in political enterprise must expose itself more temptingly to the shafts of criticism.



DRAWN BY] MR. OWEN SEAMAN, EDITOR OF "PUNCH." [F. H. TOWNSEND.

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As for the personal views of the editor, it is the business of that official to regard them as of less importance than those of any other member of the staff. As chairman of the Table he should sum up impartially the arguments of all. I could give no better proof of what is expected of an ideal chairman than by saying that after many years of service under his leadership I could hardly tell you, save or the strength of outside rumour, what are actually the private political opinions of Sir Francis Burnand, so conscientiously did he refrain from imposing them upon the Table.

"Apart from the two cartoons on which Mr. *Punch* sets his authoritative imprimatur, a wide freedom is allowed to contributors in the expression of their views, so long as they are not in bad taste or offensive to the best national instincts. He even permits his editor to make irresponsible remarks over his own (the editor's) initials. But he guarantees neither the judiciousness of such views nor their consistency one with another."

At Mr. Seaman's right hand sits the veteran Mr. Linley Sambourne, since Sir John Tenniel's retirement senior cartoonist of *Punch*. Mr. Sambourne has been an open-air man all his life, fond of horses, yachting, and shooting, but has lately given up riding quadrupeds for riding the bicycle. He is an enthusiastic raconteur, and began his connection with *Punch* by drawing comic social subjects. And they were really comic. One of his productions, "Knight of the Middle Ages Disturbed by a Flea," has been declared by an authority in the pages of THE STRAND MAGAZINE to be the funniest sketch ever made. One of Sambourne's colleagues remarks :—



MR. LINLEY SAMBOURNE.
"Sammy" tells the story of "The Gnome King."
DRAWN BY BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

"His devotion to a good story is really touching. When I say touching I mean that it touches you in the right place under the intellectual armpits. And I do not mean 'a good story' in the abstract. Sambourne is a loyal man. When he lays hold of a story and nourishes it and makes it beautiful, he does not put it aside and neglect it when its novelty has worn off. No; he may be a great humorist, but he is also a good Englishman; he cherishes the little tale, and year after year it grows bigger and brighter in his hands."

This is the sort of chaff they indulge in at the *Punch* Table, but we may feel sure that Sambourne could "round" on his critic with irresistible effect. What power the man has! What dignified mastery of line! His Britannias are really Britannias and not *matinée* girls in irksome panoplies. It is interesting to know that Sambourne does all his work on the weekly cartoon on Thursday and Friday, planning it one day and drawing it in ink the next, in a tiny room at the top of his Kensington house, which he has inhabited for over thirty years. He never sketches the eminent characters who figure in his cartoons direct from Nature, but studies the best portraits available, and from chance glimpses of them in public, until the subject's individuality is stamped on his mind. Occasionally he grows sad by reflecting that such splendid themes for the caricaturist as Disraeli and Gladstone will never recur in English public life. If only Winston Churchill would take to wearing a foot-long chin-tuft and Lord Curzon would assimilate to the mien and demeanour of the late Sir Richard Temple, or Mr. Paderewski

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would become naturalized and develop amazing political proclivities! But these things, alas! can never be.

Who that has seen the dapper Mr. H. W. Lucy ("Toby, M.P.") for the first time has not with difficulty resisted the Transatlantic maiden's impulse to take him up into her arms and "hug the dear little fellow"! It is true the little fellow is now well past sixty, but are you conscious of anything when you survey him but youth—irrepressible, irresistible youth?

Five-and-twenty summers have come and gone since Mr. Lucy, then Parliamentary representative of the *Daily News*, was selected by Sir F. C. Burnand to fill the post left vacant by Tom Taylor's death. It is said that occasionally "Toby, M.P.," would be accosted by a puzzled member in the lobby of St. Stephen's with, "Pardon me, I know your face, but—ah—what is your constituency?" "Oh, *Barks—Barks*," Lucy would reply airily, and vanish. It is a rumour that "Toby, M.P.," has a special room at the House of Commons decorated with those *Punch* cartoons which he himself has suggested, and with a bust of *Punch* hard by, to which he occasionally invites his friends and confrères. Once, it is related, an obscure member sought out "Toby, M.P.," and said, "Do you know, Mr. Lucy, I have a splendid idea for a *Punch* cartoon."

"Yes. What is it?"

"Oh, it is really a capital idea. You send for Sambourne and Partridge and get them to draw me in the character of Prince Hal and Balfour as Falstaff."

"But I don't quite understand. Why Prince Hal and Falstaff?"

"What, man, haven't you heard about my amendment next week to the Government Bill for the erection of groynes and sea-wall at Ramsgate? That Bill, sir, goes too far. It is a public scandal, and although Arthur is a good fellow and a good golfer and all that sort of thing, he and I part company next week over that Bill!"

Singular to relate, the suggested cartoon did not appear.

But for all that Lucy and Bernard Partridge are frequently in confabulation, especially over the punch in Bouverie Street. Mr. Partridge is the "junior cartoonist" of the paper, although Mr. Du Maurier, who fifteen years ago was responsible for his adhesion to the staff, would perhaps be surprised to learn that his young actor friend, who made his first "hit" in illustrating Mr. J. K. Jerome's "Stageland," should attempt the *genre* of Leech and Tenniel and Sambourne. For Partridge's art seemed so dainty, so delicate, that to many his first political satires were disappointing. But yearly his handling has become bolder and firmer; and although his female emblematic figures resemble too much the young ladies in his society drawings, and have brought shoals of protests from the more conservative patrons of *Punch*, yet at John Bull, Father Time, Hodge, and others he has never had any superior.

"Partridge's heart is with the stage," remarks a friend. "It was a great wrench for him to give up acting. But he retains all his old admiration for the footlight favourites of the past, chief amongst them being Bernard Gould. Partridge's voice falters



MR. BERNARD PARTRIDGE AND MR. H. W. LUCY.
DRAWN BY LINLEY SAMBOURNE.

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MR. F. ANSTEY (GUTHRIE).
DRAWN BY E. T. REED.

when he mentions Gould. He and Gould were inseparable. He makes no secret of the fact that he regards poor Gould as one of the best actors of his time. His manner of removing a Lincoln and Bennett hat and depositing it with a stick and a pair of grey suède gloves on a table was inimitable. Other actors have taken off hats (some have even taken off Irving and Tree) and have deposited sticks and gloves on tables before and since, but never like this." Perhaps it is hardly necessary to add that Gould and Partridge were united in the same person, "a fine figure of a man," moreover, whose work, frequently hung at Burlington House, testifies to his ambition as a painter in oils.

The humour and wit of Mr. F. Anstey (Guthrie) are too well known even for *Punch* to add to his popularity. Nevertheless, for twenty years, *i.e.*, from 1886, when the author of "Vice Versa" first took his seat at the Table, nearly all his literary output has first seen the light in the pages of the *London Charivari*. The only really unpopular thing Mr. Anstey ever did was when he libelled Bayswater in "The Man from Blankley's," and a deputation, so it is said, of thirty residents called upon him to insist upon the transfer of the scene of that amusing piece to Peckham Rye. "Anstey," observes one of his friends, "is doubtless another Scotch humorist. I have never gone into the matter carefully for fear of wounding his feelings. He was originally Guthrie, but dropped that name in public for fear of creating any prejudice. His great joke against J. M. Barrie is that he did not sign his work 'J. Matthew' when he had the chance."

There will be few to find fault with the opinion that the most notable addition to *Punch* of the last few years has been Mr. Leonard Raven-Hill. This artist, in whom the talent for comedy is so conspicuous, was formerly connected with rival journals, but was so obviously marked out for a seat at the *Punch* Table that none were surprised when this honour was accorded to him. As a draughtsman he has founded himself on the late Charles Keene, but he has since superimposed a style of his own. Mr. Raven-Hill lives in the country, "the chief peak of a range of charming little Hills," but



MR. L. RAVEN-HILL REPELLING THE GERMANS
DRAWN BY E. T. REED.

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generally comes up to town on Wednesday for the conclave of artists and writers in Bouverie Street.

"Years ago," declares a chaffing familiar, "Hill sported a black beard, of which he was inordinately proud. It was a nice beard for people who like beards. Personally, I thought he made rather a fetish of that black beard. I had often seen finer, and, to tell the truth, I for one could not understand why he went to the trouble of wearing it. One day he came up to town—shaved. I might say that his action in shaving off the beard created a sensation. That would be polite—but it would not be just. It created a panic. It flashed across us why our friend had so long worn that black beard. While we regretted what we continue to regard as an indiscretion, yet we cannot but be grateful for his long forbearance. But perhaps patriotism lies at the bottom of Raven-Hill's conduct. He is an enthusiastic Volunteer, and naturally regards it as his duty to do anything which will tend to embarrass the enemy."



MR. F. H. TOWNSEND.
DRAWN BY L. RAVEN-HILL.

Before Sir Frank Burnand's retirement there was constituted the new post of Art Editor to *Punch*. To this post was appointed Mr. F. H. Townsend, an accomplished pen-and-ink draughtsman, whose work for a decade or more has been familiar to readers of novels and the popular pictorials. It may be said that Mr. Townsend boasts a most delicate humour, and of his draughtsmanship there can be no doubt whatever. One who knows him writes: "Mr. Townsend has been called a good draughtsman. He is something more than that. He is a good fencer. The connection between the two may not be obvious, but it is there all the same. People—funny people—used to say years ago, when showing him their sketches, that Townsend could never see the point. That led him to take up fencing. He resolved that he would learn to see the point and that others should feel it. Townsend can not only handle the blade almost as well as he can handle the pen, but he is something of a 'blade' himself. He can also do what it is very difficult for a black-and-white artist to do—he can draw blood."

On the literary side *Punch* scored a distinct success when it engaged the services of two such humorists as Messrs. C. L. Graves and E. V. Lucas. One brackets these gentlemen together for the simple reason that they invariably work in conjunction. Each is the complement of the other. When the present writer asked Mr. Lucas what he considered the funniest thing he had ever written for *Punch*, he replied: "The funniest thing of mine in *Punch* was written by Mr. Graves," and Mr. Graves in turn made a similar reply. "Personally," writes one who is intimate with them both, "Mr. Lucas is melancholy, even to thoughtfulness. He is addicted to walking tours—to travel—although he knows no traveller's joy. His favourite animal is a lamb. He carries this idiosyncrasy so far as to carry a Lamb thin-paper edition in his pocket. Graves is also melancholy. He is the author of 'Life and Letters of Sir G. Grove,' some of the saddest reading in the English language. He is also a member of the Athenæum Club. But harnessed to Lucas he is droll to a degree. It is flint and steel. The Lucas match will not strike except on the Graves box. 'Wisdom While You Wait' not only set two continents in a roar, but it was nearly the occasion of a grave scandal in Bouverie Street. A copy having found its way into the building, it caused the hall-porter to smile who had not smiled for thirty years. He afterwards explained his indiscretion on the ground that he supposed the volume was

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MR. C. L. GRAVES.
DRAWN BY L. RAVEN-HILL.



MR. E. V. LUCAS.
DRAWN BY L. RAVEN-HILL.

published by Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew. But this statement is not believed by the joint authors of the brochure in question, who naturally rejoiced in a triumph unknown to any outsider in the recent history of *Punch*."

After this exposé, it may be mentioned that the remark apropos of Mr. Raven-Hill's portrait, "One Dutch of Lucas makes the whole world grin," was originally uttered of Mr. Sambourne by Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

Of Mr. E. T. Reed, whose "Prehistoric Peeps" made him famous and have since found numerous imitators, a brilliant contributor to *Punch* writes a biography in the following fashion:—

"Some history is unrecorded; some never happens. The following incident shall, anyhow, not be unrecorded. Not so long ago a son was born to Mr. E. T. Reed. One day, when the little chap was three months old, his father surprised him looking earnestly at him. 'Yes, my son?' said Mr. Reed, encouragingly. 'I say,' piped a little voice in reply, 'is your name Reed?' 'Yes,' said Mr. Reed. 'E. T. Reed?' Mr. Reed nodded. 'E. T. Reed of *Punch* —Prehistoric Peeps Reed?' 'The same,' said his father. 'Hooray!' cried the infant, delighted at his choice of a father. That will show the extraordinary popularity of the man. No one can help liking E. T. Reed, not even his own relatives. As regards their natural wealth, some humorists are misers; some are



MR. E. T. REED.
DRAWN BY L. RAVEN-HILL.

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mercenary wretches who will only part with their humour for money and are as dull as ditch-water when they are not writing; others are spendthrifts—prodigals. E. T. Reed belongs to the last category. 'Artist and author too,' as clever as paint with his pen and his pencil—and his tongue, this 'fellow of infinite jest' does not reserve all his fun for publication. A more whimsical letter-writer, a more entertaining conversationalist, there surely is not.

"'I think Mr. Jones is a nice young man,' said a maiden aunt one day to her nieces. 'He's nothing of the sort,' fired up one of the girls; 'he's the jolliest company imaginable.' For Mr. Jones read Mr. Reed. There are many men whom one likes. There are few for whom one has a real affection. Of the few is E. T. Reed—the man whom success has not spoilt, the man with the heart of a little child, the man with the schoolboy nature. Why, I wouldn't mind being wrecked on a desert isle with E. T. Reed."



Mr. R. C. LEHMANN, M.P.
DRAWN BY E. T. REED.

Of Mr. R. C. Lehmann, M.P., a celebrated 'Varsity humorist and an ex-editor of the *Granta*, it may be said that not only is he witty, but he has been the cause of much wit in others—appearing in the pages of *Punch*. For several contributors, notably Mr. Barry Pain and Mr. Owen Seaman himself, are the literary god-children of the grand-nephew of W. H. Wills, one of the first members of the *Punch* staff, away back in the forties. In spite of his delicate talent it has sometimes been difficult to say whether Mr. Lehmann were more politician than poet, and more sportsman than scribe. But of his fecundity there can be no doubt whatever. At the Table for a period of sixteen years "Rudie" Lehmann's voice has been heard, especially when it came to devising the political cartoons of the week. His views were listened to with interest, even though they were often over-ruled. For it must be borne in mind that the *Punch* gathering is perfectly free and open, and the opinions of both Conservatives and Liberals are listened to with equal respect. The *Punch* is a boat where all are, or ought to be, pulling the same way in the direction of good humour and fair-play, and Mr. Lehmann is too good an oarsman not to handle his oar, while he continues in the boat, towards the common goal.



Mr. WALTER EMANUEL.
DRAWN BY HIMSELF.

So far the regular staff of *Punch* — the eleven gentlemen, five artists and six scribes, who every Wednesday evening foregather round the Mahogany Tree of which Thackeray sang:—

> Here let us sport,
> Boys as we sit,
> Laughter and wit
> Flashing so free.
> Life is but short;
> When we are gone
> Let them sing on
> Round the old tree.

But there are other wits outside the portals—outside hands hardly less deft upon whom *Punch* readers have come to rely. Perhaps chief amongst these, as the author of a feature most quoted week by week by *Punch's* contemporaries, is Mr. Walter Emanuel. More pungent, incisive, laughter-provoking paragraphs have never been written for *Punch* than "Charivaria." A friend writes: "There is something dark about Mr. Emanuel. I do not refer merely to his complexion. He leads a double life — a solicitor by day, *feliciter* by night." Of himself Mr.

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Emanuel furnishes the following biographical details :—

Born	1869	
Shortcoated	1869	
Mumps	1871	
Knickerbockered	1872	
Allowed to use ink	1875	
Measles	1879	
Trousered	1883	
First smoke	1883	
First sick headache	1883	
First contribution to *Punch*	1902	
Number of jokes made up to date	10198	
Telephone number	2777	Western
Height in slippers	5ft. 8in.	
Ditto on stilts	15ft.	
Grand total	31791	8in. Western

Audited and found fairly correct, May, 1906.

Another famous outsider — this time an artist — is Mr. G. Denholm Armour, who took Mr. Jalland's place as a delineator of "horsey" and sporting themes. Mr. Armour is a near neighbour of Mr. Raven-Hill, and, although you would not think so to look at him, we are informed that he is a "confirmed invalid." Armour's ruddy cheeks and well-rounded figure make the jest apparent, but a colleague explains that if he were to indulge in a hearty fit of laughter he would inevitably collapse. Nature therefore should have mercifully withheld from him — as it has from other Scotsmen — a sense of humour which might possibly prove embarrassing.



MR. G. DENHOLM ARMOUR.
DRAWN BY L. RAVEN-HILL.

Although his pet aversions are dogs and horses, yet he is so conscientious that he spends half a day in the saddle or in the stables, studying the points of these animals. As a result he has acquired sixty-seven more points than any other sporting draughtsman has ever acquired. Some people think that he has overdone and found too many points. But Armour is a wise man ; he does not put them all in his drawings ; he saves some for his jokes, which is more than other sporting artists often do.

It would be impossible to mention all the talented men who contribute, even largely, to *Punch* from without, but Captain Kendall ("Dum-Dum") must not be omitted as a poet after the Editor's own heart, who can extract humour from the most unpromising themes. His brilliant "Ode to an Elephant" was recently given in the pages of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. Few single contributions of late years have attracted more attention than that which gave currency to the term "Strap-hanger"—"The Strap-hanger's Soliloquy"—from the pen of Mr. W. H. Maas. Drawings by Messrs. Gunning King, Lewis Baumer, Claude Shepperson, Wallis Mills, A. Rackham, C. Harrison, and the brothers Brock have been almost frequent enough to warrant the belief that from amongst these gentlemen will be chosen, when the time arrives for a vacancy, new additions to the regular staff of the makers of *Punch*.

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Puck of Pook's Hill.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

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X.

THE TREASURE AND THE LAW.

NOW it was the third week in November, and the woods rang with the noise of pheasant-shooting. No one hunted that steep, cramped country except the village beagles, who, as often as not, escaped from their kennels and made a day of their own. Dan and Una found a couple of them towling round the garden after the laundry-cat. They were only too pleased to go rabbiting, so the children ran them all along the brook pastures and into Little Lindens farm-yard, where the old sow vanquished them — and up to the quarry hole, where they started a fox. He headed for Far Wood, and there they simply exploded all the pheasants, who were sheltering from a big drive across the valley. Then the cruel guns began again, and they grabbed the beagles lest they should stray and get hurt.

"I wouldn't be a pheasant — in November — for a lot," Dan panted, as he caught Folly by the neck. "Why did you laugh that horrid way?"

"I didn't," said Una, sitting on Flora, the fat lady-dog. "Oh, look! The birds are going back to their own woods instead of ours, where they would be safe."



"HE LOOKED AT THEM STEADILY, AND THEY STARED BACK."

"Safe till it pleased you to kill them!" A man so tall he was almost a giant stepped from behind the clump of hollies by Volaterræ. The children jumped, but the dogs dropped like setters. He wore a sweeping gown of dark thick stuff, lined and edged with yellowish fur, and he bowed a bent-down bow that made them feel both proud and ashamed. Then he looked at them steadily, and they stared back.

"You have no fear?" he said, running his hands through his splendid grey beard. "No fear that those men yonder"—he jerked his head towards the incessant pop-pop of the guns from the lower woods—"will do you hurt?"

"We-ell"—Dan liked to be accurate — "old Hobd—a friend of mine told me that one of the beaters got peppered last week—hit in the leg, I mean. You see, Mr. Meyer *will* fire at rabbits. But he gave Waxy Garnett a quid—sovereign, I mean — and Waxy told Hobden he'd have stood both barrels for the money."

"He doesn't understand," Una cried, watching the pale, troubled face. "Oh, I wish ——"

She had scarcely said it when Puck rustled out of the hollies and talked to the man quickly in foreign words. Puck wore a long cloak too

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—the afternoon was just frosting down—and it changed his appearance altogether.

"Nay, nay!" he said at last. "You did not understand the boy. A freeman was a little hurt, by pure mischance, at the hunting."

"I know that mischance! What did his Lord do? Laugh and ride over him?" the old man sneered.

"A man of your own people did the hurt, Kadmiel." Puck's eyes twinkled maliciously. "So he gave the freeman one piece of gold, and no more was said."

"A Jew drew blood from a Christian and no more was said?" Kadmiel cried. "Never! When did they torture him?"

"No man may be bound, nor fined, nor slain till he has been judged by his peers," Puck insisted. "There is only one Law in Old England for Jew or Christian — the Law that was signed at Runnymede."

"Why, that's Magna Charta!" Dan whispered. It was one of the few history dates that he could remember. Kadmiel turned on him with a whirr and a sweep of his spicy-scented gown.

"Dost *thou* know of that, babe?" he cried, and lifted his hands in wonder.

"Yes," said Dan, firmly.

"Magna Charta was signed by John,
That Henry the Third put his seal upon.

And old Hobden says that if it hadn't been for *her* (he calls everything 'her,' you know), the keepers would have him clapped in Lewes jail all the year round."



"'THAT WAS MY WORK!' HE CRIED, TRIUMPHANTLY, TO PUCK."

Again Puck spoke to Kadmiel in the strange, solemn-sounding language, and at last Kadmiel laughed.

"Out of the mouths of babes do we learn," said he. "But tell me now, and I will not call you a babe but a Rabbi, *why* did the King sign the roll of the New Law at Runnymede? For he was a King."

Dan looked sideways at his sister.

"Because he jolly well had to," said Una, softly. "The Barons made him."

"Nay," Kadmiel answered. "You Christians always forget that gold does more than the sword. Our good King signed because he could not borrow more money from us bad Jews." He curved his shoulders as he spoke. "A King without gold is a snake with a broken back, and"—his nose went up and his eyebrows came down—"it is a good deed to break a snake's back. That was my work!" he cried, triumphantly, to Puck. "Spirit of Earth, bear witness that that was *my* work!" He shot up to his full towering height, and his words rang like a trumpet. He had a voice that changed its tone almost as an opal changes colour—sometimes deep and thundery, sometimes thin and whiny, but always a voice that made you listen.

"Many people can bear witness to that," Puck answered. "Tell these babes how it was done. Remember, Master, they do not know fear."

"So I saw in their faces when we met," said Kadmiel. "Yet surely, surely they are taught to spit upon Jews?"

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"Are they?" said Dan, much interested. "Where?"

Puck fell back a pace, laughing. "Kadmiel is thinking of King John's reign," he explained. "His people were badly treated then."

"Oh, we know *that*," they answered, and (it was very rude of them, but they could not help it) they stared straight at Kadmiel's mouth to see if his teeth were all there. It stuck in their lesson-memory that King John used to pull out Jews' teeth to make them lend him money.

Kadmiel understood the look and smiled bitterly.

"No. The King never drew my teeth: I think perhaps I drew his. Listen! I was not born among Christians, but among Moors—in Spain—in a little white town under the mountains. Yes, the Moors are cruel, but at least their learned men dare to think. It was prophesied of me at my birth that I should be a Lawgiver to a People of a strange speech and a hard language. We Jews are always looking for the Prince and the Lawgiver to come. Why not? My people in the town (we were very few) set me apart as a child of the Prophecy, the Chosen of the Chosen. We Jews dream so many dreams. You would never guess it to see us slink about the rubbish-heaps in our quarter, but at the day's end — doors shut, candles lit—aha! *then* we become the Chosen again."

He paced back and forth through the wood. The rattle of the shot-guns never ceased, and the dogs whimpered a little and lay flat on the leaves.

"I was a Prince. Yes! Think of a little Prince who had never known rough words in his own house handed over to shouting, bearded Rabbis, who pulled his ears and flipped his nose, all that he might learn—learn—learn to be King when his time came. Hé! Such a little Prince it was! One eye he kept on the stone-throwing Moorish boys, and the other it roved about the streets looking for his kingdom. Yes, and he learned to cry softly when he was hunted up and down those streets. He learned to do all things without noise. He played beneath his father's table when the Great Candle was lit, and he listened as children listen to the talk of his father's friends above the table. They came across the mountains, from out of all the world, for my Prince's father was their councillor. They came from behind the armies of Sala-ud-Din: from Rome: from Venice: from England. They stole down our alley, they tapped secretly at our door, they took off their rags, they comforted themselves, and they talked to my father at the wine. All over the world the heathen fought each other. They brought news of these wars, and while he played beneath the table my Prince heard these meanly-dressed ones decide between themselves how, and when, and for how long King should draw sword against King, and People rise up against People. Why not? We Jews know how the gold moves with the seasons, and the crops, and the winds; circling and looping and rising and sinking away like a river—a wonderful underground river. How should the Kings know that while they fight and steal and kill?"

The children's faces showed that they knew nothing at all as, with open eyes, they trotted and turned beside the long-striding old man. He twitched his gown over his shoulders, and a square plate of gold, studded with jewels, gleamed for a second through the fur, like a star through flying snow.

"No matter," he said. "But credit me, my Prince saw peace or war decided not once, but many times, by the fall of a coin spun between a Jew from Bury and a Jewess from Alexandria, in his father's house, when the Great Candle was lit. Such power had we Jews among the Gentiles. Ah, my little Prince! Do you wonder that he learned quickly? Why not?"

He muttered to himself awhile and went on:—

"My trade was that of a physician. When I had learned it in Spain I went to the East to find my kingdom. Why not? A Jew is as free as a sparrow or a dog. He goes where he is hunted. In the East I found libraries where men dared to think—schools of medicine where they dared to learn. I was diligent in my business. Therefore I stood before Kings. I have been a brother to Princes and a companion to beggars, and I have walked between the living and the dead. There was no profit in it. I did not find my Kingdom. So in the tenth year of my travels, when I had reached the uttermost Eastern sea, I returned to my father's house. God had wonderfully preserved my people. None had been slain, none even wounded, and only a few scourged. I became once more a son in my father's house. Again the Great Candle was lit; again the meanly-apparelled ones tapped on our door after dusk, and again I heard them weigh out peace and war, as they weighed

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out the gold on the table. But I was not rich—not very rich. Therefore, when those that had power and knowledge and wealth talked together, I sat in the shadow. Why not?

"Yet all my wanderings had shown me one sure thing, which is, that a King without money is like a spear without a head. He cannot do much harm. I said, therefore, to Elias of Bury: 'Why do our people lend any more to the Kings that oppress us?' 'Because,' said Elias, 'if we refuse the Kings stir up their people against us, and the People are tenfold more cruel than Kings. If thou doubtest, come with me to Bury, in England, and live as I live.'

"I saw my mother's face across the candle flame, and I said, 'I will come with thee to Bury. Maybe my kingdom shall be there.'

"So I sailed with Elias to the darkness and the cruelty of Bury in England, where there are no learned men. How can a man be wise if he hate? At Bury I kept his accounts for Elias, and I saw men kill Jews there. No—none laid hands on Elias. He lent money to the King, and the King's favour was about him. A King will not take the life so long as there is gold. This King—yes, John—oppressed his people bitterly because they would not give him money. Yet his land was a good land, and if he had only given it rest he might have cropped it as a Christian crops his beard. Even *that* little he did not know, for God had deprived him of all understanding, and had multiplied pestilence, and famine, and despair upon the people. Therefore the people turned against us Jews, who are all people's dogs. Why not? Lastly the Barons and the people rose together against the King because of his cruelties. Nay—nay—the Barons did not love the people, but they saw that if the King ate up and destroyed the common people, he would presently destroy the Barons. They joined then, as cats and rats will join to slay a snake. I kept the accounts, and I watched all these things, for I remembered the Prophecy.

"A great gathering of Barons (to most of whom we had lent money) came to Bury, and there, after much talk and a thousand



"THEY SHOWED US THE ROLL OF THE NEW LAWS."

runnings-about, they made a roll of the New Laws that they would force on the King. If he swore to keep those Laws, they would allow him a little money. That was the King's God: money—to waste. They showed us the roll of the New Laws. Why not? We had lent them money. We knew all their counsels—we Jews shivering behind our doors in Bury." He threw out his hands suddenly. "We did not seek to be paid *all* in money. We sought Power—Power—Power, for that is *our* God in our captivity. Power to use!

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"I said to Elias: 'These New Laws are good. Lend no more money to the King: so long as he has money he will lie and slay the people.'

"'Nay,' said Elias. 'I know this people. They are madly cruel. Better one King than a thousand butchers. I have lent a little money to the Barons, or they would torture us, but my most I will lend to the King. He hath promised me a place near him at Court, where my wife and I shall be safe.'

"'But if the King be made to keep these New Laws,' I said, 'the land will have peace, and the trade will grow. If we lend he will fight again.'

"'Who made thee a Lawgiver in England?' said Elias. '*I* know this people. Let the dogs tear one another! I will lend the King ten thousand pieces of gold, and he can fight the Barons at his pleasure.'

"'There are not two thousand pieces of gold in all England this summer,' I said, for I kept the accounts, and I knew how the gold moved—that wonderful underground river. Elias barred home the windows, and, his hands about his mouth, he told me how, when he was trading with small wares in a French ship, he had come to the Castle of Pevensey."



"HE RAKED UP BAR ON BAR OF SOFT GOLD."

"Oh!" said Dan. "Pevensey again!" and looked at Una.

"There, after they had scattered his pack up and down the Great Hall, some young knights carried him to an upper room, and dropped him into a well in a wall, that rose and fell with the tide. They called him Joseph, and threw torches at his wet head. Why not? When the tide dropped he thought he stood on old armour; but feeling with his toes, he raked up bar on bar of soft gold. Some wicked treasure of the old days put away, and the secret cut off by the sword. I have heard the like before. He took a little with him, and thrice yearly he would return to Pevensey as a chapman, selling at no price or profit, till they suffered him to sleep in the empty room, where he would plumb and grope, and take away a few bars. The great store of it still remained, and by long brooding he had come to look on it as his own. Yet when we thought how we should lift and convey it, we saw no way. This was before the Word of the Lord had come to me. A walled fortress possessed by Normans; in the midst a forty-foot tide-well out of which to remove secretly many horse-loads of gold! Hopeless! So Elias wept. Adah, his wife, wept too. She had hoped to stand beside the Queen's tiring-maids at Court, when the King should give them that place at Court which he had promised. Why not? She was born in England.

"The present evil to us was that Elias, out of his strong folly, had, as it were, promised the King that he would arm him with more gold. Wherefore the King in his camp stopped his ears against the Barons and the people. Wherefore men died daily. Adah so desired her place at Court, she besought Elias to tell the King where the treasure lay, that the King might take it by force, and they would trust in his gratitude. Why not? This Elias refused to do, for he looked on the gold as his own. They quarrelled, and they wept at the evening meal; and late in the night came one Langton—a priest, almost learned—to borrow more

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money for the Barons. Elias and Adah went to their chamber."

Kadmiel rumbled scornfully in his chest. The shots across the valley stopped as the shooting party changed their ground for the last beat.

"So it was I, not Elias," he went on, quietly, "that made terms with Langton touching the fortieth of the New Laws."

"What terms?" said Puck, quickly. "The Fortieth of the Great Charter says: 'To none will we sell, refuse, or deny right or justice.'"

"True, but the Barons had written first: *To no free man*. It cost me two hundred great pieces of gold to change those little words. Langton, the priest, understood. 'Jew though thou art,' said he, 'the change is just, and if ever Christian and Jew come to be equal in England thy people may thank thee.' Then he went out stealthily, as men do who deal with Israel by night. I think he spent my gift upon his altar. Why not? I have spoken to Langton. He was such a man as I might have been if—if we Jews had been a people. But yet, in many things, a child.

"I heard Elias and Adah abovestairs quarrel, and, knowing the woman was the stronger, I saw that Elias would tell the King of the gold and that the King would continue in his stubbornness. Therefore I saw that the gold must be hid from the reach of man. Of a sudden, the Word of the Lord came to me saying, 'The Morning is come, O thou that dwellest in the land.'"

Kadmiel halted, all black against the pale green sky beyond the wood—a huge figure, like a Moses in a picture-Bible.

"I rose. I went out, and as I shut the door on that House of Foolishness, the woman looked from the window and whispered, 'I have prevailed on my husband to tell the King!' I answered, 'There is no need. The Lord is with me.'

"In that hour the Lord gave me full understanding of all that I must do, and His Hand covered me in my ways. First I went to London, to a physician of our people, who sold me certain drugs that I needed. You shall see why. Thence I went swiftly to Pevensey. Men fought all around me, for there were neither rulers nor judges in all the abominable land. Yet when I walked by them they cried out that I was one Ahasuerus, a Jew, condemned, as they believe, to live for ever, and they fled from me everyways. Thus the Lord saved me for my work, and at Pevensey I bought me a little boat and moored it on the mud beneath the Marsh-gate of the Castle. That also God showed me."

He was as calm as though he were speaking of some stranger, and his voice filled the little bare wood with rolling music.

"I cast"—his hand went to his breast, and again the strange jewel gleamed—"I cast the drugs which I had prepared into the common well of the Castle. Nay, I did nc harm. The more we physicians know, the less do we do. Only the fool says: 'I dare.' I caused a blotched rash to break out upon their skins, with grievous itchings; but I knew it would fade in fifteen days. I did not stretch out my hand against their life. They in the Castle thought it was the plague, and they ran out, taking with them their very dogs.

"A Christian physician, seeing that I was a Jew and a stranger, vowed that I had brought the sickness from London. This is the one time I have ever heard a Christian leech speak truth of any disease. Thereupon the people beat me, but a merciful woman said: 'Do not kill him now. Push him into our Castle with his plague, and if, as he says, it will abate on the fifteenth day, we can kill him then.' Why not? They drove me across the drawbridge of the Castle, and fled back to their booths. Thus I came to the treasure."

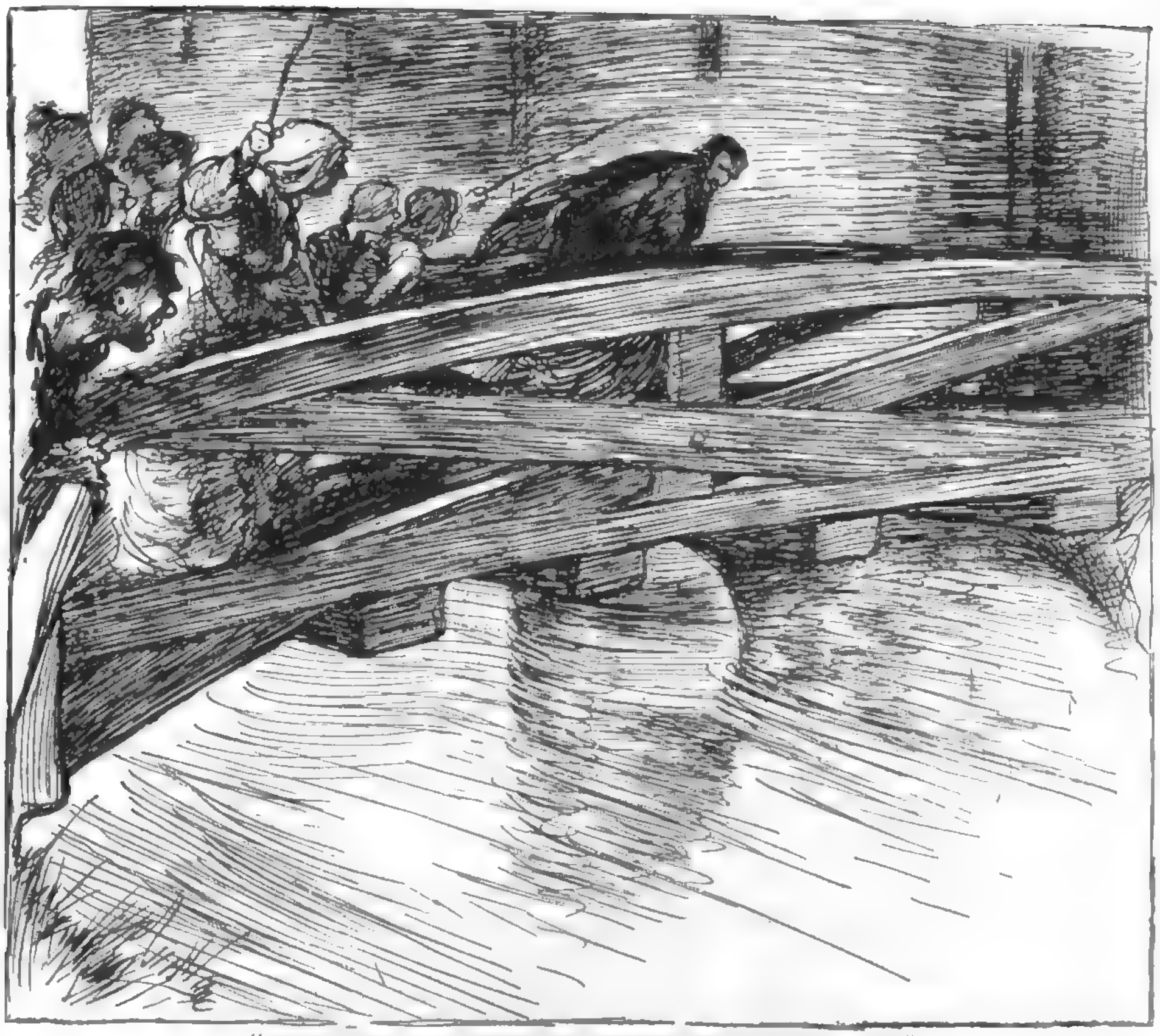
"But did you know this was all going to happen just right?" said Una.

"The Prophecy was that I should be a Lawgiver to a People of a strange land and a hard speech. I knew I should not die. I washed my cuts. I found the tide-well in the wall, and from Sabbath to Sabbath I dove and dug there in that empty, Christian-smelling fortress. Hé! I spoiled the Egyptians! Hé! If they had only known! I drew up three horse-loads of gold, which I loaded by night into my boat. There had been gold-dust too, but that was washed out by many tides."

"Didn't you ever wonder who had put it there?" said Dan, stealing a glance at Puck's calm, dark face under the hood of his gown.

"Often; for the gold was new to me. I know the Golds. I can judge them in the dark; but this was heavier and redder than any we deal in. Perhaps it was the very gold of Parvaim. Why not? It went to my heart to heave it on to the mud; but I saw well that if the evil thing remained, or if even the hope of finding it remained, the King would not sign the new Laws, and the land would perish."

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"THEY DROVE ME ACROSS THE DRAWBRIDGE OF THE CASTLE."

"Oh, Marvel!" said Puck, beneath his breath, rustling in the dead leaves.

"When the boat was loaded I washed my hands seven times, and pared beneath my nails, for I would not keep one grain. I went out by the little gate where the Castle's refuse is thrown. I dared not hoist sail lest they should see me; but the Lord commanded the tide to bear me carefully, and I was far from land before the morning."

"Weren't you afraid?"

"Why? There were no Christians in the boat. At sunrise I made my prayer, and cast out the gold—all—all that gold! A King's ransom—no, the ransom of a People! When I had loosed my hold of the last bar, the Lord commanded the tide to return me to a haven at the mouth of a river, and thence I walked across a wilderness to Lewes, where I have brethren. They opened the door to me, and they say—I had not eaten for two days—they say that I fell across the threshold, crying, 'I have sunk an army with horsemen in the sea!'"

"But you hadn't," said Una. "Oh, yes! I see! You meant King John might have spent it on that."

"Even so," said Kadmiel.

The firing broke out again close behind them. The pheasants poured over the top of a belt of tall firs. They could see young Mr. Meyer, in his new yellow gaiters, very busy and excited at the end of the line, and they could hear the thud of the falling birds.

"But what did Elias of Bury do?" Puck demanded. "He had promised gold to the King."

Kadmiel smiled grimly. "I sent him word from London that the Lord was on my side. When he heard that the plague had broken out in Pevensey, and that a Jew had been thrust into the Castle to cure it, he understood my word was true. He and Adah hurried to Lewes and asked me for an accounting. He still looked on the gold as his own. I told them where I had laid it, and I gave them full leave to pick it up. . . . Ah, well! The curses of a fool and the dust of a journey are two things no wise man can escape. . . . But I pitied Elias! The King was wroth at him because he could not lend; the Barons were wroth at him because they heard that he would have lent to the King; and Adah was wroth at him because she was an odious woman. They took ship from Lewes to Spain. That was wise!"

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"And you? Did you see the signing of the Law at Runnymede?" said Puck, as Kadmiel laughed behind his beard.

"Nay. Who am I to meddle with things too high for me? I returned to Bury, and lent money on the autumn crops. Why not?"

There was a crackle overhead. A cock-pheasant that had sheered aside after being hit spattered down almost on top of them, driving up the dry leaves like a shell. Flora and Folly threw themselves at it; the children rushed forward, and when they had beaten them off and smoothed down the plumage Kadmiel had disappeared.

"Well," said Puck, calmly, "what did you think of it? Weland gave the Sword! The Sword gave the Treasure, and the Treasure gave the Law. Natural as an oak growing."



"AT SUNRISE I MADE MY PRAYER, AND CAST OUT THE GOLD—ALL —ALL THAT GOLD!"

"I don't understand. Did he know it was Sir Richard's old treasure?" said Dan. "And why did Sir Richard and Brother Hugh leave it lying about? And—and——"

"Never mind," said Una, politely. "He'll let us come and go, and look, and know another time. Won't you, Puck?"

"Next year, maybe," Puck answered. "Brr! It's cold—and late. I'll race you towards home!"

They hurried down into the sheltered valley. The sun had almost sunk behind Cherry Clack, the trodden ground by the cattle-gates was freezing at the edges, and the new-waked north wind blew the night on them from over the hills. They picked up their feet and flew across the browned pastures, and when they halted, panting in the steam of their own breath, the whirling dead leaves came up behind them. Puck had stopped by the Mill. There was Oak and Ash and Thorn enough in that shower to magic away a thousand memories.

So they trotted to the brook at the end of the lawn, and wondered why Flora and Folly had not caught the quarry-hole fox.

Old Hobden was just finishing some hedge-work. They saw his white smock glimmer in the twilight where he faggoted the rubbish.

"Winter, he's come, I rackon, Mus' Dan," he called. "Hard times now till Heffle Cuckoo Fair. Yes, we'll all be glad to see the Old Woman let the cuckoo out o' the basket for to start lawful Spring in England."

A voice the other side of the brook boomed:—

"Oh, it's then, my dears, we'll meet again,
At Heffle Cuckoo Fair."

They heard a crash, and a stamp and a splash of water as though a heavy old cow were crossing almost under their noses.

Hobden ran forward angrily to the ford.

"Gleason's bull again, playin' Robin all over the Farm! Oh, look, Mus' Dan—his great foot-mark as big as a trencher. No bounds to his impidence! I'll go an' hide un a piece with a bat!"

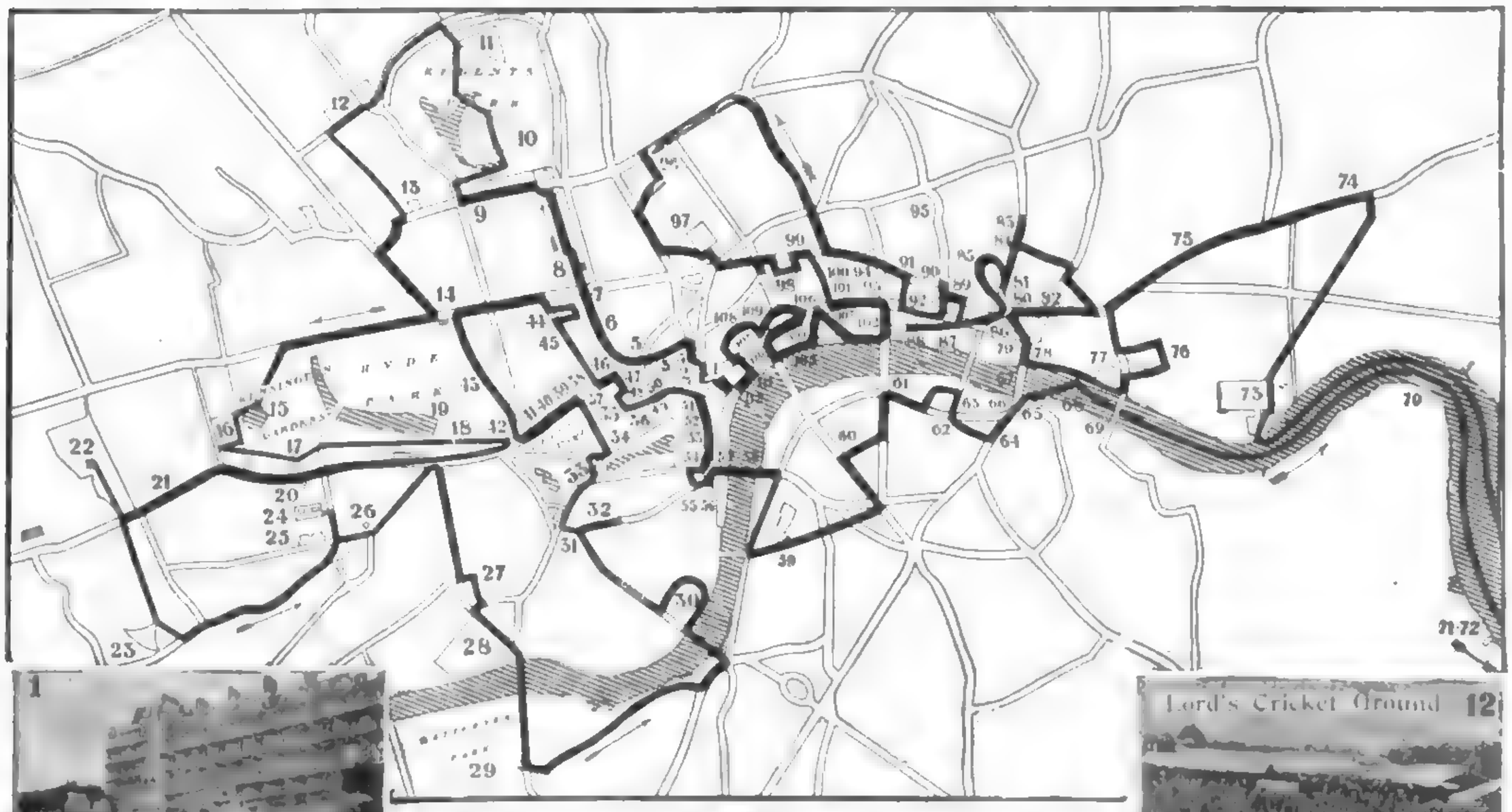
Then the children went in singing "Cuckoo Fair" at the tops of their voices, without even having said "good-bye" to Puck.

THE END.

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OUR "100-PICTURE" GALLERY.

[Under this heading we propose publishing from month to month an entirely novel series of articles each containing at least *one hundred* illustrations! Each article, therefore, will contain as many pictures as are to be found in an ordinary magazine.]



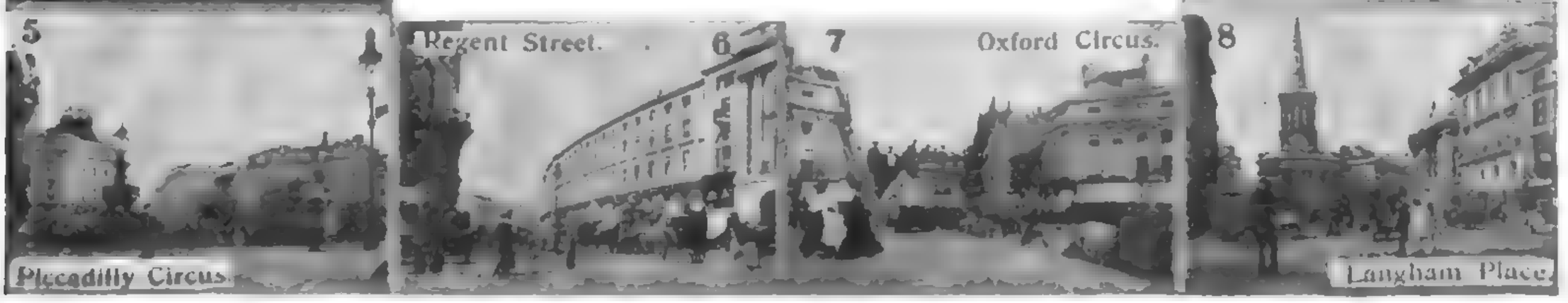
THIS MAP SHOWS THE ROUTE FROM CHARING CROSS ROUND LONDON, THE NUMBERS INDICATING THE POSITIONS OF THE RESPECTIVE PLACES DEPICTED.

No. I.—ROUND LONDON.

AT first blush it would seem physically impossible to see London in a day. It would appear even more difficult to exhibit all the lions of London within six pages of a magazine. But this, too, as the present article shows, is quite feasible. We will suppose the stranger to the Metropolis arrives at Charing Cross Railway Station. Passing to the left along the Strand, Trafalgar Square bursts into view. The National Gallery and St. Martin's Church are on the north. Two or three minutes' walk to westward and we are in the Haymarket, whose theatre of that name has seen some notable triumphs. Behind the National Gallery is Leicester Square, with its centre adorned by a small marble statue of Shakespeare, and its palatial music-halls. A little farther westward and we are now in Piccadilly Circus,







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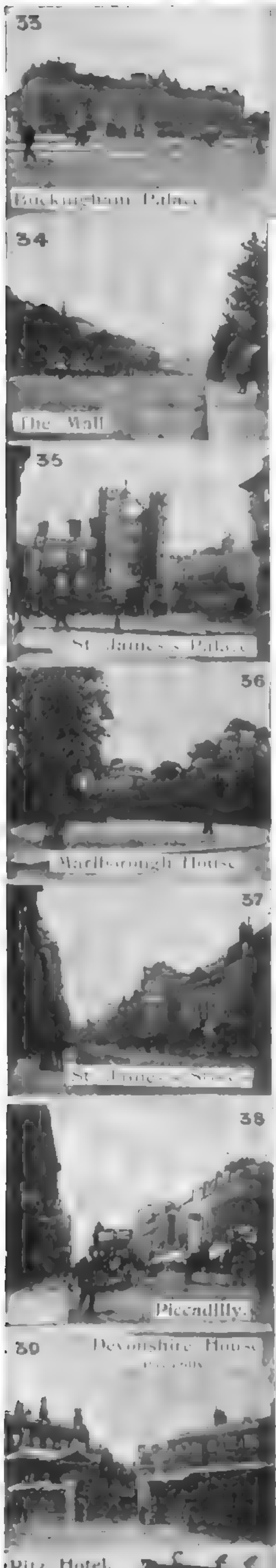
in the centre of which is the tasteful fountain erected by Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

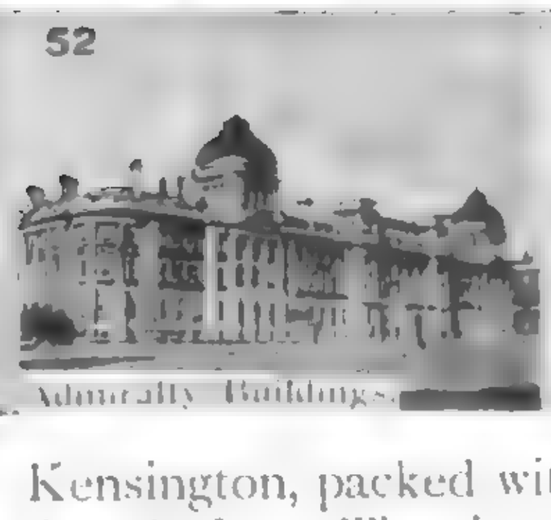
We now traverse Regent Street, which, with its Colonnade, was built by Nash in the days of the Regency. Oxford Circus is in the centre of a famous shopping district. Continuing, we come to Langham Place and Queen's Hall, the high temple of the concert world, and to the church (All Soul's) where Lord Byron was married, and then, debouching into Marylebone Road, we find ourselves at Tussaud's Waxworks Exhibition, which is just on the edge of Regent's Park.

This great London pleasaunce we may traverse as far as the Zoological Gardens, and then skirting on the north Lord's Cricket Ground looms in sight. We may just peep in, and then, darting down Grove Road, we are before the terminus of the Great Central Railway and the porticoes of the Great Central Hotel. Thence down the Edgware Road to the Marble Arch and along the Bayswater Road to Lancaster Gate, where we enter Kensington Gardens, skirt the Round Pond, getting a fine view of Kensington Palace, where Queen Victoria was born, and then southward to the beautiful memorial to the memory of her Consort, Prince Albert. Returning eastward through the park, we are now in Rotten Row, watching the equestrians careering, just where it almost touches that great artificial river, the silvery Serpentine.

Passing through Albert Gate and along Knightsbridge we pause to examine the noble proportions of the Albert Hall before reaching the High Street of

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Kensington, packed with memories of Queen Anne's day. The church of St. Mary Abbot's is on our right, and a little farther on the same side is Holland House and Park, the ancient seat of the Earl of Ilchester.

Opposite the Earl's Court Road gives us a glimpse of the exhibition grounds and the Great Wheel. Bending back along Cromwell Road we pass Exhibition Road at right angles, that thoroughfare distinguished by many notable buildings, including the Imperial Institute and the Natural History Museum. Close at hand is Brompton Oratory, with memories of Cardinals Newman, Manning, and Vaughan.

Proceeding southward down Sloane Street into Sloane Square, where the Court Theatre is situate, we reach Chelsea Hospital, and crossing the Thames by Chelsea Bridge we gain a glimpse of Battersea Park, before recrossing to the Tate Gallery, where so many popular canvases are housed. We are now not far from Victoria Station, newly reconstructed, and the new Roman Catholic Cathedral. A stone's throw away is His Majesty's London residence, Buckingham Palace, and opposite it is rising the splendid memorial to the late Queen.

Across the green expanse the towers of St. James's Palace are in view, and close beside it Marlborough House, the town residence of the Heir Apparent. Straight up St. James's Street, with its celebrated clubs, White's, Brooks's, and the Cocoa Tree, and so to the top of this thoroughfare into Piccadilly. Pressing westward, we catch a glimpse of Devonshire House and the Ritz Hotel, while a little farther on we come to Apsley House and Hyde Park Corner. Continuing our hasty perambulation up Park Lane, Dorchester House, the American Ambassador's residence, comes into view. Having surveyed Park Lane



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to its uttermost end, we emerge into Oxford Street, and strolling eastward we make a rapid turn into Hanover Square, the purlieu of many learned societies. From thence is but a few dozen steps to Bond Street, the most fashionable shopping street in the Metropolis. At the terminus of Old Bond Street we turn for a moment to the left, and entering a portico take a glimpse of Burlington House, formerly the town house of the Earls of Burlington, but now chiefly the habitat of the Royal Academy.

A re-crossing of Piccadilly brings us to St. James's Square, where dwell several of London's chief nobility. A few yards of pavement and, presto! we are in Pall Mall, with the Carlton, the Reform, and the Athenæum Clubs all within a juvenile stone's throw. Turning past the Athenæum, the tall Duke of York's Column at the bottom of Waterloo Place confronts us. Carlton House Terrace crosses the thoroughfare just before we descend the steps into St. James's Park and move on directly to spacious Whitehall. Here are the Admiralty, the new War Office, and the Home Office. Scotland Yard, too, is just off Whitehall.

But the chief object which rivets our attention is that shrine of the British Empire, Westminster, "the Abbey that makes us We," as Mr. Kipling has it. Closely flanking this sacred edifice rise the towers of the Houses of Parliament—the Palace of St. Stephen's—with Big Ben chiming from his tower. Hard by are Bridge Street and Westminster Bridge, upon which Wordsworth once wrote a noble ode. We now again cross Father Thames and in a few brief steps we are standing before Lambeth Palace, the town house of the Primate.

Traversing that curious thoroughfare familiarly known as the New Cut, we emerge into Southwark Street, near which are the head-

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quarters of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. Close by, too, is the Old George Inn, an historic tavern, dating from the reign of the eighth Henry. We see from the river Blackfriars Bridge, while from Bankside the mighty dome of St. Paul's Cathedral lifts itself into the blue firmament. Close at hand is the newly constituted Southwark Cathedral, yet an ancient edifice nevertheless. Yonder the Thames is spanned by London Bridge, successor of several other bridges of the same name.

Here we may step on a river steamer and proceed down the Thames, the Custom House to our left, steaming beneath the Tower Bridge and over that wonder of engineering, Blackwall Tunnel, to Greenwich. That beautiful white pile which confronts you here is Greenwich Hospital. Behind it is the great Observatory, which regulates the time for these islands. Re-embarking on the steamboat we are soon across the Thames to Wapping. A brief jaunt from hence and we are viewing the London Docks. Up Jubilee Street and we are in the Mile End Road, where is situate the People's Palace, that realization of Sir Walter Besant's dream.

Returning, we reach Whitechapel Road and the renowned London Hospital. Here let us make an avenue of the Minories, so as to reach the Mint and the Tower of London. The Monument to commemorate the Fire of London next claims us, which we reach through Lower Thames Street, and there find ourselves in King William Street and at the corner of Cannon Street. We are now in close proximity to that open space which is bordered by the Royal Exchange, the Bank of England, and the Mansion House.

We must turn up Leadenhall Street, and then, passing through Houndsditch and Liverpool Street, we find ourselves at Finsbury Circus. Returning by way of Moorgate





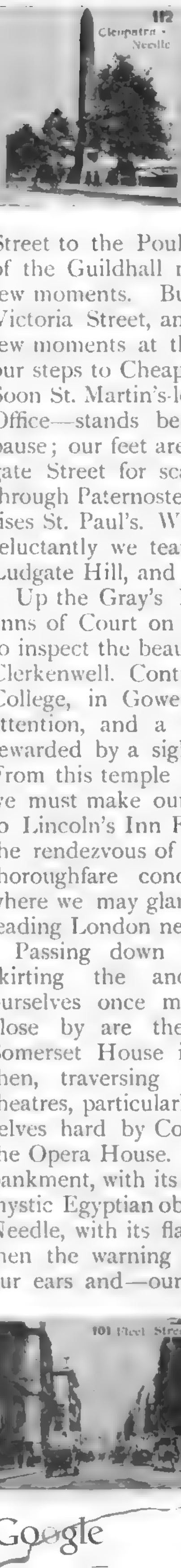


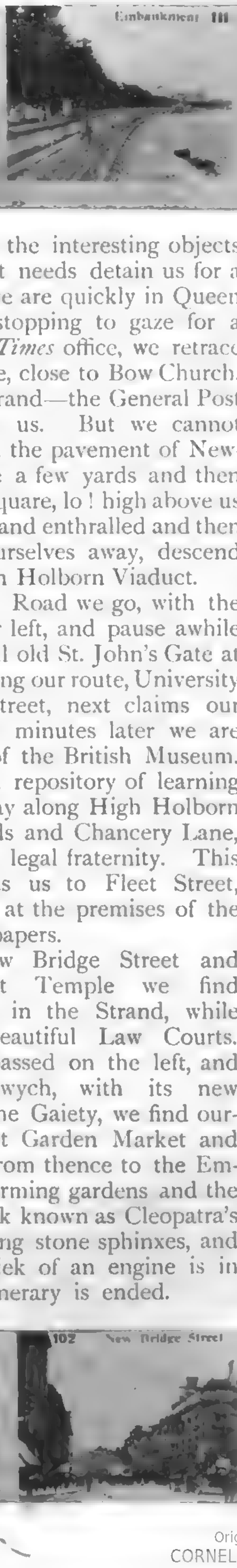


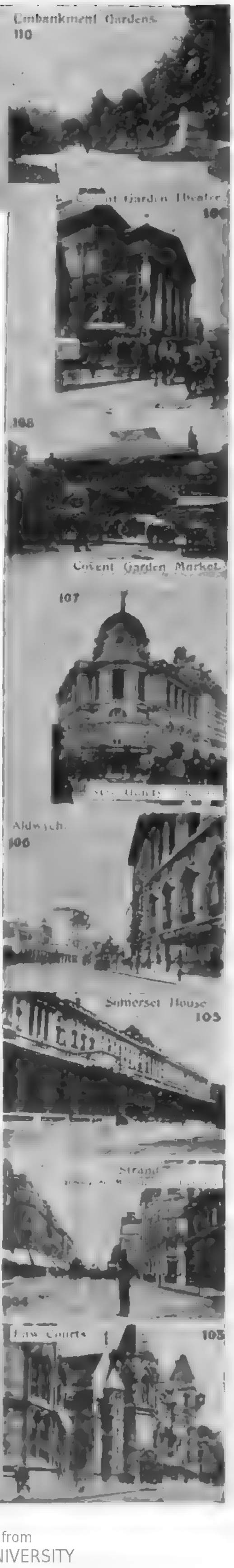


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Street to the Poultry, the interesting objects of the Guildhall must needs detain us for a few moments. But we are quickly in Queen Victoria Street, and, stopping to gaze for a few moments at the *Times* office, we retrace our steps to Cheapside, close to Bow Church. Soon St. Martin's-le-Grand—the General Post Office—stands before us. But we cannot pause; our feet are on the pavement of Newgate Street for scarce a few yards and then through Paternoster Square, lo! high above us rises St. Paul's. We stand enthralled and then reluctantly we tear ourselves away, descend Ludgate Hill, and gain Holborn Viaduct.

Up the Gray's Inn Road we go, with the Inns of Court on our left, and pause awhile to inspect the beautiful old St. John's Gate at Clerkenwell. Continuing our route, University College, in Gower Street, next claims our attention, and a few minutes later we are rewarded by a sight of the British Museum. From this temple and repository of learning we must make our way along High Holborn to Lincoln's Inn Fields and Chancery Lane, the rendezvous of the legal fraternity. This thoroughfare conducts us to Fleet Street, where we may glance at the premises of the leading London newspapers.

Passing down New Bridge Street and skirting the ancient Temple we find ourselves once more in the Strand, while close by are the beautiful Law Courts. Somerset House is passed on the left, and then, traversing Aldwych, with its new theatres, particularly the Gaiety, we find ourselves hard by Covent Garden Market and the Opera House. From thence to the Embankment, with its charming gardens and the mystic Egyptian obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle, with its flanking stone sphinxes, and then the warning shriek of an engine is in our ears and—our itinerary is ended.

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The Farm on the Mountain.

By C. C. Andrews.

ALTHOUGH there was no wind it was bitterly cold. The strong thaw of the past two days had turned to a hard frost in the night, and in the early morning there had been a light fall of snow. Every tree, every twig and blade of grass glittered and flashed in a dazzling sheath of white; the village at the foot of the mountain was like a softly smudged-in picture of white and subtly blended greys; the frozen river, dead and motionless between its banks, shone like a great black curving ribbon; a blue jay, flying from one laden bough to another, gleamed like a living sapphire. The mountain road, winding round and upwards, was all sheeted over, but here and there the snow had drifted aside, and an ice-glazed pool sparkled like a mirror. Once Lamotte's chestnut, setting his foot upon one, slid, and would have stumbled to his knees but for his rider's quickness and skill. The sheriff drew rein presently, dismounting.

"We're best on our feet from here, Mr. Lamotte, and in among the trees, by your leave; we'll be in sight of the house in a minute if we keep to the road. And it isn't judgment to startle our man and give him a chance to run if he is around."

"Eh? Of course not — no," Lamotte answered, rather disjointedly; he had not spoken half-a-dozen sentences since the ride began. "He won't be," he said, curtly. "He must guess that the thing's found out. He has made tracks out of the State, I should say."

The sheriff shook a shrewd head.

"There hasn't been time for that — he'd wait for night, anyway. And you can't make tracks far without money, Mr. Lamotte."

"Probably he has money."

"Because he has helped himself to it?" The sheriff laughed. "I'll wager he hasn't a cent. Young Rose has been—as I could have told your uncle—going off the straight for quite a while now. How? The usual ways. Betting and horse-racing over in Addison — that's where the four thousand dollars have gone to, you may take it from me. Young fools of his sort don't pull up, once they get started on that game. They souse down and go under. As for his coming here first thing — I miss my guess if he wouldn't!"

"To a woman—a girl—for money?" said Lamotte, with irritation.

"Virginia Whitcomb isn't the usual sort of a girl, Mr. Lamotte, as you'd know if you'd ever seen her. But she keeps to home most times—often doesn't set foot in the village once in a month—kind of stand-offish and unsociable, the women say. But she's smart. Why, she's run the farm since her father died —made it pay, too, which is what the old man never did when he owned it. Can't see why she wanted to take up with Frank Rose, for my part. He's chewed string compared with her."

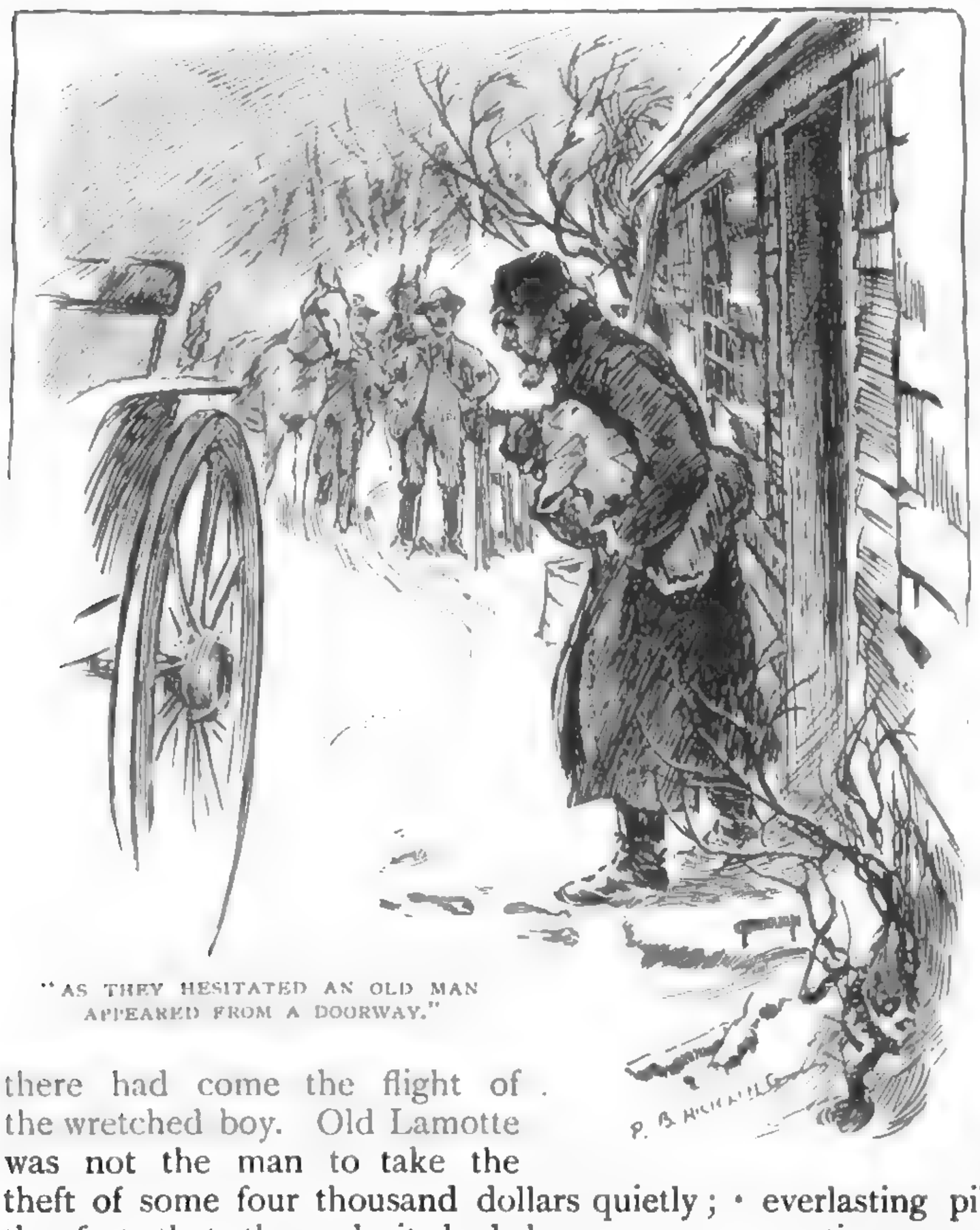
"They're engaged, you say?"

"That's so. Folks said they'd be married last fall, but it didn't come to anything. I wouldn't say that Frank didn't shy at hitching when it came to the point—he's a bit afraid of Virginia, if you ask me. She's a spirit and a temper and a will of her own, and I guess he knows it."

The sheriff chuckled. Lamotte said nothing. His handsome face was set in lines so rigid that it looked inflexible, but he was only horribly uneasy and perturbed. Now, although his expression did not relax, its gloom lightened. His fancy pictured, with some relief, a strident Amazon. To deal with such a one would be awkward and disagreeable, but could scarcely be piteous. At the

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best the task before him was more than distasteful, and, he felt, an unlucky beginning to his management of the great sawmills which would probably be his own property one day. But old Squire Lamotte had taken his accompanying the sheriff so entirely for granted that he had not cared to disclaim. His examination of young Rose's accounts had been made in the usual order of business, prompted in no sense by suspicion. But there had appeared mistakes, discrepancies; his questions had met with evasive answers, doubt had merged into certainty, and before it was well verified



"AS THEY HESITATED AN OLD MAN APPEARED FROM A DOORWAY."

there had come the flight of the wretched boy. Old Lamotte was not the man to take the theft of some four thousand dollars quietly; the fact that the culprit had been somewhat of a favourite only added to his wrath. If the sheriff proved right in his confident surmise, and they ran their quarry to earth presently—— "You don't suggest she knew?" he demanded.

"About the racing, and such? Lord, no," said the sheriff, comfortably. "He'd have been brought up with a pretty smart turn if she'd guessed that. As for the other—whew!" He lowered his voice. "We'd best be as quiet as may be, Mr. Lamotte. A piece to the right, and we'll come out close to the house."

He stole on, winding cautiously in and out among the tree-trunks, and Lamotte followed stolidly. In a few minutes they emerged upon the road before the mountain farm, an irregular, solid structure of comfortable, prosperous, and weather-beaten looks. There was no sign of life in or about the great yard that surrounded it but a big white Canadian horse harnessed to a small, stout country cart, its patient head hanging down. The sheriff's posse of half-a-dozen men, dispatched with their instructions before they left White River, had placed themselves with proper caution, it seemed. As they hesitated an old man appeared from a doorway—a stooping, muffled-up figure with a sparse fringe of white hair showing beneath the edge of his fur cap. Moving with slow, pottering uncertainty he began to stow some bundles he carried under the seat of the cart; seemingly he did not see the two men by the gate. The sheriff hailed him. "Say, daddy, Miss Whitcomb at home?" he called briskly, advancing.

The old man was evidently deaf—he did not turn. Before the call could be repeated a woman's voice spoke from within the house, loud, crisply sweet, and decisive.

"There's more snow coming, Mr. White—you want to hurry all you can or you'll be caught in it. Have you got everything? Tell Aunt Lucinda I'll be over to Hillcrest early next week, most likely. Did you put that everlasting pillow in the cart? She's been wanting one for her rheumatism all winter. That's all right, then. Good-bye."

The old man, grunting some inarticulate response, climbed clumsily into his seat, starting the horse with a slap of the reins; the cart rolled smoothly out of the snow-covered yard by an opposite gate. The village of Hillcrest, so much larger than White River that it almost considered itself a town, lay on the farther slope of the mountain. As the cart departed the sheriff touched Lamotte's arm.

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"That's old Andrew White," he said, in a whisper. "He's been hired man to Mrs. Macey, old man Whitcomb's sister, for twenty years and more. It's quite as well he's off—the less folks one has around the better in a job of this sort. He's mostly up from Hillcrest once in a week or so. He's deaf as an adder."

"Was that the girl's voice? It sounded cool enough. The boy can't be here," Lamotte whispered back, uneasily.

"I miss my guess if he isn't," retorted the sheriff, with confidence. "The old man wouldn't think anything if he saw him, don't you see? Why should he? We'll go right in, Mr. Lamotte, and you'd best leave the talking to me, if you please. I don't think——"

"Hush!" Lamotte breathed, sharply.

He caught the sheriff's arm. From the doorway a girl had flashed suddenly into view, turning towards the second gate with a swing of dark-blue skirts and a flutter of white apron. Of her face he caught only a glimpse, so quick was her movement, but he stared at the superb young figure with its alert spring and balance, its perfect blending of strength and grace; at the proud little head, bare but for its great coils of ruddy hair. This was Virginia Whitcomb! Why should such a creature look twice at a mere pretty boy like Frank Rose? he wondered, confusedly. She ran to the gate, showing a parcel in her hand—evidently her design had been to call the old man back—swung round again, saw them, and let it fall. The sheriff, one wary eye on the door, advanced and picked it up.

"Good day, Miss Virginia. Do you want him back? Shall I send him a hail?" he asked, urbanely.

"No—it doesn't matter. I can take it to Aunt Lucinda myself; she won't need it," said the girl. As she said it, mechanically taking the parcel, her dark eyes not glancing beyond the sheriff's portly figure, she put out her hand. "Good day, Mr. Morrison. What brings you here?"

"A little piece of business, Miss Virginia, by your leave."

"Business! With me?" Her eyes went to Lamotte; the slightest movement of her head acknowledged his bow; the tone of her next words included him. "If that's so you had best come into the house, please," she said, quietly. "It's too cold to stand talking here."

She turned to the door. The sheriff's face, as he followed, showed in its involuntary blankness that the invitation was the last thing he had expected. A short passage led into a great kitchen. Two or three doors opening from it stood ajar; one was fast shut. The sheriff's keen eye was upon it before he looked at the girl. She had paused by the table with one hand resting on it, looking at him, waiting, it seemed. Her beautiful face, broad-browed, firm-lipped, had no flicker of expression in it beyond one of faint wonder. But it was very pale. In the moment's silence an unseen clock in a shadowy corner seemed to Lamotte to tick as loudly as a hammer. The room was bright with the blaze of a great fire; outside it would have been almost dark but for the dim white light which seemed to radiate from the snow. The sheriff cleared his throat with a sounding cough.

"This is Mr. Lamotte, Miss Virginia. You'll have heard that he's come to manage the saw-mills for Squire Lamotte down yonder, maybe?"

"I suppose everybody in White River will know that," said the girl, calmly. She did not move her eyes.

"As for his business here, it's the same as mine," pursued the sheriff, "and I know he's as sorry as I am that we've had to come upon it. But that's neither here nor there. You know what it is, I see, and I'm sorry for you, my dear. I've girls of my own, and I can make a guess as to how they'd feel. I want Frank Rose."

"Frank Rose?"

"He's here, you know," said the sheriff, comfortably.

"Here?"

"He came here last night pretty late—or maybe early this morning," said the sheriff. "Didn't he?"

"What if he did? It isn't the first time by a good many that Frank Rose has been to see me."

"And he hasn't gone away again," went on the sheriff. "He'd wait for night, for one thing, and probably didn't expect we should be quite so smart after him, for another. He came to get money from you to take him away."

"Did he?" She half laughed.

"He told you he was in a bit of trouble and must make tracks without losing time. Maybe he didn't mention just what the trouble was. From what I know of him I should guess he wouldn't. If not, it's Mr. Lamotte's business—being his uncle's—and perhaps he'll make it clearer than I should."

There was a pause. The girl slowly

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turned her eyes towards Lamotte. "Perhaps you had better," she dropped, laconically.

Lamotte told in a few awkwardly stumbling sentences. He was horribly embarrassed, torn between rage against the miserable boy, pity for the girl, and bewildered anger at the indifferent contempt which seemed to forbid her even to glance at him. She listened without stirring, her two clenched hands resting upon the table behind her as she stood back against it. He would sooner have held his tongue and replaced the money, he told himself, in helpless wrath, than have faced this, could he have foreseen it—the usual feminine clamour of sobs and tears would have been easier to endure. She glanced at him again when he was silent, as though, he felt, he were the culprit rather than the accuser.

"He has stolen four thousand dollars?" she questioned, briefly.

"I am sorry—yes."

"It can be proved?"

"It is proved."

"That means the State's prison—when you find him?"

"Yes."

"You had better find him, Mr. Lamotte!"

The nonchalant carelessness of her tone was matched by the nonchalant grace of her attitude as she stood erect again; Lamotte was as acutely aware of the one as of the other. The sheriff interposed.

"Now, look here, Miss Virginia," he reasoned, sensibly, "this won't do a mite of good, you know—not a mite. I've got a warrant for young Rose and I've got to have him. Of course you'd have got him away if you could, though he's pretty poor goods anyway to run off the straight when there's a girl like you to keep him on it. You won't make it worse for him by taking it nicely. He came here, sure enough, didn't he?"

"Perhaps he did."

"Ah! And he hasn't gone away again?" She said nothing. "No. Then the question is, 'Where is he now?'" She was still dumb. "I'll have to make a search, you know," said the sheriff, resignedly; "that's what it comes to, if you won't take it nicely."

"Search!" cried the girl. She burst into a laugh, ran across, and flung one of the doors wide open. "Do, Mr. Morrison—why not?—you're welcome to, for me! You'll only find old Hannah out there, and she won't help you much—she's as deaf as Andrew White, and stiffer; but you've your men around the house, I suppose? Mr. Lamotte might be of use, but perhaps he'd rather keep guard over me. You'd best hurry, though. It will be dark before long. No—wait! There's my own room—begin by making sure he's not hidden there!"



"THERE'S MY OWN ROOM—BEGIN BY MAKING SURE HE'S NOT HIDDEN THERE!"

She was magnificent as she threw open the one shut door; her brown eyes blazed over the two. The sheriff, with a shrug, turned and went out; in a moment his whistle broke the silence as he called up a couple of his men. Lamotte had made a hasty step forward with a sharp exclamation of refusal and dissent. The girl drew back, ostentatiously leaving the way clear.

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"Are you going in?" she demanded, disdainfully.

"No!" In spite of himself his voice was angry; he was confounded by this illogical feminine tempest of passion and scorn; he knew little about women; in some ways he was as unpractised as a boy. "You must know I am not. And you must know that you are abominably unjust to me. Is this wretched business my fault? I would sooner have gone fifty miles the other way than come here."

"You did come!" she retorted.

"As my uncle's representative—I could hardly help myself. Do you fancy it is any pleasure to me to hunt a man down—a boy? Good Heaven, I could almost wish I knew for certain that he was not here—that he had got safely away."

"I have not said he was here!" she flashed.

"And I have not asked you. I shall not ask you whether he was or is here."

"He's not here!" she declared, defiantly. "Help the sheriff search—you'll see!"

Lamotte said nothing. As he moved back he glanced from the window across the snow-covered yard; the two horses stood by the hitching-post just within the gate, their heads drooping patiently. The sounds of the sheriff and his assistants were audible, mixed with an old woman's shrilly protesting voice. The girl slowly shut the door, advancing to the table.

"Did you—find it out?" she asked, abruptly.

"Yes."

"Squire Lamotte used to like—Frank. If he was paid the money back—most of it——"

She stopped. Neither faced towards the window, and the snow had deadened the sound of approaching feet, but now there came a soft rush in the passage, and a girl ran in. The hood had dropped back upon her neck, the firelight showed the fallen strands of fair hair all forlornly about her small, white, strained face, her piteous, wild blue eyes. Lamotte recognised her instantly as Lucy Ray, the daughter of the White River postmaster; the little thing was a village coquette and beauty, he knew; he had seen her more than once with young Rose. He drew back with a sharp breath; some premonition of what was coming quickened his heart at the sight of her frantic distress of look and gesture. She saw nothing beyond Virginia's tall figure as she rushed to and clutched her by the hands.

"Virginia, Virginia, has he got away?" she gasped. "Frank—Frank—has he got away?"



"'VIRGINIA, VIRGINIA, HAS HE GOT AWAY?' SHE GASPED."

"Frank!" Virginia's voice rose high; the gesture with which she freed her hands was also a gesture of desperate warning. "You're crazy, Lucy," she said, sternly. "What should bring Frank here? He's not here!"

"He is—he is!" cried the girl, wildly. She wrung her hands; her childish blonde prettiness was all blurred by weeping and terror. "He is; or he has been. Oh, Virginia, you know he has! He came to me for just a minute and told me what he'd done and that they'd found it all out, and that he'd have to come to you because he hadn't a cent of money to get away. He'd tell you everything, he said; it would be just as

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well as not, because you wouldn't want to have anything more to say to him now, anyway. He'd have told you before—he wanted to—honest, he did—but he was always sort of afraid of you, and so was I. You cared for him too much to take it easy, he said." She recoiled with a weak, frightened scream. "Ah! He didn't tell you!"

"Did not tell me what?" demanded Virginia, harshly. "What's there to tell me, Lucy, about Frank and you?"

She caught the girl by her slim shoulder and shook her. Shrinking under the touch, she fell on her knees and clung to her skirts with a wail.

"Oh, Virginia, we've been awful cruel to you; I know we have. But it wasn't Frank's fault. He couldn't help it that he got fond of me; he would have been always, but that he'd got to think of you. We both went near crazy when there was that talk about your being married in the fall—I felt that if things went on so I'd die. So we just went over to Addison the week after Thanksgiving, and—and——"

"And were married?"

The reply was a frightened moan rather than a "Yes." Virginia slowly drew herself free—without looking at her Lamotte saw how white she was. In the moment's dead silence the sheriff's heavy tread sounded outside. The girl stumbled, sobbing, to her feet.

"Virginia, you won't go back on Frank because I told you? You'll help him to get away? If you don't it won't make us any the less married, and we couldn't help it, anyhow. I know he's here! He said to me he'd stay till night and then get down to Hillcrest and over to Addison by the cars. He—ah!—ah!" she shrieked.

Her cry as she saw Lamotte, and, turning, saw the sheriff at the door, was like the scream of a trapped rabbit; she dropped, crouching at the other's feet, clutching her gown. Virginia looked from one to the other of the two men.



"SHE DROPPED, CROUCHING AT THE OTHER'S FEET."

"He's not here!" she said, fiercely, between shut teeth. "He's not been here! You'd best go, unless you want to frighten her right to death. I say he's not here!"

It was Lamotte she looked at. He said nothing. The girl writhed as she lay and wailed. The sheriff came forward a pace.

"Now, see here, Virginia," he began, soothingly. "You won't make it better by holding to this, and there's no reason why you should try. He's treated you mean, and worse than mean, my dear. He's here, or has been, sure enough—his own wife's given him away. Now, which is it, and where is he? Come!"

"Ask his wife," said Virginia. With one movement she shook herself free and sprang to the shut door of her room. The white fixity had left her face; her eyes blazed as she looked over her shoulder and laughed. "She says he's gone to Hillcrest; you'd best go too, and see. But you don't need to hurry — the cars for Addison don't come through for two hours yet. Wait till she

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comes to herself, and she'll tell you some more if you frighten her. Don't come to me; I'm done with it—done!"

She was gone through the doorway—the key turned and a bolt was shot; the two men were left with the half-swooning girl lying between them. When, after a helpless pause, Lamotte lifted and put her into a chair her limbs drooped like a dead woman's. Both looked from her to the door that had shut behind Virginia.

"He can't be here," Lamotte whispered.

"You think she'd have given him away?"

"What would a girl be likely to do under such a shock?" He clenched his hand and swore an oath between set teeth. "The young villain!" he muttered.

"Well, I dunno." The sheriff rubbed his ear, glancing down at the girl. "She said he'd make for Hillcrest, which is about how I figured it out myself. The question is—has he gone yet, and had I best——"

"What's that?" cried Lamotte, loudly.

A shadow had darkened the window; they sprang to it; the sheriff uttered a shout. Dim as the light was both recognised the figure running across the snow-covered yard towards the hitching-post; it was in the chestnut's saddle as they rushed out; a bullet whistled between them as it wheeled through the gate. The sheriff, running to his own horse, set his foot upon a patch of ice and fell heavily—he was a stout man. Trying to struggle up again, he sank back with a groan.

"My ankle's twisted!" he shouted. "After him with you, Mr. Lamotte—the villain will do us yet! Take my horse, and mind his gun. The young demon can ride like a redskin and shoot like the very deuce, confound him!"

"Hang his gun!" Lamotte cried. The "ping" of the bullet, the sight of the flying man had in an instant stirred in him all the primitive blood of the hunter, that in its roused heat knows neither pity nor fear; with a spring he was astride the second horse. "I'll stick to him and ride him down or know why! But don't worry those women—take your men off and go back!" he shouted, and galloped out of the yard.

The chestnut had had a minute's start, and bore the lighter weight; Lamotte, as his own horse settled into its stride, realized that if no stumble occurred the result of the race was no foregone conclusion—his quarry might get away after all. Where had the girl hidden him? Had the flinging open of that shut door been a desperate bluff? Surely it must have been. And now, made aware of the young cur's treachery, had she offered him or had he taken this last chance of escape? How she had faced it out, faced them both, lied even, the beautiful, brave, splendid creature! Though the wretched boy had deceived and betrayed her—had crawled to her for succour and still held his coward's tongue, yet she had not given him up! He could ride, though—he might have been welded upon the chestnut's back; the distance between them increased rather than lessened. Lamotte lashed his horse as they galloped down the curving slope of the whitened road; more than once only his quickness of foot and hand saved him from a crashing stumble forward as the flying hoofs struck upon a glaze of ice. They dashed into a clearing—for a space the way was almost level; he gained. Upon its farther side the road forked left and right; the two snowy streaks showed plainly in the frosty light of the moon. The chestnut swerved to the left—the fugitive was making for the river. A second clearing widened out, bringing it into view, black and motionless in its frozen sleep. Was the young idiot out of his wits? Did he design to trust himself to the ice? He was heading straight for it, and there, a mere stone's throw below—— They were almost upon the level, closer together than they had been yet. Lamotte sent a shout through the white silence of the glistening night.

"Stop, you young fool! The ice won't bear—it's broken there—don't you see? Stop, or I'll shoot, confound you!"

An answer came back—a laugh of defiance or a cry of warning, he never knew which. He saw the other turn in his saddle and lift his arm, and his own hand, in the act of drawing his revolver, dropped to his side—a bullet had ripped through sleeve and flesh midway between his elbow and shoulder. As he involuntarily jerked the bridle at the red-hot sting of the wound, his horse slipped and stumbled upon the icy track, plunging heavily forward, and he was flung from his seat. Instinctively jumping clear as he fell, he sprang up unhurt, and in a moment had the struggling animal upon its feet. It was all so rapid that it was only as he did so that he felt the warm gush of blood and fairly realized that he had been hit. A shrill cry had come from young Rose; he swung round to see him motionless at the edge of the road, the dim oval of his face as white as snow in the moonlight. He was perhaps twenty yards from the spot where the ice was

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broken jaggedly, lying like a great tongue upon the water, some dozen feet from the shore. At that point the stream widened suddenly, and there were spring-holes and cross-currents; it was rarely frozen so far down, and the strong two days' thaw which had preceded the return of the frost had done its work. Lamotte raised his voice again, dragging at the bridle of his excited horse as it plunged and backed.

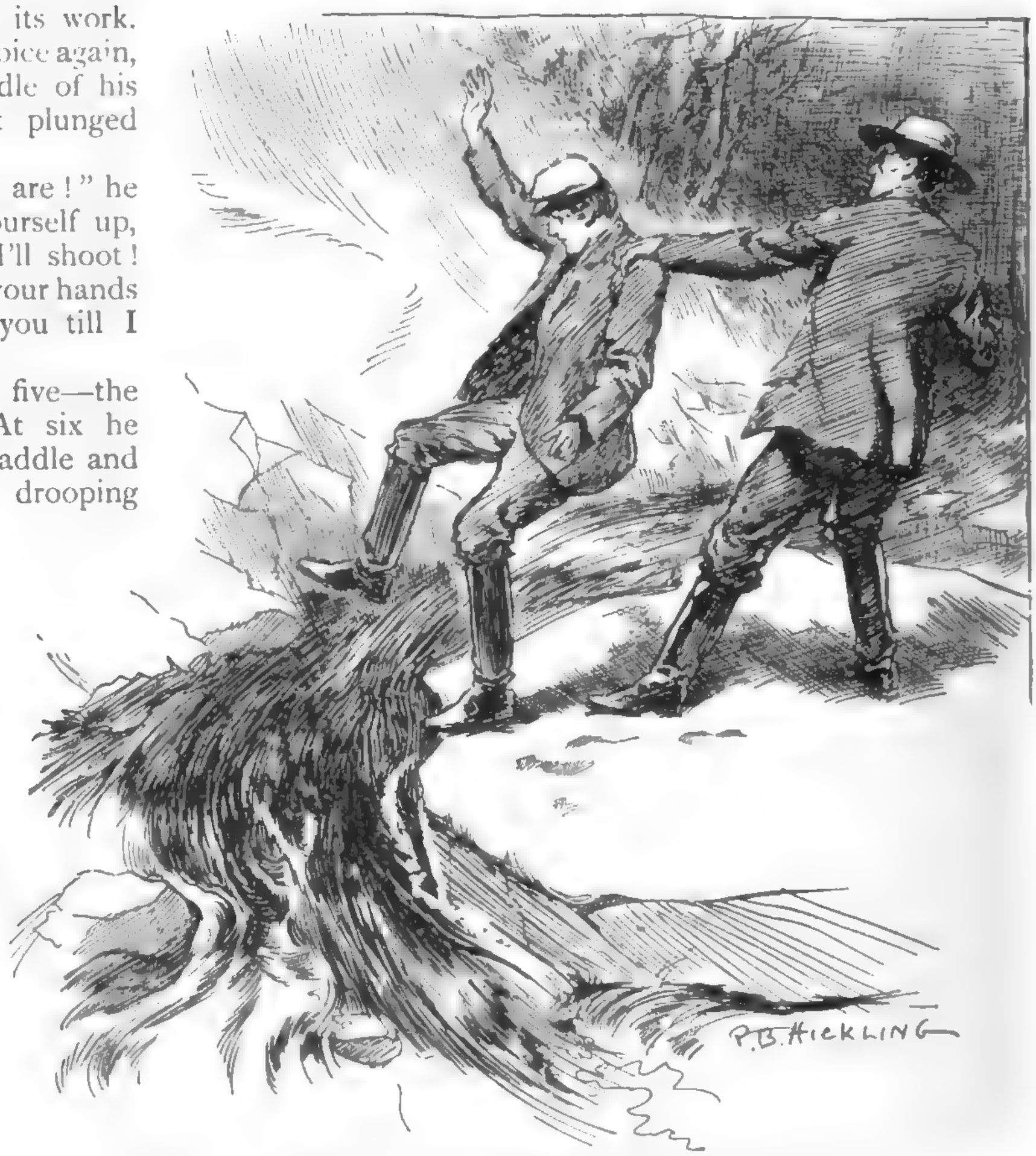
"Stay where you are!" he shouted. "Give yourself up, you young fool, or I'll shoot! Get down and keep your hands in sight. I'll give you till I count ten. One!"

He counted to five—the other sat rigid. At six he dropped from the saddle and stood with his head drooping sullenly, his arms at his sides. His pursuer was within fifty yards of him when in a flash he wheeled about, struck the chestnut's flanks a blow that sent it careering madly down the road, darted across, and with a spring was upon the projecting tongue of ice. With a cry of amazement and rage — the thing was so lightning-swift and unexpected — Lamotte let the bridle of his own horse go; it tore wildly after its fellow as he rushed down the slope. The fugitive had fallen with the force of his leap; he staggered to his feet again and turned.

"Go back!" he cried, loudly. "The ice will bear me—it won't bear you! Go back!"

He started to run. Lamotte was at the brink; he gathered himself and sprang. The ice seemed to heave and sink as his weight struck it; there was a fierce cracking volley like a rattle of musketry, and a violent rocking pitch flung him upon his knees. He gathered himself up in time to see the boy stop and recoil with a scream of dismay —a great rent of black water gaped within a yard of his feet; the shock had broken the ice-tongue clear away. As, with a second cry, he made as though to spring across the fast widening space, Lamotte's hand caught his shoulder and dragged him roughly back.

"D'you want to kill yourself, you young



"'D'YOU WANT TO KILL YOURSELF, YOU YOUNG IDIOT?' HE DEMANDED, GRUFFLY."

idiot?" he demanded, gruffly. "Haven't you done harm enough without that?"

"But we're floating — we're floating!" gasped the other.

"I know it. But we're better above the ice than under it, anyway. A deer couldn't jump that. Keep still, or for the sake of your wretched little wife, not to mention that girl who ought to wipe her shoes on you, I'll——"

He stopped; his hand dropped. As he twisted the slim figure round its cap had fallen off, bringing with it a great coil of ruddy hair. He looked into—not the boyish, fair face of young Frank Rose, but the dark eyes that had flashed scorn at him across

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the farm kitchen. For an instant absolute stupefied amazement held him dumb and still; then—

"You?" he said. "You?"

She shrugged. "Yes," she answered, curtly.

"You—did this? Why?"

"Why? To give him time. It came into my head all at once, to get you or the sheriff away after me in mistake for him. I got out of my room by the window—it was easy enough—and let you see me pass the kitchen. I do look something like him in these clothes, I suppose. They're his."

"His? Then—then," Lamotte stammered, "he was there? He got away?"

"Of course he got away." She laughed shortly. "You're not very smart, Mr. Lamotte, or the sheriff either. You let him go easy enough."

"Let him?" He was suddenly enlightened. "What!" he cried. "The old man?"

"Yes. The sheriff's men aren't very smart either. I was on the watch and saw them around the house. I guessed he would come directly and, maybe, search, so I got the cart ready, and fixed Frank up in those clothes and the wig. He had them for a play he acted in—they were made so that he looked like Andrew White—he was always clever that way. I saw you come into the yard with the sheriff, and called out to him as if I was sending a message to my aunt. It was all easy—you didn't think anything." She paused; her tone changed. "I shouldn't have needed to do this if Lucy—if his wife hadn't come and said what she did. I was afraid he'd be stopped at Hillcrest. He'll take the cars through to Addison and then go West. Some of his folks are there—I planned it out for him." She half laughed again bitterly. "It's a pity you didn't stop when I told you, Mr. Lamotte, and let me run; the ice would have borne me well enough, and you wouldn't have known. But I suppose he will be pretty safe, anyway, before you can telegraph after him—now!"

Her absolute composure did something towards restoring his; he awoke from his bewildered stare at her to what for the moment he had forgotten—a realization of their position. The tongue of ice upon which they stood, caught by the swift current and drifting rapidly, was at about mid-stream; the dark water was thick with broken fragments and floating hummocks. To an expert swimmer like himself the mere distance to either bank would have been nothing, but to plunge among those huge rugged masses and glistening knife-edges—— He met the girl's eyes. "We must just drift," she said, laconically.

"And trust to the luck of being carried ashore presently? Yes; there doesn't seem to be anything else for it. Isn't there a bend in the river about here?"

"Yes, about two miles lower—to the left. It takes a sharp turn."

"There may be a current at the bend that will take us to the bank. We'll hope so, anyway. I'm afraid you are cold."

"A little. It doesn't matter."

They stood side by side; the ice-raft floated on. They were both extraordinarily calm. Virginia even raised her hands presently and twisted up the fallen coil of hair. Lamotte, wincing now and then with the stiffening pain of his wounded arm, did so almost unconsciously; virtually he had forgotten it. But he was sensitively aware of every shiver that shook the girl; the cold was intense; the moonrays seemed to strike down like ice-blades. Several times they collided violently with the floating hummocks, and it was only by clinging to each other that they kept upon their feet; once a drifting mass of unusual size, crashing against their frail support, carried a good third of it away. Virginia would have fallen but for Lamotte's quick arm about her. She laughed, half hysterically.

"You wouldn't have jumped, Mr. Lamotte, if you had guessed it would be risking your life," she said.

"Risk!" It chanced that the word chimed with his thought. "Why in Heaven's name did you do it?" he burst out. "If it had been for a man—— But for that boy—not fit to tie your shoes! And you knew how vilely the young scoundrel had deceived you, too!"

"Yes." She paused. "It would have about broken Lucy's heart," she said, slowly, "if the sheriff had taken him—killed her, perhaps. She never could stand much—there isn't anything of her, anyway. That wouldn't have done me much good, would it? And it didn't make any real difference—about her. There couldn't have been anything between us again, after what he'd done."

"But you saved him," said Lamotte, quickly.

"Yes." She paused again. "Perhaps," she said, slowly still, "you can't tell just how a woman feels—maybe a man never can. But I'd been used to think that Frank kind of belonged to me ever since we were schoolmates; and if he'd been caught I'd have had

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the feeling that I was disgraced too. It's bad enough the way it is."

"Disgraced! You?" he ejaculated.

"I'd have felt so. It seems as if it was almost as much for my own sake as his that I helped him to get away." She laughed bitterly. "He needn't have been so afraid about telling me he wanted to break off—it wouldn't have needed more than a word. I'm not the kind to try and keep a man who doesn't want me, or to go fretting after him either. I think it's always been more that I'd got used to it than because I cared so much."

It seemed spoken more to herself than her companion. He said nothing. She spoke again in a different tone. "You don't suppose the sheriff came after me too, do you?" she asked.

"Hardly. He fell and twisted his ankle when you fired. I thought he was hit."

"Hit?" She half laughed. "I didn't shoot to hit," she said, with a touch of scorn. "It isn't likely I would. I've always been able to hit anything I wanted since I was twelve, just as I have been to ride a horse any way you like. But I don't hit what I don't mean to. I was scared, though, when your horse threw you. I just wanted to stop you from coming on, but I thought I must have touched you for a minute."

"Oh! Did you?" said Lamotte, dryly.

His tone was as involuntary as his glance at his wounded arm. Following it she started, her face horrified The red stain showed clear in the moonlight.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I did hit you!"

"It isn't anything," he protested, quickly.

"I hit you! I really hit you—and you never said a thing!" She made a swift turn upon him. "You—you swerved or some thing," she declared, accusingly. "You must have!"

"I suppose I must." At the moment he heard nothing absurd in his tone of apology. "It isn't anything," he said again.

"It is! It has bled dreadfully. And I might have broken it. Give me your knife and kneel down so that you keep steady."

He obeyed, and she ripped the blood-stiffened sleeve away, laying the injury bare. It was a mere flesh wound; she bound it up with his handkerchief, kneeling beside him, her fingers quick and dexterous. It was as they rose to their feet again that she pointed ahead.

"The bend is there—just past those trees. Are we drifting that way? Seems to me we are."

They were. Lamotte, measuring their distance from the bank, saw that it perceptibly lessened. The trees drew nearer; their black blotch separated into defined shapes. They were almost abreast of them, and plainly much closer to the shore, when a sudden loud murmuring broke the frozen stillness and Virginia clutched his arm with a cry.

"Listen!" she gasped.

"I hear." He stared at her terrified face. "What is it?"

"The rapids — the falls! I'd forgotten them. They are just round the bend. We shall be swept over and broken to pieces on the rocks!"

The murmur was growing louder—the ice seemed moving faster. Lamotte glanced at the shore and back at the girl. "Can you swim?" he asked, briefly.

"No!" She pushed him from her. "But you can. Jump—you may get ashore. Quick!"

"And leave you? Do you think I'm mad?" he cried, angrily.

"If you don't you'll be swept over!"

"I will be—if you are! You'll jump when I do. It will give us a chance, anyway—the other's certain death. If you hold back it may mean both our lives. You will?"

"No, no!" She wrenched herself free. "I won't; you'd be dragged down. It's my fault; I'll stay where I am." She pushed him from her again. "Jump—jump!" she urged, vehemently. "You're crazy to wait! We shall be round the bend. Do you want to die?"

"Die? No! I want to live; I never wanted to live so much! But not unless you do." He threw his arm round her again. "You'll jump with me—promise!"

She nodded, with shut teeth. Perhaps in her heart she acknowledged that here at least was a man. They were abreast of the trees; the murmur was swelling into a roar; a sudden turn of the current caught and swept them sharply shoreward. Lamotte uttered a cry. A gigantic felled or fallen tree-trunk lay over the bank, projecting far out into the water; they were being carried straight towards it, crashing and grinding through the broken ice.

"Spring when I lift you," he shouted, and caught the girl by the waist. They were upon it and he swung her upwards, springing himself as he saw her hands clutch and hold, and the raft seemed wrenched from under his feet. In another moment, gasping and breathless, he was beside her and they were safe.

He helped her along the trunk to the

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"THEY WERE UPON IT AND HE SWUNG HER UPWARDS."

bank presently, and they climbed to firm ground and looked about them, the hungry roar of the falls still in their ears. They were close to Penn's Farm, Virginia said, in a moment, and nodded when Lamotte supposed that he could borrow a horse and wagon there—she was shivering so violently that she could hardly articulate. There was a barn close at hand in which a great heap of loose hay was lying, and he made her sit down and piled it round her, leaving her to wait while he went down the road to the farmhouse. The horse and wagon and a couple of rugs were readily lent. They had left the level ground and were well on their way up the curving, snow-covered road when she broke a long silence.

"Mr. Lamotte," she said, slowly, "I want you to tell the squire, please, that I'm going to pay him for what Frank did."

"Pay him? You?" Lamotte ejaculated.

"Yes. I've made up my mind—I made up my mind as soon as—I heard. You know what I said—I should feel disgraced if I didn't, and it's through me that he has got away. Maybe, if he does well out West, he'll pay me back; but if he doesn't it will be all the same. It will take quite a while, I suppose. The squire used to think a good deal of my father. Perhaps if he is asked he will be willing to wait."

"I'll speak to him," said Lamotte, quietly.

"You think he will be willing? That you can make it all right?"

"I will make it all right!" She had bent forward out of her wrappings; the moon, waning now, was on her face; it seemed to him that this was the first time he had fairly seen her eyes. "I'll do anything you ask me," he said, fervently. "And, Miss Virginia, in a little while, may I—will you let me come and see you?"

"To settle about the money? I suppose you will have to," she answered, coldly.

Her face sank out of sight again. In the silence that followed Lamotte possibly wondered at the impulse that had prompted the words—unmistakable words to a New England girl. Certainly he anathematized the folly which had tempted him to their utterance—yet. Neither had spoken again when the wagon rolled into the yard of the mountain farm. No light showed anywhere but a rosy glow from the kitchen window; both, glancing at it, knew that it came from the fire beside which the forlorn girl-wife had kept her piteous vigil. Her little face, all white and wild, the yellow hair hanging, was visible for a moment behind the panes. Virginia sprang down unassisted, and Lamotte, with a bow, turned away. He had almost reached the gate when he heard his name called—he swung round and came back. She was looking at him—the moonlight showed the gleam of a smile in her dark eyes before she looked away.

"I—just wanted to say," she said, softly and a little tremulously, "that I—guess I knew well enough you—didn't mean about the money!"

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MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.—PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by R. Haines, London.

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Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.



AGE 1 YEAR.

From a Photo. by]

[A. J. Melhuish.

WHEN Winston Churchill escaped from Pretoria he caught the public eye, and has held it ever since. Before that time, it is true, he had aroused some curiosity. The son of such a man as Lord Randolph Churchill could do no less, and the public watched him through his first years at home, his boyhood at Harrow, and his early manhood at Sandhurst with a thriving interest. Then, when he went to Cuba and won his spurs, the public felt that their interest had not been misplaced. The son of his father had begun to show himself.

He was then twenty-one. Two years later, with a sword in one hand and a pen in the other, he went out with the Malakand Field Force, wrote a book about the expedition which surprised some of the older critics, got a clasp for his services with the Tirah Expeditionary Force in 1898, and was present, a short time afterwards, at the Battle of Khartoum. Then he turned to politics, and, with the exception of his short but brilliant experiences in South Africa, he has been making speeches ever since.



AGE 7.
From a Photo. by T. Barns, Faversham.



AGE 3.
From a Photo. by Chancellor, Dublin.



AGE 12.
From a Photo. by Bassano.

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AGE 19.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, York Town.

declamatory passage. It was in Fashoda days, and the words were a little fiery perhaps, but the speech went home. What interested everybody was the audacity of this young man. He bore on his youthful shoulders the head of a man of sixty, and lived at a feverish pace which seemed always, as it does even now, to threaten early extinction. As one of his many biographers wrote, when young Churchill was first going to India, "In years he is a boy; in temperament he is also a boy; but in intention, in deliberate plan, purpose, adaptation of means to ends, he is already a man." Of what other youth, during the past twenty-five years, could these words have been written? Plainly, at that time, Mr. Winston Churchill deserved his prominence as a "twentieth-century man," and, if we may venture to estimate his value at the present moment, he is ably fulfilling his promise.

Mr. Churchill's political career, since in 1899 he contested Oldham, is too well known to need lengthy reference. Suffice it to say that at the age of thirty-two he finds himself in the responsible position of Under Secretary to the



From a Photo. by] AGE 22. *[Ellis & Walery.*



AGE 20.
From a Photo. by Mayall & Co.

Colonies. In this connection it may be recalled that Lord Randolph Churchill took Cabinet rank as Secretary for India at the age of thirty-six. Will the son go as far as the father in the same space of years?

There is little doubt that the intellectual cleverness which years ago made Lady Randolph Churchill a force in English politics has aided Winston Churchill very greatly in his fight for fame. The American blood in his veins, moreover, was bound to serve him. The most effective "impression" of Winston Churchill yet given to the public comes from the pen of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., the well-known writer: "Pallid of face, with hair fair, almost red, with a curiously delicate look and refined chiselling of feature, with a mobile and restless mouth; nervous all over, and, as it were, on wires; an inspired, restless boy, already in a hurry that he may feast at the great banquet of life—such is Winston Churchill."



AGE 28.
From a Photo. by T. Russell & Sons.

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"MY BEST PICTURE."

No. VI.—THE CHOICE OF EMINENT DUTCH PAINTERS.

By Adrian Margaux.

THERE is no other country whose art to-day is more distinctively national than that of Holland. Extraneous influences count for very little with the Dutch painters, who are content to work on in the spirit and method of the great fellow-countrymen whose names are writ large in the history of art. This strong feeling of nationality, however, necessarily carries with it some limitation in purpose. In the present, as in the past, classical and imaginative subjects — the poetry and fantasy of life—have little attraction for Dutch painters; their efforts are almost entirely devoted to the representation of their land and its people in their more familiar and homely aspects. As will be seen from the examples the most eminent of their number have chosen as best representing them to the readers of The Strand Magazine, the quiet scenery of their native country and domestic incidents within its simple habitations continue to be their favourite themes.

Of Dutch "interiors" Josef Israëls has been by far the most famous creator during the past thirty years. Although in his eightieth year Israëls is still in active work, but, unfortunately for the purpose of this article, was unable to express a preference for any one of the numerous pictures he has produced in the course of his long career. "I take them all at the same value," the old man declared to me.

Among the disciples of Israëls the first place is usually given to Gerke Henkes, who has, however, developed some distinctive qualities of his own. The picture of his choice, "In Committee," was painted in 1892, when he was just achieving the reputation he has ever since enjoyed, the original



"IN COMMITTEE." By GERKE HENKES.

Selected by the Artist as his Best Picture.

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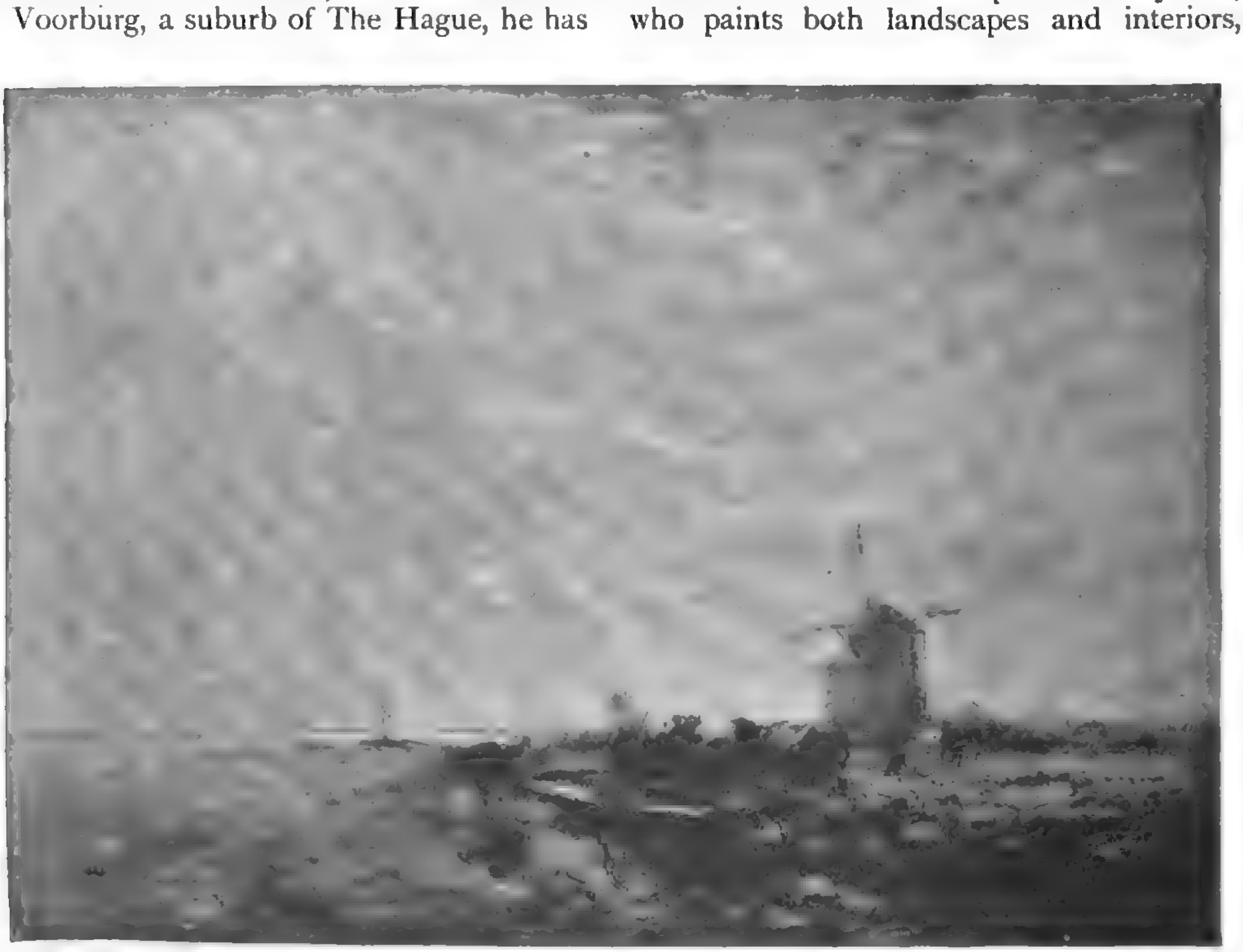
sketches, however, being made several years earlier. It was awarded a gold medal at the Amsterdam Exhibition by a jury of which Josef Isräels was at the head. The artist has since retained the picture in order that he might be represented by it at all the important foreign exhibitions to which he is invited to contribute.

The committee portrayed by the picture is that of one of the orphan homes that are such excellent institutions in Holland, and its members are typical of the grave and reverend fathers to which the affairs of such places are always entrusted. The picture incidentally illustrates the Dutch love of tobacco, which tolerates smoking as an accompaniment of all kinds of business. The old gentleman who is acting as chairman, it will be noticed, is already enjoying his "churchwarden"—as we should call it—whilst pipes for the other members are readily at hand in a rack on the table, which also contains a jar of tobacco. The stove with the tall pillar and the clock suspended on the wall should also be noted as characteristic articles of old Dutch furniture. Henkes makes a feature in all his pictures of accessories such as these, and in his house at Voorburg, a suburb of The Hague, he has a large store of them, collected from old houses of all kinds in the course of sketching tours.

Gerke Henkes is a native of Delfshaven, near Rotterdam, where he was born sixty-two years ago. He studied at the academies of Rotterdam and Antwerp, and afterwards in Paris and Germany for some time, but in spite of this foreign training his work has always been purely Dutch, both in style and subject. Among his other best-known pictures are "The Deacons' Pew," "A Friend's Advice," and "Leaving Church."

As Gerke Henkes is to Josef Isräels, so William Maris—it may, perhaps, be said—is to Anton Mauve, the distinguished landscape painter, whose death occurred two or three years ago. In "A Dutch Meadow" the cattle are not so conspicuous as they usually were in the work of Mauve, but in other respects this favourite picture of William Maris reveals similar powers. "A Dutch Meadow," it may be added, occupied the place of honour at a recent exhibition of modern Dutch art in Lefevre's Gallery, St. James's.

William Maris is one of three brothers who have won distinction as painters. Jacob, who paints both landscapes and interiors,



"A DUTCH MEADOW." By WILLIAM MARIS.

Selected by the Artist as his Best Picture.

(By permission of Messrs. Lefevre, King Street, St. James's.)

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and Matthys, who abandoned the brush after producing some imaginative works of brilliant promise, were trained in the best French ateliers, and it was from his two elder brothers that William received all his instruc-



"THE HARBOUR OF HARDERWYK." By W. B. THOLEN.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

(Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Wallis & Son, The French Gallery.)

tion in the technique of the studio. His first important landscape was produced in 1868, at the age of thirty-one, and now hangs in The Hague Museum. M. Maris, who, except for a voyage to Norway, has never quitted Holland, lives near the Dutch capital, amidst the rich meadows and silvery streams he delights to depict. This peaceful life contrasts with that of his brother Matthys, who lived for some years in Paris and took an active part in favour of the Commune.

In the opinion of some good judges the coming man in Dutch art is W. B. Tholen. Exceptionally versatile for a Dutch painter, he has won a reputation with sea pictures and canal pictures, street scenes and landscapes, interiors and figures, which is already extending far beyond the Netherlands. In his own opinion, it will be seen, the best piece of work he has produced up to his present age of forty-six has for its subject the harbour of Harderwyk, a small seaport on the Zuyder Zee, with its fleet of barges and smacks. Among the boats are scattered a number of picturesque figures, whilst a huge windmill provides a characteristic background on one side, and on the other the open sea is visible through the masts of the shipping. It was as "a representation of the neighbourhood of the sea" that the subject attracted Tholen, and the happy inspiration to paint it came to him, he tells me, in the course of a sailing tour a year or two ago. The picture, it may be added, is now in the possession of Messrs. Wallis and Son, the London art dealers.

Although comparatively young, Tholen has won medals and other distinctions in most of the European art centres, including Paris, London, Munich, Brussels, etc. For the last ten years he has lived at The Hague, on the edge of the famous wood between the capital and Scheveningen.

"The reason for my choice," says M. N. Van du Waay, in reference to the picture, "A Friendly Circle," reproduced on the next page, "is, in the first place, my sympathy for the persons represented in it, and, in the second place, because it seems to me that I have tolerably well succeeded in giving good portraits and at the same time the picturesque intimacy of a friendly evening assembly.

"The gentlemen represented are the mem-

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bers of a small society of friends (under the initials M.A.B.) who came together first when in their teens nearly thirty years ago, and keep together still in excellent friendship, meeting every fortnight at the house of one of their number, and entertaining themselves in discussing fine arts and music. They are all of them painters and musicians.

"The figure standing in the background is the owner of the studio, where the company sit round the table and examine one of his works. I gave him that position because I wanted a standing figure in the composition, while it gave him, at the same time, the air of awaiting and listening to critics of his picture. The sitting figure, half concealed by the lamp, is my own effigy at the time (1895)."

"A Friendly Circle" has been exhibited at Amsterdam and Brussels, and is now on view at the Crystal Palace, Munich.

M. N. Van du Waay, who has just turned fifty, won the gold medal of the Paris Salon last year with his picture, "Orphan Girls Going to Church." He is a professor at the Amsterdam Academy, where his earliest training in art was obtained. Subsequently he studied in Italy, and from year to year has visited all the principal art galleries of Europe. At the annual exhibitions in Munich his figure-paintings have been as successful as at those of Amsterdam, where he resides.

M. Louis Apol has become famous in Holland as a painter of snow and ice, and the picture by which he is represented gives us what is doubtless the best view of the country under its winter aspect to be found in contemporary Dutch art.

Apol has been painting since the age of fifteen, and his first exhibited picture—curiously enough, in the light of his subsequent career—was "A Summer Idyll." This was painted at the age of nineteen. Shortly afterwards Apol won the Royal Art Scholarship, and this ensured him an artistic education. He might have remained an undistinguished painter, however, but for the circumstance of his volunteering for the Dutch expedition in search of the North Pole, in 1880. The young artist did ordinary sailor's work on the *William Barents*, but in the Arctic regions, nevertheless, he had the opportunity of making studies and sketches which, on his return, were worked up into pictures that became very popular. Some years later he painted a huge panorama of Nova Zembla, which attracted large crowds in Amsterdam and other cities in which it was on view. His work, it should be added,



"A FRIENDLY CIRCLE." By N. VAN DU WAAY.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

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has won Academic as well as popular appreciation, Amsterdam, Liége, Munich, and Philadelphia having bestowed medals upon him for pictures exhibited in those cities.

Apol now has his studio at The Hague, where he was born fifty-six years ago. But for some years he resided in the Guelderland, that delightful district in Central Holland which was once the duchy of Guelders, and it was here, I believe, that he painted the picture to which he has given preference.

In the case of the painter, M. Willy Martens, who has been a frequent exhibitor at Bond Street picture-shows, we are obliged



"WINTER IN HOLLAND." By LOUIS APOL.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

to give only his "second-best." "Feeding the Chickens" was his first choice, but this canvas happened to have been sold recently by a London art-dealer and its present possessor could not be traced. In reference to this picture the artist remarked: "It represents a woman and child feeding the chickens. The general tone, although a shadow-tone reflected by sunlight, is kept as clear as possible. It is this effect of light which I prefer to paint on account of the special difficulties to surmount—*i.e.*, to keep *the shadow clear* against the brilliant sunlight in the background."

"Gathering Brambles," the artist's second choice, is also an example of this kind of painting. "In this," he says, "the figures are taken in the full sunlight, and I tried to give the full brilliancy of it together with the blonde character of the Guelderland tone of the landscape."

Martens is the son of a Java merchant and was born at Samara in 1850, but was brought to Holland before he was six months old. Educated at the Commercial School of Amsterdam with a view to his father's business, he soon showed a stronger inclination for the studio than the counting-house. The merchant consented to his son becoming a painter on condition that he first passed through the full commercial course, and this condition the young man successfully fulfilled, becoming an exceptionally good linguist in a nation of linguists. After a term at the Amsterdam Academy he proceeded, in 1881, to Paris, where Bonnat and Cormon were among his masters. Martens settled for eleven years in Paris, during which time he acted on the Hanging Committee at the Salon and was appointed to the Legion of Honour. For many years past he has resided at The Hague, where he is one of the most popular members of the Pulchri Studio, the leading Dutch art club. Among

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other work, he has painted panoramas of Pompeii and the Commune, as well as a number of portraits, including that of the Queen of Holland.

W. C. Nakken is one of the few Dutch artists who have sought their subjects chiefly in foreign countries. M. Nakken's favourite hunting-grounds have been the orchards and woods of Normandy and the forests of the Ardennes, in Belgium. The subject of his choice was painted in the woods of St. Gatien (Calvados Department) nearly thirty years ago. The original sketch was made on a summer day, but the picture was not painted till the following winter, some time after his return home to The Hague, when he converted it into a winter scene by means of studies made on a snowy day at the back of his house, where there is a big garden containing a large shed.



"GATHERING BRAMBLES." By WILLY MARTENS.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS ONE OF HIS BEST PICTURES.

"The Wood-Carriers" needs a little explanation, perhaps, to those who have not travelled in Normandy. The horses grouped around the woodcutter's hut, where they are having a little food and rest, are employed in the conveyance of wood which is used for the making of *sabots*, the wooden shoes commonly worn in this part of France. The method by which they carry it to adjacent villages is illustrated in the case of one of the animals, who is bearing his accustomed burden across the big wooden saddle.

This picture, which was purchased for the collection of modern art in the Amsterdam Museum, won a medal for M. Nakken at the Philadelphia International Exhibition in 1876, whilst a companion picture, showing practically the same scene in summer-time, was awarded the gold medal of William III. of Holland.

M. Nakken, who is a native of The Hague, has passed his seventieth birthday, but is working with unabated vigour. The placid tenor of his successful life has been disturbed by at least one dramatic episode. This happened at Beuzeville (Eure) during

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"THE WOOD-CARRIERS." By W. C. NAKKEN.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

the Franco-Prussian War. M. Nakken was peacefully sketching, when he was taken for a German spy, and he had a narrow escape from being shot.

Motherhood has been the special theme of H. J. Haverman, although he has painted pictures of some variety, including scenes witnessed during a tour of Spain, Algiers, and Morocco. Motherhood, as portrayed by M. Haverman's brush, has the characteristic gravity of his nation. In the eyes of a French artist the mother is usually a coquettish young woman dandling a laughing infant. M. Haverman's mother, as exemplified in the picture he has chosen for reproduction, is full of the cares of maternity, taking a passionate pleasure in her child whilst oppressed by anxiety for its welfare. It is a mother of the people whom he prefers to paint, whose children are not born with silver spoons in their mouths and have to be brought up by the stress and striving that bring the lines of age prematurely upon the woman's face.



"MOTHER AND CHILD." By H. J. HAVERMAN.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

This "Mother and Child" was painted four or five years ago, when M. Haverman, who is forty-seven, had already made his name for pictures of this kind. A native of Amsterdam, a course of training at its

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Academy was followed by some years of study in Antwerp and Brussels, and travel in the South of Europe. M. Haverman, who lives at The Hague, has been awarded several foreign orders and medals, and has exhibited more than once at the Fine Art Society, London.

Among Dutch landscape painters, M. Fred du Chattel is distinguished for the varied beauty which, without leaving Holland, picture is on the River Vecht, at the village of Vreeland, between Amsterdam and Utrecht. Moored by the little pier is the sailing-barge which conveys passengers and goods every day between the village and Amsterdam. The picture was painted direct from Nature in the early morning before the boat started, the artist, it may be supposed, taking up the same position with his easel day after day.



"THE VILLAGE BOAT." By F. DU CHATTEL.
Selected by the Artist as his Best Picture.

he has been able to introduce into his work. In his search for subjects he has wandered over three provinces—Guelderland, Drenthe, and North Holland—which are declared to be "as different in character as the fair-haired Swedish maiden, the Italian black-eyed beauty, and the French piquant coquette." The scene of his favourite

For twenty-five years Du Chattel, who has just turned fifty, has been in the habit of spending part of the spring and autumn on the banks, stopping with his family at the village inn, and diversifying his sketching with fishing and rowing. "The Village Boat" is consequently selected from a large number of pictures of the district. It has

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apparently not won its painter any distinction, although M. du Chattel has been the recipient of numerous orders and medals, besides being honoured by the purchase of his pictures for the national collections at Amsterdam and The Hague. The son of a Leyden picture restorer, the success of M. du Chattel—as all the fellow-artists among whom he lives at The Hague would readily admit—is the result entirely of his own unaided exertions, and of a profound love and careful study of Nature coupled with a remarkable talent.

Among the younger artists of Holland no one is likely to have a more brilliant future than Isaac Israëls, a son of the great veteran Josef Israëls. His father has the most unbounded faith in the young man's talent, and declares that at the same age he himself did not paint nearly so well. Impartial critics have formed high opinions of young Israëls's work, but are inclined to think that his success is due to his father's training, a view which the old man will not allow to pass unchallenged. Isaac Israëls, like his father before him, has studied in Paris, and he still has a studio on the Boulevard Clichy, where he spends part of the year. He paints interiors also, but is beginning to develop an individuality of his own, as is evidenced, I think, by the picture, which he regards as the best he has so far produced.



"THE WORKROOM." By ISAAC ISRÄELS.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

(Reproduced by kind permission of J. B. Van Stolk, Scheveningen, owner of the picture.)

"The Workroom" is a vivid piece of realistic painting in a world far removed from the simple Dutch homes with which his father's fame was associated. It was painted at Paquin's famous dressmaking establishment in the Rue de la Paix, every girl's face in the picture being studied, I believe, from life by means of the facilities which M. Paquin readily granted to the promising son of a great artist.

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THE DREAMER



BY

W. W. JACOBS

DREAMS and warnings are things I don't believe in, said the night watchman. The only dream I ever 'ad that come anything like true was once when I dreamt I came in for a fortune, and next morning I found half a crown in the street, which I sold to a man for fourpence. And once, two days arter my missis 'ad dreamt she 'ad spilt a cup of tea down the front of 'er Sunday dress, she spoilt a pot o' paint of mine by sitting in it.

The only other dream I know of that come true happened to the cook of a barque I was aboard of once, called the *Southern Belle*. He was a silly, pasty-faced sort o' chap, always giving hisself airs about eddication to sailormen who didn't believe in it, and one night, when we was homeward-bound from Sydney, he suddenly sat up in 'is bunk and laughed so loud that he woke us all up.

"Wot's wrong, cookie?" ses one o' the chaps.

"I was dreaming," ses the cook, "such a funny dream. I dreamt old Bill Foster fell out o' the foretop and broke 'is leg."

"Well, wot is there to laugh at in that?" ses old Bill, very sharp.

"It was funny in my dream," ses the cook. "You looked so comic with your leg doubled up under you, you can't think. It would ha' made a cat laugh."

Bill Foster said he'd make 'im laugh the other side of his face if he wasn't careful, and then we went off to sleep agin and forgot all about it.

If you'll believe me, on'y three days arterwards pore Bill did fall out o' the foretop and break his leg. He was surprised, but I never see a man so surprised as the cook was. His eyes was nearly starting out of 'is head, but by the time the other chaps 'ad picked Bill up and asked 'im whether he was hurt, cook 'ad pulled 'imself together agin and was giving himself such airs it was perfectly sickening.

"My dreams always come true," he ses. "It's a kind o' second sight with me. It's a gift, and, being tender-'arted, it worries me terrible sometimes."

He was going on like that, taking credit for a pure accident, when the second officer came up and told 'em to carry Bill below. He was in agony, of course, but he kept 'is presence of mind, and as they passed the cook he gave 'im such a clip on the side of the 'ead as nearly broke it.

"That's for dreaming about me," he ses.

The skipper and the fust officer and most of the hands set 'is leg between them, and arter the skipper 'ad made him wot he called comfortable, but wot Bill called something that I won't soil my ears by repeating, the officers went off and the cook came and sat

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down by the side o' Bill and talked about his gift.

"I don't talk about it as a rule," he ses, "'cos it frightens people."

"It's a wonderful gift, cookie," ses Charlie Epps.

All of 'em thought the same, not knowing wot a fust-class liar the cook was, and he sat there and lied to 'em till he couldn't 'ardly speak, he was so 'oarse.

"My grandmother was a gipsy," he ses, "and it's in the family. Things that are going to 'appen to people I know come to me in dreams, same as pore Bill's did. It's curious to me sometimes when I look round at you chaps, seeing you going about 'appy and comfortable, and knowing all the time



"'THAT'S FOR DREAMING ABOUT ME,' HE SES."

'orrible things that is going to 'appen to you. Sometimes it gives me the fair shivers."

"Horrible things to us, slushy?" ses Charlie, staring.

"Yes," ses the cook, nodding. "I never was on a ship afore with such a lot of unfortunit men aboard. Never. There's two pore fellers wot'll be dead corpses inside o' six months, sitting 'ere laughing and talking as if they was going to live to ninety. Thank your stars you don't 'ave such dreams."

"Who—who are the two, cookie?" ses Charlie, arter a bit.

"Never mind, Charlie," ses the cook, in a sad voice; "it would do no good if I was to tell you. Nothing can alter it."

"Give us a hint," ses Charlie.

"Well, I'll tell you this much," ses the cook, arter sitting with his 'ead in his 'ands, thinking; "one of 'em is nearly the ugliest man in the fo'c's'le and the other ain't."

O' course, that didn't 'elp 'em much, but it caused a lot of argufying, and the ugliest man aboard, instead o' being grateful, behaved more like a wild beast than a Christian when it was pointed out to him that he was safe.

Arter that dream about Bill, there was no keeping the cook in his place. He 'ad dreams pretty near every night, and talked little bits of 'em in his sleep. Little bits that you couldn't make head nor tail of, and when we asked 'im next morning he'd always shake his 'ead and say, "Never mind." Sometimes he'd mention a chap's name in 'is sleep and make 'im nervous for days.

It was an unlucky v'y'ge that, for some of 'em. About a week arter pore Bill's accident Ted Jones started playing catch-ball with another chap and a empty beer-bottle, and about the fifth chuck Ted caught it with his face. We thought 'e was killed at fust—he made such a noise; but they got 'im down below, and, arter they 'ad picked out as much broken glass as Ted would let 'em, the second officer did 'im up in sticking-plaster and told 'im to keep quiet for an hour or two.

Ted was very proud of 'is looks, and the way he went on was alarming. Fust of all he found fault with the chap 'e was playing with, and then he turned on the cook.

"It's a pity you didn't see *that* in a dream," he ses, tryin' to sneer, on'y the sticking-plaster was too strong for 'im.

"But I did see it," ses the cook, drawin' 'imself up.

"*Wot?*" ses Ted, starting.

"I dreamt it night afore last, just exactly as it 'appened," ses the cook, in a off-hand way.

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"Why didn't you tell me, then?" ses Ted, choking.

"It 'ud ha' been no good," ses the cook, smiling and shaking his 'ead. "Wot I see must 'appen. I on'y see the future, and that must be."

"But you stood there watching me chucking the bottle about," ses Ted, getting out of 'is bunk. "Why didn't you stop me?"

"You don't understand," ses the cook. "If you'd 'ad more eddication——"



"'WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME, THEN?' SES TED."

He didn't 'ave time to say any more afore Ted was on him, and cookie, being no fighter, 'ad to cook with one eye for the next two or three days. He kept quiet about 'is dreams for some time arter that, but it was no good, because George Hall, wot was a firm believer, gave 'im a licking for not warning 'im of a sprained ankle he got skylarking, and Bob Law took it out of 'im for not telling 'im that he was going to lose 'is suit of best togs at cards.

The only chap that seemed to show any good feeling for the cook was a young feller named Joseph Meek, a steady young chap wot was goin' to be married to old Bill Foster's niece as soon as we got 'ome. Nobody else knew it, but he told the cook all about it on the quiet. He said she was too good for 'im, but, do all he could, he couldn't get her to see it.

"My feelings 'ave changed," he ses.

"P'r'aps they'll change agin," ses the cook, trying to comfort 'im.

Joseph shook his 'ead. "No, I've made up my mind," he ses, very slow. "I'm young yet, and, besides, I can't afford it; but 'ow to get out of it I don't know. Couldn't you 'ave a dream agin it for me?"

"Wot d'ye mean?" ses the cook, firing up. "Do you think I make my dreams up?"

"No, no; cert'inly not," ses Joseph, patting 'im on the shoulder; "but couldn't you do it just for once? 'Ave a dream that me and Emily are killed a few days arter the wedding. Don't say in wot way, 'cos she might think we could avoid it; just dream we are killed. Bill's always been a superstitious man, and since you dreamt about his leg he'd believe anything; and he's that fond of Emily I believe he'd 'ave the wedding put off, at any rate—if I put him up to it."

It took 'im three days and a silver watch-chain to persuade the cook, but he did at last; and one arternoon, when old Bill, who was getting on fust-class, was resting 'is leg in 'is bunk, the cook went below and turned in for a quiet sleep.

For ten minutes he was as peaceful as a lamb, and old Bill, who 'ad been laying in 'is bunk with an eye open watching 'im, was just dropping off 'imself, when the cook began to talk in 'is sleep, and the very fust words made Bill sit up as though something 'ad bit 'im.

"There they go," ses the cook, "Emily Foster and Joseph Meek—and there's old Bill, good old Bill, going to give the bride away. How 'appy they all look, especially Joseph!"

Old Bill put his 'and to his ear and leaned out of his bunk.

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"There they go," ses the cook agin; "but wot is that 'orrible black thing with claws that's 'anging over Bill?"

Pore Bill nearly fell out of 'is bunk, but he saved 'imself at the last moment and lay there as pale as death, listening.

"It must be meant for Bill," ses the cook. "Well, pore Bill; he won't know of it, that's one thing. Let's 'ope it'll be sudden."

He lay quiet for some time and then he began again.

"No," he ses, "it isn't Bill; it's Joseph and Emily, stark and stiff, and they've on'y been married a week. 'Ow awful they look! Pore things. Oh! oh! o-oh!"

He woke up with a shiver and began to groan, and then 'e sat up in his bunk and saw old Bill leaning out and staring at 'im.

"You've been dreaming, cook," ses Bill, in a trembling voice.

"'Ave I?" ses the cook. "How do you know?"

"About me and my niece," ses Bill; "you was talking in your sleep."

"You oughtn't to 'ave listened," ses the cook, getting out of 'is bunk and going over to 'im. "I 'ope you didn't 'ear all I dreamt. 'Ow much did you hear?"

Bill told 'im, and the cook sat there, shaking his 'ead. "Thank goodness, you didn't 'ear the worst of it," he ses.

"*Worst!*" ses Bill. "Wot, was there any more of it?"

"Lots more," ses the cook. "But promise me you won't tell Joseph, Bill. Let 'im be happy while he can; it would on'y make 'im miserable, and it wouldn't do any good."

"I don't know so much about that," ses Bill, thinking about the arguments some of them had 'ad with Ted about the bottle. "Was it arter they was married, cookie, that it 'appened? Are you sure?"

"Certain sure. It was a week arter," ses the cook.

"Very well, then," ses Bill, slapping 'is bad leg in mistake; "if they didn't marry, it couldn't 'appen, could it?"

"Don't talk foolish," ses the cook; "they must marry. I saw it in my dream."

"Well, we'll see," ses Bill. "I'm going to 'ave a quiet talk with Joseph about it, and see wot he ses. I ain't a-going to 'ave my pore gal murdered just to please you and make your dreams come true."

He 'ad a quiet talk with Joseph, but Joseph wouldn't 'ear of it at fust. He said it was all the cook's nonsense, though 'e owned up that it was funny that the cook should know about the wedding and Emily's name, and at last he said that they would put it afore Emily and let her decide.

That was about the last dream the cook had that v'y'ge, although he told old Bill one day that he had 'ad the same dream about Joseph and Emily agin, so that he was quite certain they 'ad got to be married and killed. He wouldn't tell Bill 'ow they was to be killed, because 'e said it would make 'im an old man afore his time; but, of course, he 'ad to say that *if* they wasn't married the other part couldn't come true. He said that as he 'ad never told 'is dreams afore—except in the case of Bill's leg—he couldn't say for certain that they couldn't be prevented by taking care, but p'r'aps they could; and Bill pointed out to 'im wot a useful man he would be if he could dream and warn people in time.

By the time we got into the London river old Bill's leg was getting on fust-rate, and he got along splendid on a pair of crutches the carpenter 'ad made for him. Him and Joseph and the cook had 'ad a good many talks about the dream, and the old man 'ad invited the cook to come along 'ome with 'em, to be referred to when he told the tale.

"I shall take my opportunity," he ses, "and break it to 'er gentle like. When I speak to you, you chip in, and not afore. D'ye understand?"

We went into the East India Docks that v'y'ge, and got there early on a lovely summer's evening. Everybody was 'arf crazy at the idea o' going ashore agin, and working as cheerful and as willing as if they liked it. There was a few people standing on the pier-head as we went in, and among 'em several very nice-looking young wimmen.

"My eye, Joseph," ses the cook, who 'ad been staring hard at one of 'em, "there's a fine gal—lively, too. Look 'ere!"

He kissed 'is dirty paw—which is more than I should 'ave liked to 'ave done if it 'ad been mine—and waved it, and the gal turned round and shook her 'ead at 'im.

"Here, that'll do," ses Joseph, very cross. "That's my gal; that's my Emily."

"Eh?" says the cook. "Well, 'ow was I to know? Besides, you're a-giving of her up."

Joseph didn't answer 'im. He was staring at Emily, and the more he stared the better-looking she seemed to grow. She really was an uncommon nice-looking gal, and more than the cook was struck with her.

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"'I SHALL TAKE MY OPPORTUNITY,' HE SES, 'AND BREAK IT TO 'ER GENTLE LIKE.'"

"Who's that chap standing alongside of her?" ses the cook.

"It's one o' Bill's sister's lodgers," ses Joseph, who was looking very bad-tempered. "I should like to know wot right he 'as to come 'ere to welcome me 'ome. I don't want 'im."

"P'r'aps he's fond of 'er," ses the cook. "I could be, very easy."

"I'll chuck 'im in the dock if he ain't careful," ses Joseph, turning red in the face.

He waved his 'and to Emily, who didn't 'appen to be looking at the moment, but the lodger waved back in a careless sort of way and then spoke to Emily, and they both waved to old Bill, who was standing on his crutches further aft.

By the time the ship was berthed and everything snug it was quite dark, and old Bill didn't know whether to take the cook 'ome with 'im and break the news that night, or wait a bit. He made up his mind at last to get it over and done with, and arter waiting till the cook 'ad cleaned 'imself they got a cab and drove off.

Bert Simmons, the lodger, 'ad to ride on the box, and Bill took up so much room with 'is bad leg that Emily found it more comfortable to sit on Joseph's knee; and by the time they got to the 'ouse he began to see wot a silly mistake he was making.

"Keep that dream o' yours to yourself till I make up my mind," he ses to the cook, while Bill and the cabman was calling each other names.

"Bill's going to speak fust," whispers the cook.

The lodger and Emily 'ad gone inside, and Joseph stood there, fidgeting, while the cabman asked Bill, as a friend, why he 'adn't paid twopence more for his face, and Bill was wasting his time trying to think of something to say to 'urt the cabman's feelings. Then he took Bill by the arm as the cab drove off and told 'im not to say nothing about the dream, because he was going to risk it.

"Stuff and nonsense," ses Bill. "I'm going to tell Emily. It's my dooty. Wot's the good o' being married if you're going to be killed?"

He stumped in on his crutches afore Joseph could say any more, and, arter letting his sister kiss 'im, went into the front room and set down. There was cold beef and pickles on the table and two jugs o' beer, and arter just telling his sister 'ow he fell and broke 'is leg, they all sat down to supper.

Bert Simmons sat on one side of Emily and Joseph the other, and the cook couldn't 'elp feeling sorry for 'er, seeing as he did that sometimes she was 'aving both hands squeezed at once under the table and could 'ardly get a bite in edgeways.

Old Bill lit his pipe arter supper, and then, taking another glass o' beer, he told 'em about the cook dreaming of his accident three days afore it happened. They couldn't 'ardly believe it at fust, but when he went on to tell 'em the other things the cook 'ad dreamt, and that everything 'ad 'appened just as he dreamt it, they all edged away from the cook and sat staring at him with their mouths open.

"And that ain't the worst of it," ses Bill.

"That's enough for one night, Bill," ses Joseph, who was staring at Bert Simmons as

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though he could eat him. "Besides, I believe it was on'y chance. When cook told you 'is dream it made you nervous, and that's why you fell."

"Nervous be blowed!" ses Bill; and then he told 'em about the dream he 'ad heard while he was laying in 'is bunk.

Bill's sister gave a scream when he 'ad finished, and Emily, wot was sitting next to Joseph, got up with a shiver and went and sat next to Bert Simmons and squeezed his coat-sleeve.

"It's all nonsense!" ses Joseph, starting up. "And if it wasn't, true love would run the risk. I ain't afraid!"

"It's too much to ask a gal," ses Bert Simmons, shaking his 'ead.

"I couldn't dream of it," ses Emily. "Wot's the use of being married for a week? Look at uncle's leg—that's enough for me!"

They all talked at once then, and Joseph tried all he could to persuade Emily to prove to the cook that 'is dreams didn't always come true; but it was no good. Emily said she wouldn't marry 'im if he 'ad a million a year, and her aunt and uncle backed her up in it—to say nothing of Bert Simmons.

"I'll go up and get your presents, Joseph," she ses; and she ran upstairs afore anybody could stop her.

Joseph sat there as if he was dazed, while everybody gave 'im good advice, and said 'ow thankful he ought to be that the cook 'ad saved him by 'is dreaming. And by and by Emily came downstairs agin with the presents he 'ad given 'er and put them on the table in front of 'im.

"There's everything there but that little silver brooch you gave me, Joseph," she ses, "and I lost that the other evening when I was out with —— for a walk."

Joseph tried to speak, but couldn't.

"It was six-and-six, 'cos I was with you when you bought it," ses Emily; "and as I've lost it, it's on'y fair I should pay for it."

She put down 'arf a sovereign with the presents, and Joseph sat staring at it as if he 'ad never seen one afore.

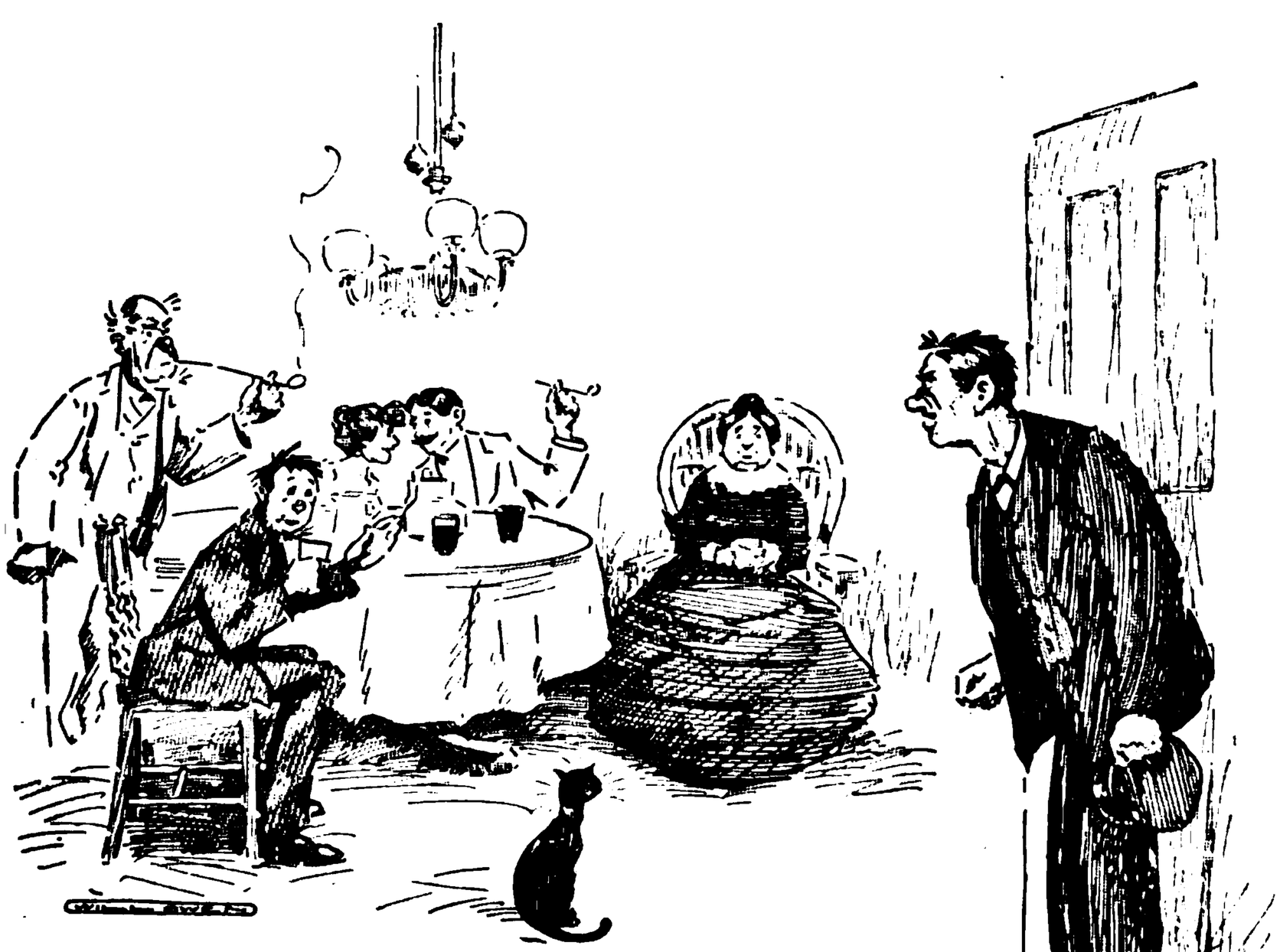
"And you needn't mind about the change, Joseph," ses Emily; "that'll 'elp to make up for your disappointment."

Old Bill tried to turn things off with a bit of a laugh. "Why, you're made o' money, Emily," he ses.

"Ah! I haven't told you yet," ses Emily, smiling at him; "that's a little surprise I was keeping for you. Aunt Emma—pore Aunt Emma, I should say—died while you was away and left me all 'er furniture and two hundred pounds."

Joseph made a choking noise in his throat and then 'e got up, leaving the presents and the 'arf-sovereign on the table, and stood by the door, staring at them.

"Good-night all," he ses. Then he went to the front door and opened it, and arter standing there a moment came back as though he 'ad forgotten something.



"'ARE YOU COMING ALONG NOW?' HE SES TO THE COOK."

"Are you coming along now?" he ses to the cook.

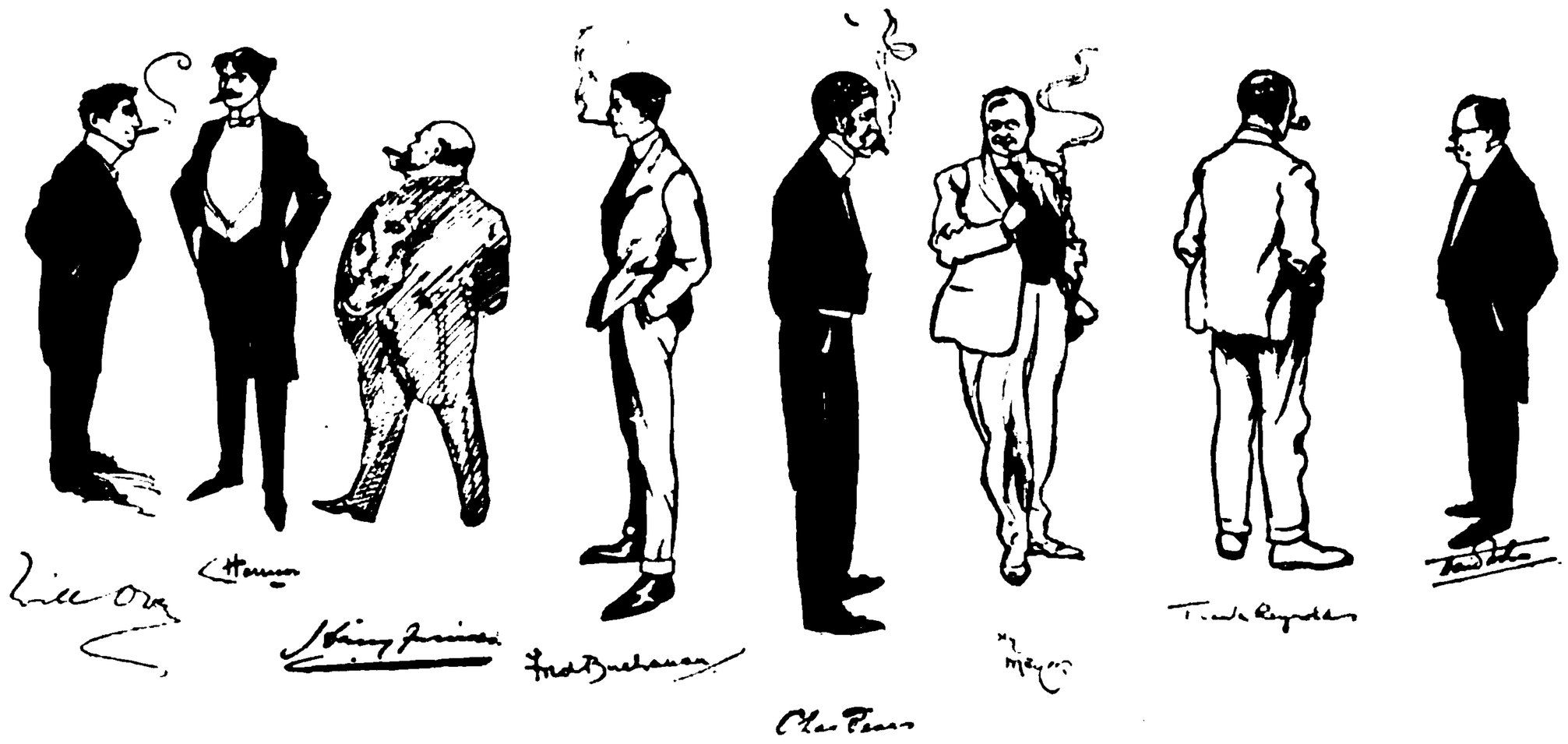
"Not just yet," ses the cook, very quick.

"I'll wait outside for you, then," ses Joseph, grinding his teeth.

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The Chronicles of the Strand Club.



In the above group, a number of Members of the Club have attempted, with more or less success, to delineate themselves. In order that there should be no mistake in identity, each artist has thoughtfully subjoined his autograph.

XVI.

"I WAS up shooting in the North lately," remarked Emberton, at the last meeting of the Strand Club, "and although I am an almost perfect shot—I will not here allude to the various splendid trophies I have won in various parts of Europe and America.—I had the misfortune to discharge a load of shot in the neighbourhood of a Scotch elder who was walking peacefully down the road. One of the pellets lodged in his nose, a rather fine, well-developed organ. I explained I had no homicidal intent and that I was merely shooting partridges.

"Young mon," he said, severely, "d'ye mean to tell me that ye took this"—here he placed his hand on his amazing proboscis—"that ye took this for a partridge?"

At the request of the Chairman, Fred Buchanan stepped blithely forward and delineated the little Caledonian incident narrated by the illustrious Saxon novelist.

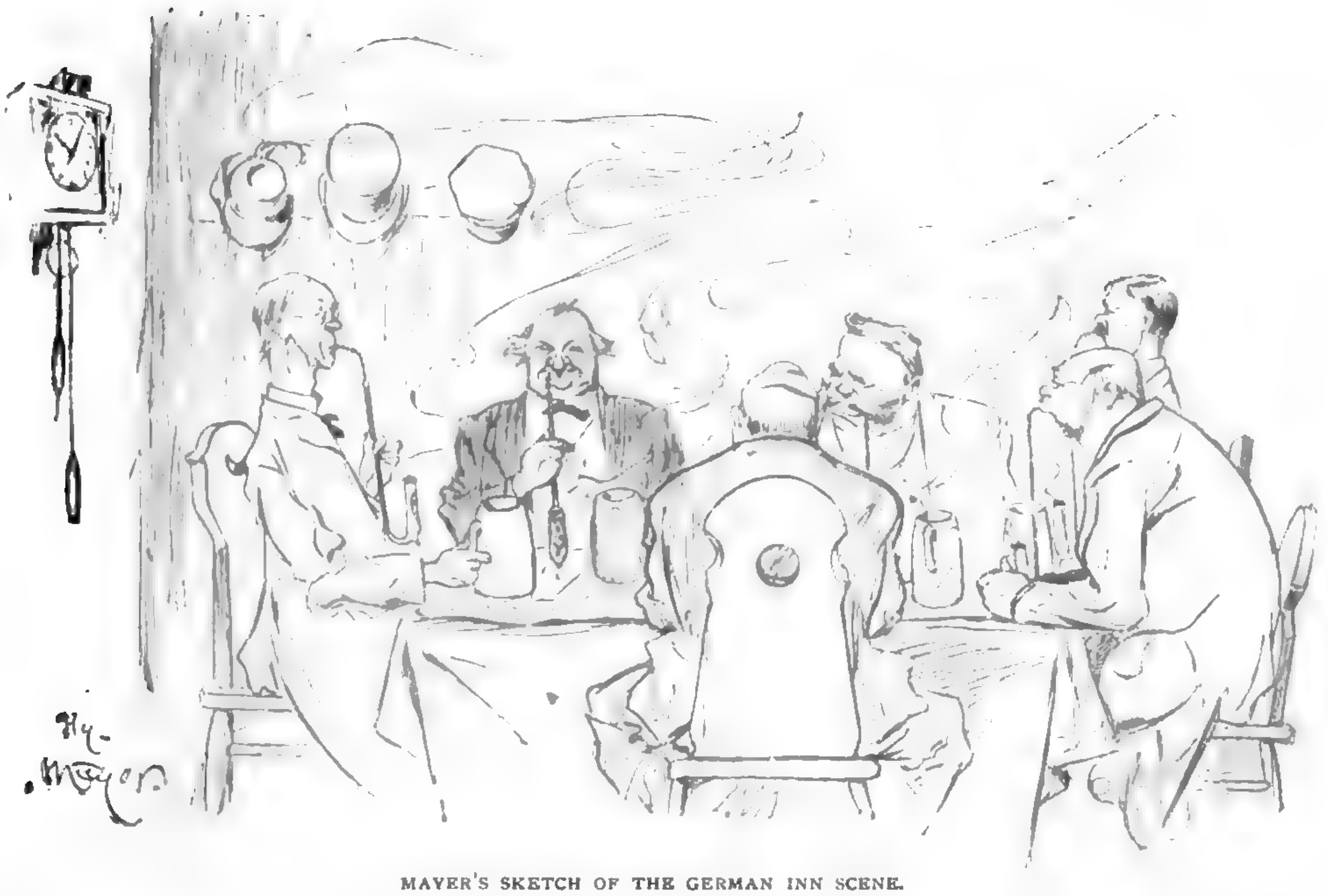
We had Henry Mayer, the distinguished American artist, with us on this occasion. Mayer has recently returned from a trip to Germany, and he regaled the Club with an amusing example of Teutonic stolidity which, he averred, he had himself witnessed.



BUCHANAN'S DELINEATION OF EMBERTON'S STORY OF THE NOSE AND THE PARTRIDGE.

Mayer: Everyone knows how phlegmatic the German is, and the following story seems a pretty good illustration. It was at a small inn in a little village near Munich where I had occasion to witness the following scene.

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MAYER'S SKETCH OF THE GERMAN INN SCENE.

Nightly the village notables gathered there. There were the village apothecary, the village station-master, the village barber, the village lunatic, etc., etc. Each had a long pipe and philosophized. All you could hear was the ticking of the cuckoo clock, and occasionally the scraping of a shoe upon the sanded floor. After a while one said, puffing his pipe: "——pf—pf—pf—pf—ja——" Another: "——pff—pff—pff—pff—j-a——"; and another: "——ff—ff—ff—ff—ff——j-a-h!" and so on and so on. One evening one of the notables brought his son along. He smoked—he philosophized. After a while he said: "——pf—pf—pf——ja—ja!" And they threw him out because he talked too much!

To further explain his reminiscence, Mayer rapidly dashed off on the drawing-board the above characteristic design.



MINN'S ILLUSTRATION TO BOYLE'S STORY OF THE MUCH-MARRIED MAN.

The talk ran on trips and trippers, and Boyle related an anecdote of two visitors to a small country town who were being shown round the parish church by the verger. To their horror, they came across a tombstone sacred to the memory of the five spouses of some local celebrity.

"Why," exclaimed one of the sightseers, indignantly, "the man must be a regular Bluebeard!"

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"No, ma'am; no, ma'am," replied their cicerone, rubbing his hands and smiling apologetically; "it was only an 'obby of 'is, ma'am, that's all!"

To this narrative Minn's facile pencil provided a suitable accompaniment.

Harry Furniss related how he came across a noble sportsman enjoying a good joke all to himself a few days ago, who explained as follows:—

"I have just left the well-known trainer, Winkles.

"'By the way,' I said, 'if you are going to Newmarket to-morrow, you might look after my mare for me.'

"'Sorry, me lud,' he said; 'I would with pleasure, but the fact is Mr. Yearling, the High Wickham trainer, has asked me to look after his missus, who is going down to Newmarket to-morrow. I would oblige your ludship willingly, but, you see, me 'ands will be full, as I have to shampoo Mrs. Yearling!'"



HARRY FURNISS'S DRAWING TO ILLUSTRATE HIS OWN NARRATIVE.

Advancing to the easel, Harry Furniss deftly proceeded to bring into existence the above illustration to his own "racy" anecdote of the unwilling chaperon.

Owing to his success in police-court scenes, Dolamore asked David Wilson if he would oblige with a little man in the dock confronted by a gigantic policeman. When the artist had complied, Dolamore explained.

"There is no use your denying," remarked the magistrate, sternly, to a diminutive prisoner, "that you struck the policeman and that you were drunk."

"Is that the policeman I struck, your wushup?"

"It is," said the magistrate.

The man stared about helplessly for a few moments, and then he said, "Your wushup, please give me three months."

It was now Will Owen's turn, and that gentleman related a curious incident he had recently witnessed during one of his rambles amid the haunts of those riverside characters he knows so well how to depict.

Owen: I was suddenly aroused from my meditations by a piercing shriek—the sound of a woman in distress. I am by nature one of the most gallant of men, and, hastening to the rescue—with visions of enchanted princesses and seven-headed dragons in my mind—I came upon a most remarkable scene. I think, however, that I shall be better able to explain it on the drawing-board than by word of mouth.



DAVID WILSON'S DELINEATION OF THE POLICE-COURT INCIDENT.

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With which the artist rapidly sketched in the accompanying diagram.

"I may say," he continued, "that the shriek that had so worked upon my chivalrous instincts proceeded from the lady who occupied the first-floor suite. She had been greatly alarmed by the unexpected appearance of a lobster just outside her window, and was evidently under the impression that it was some new species of beetle of enormous size, arriving for the express purpose of making a meal of her."

Amid much laughter, the Club were about to disperse for the evening, when Harrison hastily interpolated.



WILL OWEN'S DIAGRAM TO EXPLAIN HIS RIVERSIDE ADVENTURE.

Harrison: I *must* tell you this. A passenger arrived breathless at the station. "When does the half-past two train leave?" he demanded of the station-master. "Two-thirty," was the reply. "Well, the new church clock is twenty-seven minutes past, the town clock is twenty-six minutes past, the post-office clock is twenty-five past, and your clock thirty-two past. Which clock am I to go by?" "Any one you like, sir. You can't go by the train; it's gone."

While relating the foregoing anecdote Harrison had been busy with his pencil, the subjacent humorous sketch being the result of his labours.



HARRISON'S IDEA OF THE IRATE PASSENGER AND THE STATION-MASTER.

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Miss Edith.

A Story for Children.

By Winifred Graham.

I.

"SOME people are especially favoured by fortune. Certainly your child has everything!"

Mrs. Mervyn-Keen's remark was the outcome of half an hour's conversation with Edith Oliver's mother. Edith lived undoubtedly in the centre of a luxurious civilization. Her toys were marvels of science and beauty, yet numerous enough to weary their small owner with the satiety of possession. Already she was a "show-child" at matinées, afternoon at-homes, and private views, with a wardrobe as extensive as a society *débutante's*. She rode her own pony in the Park at fashionable hours, and drove with Mrs. Oliver in the afternoon. She was extremely pretty, most decorous, and marvellously up-to-date. This child, reared in the midst of social life, had never been known to be shy.

Mrs. Oliver thought over her friend's words with rather a puzzled expression. Then she shook her head.

"No; there is something I cannot give her. Edith pines for the companionship of brothers and sisters. I equally long for a son, but Providence decrees she is to remain an only child. I pity her when I see how much of her time is necessarily spent with grown-up people; it makes her old-fashioned beyond her years. I was one of a large family, and know the joy it brings to youth."

"A little romping would do her good," declared Mrs. Mervyn-Keen. "I wish you could send her to stay with the Nuspratts for a fortnight. Those children are simply pictures of health and high spirits."

Edith's mother hesitated.

"Aren't they rather savages?" she ventured to remark.

"Splendid savages! Brown of face, strong of limb, the very sight of them does one good."

"But I understand they are not looked after at all."

"Mrs. Nuspratt is an Irishwoman, and lets things slide. With her large family and limited income, she leaves a good deal to Mother Nature. The older children look after the younger, and in the wilds of the country it answers well enough. Dr. Nuspratt has a straggling practice, as you know, and occasionally they supplement their narrow means by taking a paying guest, generally a child, pale-faced from London, who rejoices in the open-air life."

A vision of Edith in her white lace frock and coloured ribbons, seated in the victoria, holding up a diminutive parasol, flitted before Mrs. Oliver's eyes, as contrasted with the country doctor's healthy, bare-legged, hatless brood.

"You are right"—speaking with sudden resolve—"a fortnight at Littlewake would be a revelation to Edith. I know Mrs. Nuspratt very well, and will make it worth her while. I shall be glad to help her, and I am sure it will do the child good. She is too cultivated; she can afford to mix for a time with savages. Lately I have been feeling my mistake; the poor mite is almost grown up at eight years old."

Mrs. Mervyn-Keen warmly applauded the remark. She knew she could influence Edith's mother, and before leaving had persuaded Mrs. Oliver to let the child stay, unchaperoned by maid or governess, at Littlewake.

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"Leave her entirely to the Nuspratt children. If she is run after all the time by a vigilant attendant she might as well remain in Grosvenor Square."

Mrs. Oliver was so impressed by her friend's emphatic manner that she promised the arrangement should be made, and straightway wrote to Mrs. Nuspratt.

On her way out Mrs. Mervyn-Keen met Edith in the hall. The child was strikingly beautiful, and looked up at her with large, rather pathetic eyes, which had something of resignation in their depths, peculiar in one so young. The whole air of this small person suggested the fact that she was quite accustomed to wearing elaborate dresses and enduring social engagements with the boring society of full-grown people. It was part of her life's programme; she was too well trained to rebel. In her arms she held a tiny Skye terrier, struggling for freedom. Like her toys, he was of the expensive kind, needing careful attention.

"Beau-Boy mustn't go out and wet his feet," Edith explained. "You see, it's been raining."



"ON HER WAY OUT MRS. MERVYN-KEEN MET EDITH IN THE HALL."

A slightly contemptuous expression mingled with pity crossed the visitor's face.

"Poor little dog," she said; "so he is kept in cotton-wool too. Don't you long to run out and wet your feet?" glancing down at the little white kid shoes.

The child looked perplexed for a moment; she hardly knew how the words were meant, but she flushed slightly under her white silk bonnet.

"Do you?" she asked.

The question was put quite simply, but Mrs. Mervyn-Keen regarded it as an impertinence.

"Don't be silly," she said. "At my age it's quite different. When you go into the country and mix with the proper sort of children—real children, I mean—you will find your own level."

The men-servants, who were devoted admirers of their small mistress, silently resented the words as Mrs. Mervyn-Keen sailed out to her carriage.

"George," said the child, addressing a young footman, "what does finding your own level mean?"

"I don't know, Miss Edith," he answered, promptly, preferring to evade an explanation.

"Does it mean having a good time?"

She turned to the butler, since he never failed with definite answers to her many questions.

"No, miss; I should say just the reverse."

Edith considered a moment; then she looked up brightly.

"Did you ever find your own level, Mason?"

"I expect I did, miss," suppressing a smile, "but it's so long ago I don't remember."

"But how do people find it?"

"Sometimes one way, sometimes another."

"Must it be looked for like hunting the slipper or hide and seek? Does it take lots of trouble to find? If George was trying,

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to find his level now, would he look for it upstairs or down?"

Even the reliable Mason felt his brain swim under this eager and minute catechism.

"You see," he began, with a slight cough, "it's not to be found in one particular place. It's sort of inside yourself, after a manner of speaking."

"Like conscience?" said Edith.

"Perhaps."

"What a pity!" murmured the child. "I hoped it was something very nice, like a cat's purr."

II.

THE Nuspratt children were delighted to receive the little girl from London.

Edith was something of a curiosity to them—a very rich child, a child who had everything.

Mrs. Nuspratt warned them beforehand that Edith might feel shy, but they soon discovered this was not the case.

Edith had a great deal to say, and asked so many questions that the Nuspratt family were quite bewildered.

A stylishly-dressed stranger in short French skirts, bearing a beribboned basket of Fuller's chocolates, was a novel departure in visitors, while society manners had never before been introduced into the primitive child-world of Littlewake.

The brown-legged, red-cheeked youngsters at once took Edith and the chocolates under their special protection; they marched her off to their favourite haunts in the quaint old garden.

It seemed as if Nature were in league to fashion this garden into a special place of joy to the happy children who made it their Eden. The trees bent low, seductive boughs to the earth, that small legs might walk, tight-rope fashion, along their wide expanse of bark, in easy jumping distance from a mossy lawn. A stream gave ample justification for wet feet, while long, sloping banks invited the giddy joys of rolling and formed tracks for amateur toboggans.

It did not take Edith long to discover that the Nuspratts were rich in imagination, and the authors of many original games, based on the foundation-stone of "supposing." They "supposed" everything, till Edith began to wonder if she were really at Littlewake, or whether by some strange chance she had been transplanted to a fairy garden of romance.

Mildred and Oscar, the eldest of the tribe, appeared responsible for those games requiring feats of skill or strength, and assured Edith she would "come to them in time."

"Our Edith," explained Mildred, pointing to a younger sister, "is just your height, and she finds her legs are not long enough to climb some of our best trees, or to pole-jump the wide ditch at the end of the field. We shall get so confused over the two names; we had better call you Edith N. and Edith O."

Edith N. gave a little groan.

"It won't matter after to-morrow," she said.

A sudden look of sorrow crossed the faces of her high-spirited companions.

"I had almost forgotten," said Mildred, apologetically.

A mysterious silence fell.

Oscar, a kind-hearted boy, put his arm round his little sister, while all the children turned mournful eyes in her direction.

Edith O. felt an eerie thrill creep over her as she regarded Edith N.

Had the child with the quivering lips and sudden air of depression been condemned to execution on the morrow, the interested spectators could hardly have regarded her with a more reverent and morbid interest.

"Why after to-morrow?"

The new-comer ventured the question at last, her curiosity overcoming her fear of what might be revealed.

"Shall we tell her?" said Oscar.

Mildred nodded. She also drew near to Edith N. and touched her with a sympathetic hand.

Oscar seated himself on a bank overgrown with dog-daisies and sorrel. He addressed himself to the visitor, who stood, with hands linked, in an attitude of expectation.

"Our Edith," he said, "is to be sent away to-morrow on a visit, a prolonged visit. We have our doubts whether she will ever come back. She is going quite alone, to one old man in a great big house. He wrote and asked mother, who has known him for many years, and is a sort of relation, to lend him one of her little girls to brighten up his house. I believe he spoke of 'adoption.' I overheard mother using the word to father when she said it had better be Edith, because she was the best-looking and there would be more chance of his liking her. He has seen none of us since we were babies; he is rather infirm, and I've no doubt very cross. Anyway, he can't know anything about children. To think that one alone could be happy with him! If he had asked two of us together it would have been different; we might have put up with it then."

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"'OUR EDITH,' HE SAID, 'IS TO BE SENT AWAY TO-MORROW.'"

The idea of Edith N. "brightening up" anybody's home at that moment appeared highly improbable. She was a veritable picture of misery, as she cuddled up to Oscar, with her finger in her mouth.

"It doesn't seem to me so very dreadful," remarked Edith O., in her funny little grown-up way. "I am always alone, and I don't mind, though I should like to have brothers and sisters."

"Of course," put in Mildred, "it wouldn't be the same to you, because you're not used to playfellows. Why, that was one of the things we were told to do, to teach you to play! Then you never feel shy, because you come from London, which makes you quite different from all of us."

Oscar's face suddenly brightened.

"I've got an idea," he said, "a real splendid scheme, but it lies entirely with Edith O. I wonder what stuff she's made of?"

He looked curiously at the well-dressed child, with the puzzling self-possession and surprising conversational powers.

"You," he continued, pointing at the stranger, "don't care a fig where you go or whom you talk to. Now, mother leaves everything to us. We shall take Edith to the station to-morrow and see her off by the train to Bernbridge, where Mr. Stanhope will meet her. Suppose we hide Edith N. and send Edith O. in her place?"

Something approaching an electric shock passed through the breathless assembly, while a ray of hope brightened the tearful eyes of the condemned Nuspratt child. She made a sudden bound at Edith O. and clung to her in a paroxysm of entreaty.

The little girl from London accepted the proposition with the amazing calmness which had already won the admiration of her companions.

"I'll go, if you like," she said, politely. "I think I would rather be here, but mamma says I must always try and oblige people. That's why she likes me to hand cake round in the drawing-room at afternoon tea."

"Bravo! You're a brick," cried Oscar. "It will be one of the most exciting things we have ever carried through. You mustn't tell the old man you are not Edith Nuspratt; just say you are Edith, and that will be quite true. We shall have all the difficult part here, hiding our sister, and not letting out that you have gone. Mother bothers so little about things that I dare say if we keep it up for a day or two she will forget all about you, and Edith can slip back again without being noticed."

If Mrs. Nuspratt could have heard the wild improbability of this youthful reasoning, even her easy-going Irish temperament would have received a shock. She little realized what an absolute nonentity she had become in her own home, through her creed of "laissez faire," or how completely the children imagined themselves the masters of the situation. It saved so much trouble to put the responsibility of looking after the younger ones on Mildred's willing shoulders, and up to the present time the health and safety of her flock testified to the wisdom

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of this arrangement. Both she and the doctor had consented gladly enough to Mr. Stanhope's proposition, recalling his promise to remember this impecunious family handsomely in his will. Having no near relations, he wished his money to benefit old friends and distant connections who were not well off.

The Nuspratt children were transported to the seventh heaven of excitement and expectation, since the carrying out of Oscar's scheme was more adventurous than any game. It appealed to their sense of romance that Edith N. should be in hiding, smuggled away in their own house; besides, they were not at all sure of getting Edith O. off to Bernbridge without detection.

That evening they all appeared most subdued, and it was peculiar to the Nuspratt family that before any very daring or unusual episode they invariably behaved like angels. Mrs. Nuspratt, being unobservant, had never noticed this trait in her children's characters. She paid special attention to Edith O., and even visited the little beds after the lights were out—an unexpected proceeding, which Mildred prayed might not recur on the morrow.

"I think it was because it is your first night here," she explained to Edith O., "and perhaps she remembered she wouldn't be seeing our Edith again for some time."

Certainly Fate favoured the schemers, for the following afternoon Dr. Nuspratt particularly wanted his wife to accompany him to the house of a patient who was a new-comer, and desired to make her acquaintance.

The children promised to carry their sister's modest luggage to the station between them, and see her safely into the train—putting her under the charge of the guard.

The little party sallied forth unattended, Edith N. jubilant at her escape, Edith O. resigned and conversational, eager to make the most of the companions she was to lose so soon. At least she had the consolation of feeling that by the sacrifice of her own inclination she was able to render them a very real and much appreciated service. Oscar duly interviewed the guard. He promised to take care of the small passenger, who felt a strange little choking sensation at her throat as she leant out of the railway-carriage window, bidding good-bye to the Nuspratt family. She would so much rather have remained with them, though she felt not the slightest dread of meeting Mr. Stanhope and accepting his hospitality. She had so often stayed with her parents at big houses or fashionable hotels, that a visit was to her by no means the formidable event it appeared to Edith N.

"You are a perfect heroine," cried Mildred, as the shrill whistle of the train sounded.

"And so say all of us!" shouted Oscar, sending up a cheer.

The throbbing engine bore her away. She waved a tiny embroidered handkerchief as the now familiar forms of the Nuspratt children grew smaller and smaller in the distance.

III.

"BERNBRIDGE! Bernbridge!" It was an hour later when Edith Oliver caught the words. She had never been alone in a train before, and her small hands were not strong enough to open the door. The guard hurried up and lifted her out, then she found herself standing forlorn on the unknown country platform.

"Where for?" asked a porter. "Anyone meeting you, miss?"

"Yes; is Mr. Stanhope here?" replied her protector, the guard.

"That's him."

The man pointed to an old gentleman whose eyes passed over little Miss Oliver, appearing to seek some other object.

The child ran towards him.

"How do you do?" she said. "Thank you for coming to meet me. I'm Edith."

Mr. Stanhope stared down at the daintily-attired figure in speechless surprise. Could this well-dressed, fashionable child be one of poor Dr. Nuspratt's large family?

When last he had seen Mrs. Nuspratt's mother, she told him a pitiful tale of her daughter's poverty: how she could hardly afford to keep such a large family in boots and shoes, and of the declining practice at Littlewake, since all the well-to-do people were deserting the neighbourhood. He took in at a glance the faultless cut of Edith's clothes, the silk stockings, and frou-frou of lace under very short skirts.

"Have you really come from Mrs. Nuspratt?" he said, as if doubting his eyes.

"Yes," she replied, and repeated again the words in which Oscar had coached her: "I'm Edith."

"Very well," shaking the outstretched hand in a none too friendly manner, "come along."

He led the way to a motor-brougham and sent a footman to find her luggage. It was palpable he was disappointed. He meant to stretch out the hand of pity to a poor little girl who had none of the joys which money could buy, and the first sight of her had chilled his ambition.

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"MR. STANHOPE STARED DOWN AT THE DAINTILY-ATTIRED FIGURE IN SPEECHLESS SURPRISE."

She settled herself beside him and smiled pleasantly.

"Now," he said, softening at the sight of her sweet, expressive eyes, "this will be a treat for you. I dare say you have never ridden in a motor before?"

"Oh, yes, I have," replied Edith, in her social way. "We've got one just like this at home."

"Really!" His tone rang harsh. "I suppose your father uses it?"

"No; he likes our big car best. Mother goes in the brougham."

"Oh, does she?" The old man's nostrils dilated. He forced himself to speak calmly. "How is Littlewake looking? It's a nice neighbourhood, I believe."

"Yes. It's a place where people go to find their own level," she announced, simply.

He stared down at her.

"Mason says finding your own level isn't at all nice."

"Who's Mason?"

"He is our butler, and knows everything. Now, George, the footman, couldn't even tell you what finding your own level means. When I go back I shall get Mason to explain more about it."

"Yes, I think you will go back very soon."

The words brought relief to Edith. She thought the old gentleman had such a funny manner, and wondered why he grew so red in the face. He relapsed into silence, and glared out at the scenery. The drive was not long, and on reaching the house he showed her some toys he had provided for her entertainment. She thanked him, but without any sign of excitement. He at once questioned her sharply on the subject of toys, her answers revealing candidly that she was a young person of numerous possessions. She could not help thinking it strange that this curious old gentleman should also be anxious to hear details of her wardrobe. Had she many frocks? Did she always wear silk stockings? And so many other questions which gentlemen did not ask as a rule.

Presently he sent her upstairs and summoned his confidential housekeeper, Mrs. Parkes. She saw at once that something was wrong with her master.

"I think I've made the little lady very comfortable, sir," she said. "She's wonderfully nice spoken, and as pretty a child as I ever saw."

"Mrs. Parkes," he replied, setting his lips, "I've been humbugged! To use a vulgar expression, that child's grandmother had been trying to 'do' me. Poor, indeed! The Nuspratts poor! Why, they have come into a fortune and never let me know. I shall wire for my solicitor at once; I shall alter my will to-morrow. Not a farthing goes to the Nuspratts, if I can help it."

Mrs. Parkes threw up her hands.

"To think of that now, sir, and you so charitable, and anxious to leave your money to deserving people. Well, I never!"

"Look at her clothes. Are they the clothes of a child in straitened circumstances?"

"To tell you the truth, sir, the garments Maria has just unpacked upstairs are about as worn and shabby as any I ever saw."

"Oh! Then that settles the matter. That proves they are trying to deceive me, for the child has convicted them out of her own mouth. She has been telling me all about

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her dresses. I suppose they thought she wouldn't talk. It was short-sighted to send her dressed so elaborately ; it put me on the scent at once."

He drew a telegraph form from his desk and wrote quickly. It was a message to his solicitor to bring him his will the following day, as he wished to add a codicil.

"Let this be sent at once to Mr. Baldwin," he said, handing it to Mrs. Parkes. "I do not wish to see Miss Edith again to-night."

IV.

THE Nuspratt children needed all their wits to avoid detection during the afternoon. Mildred became most affable to Bridget, the hard-working Irish maid, on whose sturdy shoulders the burden of the household fell.

"You are looking a little tired, Bridget," said Mildred, with a motherly air of concern. "Let me take up the tea-things ; I'll see to the schoolroom tea."

Bridget had seldom felt less tired in her life, but, since she was always busy, the kindly offer did not come amiss.

"A rest is what you want," continued Mildred, delighted that Bridget detected no ulterior motive in her helpfulness. "I will see to the children's baths to-night. You need not come upstairs at all."

Bridget began to wish she always looked tired.

Mrs. Nuspratt received much the same kindly treatment from this generous young person.

"We are all quite jolly," she told her mother ; "you need not bother about us in the least ; I am seeing to everything. I think you had better not come to us after we are in bed again, as it wakes us out of our first sleep."

Mrs. Nuspratt felt relieved. She had a number of letters to write, and commended Mildred for her thoughtfulness.

"Good child," she said, patting her on the shoulder. "You are quite a little mother, aren't you, Mildred? How did Edith go off?"

"All right ; we caught the train."

Fearful of more questionings, the young schemer hurried away to impart to the rest of the family her success with Bridget and Mrs. Nuspratt.

"The best thing to do is to keep on playing hide and seek," said Oscar. "Then if anyone comes up our Edith can always be hiding, and no one will guess we are not looking for Edith O. It will work in rather well, as we were told to teach Edith O. to play."

There were several hairbreadth escapes before nightfall, and Mildred was glad enough to see her charges safely in bed and to put out the lights.

Edith N. felt distinctly important, since being the centre of attention was highly exciting and novel to one of a family of seven. She was grateful, too, from the bottom of her small heart, to these generous brothers and sisters and the heroic Edith O.

Perhaps it was the strain and anxiety of the day, but the children certainly slept soundly—so soundly, in fact, that they never opened an eyelid in the morning until it was too late! Bridget strode into the room, and on pulling up the blinds caught sight of a flaxen head upon a pillow which should have been slumbering in far-away Bernbridge.



"LET ME TAKE UP THE TEA-THINGS; I'LL SEE TO THE SCHOOLROOM TEA."

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Bridget ran quickly downstairs and knocked at Mrs. Nuspratt's door.

"If you please, ma'am," she gasped, "Miss Edith is in bed in the nursery!"

"Well, where else should she be?"

"I mean — our Miss Edith!" replied Bridget, quickly.

The words were scarcely out of her mouth before Mrs. Nuspratt started running towards the nursery. She burst in upon the sleepy children with hot inquiry.

Edith N., very shamefaced and ready to cry, sheltered behind Mildred, who breathlessly explained they thought it wouldn't matter which Edith went, so, as Edith O. was quite willing, they had sent her instead to Mr. Stanhope.

Confusion reigned in the household. Mrs. Nuspratt for once was really roused,and did not conceal her horror and amazement. Gradually it dawned on the older children that they had committed a very grave error of judgment, a really serious blunder. A telegram was instantly dispatched to Bernbridge, and Dr. Nuspratt hurried to the station to catch the first train.

"Father has gone to fetch Edith O. back," whispered the children. "He's ever so angry. Perhaps we shall all have to go to Mr. Stanhope for a punishment."

"If two went together it would be rather nice," said Oscar.

"That is not likely to happen," replied Mildred. "We shall be sent one by one, as a penance for our sins."

V

MR. STANHOPE breakfasted late, and Edith O. joined him in the big dining-room.

She put up her face to be kissed so naturally that he could not repulse the child, though his feelings towards her were far from affectionate.

"Telegram, sir."

"Ah! probably from Baldwin," he said, speaking his thoughts aloud. His brow grew puzzled as he read a long explanatory missive signed "Nuspratt." Then he glanced sharply across at his visitor, an expression of humour in his eyes.

"Bring your chair nearer to me," he said; "I will butter your toast."

Edith looked pleased at this friendly advance. She was quick to notice his change of attitude.

"So your name," he began, after a pause, "is Edith Oliver, and the Nuspratt children, by way of a joke, sent you here in their sister's place. I must say the joke acted very well."



"EDITH N., VERY SHAMEFACED AND READY TO CRY, SHELTERED BEHIND MILDRED."

He thought of Mr. Baldwin already on his way from London, and of his own hard feelings the previous evening.

"Oh! I'm so glad you know all about it," said Edith, accepting the toast from his hands with a little bow of acknowledgment, "but it wasn't exactly a joke."

"What was it, then?"

"You did not understand about one child in a big family being frightened of

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"HE GLANCED SHARPLY ACROSS AT HIS VISITOR."

coming alone. I have no brothers or sisters, so it didn't matter to me. Another time you must ask two of the Nuspratts together. Mrs. Nuspratt won't mind, because she has seven children at home, and mamma says they are very poor."

He fell to asking this quaint little person a number of questions. In her position of Edith O. he discovered she was highly entertaining, and ready to tell him exactly how everything happened.

Her naïve description of the proceedings amused him vastly. Before breakfast was half over he felt inclined to receive the whole of the Nuspratt brood, if they were prepared to come.

"Capital children," he said; "plenty of go in them, lots of imagination, and a sense of humour too. Just what I like. I must certainly know more of them."

"You see, I was sent there to find my own level," said Edith, "and to learn to play."

"A very excellent proceeding. The lesson will come easy enough among those light-hearted youngsters. I won't disturb your visit; Dr. Nuspratt shall take you back to Littlewake to-day, and when you return to your parents I'll have a tribe of Nuspratts here to continue the lessons. Do you think they would teach me to play, or am I too old?"

"Mamma says it is never too late to learn," replied Edith, politely, anxious not to hurt his feelings. But when she thought of the Nuspratt games she feared in her heart that perhaps, after all, Mr. Stanhope was just a little too old.

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NEW COINAGE—WHY NOT?

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES SCOTT.

IS it not amazing that in this enlightened era there exists one matter in which we have practically remained stationary, to the direct inconvenience of everyone enjoying the life of civilization? It is our coinage to which I am referring. Why has a coin been so uniformly circular? Is there any satisfactory reason to urge for the retention of this precise shape? You will experience a decided difficulty in finding an unassailable answer. Why?

Even if an apparently good reason could be rendered for this one particular form, it could be confronted with many objections. The most obvious point—one from which I suppose few people have not suffered—is that if a coin is dropped it displays the tantalizing practice of rolling away in unsuspected directions and to surprising distances. Now, a square coin could not possibly behave in this manner. But a square coin would, no doubt, too quickly wear or tear holes in pockets and purses, and the idea of its adoption must be abandoned.

There are many other phases of objection to the present shape of coins. A man taking his ticket at a railway booking-office, or about to receive a 'bus or tram ticket, is compelled either to examine a handful of loose money or wriggle his fingers about in a purse in order to secure the right coin. This is bad enough, but when a person is aboard a tram or 'bus in the hours of darkness the trouble is accentuated. Many riders are frequently troubled with the suspicion that they have parted with a valuable coin in place of one of humbler value. Besides, conductors deserve to be considered, since they are constantly compelled to scrutinize coins as though they were engaged in scientific investigation. How many disputes occur in these situations!

Objections could be further multiplied; but I will proceed to examine a few suggestions for improvement. Let us take, as the first set demanding inquiry, that of the farthing, sixpence, and half-sovereign. The three-penny-piece, being so characteristically diminutive, is ruled out as not requiring attention. The sixpence and half-sovereign cannot be distinguished from each other by touch alone, since both possess the milled edge; but the farthing, which is seldom found in conjunction with its two aristocratic cousins, can be quickly recognised by its smooth edge and size.

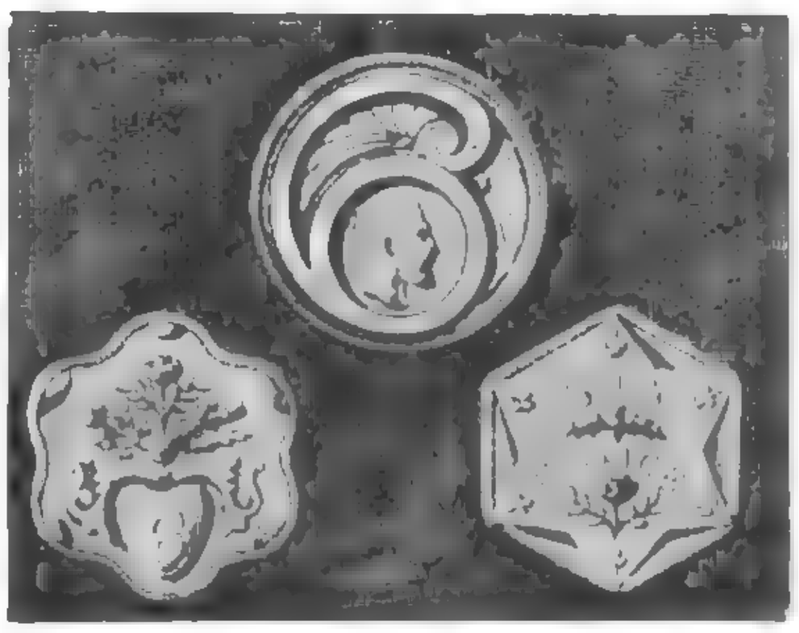


FIG. 1.—SUGGESTIONS OF NEW DESIGNS FOR THE SIXPENCE, BY WHICH IT COULD BE INSTANTLY DISTINGUISHED FROM THE FARTHING OR THE HALF-SOVEREIGN, EVEN IN THE DARK.

I propose that the next coin likely to be confused with it shall assume either of the three shapes depicted in Fig. 1. The figure 6 — to impress the very prominent and isolated expression upon the user's mind—can be serviceably conveyed in either of three very different ways. Six serpentine curves, six sides with rounded points, or a bold numeral in relief would afford a welcome and appropriate change. As there are no ninepenny coins, no fear need be entertained that a mistake could arise in regarding the figure in its inverted position.

The half-sovereign, consisting of almost sacred metal, must not be tampered with too greatly. The claim to the word "half" can be shared by the half-sovereign and the half-crown, but we will allocate the description to the coin of higher value.

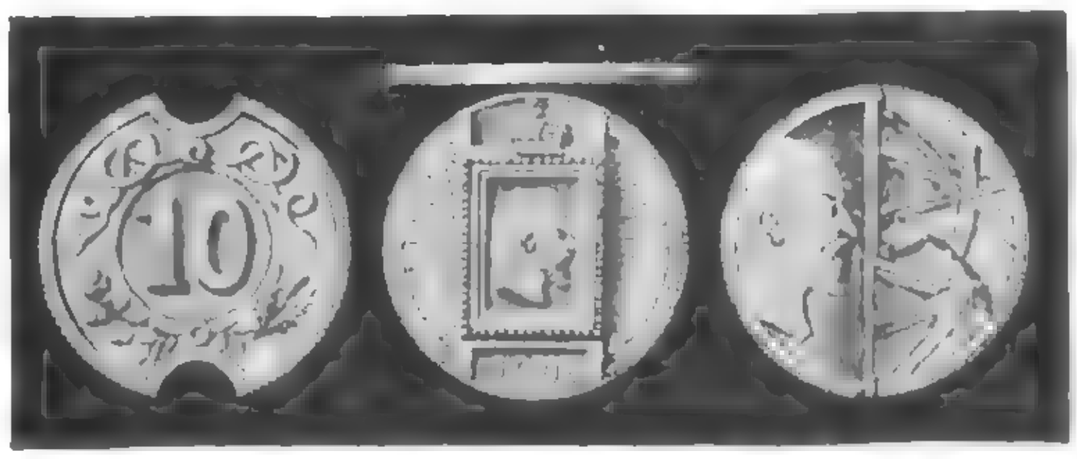


FIG. 2.—NOVEL HALF-SOVEREIGNS, WHICH COULD NEVER BE MISTAKEN FOR A SIXPENCE OR A FARTHING.

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Let the half-sovereign, therefore, be divided on one surface by a flush half-way ridge caused merely by scooping out the two areas on both sides; or arrange that half the circumference shall be milled, while the remainder is smooth. This can be ensured by the design showing His Majesty's profile fronting a conventional display of the sun's rays — which never set on our Empire. An alternative scheme, which would not interfere excessively with the modern designs, need be nothing more than partially separating the coin into halves by a couple of notches.



FIG. 3.—DISTINCTIVE DESIGNS FOR A PENNY.

With regard to the ridge-divided half-sovereign, the King's head could be very conspicuously modelled in one hollow, and, by reason of the presence of the ridge, not become subjected to the defacing by wear which is so unsightly on many coins. How appropriate, too, that His Majesty should gaze, as it were, upon two Union Jacks entwining a heart! These suggestions are shown in Fig. 2 at the bottom of the preceding page.

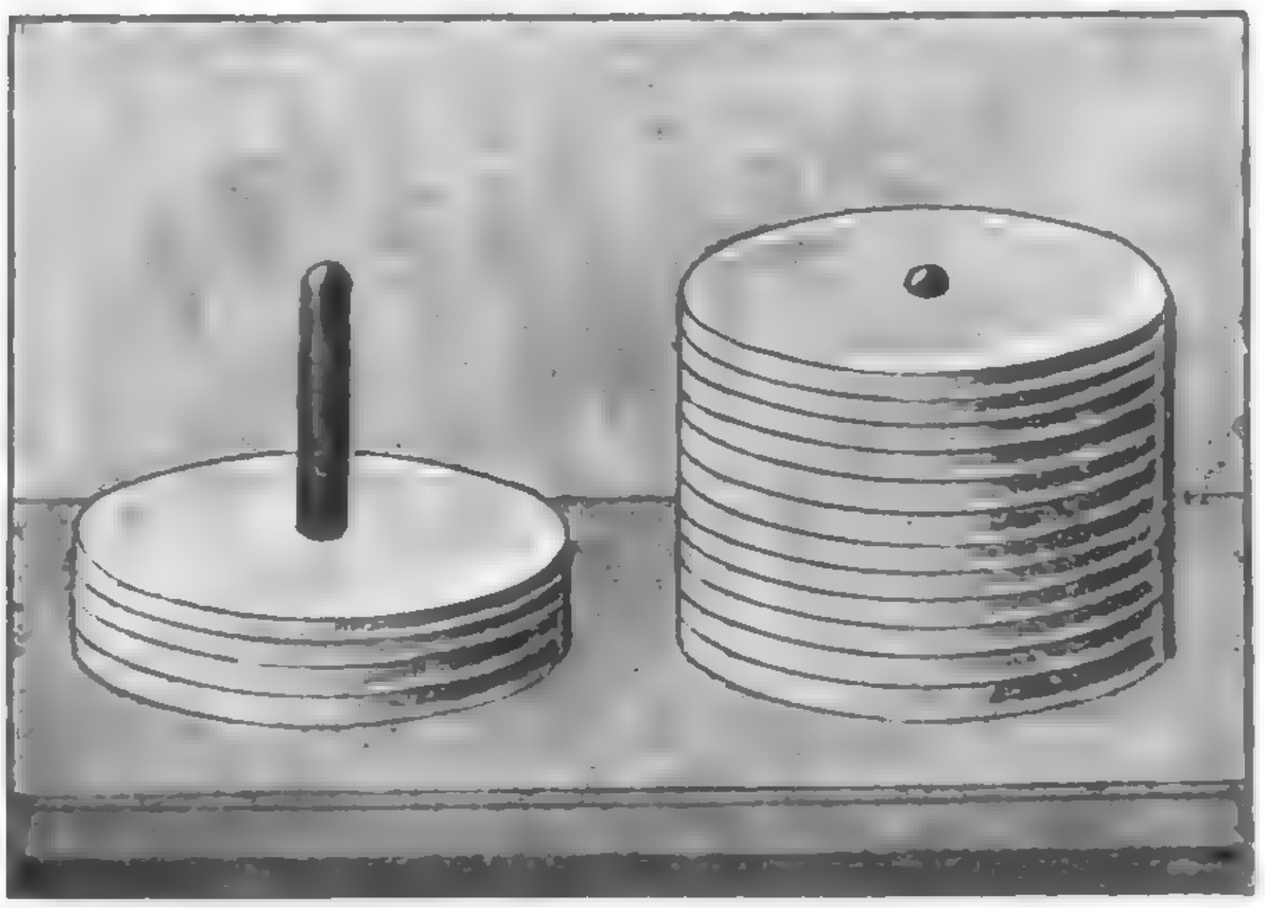


FIG. 4.—STACKING PIERCED PENNIES ON A PEG TO SAVE COUNTING.

We now have to consider the second set of coins liable to frequent confusion —the penny, the florin, and the half-crown. Although the latter is actually noticeably larger than the florin, it is equally responsible for causing disputes. I should not like to hazard a guess concerning the number of occasions when quarrels have arisen over the imputation that a shopkeeper has given change for a florin instead of half a crown.

We will, however, deal just now with the penny, which I suppose is tendered more often than any other coin.

Inasmuch as Britannia appears alone on copper coinage, and bearing in mind that she "rules the waves," why not differentiate the penny by encircling it with the upraised facsimile of a tarred rope, suggestive of Jack Tar and his surroundings?

An even better design, as the penny is the twelfth part of a shilling, could consist of a twelve-sided coin. It might also be pierced with a hole (Fig. 3), so that pennies could be easily counted by filing them on a peg of the necessary height, as shown in Fig. 4.

The florin and half-crown must be definitely settled—that difference of sixpence in their respective values is really not worth all the anxiety now involved. Perhaps the most suggestive design would be a graceful figure 2, seeing that the number, verbally expressed, is never used in connection with any other coin. The rose, shamrock, and thistle would appropriately fill up the symmetrical spaces.

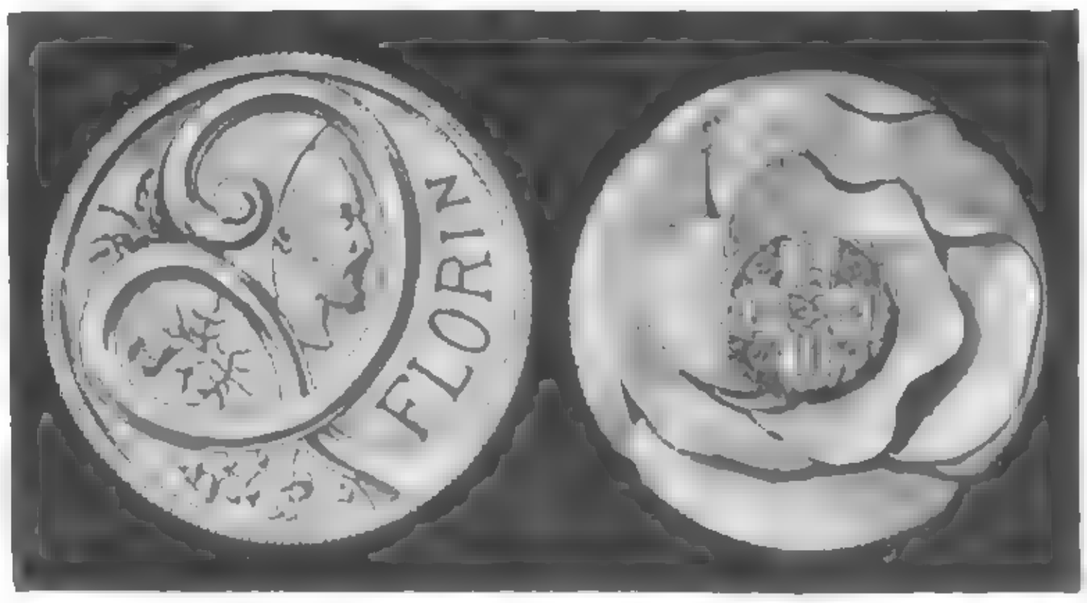
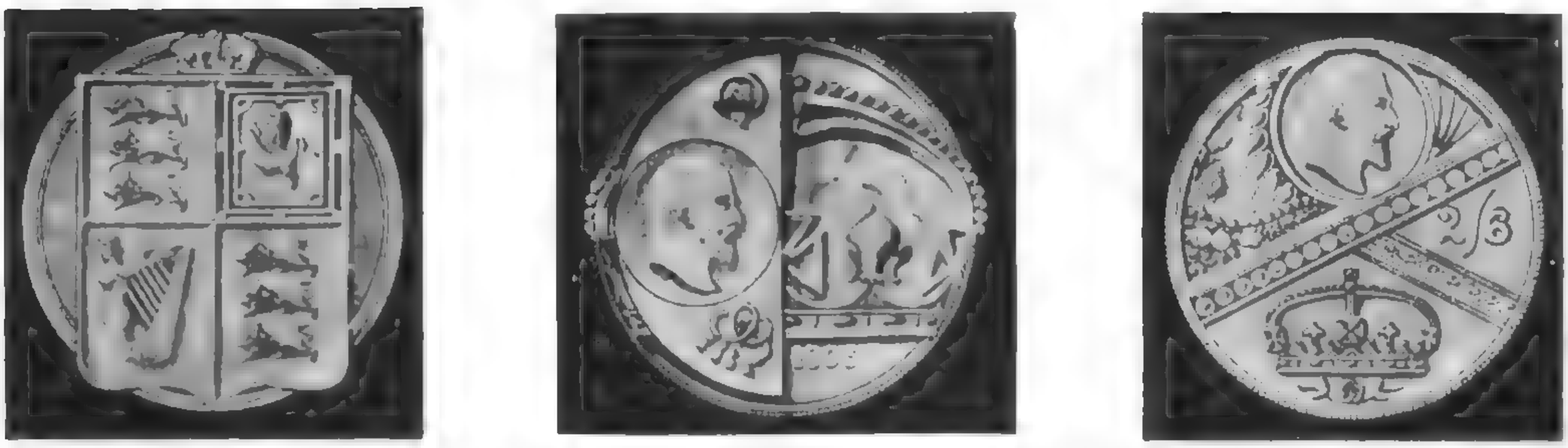


FIG. 5.—AN UNMISTAKABLE FLORIN.

Florin and flora have a similarity of sound, and indeed of meaning, since the florin first received its name from a flower which was stamped upon

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FIGS. 6, 7, AND 8.—HALF-CROWNS WHICH CANNOT BE CONFUSED WITH PENNIES OR FLORINS.

it. Hence Flora could be typified by an embossed rose (Fig. 5), the outer petals of which would form four easily traceable segments. As the rose is essentially an English flower, how could the design be surpassed? But somewhere or other our Scottish compatriots would have to be represented to better advantage.

The "half-crown" is nearly right as it is. By arranging for two suitable projections to exist upon the circumference, a touch in black darkness would always identify it; or the adoption of the present shield device could be so enlarged that its four extremities would serve as identification marks (Figs. 6 and 7).

Reverting once more to the "halfing," however, this might very well be represented by a middle row of perceptible balls, not necessarily elevated, with the addition of a crown and the King's profile. A horn of plenty might fill up one of the corners (Fig. 8).

The third set of coins, the comparative similarity of which in size and configuration is always likely to bewilder their owners, comprises the halfpenny, shilling, and sovereign. In connection with the first-named, inasmuch as the risk does not lie in passing a halfpenny in mistake for a coin of higher value, but *vice versâ*, it may be well to leave this specimen alone and improve the more valuable ones.

A shilling, for instance, might be distinguished by an upraised, round-faced figure of 8, consisting of the two SS crossed, and signifying its station. Otherwise a single figure 1, boldly embossed on one face, would prove useful (Fig. 9.)



FIG. 9.—DESIGNS TO DISTINGUISH A HALFPENNY FROM A SHILLING.

Now for the supreme coin—the sovereign, which literally subjects the whole of the others to humility. We must not allow ourselves to tamper too freely with this ever-welcome and noble object. We cannot disfigure St. George and the Dragon, who essentially typifies our national character in its best phase. I therefore confine the suggestions to one only, consisting of a prettily-scalloped edge with twenty lobes, significant of twenty shillings; and I cannot believe that it loses its dignity by such treatment. Moreover, no one could ever be excused for parting with a sovereign so fashioned under the impression that he were tendering a halfpenny or a shilling.

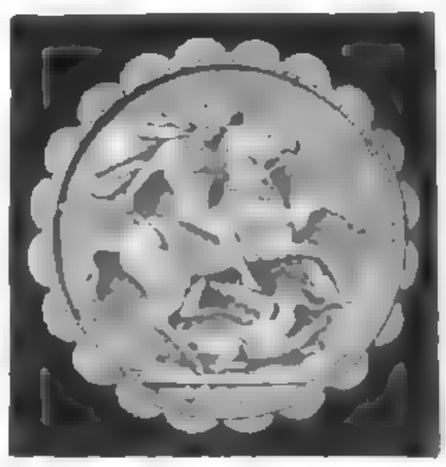


FIG. 10.—A SOVEREIGN WITH A TWENTY-LOBED RIM.

At any rate, possessed of coins designed as pictured there could be no safe or profitable gilding of sixpences to pass off as half-sovereigns; while an important, if minor, attribute is that all of them could be "read" by blind people or by normal beings in the thickest of fogs or on the darkest of nights.

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CURIOSITIES.

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[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

THAT QUARRELSOME DOG!



AN ingenious young friend of mine who owns a small dog of a quarrelsome temperament had great difficulty in keeping him from the fights in which he frequently engaged, till she hit upon the somewhat original plan of substituting a book-strap with handle for the usual dog-collar. Now, when his enemies approach him, she lifts him easily out of harm's way as shown in the above photo. — Miss W. Brownlow, 72, Lewisham Park, S.E.

AN ANGEL'S FOOT.

I TOOK this somewhat extraordinary photograph while on the roof of St. Peter's in Rome. It shows the foot of one of the angels that hold up the clock on the exterior of the cathedral. From the Piazza the angel looks like a small statue.—Miss L. F. Scholfield, Devoke Lodge, Walton-on-Thames.

A MUSICAL CAT.

I SEND you a small sketch, "A Musical Cat." It will be perceived that each stroke is a sign used in music, and for the benefit of the uninitiated I give this explanation: Eyes, pauses; ears and nose, accents; whiskers, crescendos; mouth, mordente; outline of head, ties; collar, staff; bells, notes; body, two phrase lines; feet, two crescendos; toes, flats and sharps; tail, two ties.—Mr. W. Gough, Clyde House, Prince's Road, Stoke-on-Trent.





A ROCK-VILLAGE FROM ALOFT.

THE peculiar photograph reproduced is a snap-shot of the roofs of the houses of Roquebrune—one of the famous rock-villages of the French Riviera. These rock-villages were situated on hill-tops for safety from the Saracens and Moors, and partly because there was very little room on each hill-top, and partly for security in earthquakes, the houses were built so close together as to be almost a solid mass from one edge of the village to the other. The main "streets" of the town practically consist of lanes about six feet wide, crossed so continually by arches as to be really tunnels all the way. The photograph was taken from the top of the castle of the Lascaris, which is on a slight eminence in the centre of the town. — Mr. Ward Muir, 9, South Vale, Norwood, S.E.

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A NETTLE-BEER EXPLOSION.

WE were startled one afternoon recently by an explosion in the house, and upon inspection found that a bottle of nettle beer in the larder had burst, and the body and neck of the bottle had shot upwards with such force as to break through the plaster and laths in the ceiling, remaining suspended there, as shown in the photograph. This account may serve as a warning to some of your readers against the danger of putting home-made nettle beer in screw-stoppered bottles.—Mr. C. R. Thompson, Elm Villas, Clayton, Bradford.

THE "MAN" WHO MINDS THE COWS.

IN the Basque country the children begin to work at an early age. They learn to tend and guide the oxen, which are used entirely for agricultural and draught work, and, as if by instinct, obtain complete control over the animals while barely able to reach their heads. The sturdy urchin of four years shown in the photograph is up at daybreak (nothing will keep him in bed later than his parents), and bare-legged and bare-headed he goes with the cows to the pastures. If one should stray on to a neighbouring patch, he is after it with his long stick and Basque adjurations, and brings it scampering back, generally holding on to its tail meanwhile!—Mr. F. Mordaunt, Izarra, St. Jean-de-Luz, S. France.



A CYCLE CARNIVAL NOVELTY.

THE following photograph is not of the real "Weary Willey at repose," but the ingenious idea of a cyclist who decorated his machine to represent a haystack, and then got inside among the hay, made up as a tramp, and rode through the streets with this cumbersome burden. The legs which are protruding are not the rider's own; they are only a false pair. I am pleased to inform you that the ingenious competitor received first prize for the best cycle novelty on that day.—Mr. David Flett, Photographer, 52, North King Street, North Shields.



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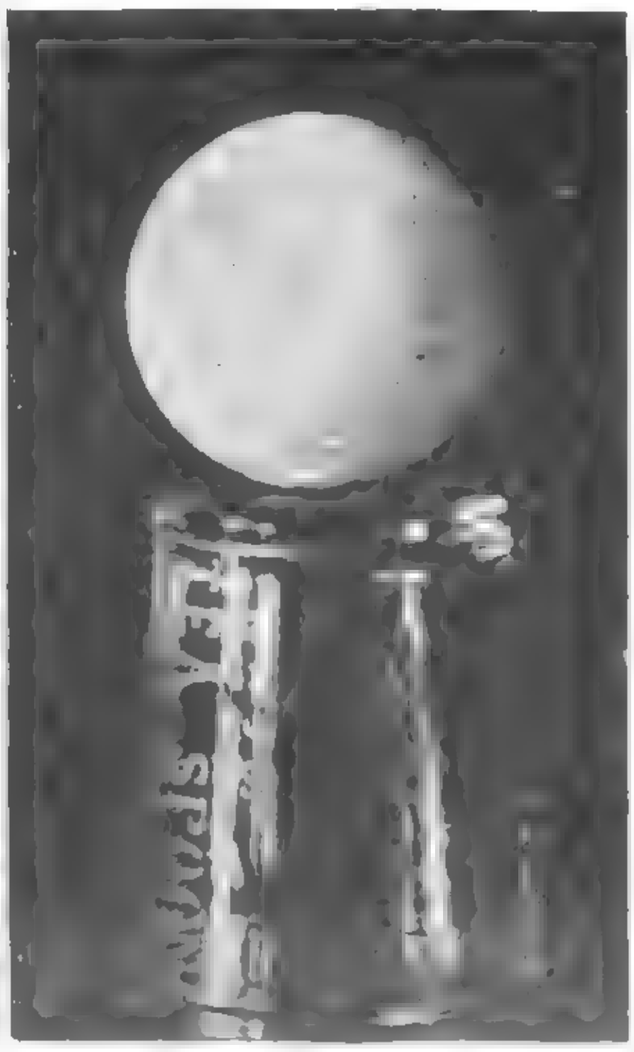
THE BIGGEST GRASSHOPPER ON EARTH.

THIS gigantic grasshopper requires two horses to draw it. Although the ordinary insect is not over two inches long, the monster shown in the picture is twenty-five feet from tip to tail. Its legs, when stretched out, are thirty feet long, while its folded wings extend a distance of twenty feet, the "insect" weighing about a hundred pounds. Anyone who has ever seen a grasshopper will acknowledge that it is a perfect likeness of the kind which come in myriads on the prairies of the United States and eat every vestige of vegetation. Considering its enormous size the one shown in the picture is very light in weight, but its legs are made up principally of cloth stuffed with dried grass, and its body is of the same material, its wings being composed of thin wooden boards. The grasshopper was made by a fire company in Kansas, to be shown in a procession. Needless to say, it attracted much attention.—Mr. D. Allen Willey, Baltimore.

SPHERICAL EGGS.

ANY hen can lay the ordinary egg of commerce with which we are familiar, but a Wimbledon bird has set a fashion in which she is easily singular. She sometimes lays eggs which are perfectly spherical in shape, and her owner is a proud man in consequence. So startling is the resemblance that it is somewhat difficult to discern which of the two photographs we reproduce is of the egg and which of the billiard-ball.



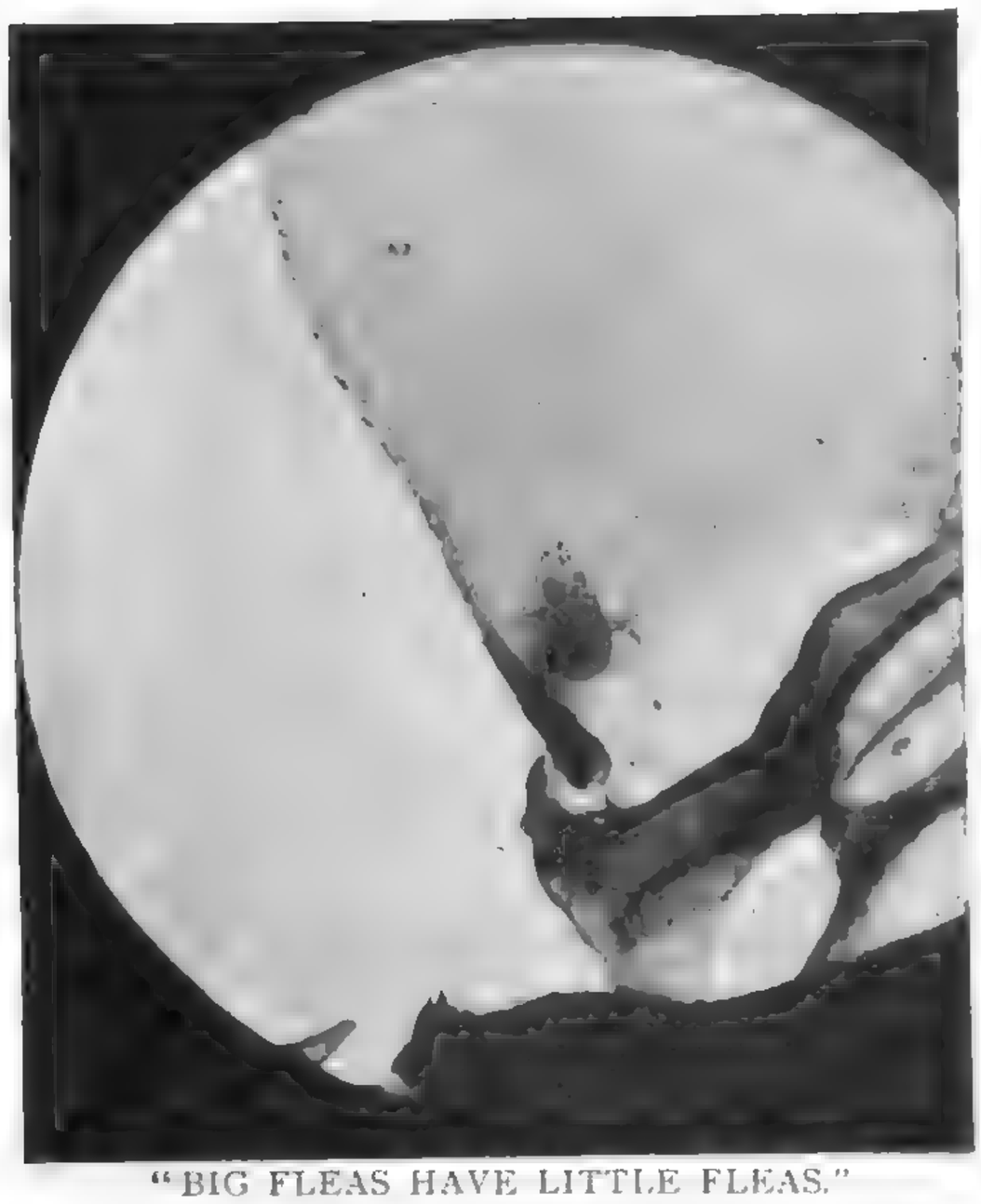


BEES IN A SIGNAL-LAMP.

THE photograph reproduced here represents a swarm of bees in rather an unusual position. One evening in July last at Yatton Junction, on the Great Western Railway, it was noticed that the lamp in the shunting signal-post was burning very dimly. On examination it was found that a swarm of bees had taken possession. The porter, thinking discretion the better part of valour, left them for more experienced hands to deal with. In the morning the lamp was removed and the bees, being somewhat disturbed, became restless, when one of the signalmen more courageous than his mates carried the lamp carefully to the nearest bee-keeper for proper treatment. The photograph shows the lamp by a rough stone wall and the old-fashioned straw skip in position for driving the bees into it, which operation had already been commenced when the snap-shot was taken, smoke being injected into the lower part of the lamp. The bees are to be seen flying upwards into the skip, from which when settled and quiet they could be transferred into the more up-to-date hive. The bees were probably attracted by the light when on the wing, or otherwise would have chosen a more suitable settling place.—Mr. F. W. Hedges, High Street, Yatton, Somerset.



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"BIG FLEAS HAVE LITTLE FLEAS."

WHILE doing microscopical work at Guy's Hospital I carelessly examined a dead fly lying on the laboratory table, under my microscope. I mounted the wing just as an interesting specimen, and later was surprised to discover that with higher magnification a small parasite was visible which irresistibly proved the truth of the verse which, with variation, runs :—

Big fleas have little fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em.
And little fleas have lesser ones
And so ad infinitum.

The parasite is approximately ·0006 of an inch in length, and, therefore, quite invisible to the naked eye. The slide was prepared by Mr. H. M. Peacock, and the micro-photograph taken by Mr. W. Baly Peacock, 289, London Road, Croydon.

BECOMING AND MOST INEXPENSIVE.

THIS is not an exhibition of Paris millinery, as one might suppose. The hats in the photograph are made entirely of newspaper, being the result of a competition got up among the visitors of various nationalities staying at the Hotel Sonnenberg, Engelberg. A time limit of half an hour was given; each person was supplied with three sheets of newspaper, and all competitors were requested to bring their own pins and a pair of scissors. When finished the hats were placed on the bottles, and a committee was appointed to award the first and second prizes. I was fortunate enough to secure the prize hats and three others for my photograph. There was a tie between two hats for the first prize (the first two on the left-hand side in the photograph), and the lady sitting in the middle of the group is wearing the second prize. An American lady begged to be allowed to take one of the first prize hats out to America with her to show her countrymen "what English ladies could do." I must not forget to mention that several men also entered for the competition, though most of them lost their nerve and failed to put in an appearance at the last moment. A fool's cap made by one of them appears in the photograph.—Miss Ida M. Fairbairn, 89, Onslow Gardens, S.W.



A MONSTER MUSHROOM.

THE mushroom, a photograph of which I send you, was grown at Mr. Golding's farm, near



Northwood, in three days, together with eleven others only a trifle smaller. When cut this mushroom weighed two and a quarter pounds and measured no less than forty inches in circumference, and it would be interesting to know whether it constitutes a record for size and weight. — Mr. H. Lines, High Street, Pinner.

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AND I GIVE the whole of my said estate unto my nephews Thomas Brown John Brown and Richard Brown their heirs executors administrators and assigns in such shares as that the said Thomas Brown shall receive three hundred pounds less than the said John Brown and Richard Brown and that they shall each re--ceive one hundred and fifty pounds more than the said Thomas Brown

A PUZZLING WILL.

THE extract facsimiled here is from an actual will, but, of course, the names given are fictitious ones. The net realization of the estate was £669 15s. Your readers may be interested in solving the question, "How much did the testator intend each of the three nephews to receive?" At first sight it would appear that the clause is perfectly clear, but the latter half, which appears to make the testator's intention beyond doubt, has had just the opposite effect. As a matter of fact, it is impossible to divide the estate according to the terms of this clause, but, legally, the latter half would be adhered to—*i.e.*, John and Richard each to take £150 more than Thomas.—Mr. H. W. Houghton, 26, Queen's Road, Prescot, Lancs.



A VEGETABLE BOUQUET.

I SEND you a photograph of a vegetable bouquet made by myself. It is composed of peas, beans, tomatoes, lettuce, carrots, potatoes, sage, etc.—Miss N. S. Surman, The Clifton, Felixstowe.

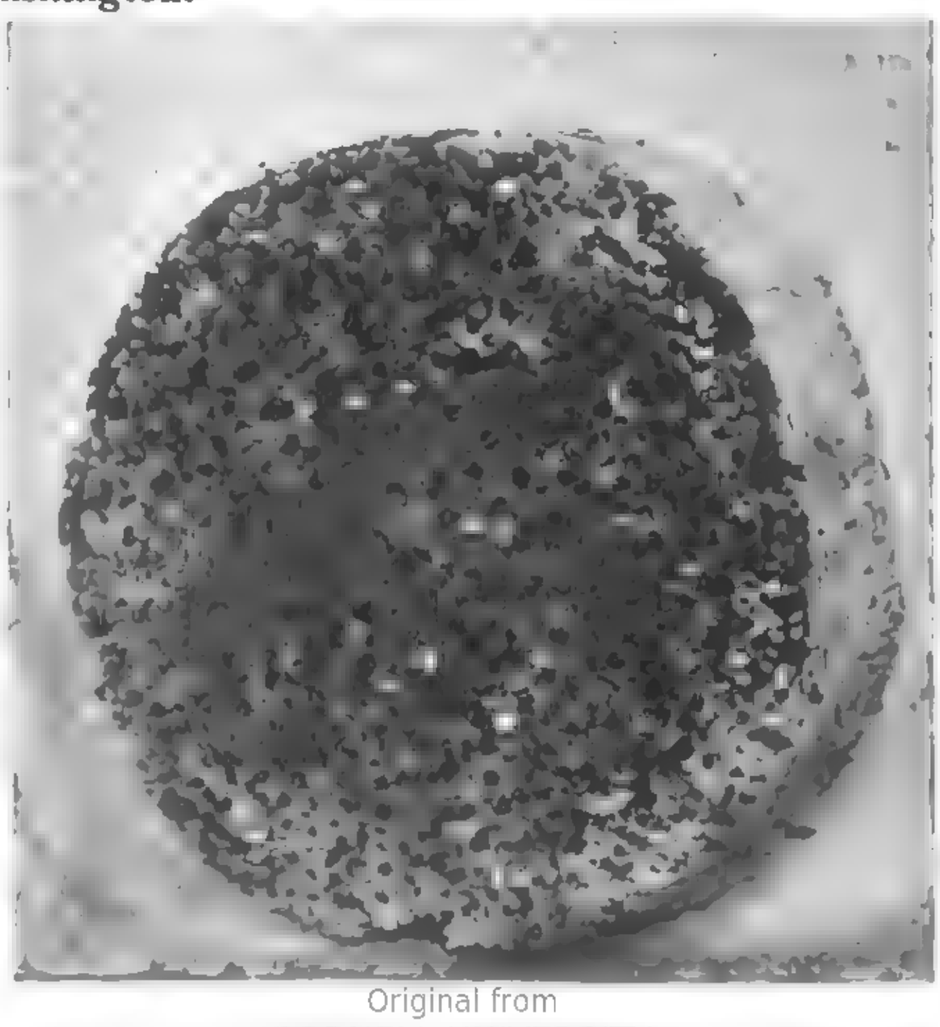
A FISH WITH A COLLAR.

IT is an unusual thing for fishes to wear collars, but the adjoining photograph shows a "collared" codfish which was caught by some Flamborough fishermen off Flamborough Head, while out on a fishing expedition. The fish was in perfect health and well fed, but the ring had cut into the flesh. The ring had been used as packing between iron pipes, and being rubber the inside edge had been squeezed quite thin, and was very hard and sharp. The fish had by some means got its head through the ring, and getting it behind the gills was unable to shake it off again, as the encumbrance had cut into the shoulders and each side of the throat. The photograph is by Mr. W. R. Readhead, of Flamborough, who is the local agent for the International Fisheries Association. The fish was handed to him by the fishermen, who were under the impression that it was one marked by the above association for research-work.—Mr. W. R. Readhead, High Street, Flamborough, E. Yorks.



THE WORK OF A PEST.

AS the king of pests, the Teredo easily takes the palm. No wood submerged in the sea is safe from its attacks, whether it is wharf timber or the bottom of a ship. Its work cannot be seen until the timber is cut, when the wood will be found perforated by the passages bored by the active little creature. The section of log shown herewith contains, by actual count, over eight hundred holes drilled by the Teredo, yet each passage-way is sharp and distinct and does not break into another. How these animals, working in the dark interior of the wood, can avoid breaking into the excavations of their neighbours is a puzzle to scientists.—Mr. Jas. G. McCurdy, Port Townsend, Washington.



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"THE THREE MEN WERE ATTENTIVELY WATCHING THE DISTANT FRENCH LINES."

(*See page* 494.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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SIR NIGEL.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOW NIGEL WAS CALLED TO HIS MASTER.

"MY sweet ladye," wrote Nigel, in a script which it would take the eyes of love to read, "there hath been a most noble meeting in the fourth sennight of Lent betwixt some of our own people and sundry most worthy persons of this country, which ended, by the grace of our Lady, in so fine a joust that no man living can call to mind so fair an occasion. Much honour was gained by the Sieur de Beaumanoir and also by an Almain named Croquart, with whom I hope to have some speech when I am hale again, for he is a most excellent person and very ready to advance himself or to relieve another from a vow. For myself I had hoped, with Godde's help, to venture that third small deed which might set me free to haste me to your sweet side, but things have gone awry with me, and I early met with such scathe and was of so small comfort to my friends that my heart is heavy within me, and in sooth I feel that I have lost honour rather than gained it. Here I have lain since the Feast of the Virgin, and here I am like still to be, for I can move no limb, save only my hand; but grieve not, sweet ladye, for St. Catherine hath been our friend, since in so short a time I had two such ventures as the Red Ferret and the intaking of the riever's fortalice. It needs but one more deed, and sickerly when I am hale once more it will not be long ere I seek it out. Till then, if my eyen may not rest upon you, my heart at least is ever at thy feet."

So he wrote from his sick-room in the Castle of Ploermel late in the summer, but yet another summer had come before his crushed head had mended and his wasted limbs had gained their strength once more. With despair he heard of the breaking of the truce, and of the fight at Mauron in which Sir Robert Knolles and Sir Walter Bentley crushed the rising power of Brittany—a fight in which many of the thirty champions of Josselin met their end. Then, when with renewed strength and high hopes in his heart he went forth to search for the famous Croquart, who proclaimed himself ever ready, night or day, to meet any man with any weapon, it was only to find that in trying the paces of his new horse the German had been cast into a ditch and had broken his neck. In the same ditch perished Nigel's last chance of soon accomplishing that deed which should free him from his vow.

There was truce once more over all Christendom and mankind was sated with war, so that only in far-off Prussia, where the Teutonic knights waged ceaseless battle with the Lithuanian heathen, could he hope to find his heart's desire. But money and high knightly fame were needed ere a man could go upon the northern crusade, and ten years were yet to pass ere Nigel should look from the battlements of Marienberg on to the waters of the Frische Haff, or should endure the torture of the hot plate when bound to the Holy Woden stone of Memel. Meanwhile, he chafed his burning soul out through the long seasons of garrison life in Brittany, broken only by one visit to the château of the father of Raoul, when he carried to the Lord of Grosbois the news of how his son had fallen like a gallant gentleman under the gateway of La Brohinière.

And then, then at last, when all hope was well-nigh dead in his heart, there came one glorious July morning which brought a horseman bearing a letter to the Castle of Vannes, of which Nigel was now seneschal. It contained but few words, short and clear as the call of a war-trumpet. It was Chandos who wrote. He needed his squire at his side, for his pennon was in the breeze once more. He was at Bordeaux. The Prince was starting at once for Bergerac, whence he would make a great raid into France. It would not end without a battle. They had sent word of their coming, and the good French King had promised to be at great pains to receive them. Let Nigel hasten at once. If the army had left, then let him follow after with all speed. Chandos had three other squires, but would very gladly see his fourth once again, for he had heard much of him since they parted, and nothing which he might not have expected to hear of his father's son. Such was the letter which made the summer

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sun shine brighter and the blue sky seem of a still fairer blue upon that happy afternoon in Vannes.

It is a weary way from Vannes to Bordeaux. Coastwise ships are hard to find, and winds blow north when all brave hearts would fain be speeding south. A full month had passed from the day when Nigel received his letter before he stood upon the quay side of the Garonne, amid the stacked barrels of Gascon wine, and helped to lead Pommers down the gang-planks. Not Aylward himself had a worse opinion of the sea than the great



"NIGEL HELPED TO LEAD POMMERS DOWN THE GANG-PLANKS."

yellow horse, and he whinnied with joy as he thrust his muzzle into his master's outstretched hand and stamped his ringing hoofs upon the good firm cobble-stones. Beside him, slapping his tawny shoulder in encouragement, was the lean, spare form of Black Simon, who had remained ever under Nigel's pennon. But Aylward, where was he? Alas! two years before he and the whole of Knolles's company of archers had been drafted away on the King's service to Guienne, and since he could not write the squire knew not whether he was alive or dead. Simon, indeed, had thrice heard of him from wandering archers, each time that he was alive and well and newly-married, but as the wife in one case was a fair maid, and in another a dark, while in the third she was a French widow, it was hard to know the truth.

Already the army had been gone a month, but news of it came daily to the town, and such news as all men could read, for through the landward gates there rolled one constant stream of wagons, pouring down the Libourne Road, and bearing the booty of Southern France. The town was full of foot-soldiers, for none but mounted men had been taken by the Prince. With sad faces and longing eyes they watched the passing of the train of plunder-laden carts, piled high with rich furniture, silks, velvets, tapestries, carvings, and precious metals, which had been the pride of many a lordly home in fair Auvergne or the wealthy Bourbonnais.

Let no man think that in these wars England alone was face to face with France alone. There is glory and to spare without trifling with the truth. Two provinces in France, both rich and warlike, had become English through a Royal marriage, and these, Guienne and Gascony, furnished many of the most valiant soldiers under the island flag. So poor a country as England could not afford to keep a great force overseas, and so must needs have lost the war with France through want of power to uphold the struggle. The feudal system enabled an army to be drawn rapidly together with small expense, but at the end of a few weeks it dispersed again as swiftly, and only by a well-filled money-chest could it be held together. There was no such chest in England, and

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"WITH SAD FACES AND LONGING EYES THEY WATCHED THE PASSING OF THE PLUNDER-LADEN CARTS."

the King was for ever at his wits' end how to keep his men in the field. But Guienne and Gascony were full of knights and squires, who were always ready to assemble from their isolated castles for a raid into France, and these, with the addition of those English cavaliers who fought for honour, and a few thousand of the formidable archers, hired for fourpence a day, made an army with which a short campaign could be carried on. Such were the materials of the Prince's force, some eight thousand strong, who were now riding in a great circle through Southern France, leaving a broad weal of blackened and ruined country behind them.

But France, even with her south-western corner in English hands, was still a very warlike power, far richer and more populous than her rival. Single provinces were so great that they were stronger than many a kingdom. Normandy in the north, Burgundy in the east, Brittany in the west, and Languedoc in the south were each capable of fitting out a great army of their own. Therefore the brave and spirited John, watching from Paris this insolent raid into his dominions, sent messengers in hot haste to all these great feudatories as well as to Loraine, Picardy, Auvergne, Hainault, Vermandois, Champagne, and to the German mercenaries over his eastern border, bidding all of them to ride hard, with bloody spur, day and night, until they should gather to a head at Chartres. There a great army had assembled early in September, whilst the Prince, all unconscious of its presence, sacked towns and besieged castles from Bourges to Issodun, passing Romorantin, and so onwards to Vierzon and to Tours. From week to week there were merry skirmishes at barriers, brisk assaults of fortresses in which much honour was won, knightly meetings with detached parties of Frenchmen, and occasional spear runnings where noble champions deigned to venture their persons. Houses, too, were to be plundered, while wine and women were in plenty. Never had either knights or archers had so pleasant and profitable an excursion, so that it was with high heart and much hope of pleasant days at Bordeaux, with their pockets full of money, that the army turned south from the Loire and began to retrace its steps to the seaboard city.

But now its pleasant and martial promenade changed suddenly to very serious work of war. As the Prince moved south he found that all supplies had been cleared away from in front of him, and that there was neither fodder for the horses nor food for the men. Two hundred wagons laden with spoil rolled at the head of the army, but the starving soldiers would soon have gladly changed it all for as many loads of bread and of meat. The light troops of the French had preceded them and burned or destroyed everything that could be of use. Now also, for the first time, the Prince and his men became aware

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that a great army was moving upon the eastern side of them, streaming southwards in the hope of cutting off their retreat to the sea. The sky glowed with their fires at night, and the autumn sun twinkled and gleamed from one end of the horizon to the other upon the steel caps and flashing weapons of a mighty host. Anxious to secure his plunder, and conscious that the levies of France were far superior in number to his own force, the Prince redoubled his attempts to escape, but his horses were exhausted and his starving men were hardly to be kept in order. A few more days would unfit them for battle. Therefore, when he found, near the village of Maupertuis, a position in which a small force might have a chance to hold its own, he gave up the attempt to outmarch his pursuers, and he turned at bay like a hunted boar, all tusks and eyes of flame.

Whilst these high events had been in progress Nigel, with Black Simon and four other men-at-arms from Bordeaux, was hastening northwards to join the army. So far as Bergerac they were in a friendly land, but thence onwards they rode over a blackened landscape with many a roofless house, its two bare gable-ends sticking upwards—a "Knolles's mitre," as it was afterwards called when Sir Robert worked his stern will upon the country. For three days they rode northwards, seeing many small parties of French in all directions, but too eager to reach the army to ease their march in search of adventures. Then at last, after passing Lusignan, they began to come in touch with English foragers, mounted bowmen for the most part, who were endeavouring to collect supplies either for the army or for themselves. From them Nigel learned that the Prince, with Chandos ever at his side, was hastening south and might be met within a short day's march. As he still advanced these English stragglers became more and more numerous, until at last he overtook a considerable column of archers moving in the same direction as his own party. These were men whose horses had failed them, and who had therefore been left behind on the advance, but were now hastening to be in time for the impending battle. A crowd of peasant girls accompanied them upon their march, and a whole train of laden mules were led beside them.

Nigel and his little troop of men-at-arms were riding past the archers when Black Simon, with a sudden exclamation, touched his leader upon the arm.

"See yonder, fair sir," he cried, with gleaming eyes, "there where the wastrel walks with the great fardel upon his back! Who is he who marches behind him?"

Nigel looked and was aware of a stunted peasant who bore upon his rounded back an enormous bundle very much larger than himself. Behind him walked a burly, broad-shouldered archer, whose stained jerkin and battered head-piece gave token of long and hard service. His bow was slung over his shoulder, and his arms were round the waists of two buxom Frenchwomen, who tripped along beside him with much laughter and many saucy answers flung back over their shoulders to a score of admirers behind them.

"Aylward!" cried Nigel, spurring forward.

The archer turned his bronzed face, stared for an instant with wild eyes, and then, dropping his two ladies, who were instantly carried off by his comrades, he rushed to seize the hand which his young master held down to him.



"THE ARCHER STARED FOR AN INSTANT WITH WILD EYES."

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"Now, by my hilt, Squire Nigel, this is the fairest sight of my lifetime," he cried. "And you, old leather-face! Nay, Simon, I would put my arms around your dried herring of a body if I could but reach you. Here is Pommers, too, and I read in his eye that he knows me well, and is as ready to put his teeth into me as when he stood in my father's stall."

It was like a whiff of the heather-perfumed breezes of Hankley to see his homely face once more. Nigel laughed with sheer joy as he looked at him.

"It was an ill day when the King's service called you from my side," said he, "and, by St. Paul, I am right glad to set eyes upon you once more! I see well that you are in no wise altered, but the same Aylward that I have ever known. But who is this varlet with the great bundle who waits upon your movements?"

"It is no less than a feather-bed, fair sir, which he bears upon his back, for I would fain bring it to Tilford, and yet it is over-large for me when I take my place with my fellows in the ranks. But, indeed, this war has been a most excellent one, and I have already sent half a wagon-load of my gear back to Bordeaux to await my home-coming. Yet I have my fears when I think of all the rascal foot-archers who are waiting there, for some folk have no grace or honesty in their souls and cannot keep their hands from that which belongs to another. But if I may throw my leg over yonder spare horse I will come on with you, fair sir, for indeed it would be joy to my heart to know that I was riding under your banner once again."

So Aylward, having given instructions to the bearer of his feather-bed, rode away in spite of shrill protests from his French companions, who speedily consoled themselves with those of his comrades who seemed to have most to give. Nigel's party was soon clear of the column of archers and riding hard in the direction of the Prince's army. They passed by a narrow and winding track through the great wood of Nouaille, and found before them a marshy valley down which ran a sluggish stream. Along its farther bank hundreds of horses were being watered, and beyond was a dense block of wagons. Through these the comrades passed, and then topped a small mound from which the whole strange scene lay spread before them.

Down the valley the slow stream meandered with marshy meadows on either side. A mile or two lower a huge drove of horses were to be seen assembled upon the bank. They were the steeds of the French cavalry, and the blue haze of a hundred fires showed where King John's men were camping. In front of the mound upon which they stood the English line was drawn, but there were few fires, for indeed, save their horses, there was little for them to cook. Their right rested upon the river, and their array stretched across a mile of ground until the left was in touch with a tangled forest which guarded it from flank attack. In front was a long, thick hedge and much broken ground, with a single, deeply-rutted country road cutting through it in the middle. Under the hedge and along the whole front of the position lay swarms of archers upon the grass, the greater number slumbering peacefully with sprawling limbs in the warm rays of the September sun. Behind were the quarters of the various knights, and from end to end flew the banners and pennons marked with the devices of the chivalry of England and Guienne. With a glow in his heart Nigel saw those badges of famous captains and leaders and knew that now at last he also might show his coat-armour in such noble company. There was the flag of Jean Grailly, the Captal de Buch, five silver shells on a black cross, which marked the presence of the most famous soldier of Gascony; while beside it waved the red lion of the noble knight of Hainault, Sir Eustace d'Ambreticourt. These two coats Nigel knew, as did every warrior in Europe, but a dense grove of pennoned lances surrounded them bearing charges which were strange to him, from which he understood that these belonged to the Guienne division of the army. Farther down the line the famous English ensigns floated on the wind—the scarlet and gold of Warwick, the silver star of Oxford, the golden cross of Suffolk, the blue and gold of Willoughby, and the gold-fretted scarlet of Audley. In the very centre of them all was one which caused all others to pass from his mind, for close to the Royal banner of England, crossed with the label of the Prince, there waved the war-worn flag with the red wedge upon the golden field which marked the quarters of the noble Chandos.

At the sight Nigel set spurs to his horse, and a few minutes later had reached the spot. Chandos, gaunt from hunger and want of sleep, but with the old fire lurking in his eye, was standing by the Prince's tent, gazing down at what could be seen of the French array, and heavy with thought. Nigel sprang from his horse and was within touch of his

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master, when the silken hanging of the Royal tent was torn violently aside and Edward rushed out. He was without his armour, and clad in a sober suit of black, but the high dignity of his bearing and the imperious anger which flushed his face proclaimed the leader and the Prince. At his heels was a little white-haired ecclesiastic in a flowing gown of scarlet sendall, expostulating and arguing in a torrent of words.

"Not another word, my Lord Cardinal!" cried the angry Prince. "I have listened to you over-long, and, by God's dignity, that which you say is neither good nor fair in my ears. Hark you, John, I would have your counsel. What, think you, is the message which my Lord Cardinal of Perigord has carried from the King of France? He says that of his clemency he will let my army pass back to Bordeaux if we will restore to him all that we have taken, remit all ransoms, and surrender my own person with that of a hundred nobles of England and Guienne to be held as prisoners. What think you, John?"

Chandos smiled.

"Things are not done in that fashion," said he.

"But, my Lord Chandos," cried the Cardinal, "I have made it clear to the Prince that indeed it is a scandal to all Christendom, and a cause of mocking to the heathen, that two great sons of the Church should turn their swords thus upon each other."

"Then bid the King of France keep clear of us," said the Prince.

"Fair son, you are aware that you are in the heart of his country, and that it standeth not aright that he should suffer you to go forth as you came. You have but a small army, three thousand bowmen and five thousand men-at-arms at the most, who seem in evil case for want of food and rest. The King has thirty thousand men at his back, of which twenty thousand are expert men-at-arms. It is fitting, therefore, that you make such terms as you may, lest worse befall."



"'NOT ANOTHER WORD, MY LORD CARDINAL,' CRIED THE ANGRY PRINCE."

"Give my greetings to the King of France and tell him that England will never pay ransom for me. But it seems to me, my Lord Cardinal, that you have our numbers and condition very ready upon your tongue, and I would fain know how the eye of a Churchman can read a line of battle so easily. I have seen that these knights of your household have walked freely to and fro within our camp, and I have much fear that when I welcomed you as envoys I have in truth given my protection to spies. How say you, my Lord Cardinal?"

"Fair Prince, I know not how you can find it in your heart and conscience to say such evil words."

"There is this red-bearded nephew of thine, Robert de Duras. See where he stands yonder, counting and prying. Hark hither, young sir! I

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have been saying to your uncle the Cardinal that it is in my mind that you and your comrades have carried news of our dispositions to the French King. How say you?"

The knight turned pale and sank his eyes.

"My lord," he murmured, "it may be that I have answered some questions."

"And how will such answers accord with your honour, seeing that we have trusted you since you came in the train of the Cardinal?"

"My lord, it is true that I am in the train of the Cardinal, and yet I am liege man of King John and a knight of France, so I pray you to assuage your wrath against me."

The Prince ground his teeth, and his piercing eyes blazed upon the youth.

"By my father's soul I can scarce forbear to strike you to the earth! But this I promise you, that if you show that sign of the red griffen in the field, and if you be taken alive in to-morrow's battle, your head shall most assuredly be shorn from your shoulders."

"Fair son, indeed you speak wildly," cried the Cardinal. "I pledge you my word that neither my nephew Robert nor any of my train will take part in the battle. And now I leave you, sire, and may God assoil your soul, for indeed in all this world no men stand in greater peril than you and those who are around you, and I rede you that you spend the night in such ghostly exercises as may best prepare you for that which may befall." So saying the Cardinal bowed, and with his household walking behind him set off for the spot where they had left their horses, whence they rode to the neighbouring abbey. The angry Prince turned upon his heel and entered his tent once more, whilst Chandos, glancing round, held out a warm welcoming hand to Nigel.

"I have heard much of your noble deeds," said he. "Already your name rises as a squire-errant. I stood no higher, nor as high, at your age."

Nigel flushed with pride and pleasure.

"Indeed, my dear lord, it is very little that I have done. But now that I am back at your side I hope that in truth I shall learn to bear myself in worthy fashion, for where else should I win honour if it be not under your banner?"

"Truly, Nigel, you have come at a very good time for advancement. I cannot see how we can leave this spot without a great battle which will live in men's minds for ever. In all our fights in France I cannot call to mind any in which they have been so strong or we so weak as now, so that there will be the more honour to be gained. I would that we had two thousand more archers. But I doubt not that we shall give them much trouble ere they drive us out from amidst these hedges. Have you seen the French?"

"Nay, fair sir, I have but this moment arrived."

"I was about to ride forth myself to coast their army and observe their countenance, so come with me ere the night fall, and we shall see what we can of their order and dispositions."

There was a truce betwixt the two forces for the day on account of the ill-advised and useless interposition of the Cardinal of Perigord. Hence, when Chandos and Nigel had pushed their horses through the long hedge which fronted the position, they found that many small parties of the knights of either army were riding up and down on the plain outside. The greater number of these groups were French, since it was very necessary for them to know as much as possible of the English defences, and many of their scouts had ridden up to within a hundred yards of the hedge, where they were sternly ordered back by the pickets of archers on guard. Through these scattered knots of horsemen Chandos rode, and as many of them were old antagonists, it was "Ha, John!" on the one side, and "Ha, Raoul!" "Ha, Nicholas!" "Ha, Guichard!" upon the other, as they brushed past them. Only one cavalier greeted them amiss, a large, red-faced man, the Lord Clermont, who by some strange chance bore upon his surcoat a blue virgin standing amid golden sunbeams, which was the very device which Chandos had donned for the day. The fiery Frenchman dashed across their path and drew his steed back on to its haunches.

"How long is it, my Lord Chandos," said he, hotly, "since you have taken it upon yourself to wear my arms?"

Chandos smiled. "It is surely you who have mine," said he, "since this surcoat was worked for me by the good nuns of Windsor a long year ago."

"If it were not for the truce," said Clermont, "I would soon show you that you have no right to wear it."

"Look for it, then, in the battle to-morrow, and I also will look for yours," Chandos answered. "There we can very honourably settle the matter."

But the Frenchman was choleric and hard to appease.

"You English can invent nothing," said he, "and you take for your own whatever you see handsome belonging to others." So,

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"THE FIERY FRENCHMAN DASHED ACROSS THEIR PATH AND DREW HIS STEED BACK ON TO ITS HAUNCHES."

grumbling and fuming, he rode upon his way, while Chandos, laughing gaily, spurred onwards across the plain.

The immediate front of the English line was shrouded with scattered trees and bushes which hid the enemy, but when they had cleared these a fair view of the great French army lay before them. In the centre of the huge camp was a long and high pavilion of red silk, with the silver lilies of the King at one end of it and the golden oriflamme, the battle flag of old France, at the other. Like the reeds of a pool from side to side of the broad array, and dwindling away as far as their eyes could see, were the banners and pennons of high barons and famous knights, but above them all flew the ducal standards which showed that the feudal muster of all the warlike provinces of France was in the field before them. With a kindling eye Chandos looked across at the proud ensigns of Normandy, of Burgundy, of Auvergne, of Champagne, of Vermandois, and of Berry, flaunting and gleaming in the rays of the sinking sun. Riding slowly down the line he marked with attentive gaze the camp of the cross-bowmen, the muster of the German mercenaries, the numbers of the foot-soldiers, the arms of every proud vassal or vavasour which might give some guide as to the power of each division. From wing to wing and round the flanks he went, keeping ever within cross-bow shot of the army; and then at last, having noted all things in his mind, he turned his horse's head and rode slowly back, heavy with thought, to the English lines.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW THE KING OF FRANCE HELD A COUNCIL AT MAUPERTUIS.

THE morning of Sunday, the 19th of September, in the year of our Lord 1356, was cold and fine. A haze which rose from the marshy valley of Muisson covered both camps and set the starving Englishmen shivering, but it cleared slowly away as the sun rose. In the red silken pavilion of the French King—the same which had been viewed by Nigel and Chandos on the evening before—a solemn mass was held by the Bishop of Chalons, who prayed for those who were about to die, with little thought in his mind that his own last hour was so near at hand. Then, when Communion had been taken by the King and his four young sons, the altar was cleared away, and a great red-covered table placed lengthwise down the tent, round which John might assemble his council and determine how best he should proceed. With the silken roof, rich tapestries of Arras round the walls, and Eastern rugs beneath the feet, his palace could furnish no fairer chamber.

King John, who sat upon the canopied daïs at the upper end, was now in the sixth year of his reign and the thirty-sixth of his life. He was a short, burly man, ruddy-faced and deep-chested, with dark, kindly eyes and a most noble bearing. It did not need the blue cloak sewn with silver lilies to mark him as the King. Though his reign had been short his fame was already widespread over all Europe as a kindly gentleman and a fearless soldier—a fit leader for a chivalrous nation. His elder son, the Duke of

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Normandy, still hardly more than a boy, stood beside him, his hand upon the King's shoulder, and John half turned from time to time to fondle him. On the right, at the same high daïs, was the King's younger brother, the Duke of Orleans, a pale, heavy-featured young man, with a languid manner and intolerant eyes. On the left was the Duke of Bourbon, sad-faced and absorbed, with that gentle melancholy in his eyes and bearing which comes often with the premonition of death. All these were in their armour, save only for their helmets, which lay upon the board before them.

Below, grouped around the long red table, was an assembly of the most famous warriors in Europe. At the end nearest the King was the veteran soldier the Duke of Athens, son of a banished father, and now High Constable of France. On one side of him sat the red-faced and choleric Lord Clermont, with the same blue virgin in golden rays upon his surcoat which had caused his quarrel with Chandos the night before. On the other was a noble-featured, grizzly-haired soldier, Arnold d'Andreghen, who shared with Clermont the honour of being Marshal of France. Next to them sat Lord James of Bourbon, a brave warrior who was afterwards slain by the White Company at Brignais, and beside him a little group of German noblemen, including the Earl of Salzburg and the Earl of Nassau, who had ridden over the frontier with their formidable mercenaries at the bidding of the French King. The ridged armour and the hanging nasals of their bassinets were enough in themselves to tell every soldier that they were from beyond the Rhine. At the other side of the table were a line of proud and warlike lords, Fiennes, Chatillon, Nesle, de Landas, de Beaujeu, with the fierce knight-errant, de Chargny, he who had planned the surprise of Calais, and Eustace de Ribeaumont, who had, upon the same occasion, won the prize of valour from the hands of Edward of England. Such were the chiefs to whom the King now turned for assistance and advice.

"You have already heard, my friends," said he, "that the Prince of Wales has made no answer to the proposal which we sent by the Lord Cardinal of Perigord. Certes, this is as it should be, and though I have obeyed the call of Holy Church I had no fears that so excellent a Prince as Edward of England would refuse to meet us in battle. I am now of opinion that we should fall upon them at once, lest perchance the Cardinal's cross should again come betwixt our swords and our enemies."

A buzz of joyful assent arose from the meeting, and even from the attendant men-at-arms who guarded the door. When it had died away the Duke of Orleans rose in his place beside the King.

"Sire," said he, "you speak as we would have you do; and I, for one, am of opinion that the Cardinal of Perigord has been an



"GROUPED AROUND THE TABLE WAS AN ASSEMBLY OF THE MOST FAMOUS WARRIORS IN EUROPE."

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ill friend to France, for why should we bargain for a part when we have but to hold out our hand in order to grasp the whole? What need is there for words? Let us spring to horse forthwith and ride over this handful of marauders who have dared to lay waste your fair dominions. If one of them go hence save as our prisoner we are the more to blame."

"By St. Denis, brother," said the King, smiling, "if words could slay you would have had them all upon their backs ere ever we left Chartres. You are new to war, but when you have had experience of a stricken field or two you will know that things must be done with forethought and in order, or they may go awry. In our father's time we sprang to horse and spurred upon these English at Crécy and elsewhere as you advise, but we had little profit from it, and now we are grown wiser. How say you, Sieur de Ribeaumont? You have coasted their lines and observed their countenance. Would you ride down upon them, as my brother has advised, or how would you order the matter?"

De Ribeaumont, a tall, dark-eyed, handsome man, paused ere he answered.

"Sire," he said, at last, "I have indeed ridden along their front and down their flanks, in company with Lord Landas and Lord de Beaujeu, who are here at your council to witness to what I say. Indeed, sire, it is in my mind that though the English are few in number, yet they are in such a position amongst these hedges and vines that you would be well advised if you were to leave them alone, for they have no food and must retreat, so that you will be able to follow them and to fight them to better advantage."

A murmur of disapproval arose from the company, and the Lord Clermont, Marshal of the army, sprang to his feet, his face red with anger.

"Eustace, Eustace," said he, "I bear in mind the days when you were of great heart and high enterprise, but since King Edward gave you yonder chaplet of pearls you have ever been backward against the English."

"My Lord Clermont," said de Ribeaumont, sternly, "it is not for me to brawl at the King's council and in face of the enemy, but we will go further into this matter at some other time. Meanwhile the King has asked me for my advice, and I have given it as best I might."

"It had been better for your honour, Sir Eustace, had you held your peace," said the Duke of Orleans. "Shall we let them slip from our fingers when we have them here and are fourfold their number? I know not where we should dwell afterwards, for I am well sure that we should be ashamed to ride back to Paris, or to look our ladies in the eyes again."

"Indeed, Eustace, you have done well to say what is in your mind," said the King, "but I have already said that we shall join battle this morning, so that there is no room here for further talk. But I would fain have heard from you how it would be wisest and best that we attack them?"

"I will advise you, sire, to the best of my power. Upon their right is a river with marshes around it, and upon their left a great wood, so that we can only advance upon the centre. Along their front is a thick hedge, and behind it I saw the green and russet jerkins of their archers, as thick as the sedges by a river. It is broken by one road where only four horsemen could ride abreast, which leads through the position. It is clear, then, that if we are to drive them back we must cross the great hedge, and I am very sure that the horses will not face it with such a storm of arrows beating from behind it. Therefore it is my counsel that we fight upon foot, as the English did at Crécy, for indeed we may find that our horses will be more hindrance than help to us this day."

"The same thought was in my own mind, sire," said Arnold d'Andreghen, the veteran Marshal. "At Crécy the bravest had to turn their backs, for what can a man do with a horse which is mad with pain and fear? If we advance upon foot we are our own masters, and if we stop the shame is ours."

"The counsel is good," said the Duke of Athens, turning his shrewd, wizened face to the King, "but one thing only I would add to it. The strength of these people lies in their archers, and if we could throw them into disorder, were it only for a short time, we should win the hedge. Else they will shoot so strongly that we must lose many men before we reach it, for indeed we have learned that no armour will keep out their shafts when they are close."

"Your words, fair sir, are both good and wise," said the King, "but I pray you to tell us how you would throw these archers into disorder?"

"I would choose three hundred horsemen, sire, the best and most forward in the army. With these I would ride up the narrow road, and so turn to right and left, falling upon the archers behind the hedge. It may be that the three hundred would suffer sorely, but

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what are they among so great a host, if a road may be cleared for their companions?"

"I would say a word to that, sire," cried the German Count of Nassau. "I have come here with my comrades to venture our persons in your quarrel, but we claim the right to fight in our own fashion, and we would count it dishonour to dismount from our steeds out of fear of the arrows of the English. Therefore, with your permission, we will ride to the front, as the Duke of Athens has advised, and so clear a path for the rest of you."

"This may not be," cried the Lord Clermont, angrily. "It would be strange indeed if Frenchmen could not be found to clear a path for the army of the King of France. One would think to hear you talk, my lord Count, that your hardihood was greater than our own, but by Our Lady of Rocamadour you will learn before night fall that it is not so. It is for me, who am a Marshal of France, to lead these three hundred, since it is an honourable venture."

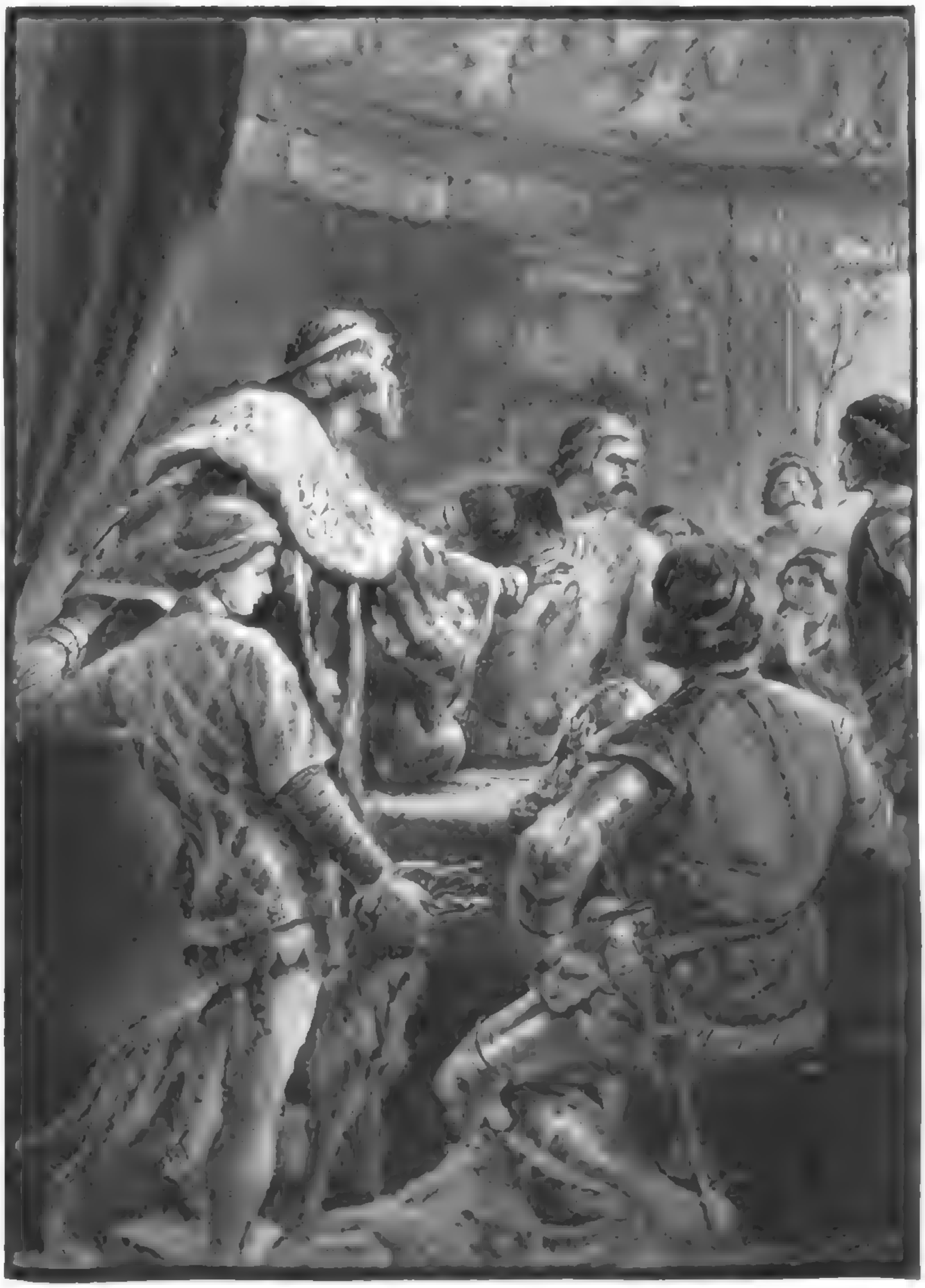
"And I claim the same right for the same reason," said Arnold of Andreghen.

The German Count struck the table with his mailed fist.

"Do what you like," said he. "But this only I can promise you: that neither I nor any of my German riders will descend from our horses so long as they are able to carry us, for in our country it is only people of no consequence who fight upon their feet."

The Lord Clermont was leaning angrily forward with some hot reply when King John intervened.

"Enough! enough!" he said. "It is for you to give your opinions and for me to tell you what you will do. Lord Clermont, and you, Arnold, you will choose three hundred of the bravest cavaliers in the army and you will endeavour to break these archers. As to you and your Germans, my Lord Nassau, you will remain upon horseback, since you desire it, and you will follow the Marshals and support them as best you may. The



"THE LORD CLERMONT WAS LEANING ANGRILY FORWARD WHEN KING JOHN INTERVENED."

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rest of the army will advance upon foot in three other divisions as arranged: yours, Charles"—and he patted his son, the Duke of Normandy, affectionately upon the hand—"yours, Philip"—he glanced at the Duke of Orleans—"and the main battle, which is my own. To you, Geoffrey de Chargny, I entrust the oriflamme this day. But who is this knight, and what does he desire?"

A young knight, ruddy-bearded and tall, a red griffen upon his surcoat, had appeared in the opening of the tent. His flushed face and dishevelled dress showed that he had come in haste.

"Sire," said he, "I am Robert de Duras, of the household of the Cardinal de Perigord. I told you yesterday all that I had learned of the English camp. This morning I was again admitted to it, and I have seen their wagons moving to the rear. Sire, they are in flight for Bordeaux."

"'Fore God, I knew it!" cried the Duke of Orleans, in a voice of fury. "Whilst we have been talking they have slipped through our fingers. Did I not warn you?"

"Be silent, Philip!" said the King, angrily. "But you, sir, have you seen this with your own eyes?"

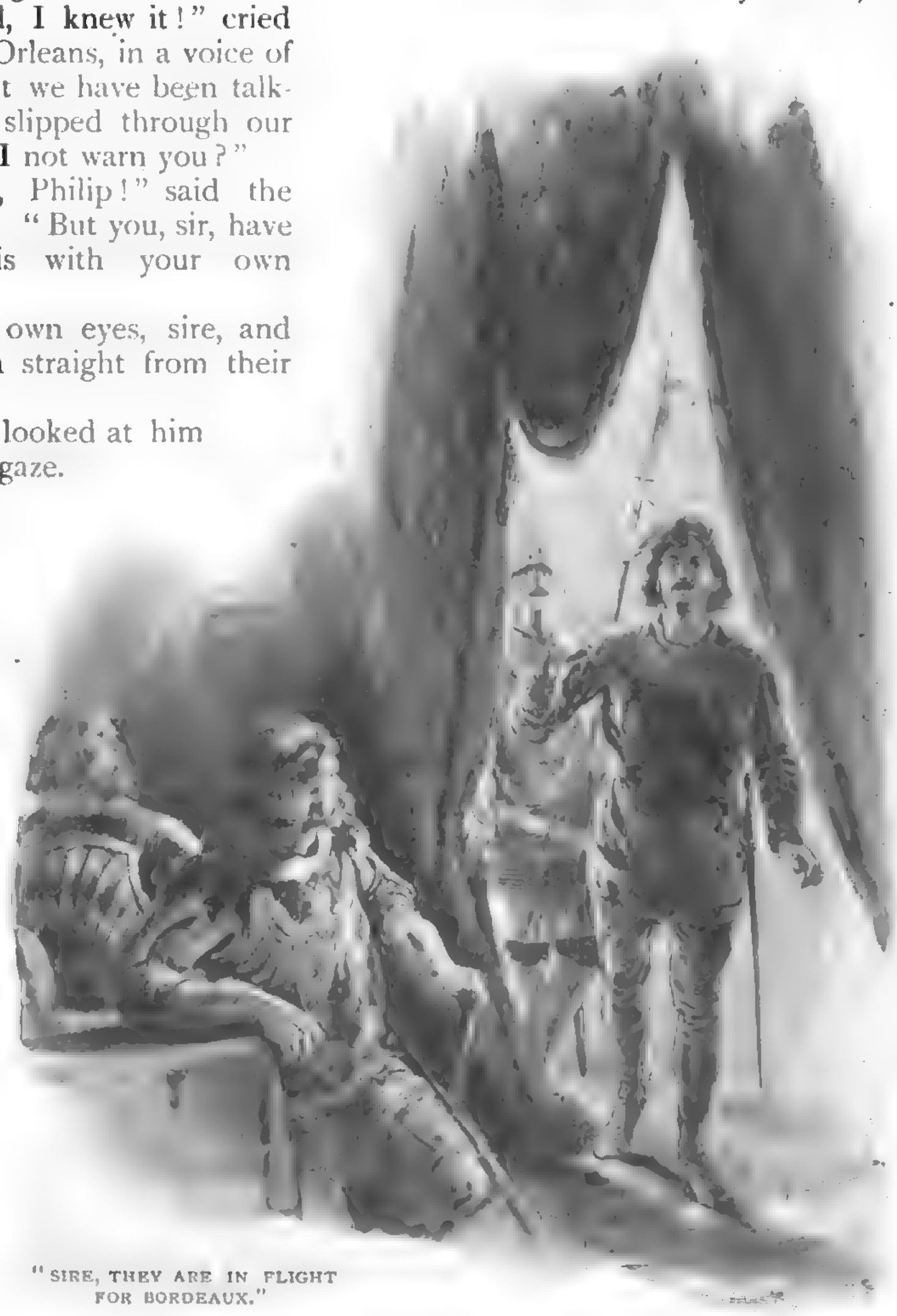
"With my own eyes, sire, and I have ridden straight from their camp."

King John looked at him with a stern gaze.

"I know not how it accords with your honour to carry such tidings in such a fashion," said he, "but we cannot choose but take advantage of it. Fear not, brother Philip; it is in my mind that you will see all that you would wish of the Englishmen before nightfall. Should we fall upon them whilst they cross the ford it will be to our advantage. Now, fair sirs, I pray you to hasten to your posts and to carry out all that we have agreed. Advance the oriflamme, Geoffrey, and do you marshal the divisions, Arnold. So may God and St. Denis have us in their holy keeping this day."

The Prince of Wales stood upon that little knoll where Nigel had halted the day before. Beside him were Chandos and a tall, sunburned warrior of middle age, the Gascon Captal de Buch. The three men were all attentively watching the distant French lines, whilst behind them a column of wagons wound down to the ford of the Muisson.

Close in the rear four knights in full armour with open visors sat their horses and conversed in undertones with each other. A glance at their shields would have given their names to any soldier, for they were all men of fame who had seen much warfare. At present they were awaiting their orders, for each of them commanded the whole or part of a division of the army. The youth upon the left—dark, slim, andearnest—was William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, only twenty-eight years of age and yet a veteran of Crécy. How high he stood in reputation is shown by the fact that the command of the rear, the post of honour in a retreating army, had been given to him by the



"SIRE, THEY ARE IN FLIGHT FOR BORDEAUX."

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Prince. He was talking to a grizzled, harsh-faced man, somewhat over middle age, with lion features and fierce, light-blue eyes, which gleamed as they watched the distant enemy. It was the famous Robert de Ufford, Earl of Suffolk, who had fought without a break from Cadsand onwards through the whole Continental war. The other tall, silent soldier, with the silver star gleaming upon his surcoat, was John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, and he listened to the talk of Thomas Beauchamp, a burly, jovial, ruddy nobleman and a tried soldier, who leaned forward and tapped his mailed hand upon the other's steel-clad thigh. They were old battle companions, of the same age and in the very prime of life, with equal fame and equal experience of the wars. Such was the group of famous English soldiers who sat their horses behind the Prince and waited for their orders.

"I would that you had laid hands upon him," said the Prince, angrily, continuing his conversation with Chandos, "and yet, perchance, it was wiser to play this trick and make them think that we were retreating."

"He has certainly carried the tidings," said Chandos, with a smile. "No sooner had the wagons started than I saw him gallop down the edge of the wood."

"It was well thought of, John," the Prince remarked, "for it would indeed be great comfort if we could turn their own spy against them. Unless they advance upon us I know not how we can hold out another day, for there is not a loaf left in the army; and yet if we leave this position where shall we hope to find such another?"

"They will stoop, fair sir; they will stoop to our lure. Even now Robert de Duras will be telling them that the wagons are on the move, and they will hasten to overtake us lest we pass the ford. But who is this who rides so fast? Here, perchance, may be tidings."

A horseman had spurred up to the knoll. He sprang from the saddle, and sank on one knee before the Prince.

"How now, my Lord Audley?" said Edward. "What would you have?"

"Sir," said the knight, still kneeling with bowed head before his leader, "I have a boon to ask of you."

"Nay, James, rise! Let me hear what I can do."

The famous knight-errant, pattern of chivalry for all time, rose and turned his swarthy face and dark, earnest eyes upon his master.

"Sir," said he, "I have ever served most loyally my lord your father and yourself, and shall continue so to do so long as I have life. Dear sir, I must now acquaint you that formerly I made a vow if ever I should be in any battle under your command that I would be foremost or die in the attempt. I beg, therefore, that you will graciously permit me to honourably quit my place among the others, that I may post myself in such wise as to accomplish my vow."

The Prince smiled, for it was very sure that, vow or no vow, permission or no permission, Lord James Audley would still be in the van.

"Go, James," said he, shaking his hand, "and God grant that this day you may shine in valour above all knights. But hark, John, what is that?"

Chandos cast up his fierce nose like the eagle which smells slaughter afar.

"Surely, sir, all is forming even as we had planned it."

From far away there came a thunderous shout. Then another and yet another.

"See, they are moving!" cried the Captal de Buch.

All morning they had watched the gleam of the armed squadrons who were drawn up in front of the French camp. Now, whilst a great blare of trumpets was borne to their ears, the distant masses flickered and twinkled in the sunlight.

"Yes, yes; they are moving!" cried the Prince.

"They are moving! They are moving!" Down the line the murmur ran. And then with a sudden impulse the archers at the hedge sprang to their feet and the knights behind them waved their weapons in the air, while one tremendous shout of warlike joy carried their defiance to the approaching enemy. Then there fell such a silence that the pawing of the horses or the jingle of their harness struck loud upon the ear, until amid the hush there rose a low, deep roar like the sound of the tide upon the beach, ever growing and deepening as the host of France drew near.

(To be concluded.)

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"LLOYD'S."

By E. St. John Hart.

IN not many ports of the world that seafaring Englishmen have much use for can their arrival and departure pass unheeded. "An eye will watch their coming," and though they be as friendless as Cain, and sail the seas in utter unconsciousness of the slightest importance attaching to their movements save in the minds of two or three interested individuals, they seldom make their landfall without news of it and word of their condition being sent through the shell-burred cables to the heart of London town. That is but one wonderful feature of that wonderful thing in our midst called "Lloyd's."



THE "CALLER" AT THE END OF THE UNDERWRITERS' ROOM—THE "LUTINE" BELL, THE ROMANTIC STORY OF WHICH IS TOLD IN THIS ARTICLE, APPEARS BEHIND HIM.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Limited.

Everyone knows that "A1 at Lloyd's" is synonymous with "first-class," and as such it has passed into a commonplace of the language. But outside of seafaring folk, merchants, and underwriters, it is remarkable how few people have any intelligent idea of the organization, functions, and scope of this unique corporation, which in itself is almost an epitome of our commercial maritime greatness.

To begin at the beginning, Lloyd's is the most wonderful monument ever created to perpetuate the name and memory of a keeper of a house of entertainment. For a long period he was merely mentioned as "a Mr. Lloyd who kept a kauphy-house" and as a "kauphy-man"; but Edward Lloyd was much more than this, even in days when coffee-houses were not much more than a novelty. He was a far-seeing, clever man of business—a born organizer, one of the earliest journalists we ever had, and a clever journalist with the courage of his opinions; and if he worked mainly for his personal interests, he was none the less an able man of affairs, in the best sense of the term.

Lloyd did not start his house for the retailing of "kauphy" till fifty-five years after the death of Queen Elizabeth, when he opened in Tower Street, which was described by a contemporary as "a spacious street, bordering upon the Thames, replenished with seafaring persons."

The "seafaring persons" soon began to foregather at Lloyd's convenient rooms, and the proprietor, quick to see and seize opportunity, after a time brought out a newspaper, printed three times a week, called *Lloyd's News*, which was the first step in the creation of the great corporation that bears his name.

This paper gave plenty of news, and especially information on the subject of shipping. It employed correspondents abroad, for in one of the rare copies in the Bodleian Library, under date October

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10th, 1696, we find not only news from every (then) chief port in Great Britain and Ireland, but a "letter from Barbadoes, containing an account of a ship troubled with spirits." In the present day spirits would appear to have ceased troubling ships, though instances are forthcoming of their powerfully affecting ships' officers and crews.

Lloyd's News, in a greatly improved form and under the name of "Lloyd's List," has come down to us in the present day—with the exception of the *London Gazette* the oldest existing paper in the Empire.

In 1692 Lloyd's coffee-house was removed to the corner of Lombard Street and Abchurch Lane, and about 1770 to quarters in Pope's Head Alley, while in 1773 the merchants, brokers, and underwriters—who for generations had been making use of Lloyd's as a meeting-place for the transaction of business and gleaning of information, having formed themselves into a corporate body with regular subscribing members and more or less eliminated the coffee-house feature—made their final move to the rooms lately occupied by the British Herring Fishery Company over the north-west side of the Royal Exchange.

In 1871 Lloyd's was incorporated by Act of Parliament. It would take many volumes to describe the gradual steps by which Lloyd's obtained the position it occupies in the world to-day.

No commercial man requires a definition of Lloyd's, but the less important part of the community may permit themselves to be told that it is a great market-place for insurance. It is a corporate body, but does not, as a corporation, undertake insurance business. Its members act as underwriters and brokers solely on their own individual account, but in so doing, by reason of their membership, have to conform to certain rules and usages. To the outsider it means that in dealing with a member of Lloyd's you are dealing with a man of proved standing, integrity, and financial soundness.

Every candidate for election as a member has to reassure the committee on these points, and furthermore to guarantee himself, five thousand pounds being the smallest sum he has to deposit with them in the name of trustees as additional security for possible liabilities on account of marine and transport risks. The total of the amounts so deposited is over three million five hundred thousand pounds.

The Act of incorporation defines the objects of the society as: (1.) The carrying-on of the business of marine insurance by members of the society. (2.) The protection of the interests of members of the society in respect of shipping and cargoes and freights. (3.) The collection, publication, and diffusion of intelligence and information with respect to shipping. Just that.

When you go round to the east side of the Royal Exchange you see on your right a lofty, open doorway, above which is the simple word, "Lloyd's." You push open the swing doors and proceed up a great stone staircase, up and down which a stream of men are constantly hurrying.

On the first floor is "The Room"—that is, the Underwriting Room; but unless you are a member or subscriber, or the accredited representative of one or the other, or have business with the staff, you cannot alone enter the room any more than you could pass into the most exclusive club.

At the top of the stairs is a barrier presided over by a gorgeous official in a scarlet robe and a gold-banded top-hat. Here the stranger gives in the name of the member he wishes to see, and this is passed along to the "caller" within. The name is called aloud and the bearer of it then comes to the barrier, and either takes you within or, as in most cases, transacts his business with you then and there.

The Underwriting Room is a large, long, lofty chamber with a domed ceiling, down either side and the centre of which are rows of low pews—technically known as boxes—each of which contains a narrow writing-table with room for three a side, and here "the underwriters sit at the receipt of custom," with their clerks beside them, to record the risks accepted, sign policies, or take down claims. At the end of each writing-table or desk is a wire basket in which are placed the signed policies handy for collection by the brokers, and the two broad gangways are thronged by an ever-shifting and busy crowd of brokers and clerks going to and from one underwriter or group of underwriters to another, most of them carrying in their hands neat leather cases of "slips," on which are written all the particulars of the risks offered and taken.

On the left as you enter is the desk of the superintendent of the room, and a little beyond it is a reading-desk on which rests open one of the most fateful volumes in existence. It is a great tome bound in green leather, known as "The Loss Book," in which, each day as the news is received, is written

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THE BARRIER—NO STRANGER CAN PASS THIS EXCEPT WITH SPECIAL PERMISSION.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Limited.

in fair round hand the list of the casualties at sea. For the year these total, on an average, something over a thousand.

As a pendant to it on the opposite side of the chamber are two volumes of like size to the Loss Book, in one of which are recorded all the home arrivals and in the other all the arrivals in foreign ports.

Sharp to your right as you enter is the seat of the "caller"—he who calls out the names of the men or firms for whom inquiry is made at the barrier or in the room—another gorgeous, scarlet-robed official, framed in a pulpit-like piece of furniture, topped by a great sounding-board.

The northern end of the room, immediately at the back of the caller's stand, is partitioned off, making a separate apartment, known as "The Chamber of Horrors," and also "The Graveyard," of which a photograph appears on page 500. Here are posted copies of the telegrams received reporting casualties, arrivals, and sailings. Unimportant casualties are not entered in the Loss Book, but the reports of them, on yellow flimsy, are posted here. Home coastal reports are written on brown-tinted paper, foreign arrivals and sailings on yellow tissue, and the ominous announcements of vessels missing or overdue on white.

High on the top of the partition screen—a picturesque feature from any part of the room—is mounted the bell, surrounded by the rudder-chains, of the once tall frigate *Lutine*, which, after lying for sixty years at the bottom of the North Sea, is now placed in the very heart of maritime Britain, both as a relic and to serve a quaint purpose. When a vessel is unheard of for so long as to be despaired of by her owners, an application is made to the committee to have the ship posted. If the application is entertained, a printed notice is affixed to the board in the Telegram Room, or Chamber of Horrors, or Graveyard, to the effect that the committee would be glad of information concerning the vessel. This is done on a Wednesday. If by the following Wednesday no news has come to hand, the first notice is replaced by another saying that the ——, which left —— on such and such a day for ——, has not since been heard of. This is the process of a ship being "posted as missing at Lloyd's," and on that day the loss is payable by the underwriters, and the crew are dead in law, to the extent that probate of their wills can be obtained.

When a ship in which any amount of general interest is felt is so posted, the caller rings one short stroke on the *Lutine* bell. In the very unusual event of the vessel afterwards arriving in port, the caller rings two strokes and makes the announcement from his rostrum. So, after over a century ago having called the watches and told the hours to the gallant crews of two opposing nations—for *La Lutine* was one of our captures from the French—and then rung only to the ebb and flow of the tides, the ancient bell, linked by strange coincidence to its early associations, now tolls only the losses and survivals of the sea.

The story of the *Lutine*, briefly, is as follows. For a reason that has never been explained, this thirty-two-gun frigate was placed at the disposal of sundry English

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merchants and bankers for the conveyance of an enormous amount of specie to Cuxhaven. It is said that a junior partner of nearly every banking-house in Lombard Street went in charge of the treasure sent by his house for the customers of his house, and the frigate set sail from Yarmouth Roads on October 6th, 1799.

At first the wind was fair, but by the evening of the succeeding day was blowing a gale from the N.N.W. Just after midnight, when running under a press of sail, she struck on the outer bank of the island of Vlieland, near the mouth of the Zuyder Zee, and sank instantly with all hands save two, who, clinging to some spars, were picked up by a Dutch cutter towards morning. Neither of these men survived their rescue long enough to give more than the above details. But a fishing-boat had passed close to the *Lutine* a little before the disaster, and the fishermen had been astonished to see at that hour the King's ship a blaze of light, and all the evidence of great conviviality in the state cabin. The specie was insured at Lloyd's, and a total loss promptly paid and an effort made to obtain salvage, but this was at first thwarted by the fact that we were then at war with Holland, which claimed the wreck as a prize.

Between 1800 and 1886, by companies and various individuals — in two lots of £55,000 and £50,000 respectively, and various smaller amounts—some £110,000 had been recovered, but probably four or five times that amount is still at the bottom of the North Sea, for any adventurous reader of THE STRAND to seek and recover if he can. Besides a cannon to be seen at the entrance to the Guildhall, and the bell and chains in the Underwriting Room, there is a great chair, devoted to the use of the deputy-chairman of committee, and a handsome table carved out of the rudder of the hapless vessel, and bearing silver plates suitably inscribed, to be seen in the Committee Room at Lloyd's.

The scene when some thousand men are congregated in and moving about the Underwriting Room at the busiest time, which is between three and four p.m., is one of great animation. Underwriting at the



From a Photo. by] THE UNDERWRITING ROOM. *[Geo. Newnes, Limited.*

first glance appears to be a very simple matter. An owner wishes, we will say, to effect an insurance of thirty thousand pounds on a vessel for a certain voyage. It may be a regular risk—that is, from a home port to a foreign and thence back—such as constitute generally the voyages of regular traders, or a cross risk, which means from one foreign country to another, or from one port to another port in a foreign country.

The matter being placed in the hands of a broker, he goes to an underwriter, who takes a proportion of this risk—say, two or three thousand pounds; then to a second, who takes up so much more; and so on till the amount required is subscribed, or if one takes the lot he at once re-insures among his fellow-underwriters. No single underwriter,

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From a Photo. by] "THE GRAVEYARD." *[Geo. Newnes, Limited.*

save in exceptional cases, would take the whole amount and keep it, as in case of loss he would be hit out of all proportion to the chance of profit made. For this reason the underwriters mostly sit and work in groups to simplify the work of subdivision, and also because many make a specialty of certain risks—such as American risks, Turkish risks, Baltic risks, and so on. A great thing is to get a good man or firm to begin your policy, as a good lead is always the more readily followed.

The underwriter must possess a considerable knowledge of geography; he must have at his fingers' ends the safety or danger of every port and roadstead in the world, the best and worst seasons for all voyages, and the character of the navigation to and from all lands. In addition he must know all that the broker knows, which is, how to fill up policies of every description, with all the innumerable clauses adapted to every imaginable contingency; how to make accurate calculations of interest so as to cover loss and correctly assess premiums; and how to make up the complete statements of average and partial loss on every description of goods.

He must know the current rates of premium on every voyage, and must be informed as to the character and standing of the different underwriters for the right selection of the names he takes upon his policies.

Underwriter and broker require no little assistance in the practice of their exacting callings, and at Lloyd's this is supplied, in the first instance, by a small but excellently selected and up-to-date marine reference library leading off the small (an extension of the large) Underwriting Room; in the second, by the Reading Room, a fine, large apartment opening out of the main room, at the end of which is the telegraph office, so that messages can be sent direct to and received from all parts of the world without leaving the building; and in the third, and principally, by Lloyd's Intelligence Department.

The library contains a fine collection of charts, maps, gazetteers, sailing directions, and works on navigation. The Reading Room, besides newspapers and bound volumes of "Lloyd's List" and "Lloyd's Register of Shipping," contains a large number of huge volumes in manuscript, the entries having reference to "Lloyd's List," and known as "Lloyd's Index," this record of information giving constant employment to a staff of clerks. Every year a new set of volumes replaces the old, which are stored so that they can be referred to at any time.

Another huge set of tomes is the "Captains' Register," which has been aptly defined as a biographical dictionary of the whole of the certificated commanders of the British mercantile marine. The number is some-

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thing like sixty thousand. The information for compiling the "Register" and for keeping it absolutely corrected up to the latest date is furnished exclusively to Lloyd's from the records of the office of the Registrar-General of Shipping and Seamen, and is supplied under the authority of the Board of Trade.

Every week there is a vast budget of changes from death, removal, retirement, and so forth, and each entry supplies every detail that can be of the slightest use to shipowner or underwriter. All day it is being consulted, for it stands to reason that a man is not going to insure property without knowing all there is to be known concerning the character and career of the man who is in sole control of the property.

Speaking of captains reminds me that the Captains' Room at Lloyd's is now somewhat of a misnomer. It is a large room, or, rather, couple of rooms, furnished with straight-backed settles and tables, after the fashion of an old-time eating-house. Formerly ships' captains used to assemble there and exchange reminiscences, but it is now merely a luncheon and refreshment room for members. Periodical sales of ships by auction take place in the room, on which occasions it is open to strangers and all who care to attend.

The organization of Lloyd's Intelligence Department, both in its scope and perfection, can only be described as marvellous. "Once aboard the lugger and the girl is mine!" no longer has that ring of truth, that sense of conviction, of convincing probability, it once had. We now know that Lloyd's agent would have had his eye on that lugger and—called the police.

There are over two thousand Lloyd's agents, stationed in every port of the globe. They are selected by a special committee, and though the fees are small the post is eagerly sought after on account of the social prestige attaching to the position in the mercantile world. These agents report arrivals, sailings, wrecks, casualties, etc., direct to head-quarters at the instant they occur. By the sanction of Parliament and Colonial Governments Lloyd's has the control and management of signal stations in the United Kingdom and various British Colonies, and by arrangement with foreign Governments obtains and forwards the reports and advices from their signal stations and semaphores.

The committee of Lloyd's has so well succeeded in interesting ships' captains in their noble work that the bulk of them make it a sacred duty to report particulars of vessels spoken, casualties, wrecks, and derelicts to the agent at their first port of call, for Lloyd's set apart a room where the relations of sailors can obtain all available information about the absent ones.

From all these sources a stream of telegrams (amounting to ninety thousand per annum) and correspondence (amounting to over one hundred thousand letters per annum) pour into Lloyd's Intelligence Department day and night, for it is open during the twenty-four hours, and day and night staffs of clerks receive the messages, copy them, translate them, enter them in books, post them up, send out copies to subscribing agencies and firms, and re-wire them to other maritime centres.

Just stop and think hard for a moment to try to realize what all this means.

The effect of it all is this—that at Lloyd's you can stand with your finger on the pulse of the world's maritime commerce; that you are standing in the midst of the unceasing record of the movements of the hundred thousand ships that from all directions are crossing and recrossing all the seas of the earth.

I have scarcely more than mentioned "Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping," which does for the ships what the "Captains' Register" does for their commanders. It is an annual publication—the highest authority on the subject in existence—giving the most minute details of every British-owned vessel of one hundred tons and upwards, and also many foreign-owned ships.

One department of the "Register" deals not only with the registration, but with the classification of ships and the testing and inspection of engines, boilers, anchors, cables, etc., and for that purpose employs a large staff of surveyors, who, needless to say, are experts of high standing. The class to which a vessel is relegated determines her insurable value, so the inter-dependence of Lloyd's and "Lloyd's Register" can be readily understood. But though the latter is an offshoot of, and only a century less ancient than, the former, and the members of the committee of one often simultaneously occupy a similar position on the other, it is housed apart—at White Lion Court—and, though a sister association, is quite distinct from Lloyd's, and therefore comes not within the scope of this article.

It used to be said in the Pacific that there was no better speculation than a cheap schooner, a sound reef, and a reliable captain.

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One of the reasons for the existence of Lloyd's is to prevent these speculations being profitable—or, in other words, to prevent and expose marine insurance frauds. Lloyd's possess an amazing record of these—both attempted and successful—perhaps the most remarkable example of which was that connected with a vessel that never existed. The vessel was first reported in the papers as having sailed from one port to another. Subsequent voyages were chronicled in due course, and her movements were as frequently announced as those of any existing vessel fully employed in ordinary legitimate trade. When people who are in the habit of reading shipping reports had got thoroughly accustomed to seeing her name in the papers the vessel and cargo were insured on a voyage from Cronstadt to Great Britain. As she never existed it follows that she never arrived—in due course she was posted as missing, and the underwriters paid a loss on both ship and cargo. To the best of my knowledge the fraud was only discovered after such a lapse of time that prosecution was out of the question, but, needless to add, this was some time before Lloyd's Intelligence Department had reached its present stage of perfection.



From a Photo. by] "THE CAPTAINS' REGISTER." *[Geo. Newnes, Limited.*

Here is another case. There is a great trade in diamonds between this country and Holland, for diamonds shipped from the Cape and other parts of the world usually come to London, and thence are sent on to Holland to be cut. An individual insured some diamonds at Lloyd's which were of such peculiar value that they were to be sent under the care of his own son from London to Holland. In a few days the underwriters were notified that the diamonds had been lost on the journey, and the account given was that the young man was so seasick that in his spasms he jerked the diamonds from an inner pocket of his waistcoat over the bulwarks and into the sea. Lloyd's took an opportunity of inspecting the vessel, and found that the unfortunate young man must have been so fearfully ill that not only had he ejected the diamonds over the bulwarks, but, as he was standing on the upper deck, which was separated from the bulwarks by a space of about seven feet, his agonies of seasickness must have been so great that they projected the diamonds out of the inner pocket of his waistcoat, across the rail by which he was standing, across the space of seven feet between the rail and the bulwark, and over the bulwark. This curious

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phenomenon was pointed out to the claimants, and they thought it prudent not to press the claim.

Perhaps the most sensational fraud attempted on Lloyd's was the scuttling of the *Adventure*, commanded by the notorious Captain Codling. The brig *Adventure* left the Thames on July 8th, 1802, bound for Gibraltar and Leghorn, with what purported to be a general and valuable cargo on which heavy insurances were effected at Lloyd's. She called first at Yarmouth, where the supercargo suddenly left, declining to proceed farther in her, and his place was taken by a man sent by the owners from London. She then proceeded to Deal, from there back to Aldborough, where the captain went ashore at night for the purpose of an interview with some person unknown, and thence sailed for the Downs, where the mate also left her, and his place was filled by a common sailor, who declared he knew nothing of navigation. On Sunday morning, the 8th of August, with the sea as smooth as glass, the brig was sighted by the strollers on what is now Brighton beach in a sinking condition, only a little distance from the shore, but making no signal of distress. Filled with amazement, a number of fishermen hurried in their boats to the sinking vessel, only to be peremptorily ordered away by the captain.

The commander of the *Swallow*, a Revenue cutter cruising in the vicinity, disregarded these orders, however, and insisted on towing the brig into shoal water, so that on sinking only her hull was submerged. Codling and his men came ashore in their own boat, and later on had an interview with the owners at the Old Ship Inn.

It was such an obvious case of scuttling that a representative of Lloyd's went to Brighton, had the wreck raised and beached, and found its bottom riddled with holes, Cooper, the new mate, afterwards in evidence confessing that he made them with auger, spike, gimlet, and hatchet, by the captain's orders. Codling fled to Holland, but was intercepted, tried at the Old Bailey, found guilty, and hanged at Execution Dock in the presence of a vast crowd, many of them seafaring persons. But the owners and instigators of the crime escaped punishment on a legal technicality.

Not very long ago a broker at Lloyd's was instructed by a new client to insure his yacht *Firefly*, of which he sent a photograph, for £700, for a voyage to Boulogne and back. The insurance was effected, and in due course it was reported that the yacht had capsized and sunk off the island of Sheppey, but the owner and a friend—all there was of a crew—had saved themselves in a boat. They had pulled to Sheerness, where they landed in such an exhausted condition that it was necessary to put them to bed at the nearest hotel. There was ample corroboration of this part of the story, but the rest of it fell to pieces before the investigation of some detectives. The photograph was perfectly genuine, but it was someone else's yacht and still safely at her moorings. The two adventurers had merely hired a small boat at Gravesend, dropped down the river with the tide, and rowed themselves out in making Sheerness. It was a beautifully simple arrangement, and might have succeeded had they only remembered to return the boat; but, as it was, the excursion ended in imprisonment with hard labour.

Letting alone the fact that in protecting the interests of underwriters in prosecuting their holy war against unseaworthy ships, incompetent, reckless, and dishonest captains, and unscrupulous and criminal owners and shippers, they have indirectly saved the lives of thousands of humble toilers of the sea, the members of Lloyd's have made and can justify the proud boast that in promoting their own interests they have always promoted those of their country.

When once you know what it is and what it does, Lloyd's, to you, is no longer merely a meeting-place of merchants. It is the protector — the tutelary deity of all our countless ships, watching, reproving, punishing, safeguarding — hailing their advent, speeding their departure, and, with the one stroke on the *Lutine's* bell, tolling their lonely obsequies.

And so when, after leagues of ocean, you see the familiar V.C. signal ("What ship's that?") fluttering from the signal-station flagstaff, your heart goes out to all that the sender of the question symbolizes.

The writer wishes to express his acknowledgment to Mr. H. S. Atkins, deputy-chairman of Lloyd's; Colonel Sir H. M. Hozier, C.B., late secretary; Mr. A. J. Smith, superintendent of the Underwriting Room; and Mr. Henry Fowler, editor of "Lloyd's Calendar," for courtesy and kind assistance

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MR. RICHMOND.



By H. A. Hinkson.

MY father was an old-fashioned country solicitor with a practice safe but not extensive. Since I was his only child of the male sex, he decided that when I had done with Oxford, which he regarded as indispensable to a gentleman's education, I should adopt the higher branch of his own profession.

It was necessary that I should find a quiet, respectable house wherein to lodge whilst I was qualifying for the Woolsack, and such a house was found for me by a friend of my father. It was in Bloomsbury, and sad enough to look at from the outside, but inside it was probably more cheerful than the majority of such houses where "paying guests" are received. No. 3, Cranford Gardens, although outwardly it showed the same drab uniformity as its neighbour dwellings, was a surprise to the visitor when once he had entered it, for instead of the prevailing ugly Early Victorian mahogany he found a collector's treasure of antique furniture which not even the gas-light could rob of its beauty.

Mrs. Davidson, whose house had been recommended to my father as a suitable abode for me while I wooed the tardy brief, was what is commonly called a decayed gentlewoman. In her person she showed no indication of decay, being, in fact, a bright, bustling little woman who had taken the change from affluence to narrow means with what appeared to be a philosophic optimism.

Mr. Davidson had died, leaving his wife and his daughter Marion to shift for themselves on an income which scarcely exceeded two hundred pounds a year, and with a house full of beautiful furniture, which it had been his pet hobby to collect.

The prudent amongst Mrs. Davidson's friends advised the sale of the furniture, but she could not endure the thought of parting with it. The alternative was to make it useful in adding to their scanty income, and so a high-class boarding-house was resolved on.

I was Mrs. Davidson's first boarder, and for a time, recommendations and advertisements notwithstanding, it seemed as if I should be the only one. Sometimes I was selfish enough to hope that I should be. It was very pleasant to come back from my chambers to the cheerful, refined society of Mrs. Davidson and her daughter. Marion was a tall, graceful girl of twenty, with a grave, sweet beauty which made her look older than her years. But, despite her gentleness, there was something in her dark eyes and in the shape of her delicate nostrils that betokened a latent pride and resolution. I often found myself wondering how it came about that she was so different from her mother. She was determined to make a place for herself in the world, and she

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regularly attended the Guildhall School of Music. She played so well that I wondered if she were not losing her time in obtaining more instruction, though I was glad enough that she did so, since we were fellow-travellers a good part of the way every morning.

I had been at 3, Cranford Gardens, for about three months, and was still the only boarder. During the latter part of the time I had noticed a change in Mrs. Davidson. The lines in her face had surely deepened and her cheerfulness seemed forced, and when she smiled she seemed nearer to tears than to laughter.

One evening when I came in I saw Marion with her arms about her mother's neck.

"Let us give it up," she cried, "and go back to the green fields and the pure air. There is enough for us both, and, if we are poor, we shall have what no money can buy here—sunshine and pure air. Let us go back."

"Tush! child, it is impossible!" Mrs. Davidson answered. "What would become of your future if we did? Do you think we shall find such another teacher as Herr Erckmann in Reading?"

I did not hear any more, for I crept up-stairs to my room, guilty enough for having heard so much.

When I met my hostess and her daughter at dinner they were quite composed, although Marion's eyes showed some traces of tears.

It was on the day following that the thing happened. I came back from my chambers later than usual and only in time to dress for dinner. Even then I was late, and when I reached the dining-room I found a gentleman seated opposite me. Mrs. Davidson, interrupting my apologies, introduced him to me briefly as Mr. Richmond. I bowed and busied myself with my soup, feeling for the first time a strange sense of jealousy that this new-comer should have taken Marion's old place beside her mother.

Mr. Richmond was a man between thirty and forty years of age, dark, clean-shaven, and not ill-looking. He seemed painfully aware of the virtues of those about him and his own comparative unworthiness, and if one listened to what he said, or addressed him, his manner was eager to show his appreciation of the honour done to him.

To me especially he was deferential, and, though I confess it flattered my youthful vanity, from the beginning I disliked and distrusted him. We were left together to drink our coffee, and though there was little conversation, and his manner remained as deprecatory as ever, he contrived to make me feel at a disadvantage, for he knew more countries than I did counties and he appeared familiar with several languages.

At length he took out his watch and looked at it. Then he sighed gracefully.

"Alas!" he murmured, "that time should be such an enemy to good-fellowship. Permit me to say that I have rarely enjoyed a dinner more, and the after-dinner conversation has been the *pièce de résistance*. I look forward



"'ALAS!' HE MURMURED, 'THAT TIME SHOULD BE SUCH AN ENEMY TO GOOD-FELLOWSHIP.'"

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to many such entertainments if the fates are kind."

He gave me a cold, limp hand and slid from the room. When I had finished my coffee and cigarette I went to the drawing-room. Mrs. Davidson was persuasive and apologetic

"I want to ask a favour of you, Mr. Crampton," she said; "and let me say first how rejoiced I am that you and Mr. Richmond agreed so well together. He is coming to us for three months, and maybe longer. A most desirable gentleman," she added, with unconscious humour, "as he must often be away from home."

"Certainly, Mrs. Davidson," I answered. "I shall only be too glad to oblige you in any way."

"Mr. Richmond requires a sitting-room and bedroom on the ground floor, and there is only yours. I didn't know if you would mind moving to the first floor. It isn't fair to ask you, but——"

"It isn't a very great favour to ask," I returned, smiling; "I thought you might have wanted me to share the dog-kennel. I'll clear out to-morrow, if that will do."

"Thank you ever so much," returned Mrs. Davidson, fervently. "Isn't he good, Marion?"

But Marion said nothing, which was just as well.

Now, though I had assented readily enough to surrender my room, I was somewhat hurt at being asked to do so for a stranger. Besides, there were certain things about that room which appealed to me. It was large and lofty, and it led into the little garden at the back by a pair of glass doors which opened on a balcony. A narrow laneway ran by the house and garden wall, in which latter there was a wooden gate. Before going to bed I used to sit on the balcony and smoke, after all the neighbourhood was gone to rest. Moreover, I had planted snowdrops, crocuses, and daffodils, and looked for their greeting in the spring.

Next morning I had my belongings conveyed to a room upstairs, to make way for the new-comer.

Mrs. Davidson was profuse in her apologies for the disturbance, but Marion was silent and, I thought, distressed.

When I returned in the evening I found that Mr. Richmond had already been installed in the front and back rooms on the right of the hall.

"He was so grateful to you for your kindness," said Mrs. Davidson, "and only regretted that he could not be here this evening to thank you in person."

"There is no necessity," I answered, "since it wasn't to please him that I turned out. But I'm glad to be of service to you."

A few nights later, I suppose owing to the strangeness of my surroundings, I found a difficulty in getting to sleep, and silently but very heartily I abused the new boarder. I could only have been asleep a very short time when I awoke, hearing a strange grating noise below me. In an instant all my wits were alert. I got up, threw on my dressing-gown, and thrust my feet into my slippers. Then I opened the door cautiously and listened. Yes, there it was, sure enough, the grating sound as of someone sawing through a bolt or lock in the door of Mr. Richmond's room below.

Now, though I had no love for the new boarder, yet it did not seem to be playing the game to allow him to be burgled in his absence. Suddenly remembering that I was unarmed, I caught up a poker, and with it crept cautiously down the staircase.

The door was partly open, and I could see the shadow of a man in a recumbent position working at the lock of the door. Holding my breath I went forward on tiptoe. Should I strike him on the head with the poker, or should I attempt to capture him on equal terms?

Before I had quite made up my mind, the burglar raised his head. I dropped the poker and flung myself upon him, clutching his throat. For an instant, startled by the suddenness of the attack, he made no resistance, and I bore him back. Then, in a flash I was flung off violently against the wall. A pair of dark eyes burnt themselves into my brain and iron fingers gripped my throat until I felt my brain bursting.

I had been proud of my physical strength, but now I was like a child in the man's grasp. I was almost unconscious when the grip on my throat was suddenly relaxed, and I heard a voice like a whisper in a dream say:—

"Why, it is you, Mr. Crampton. A thousand thousand pardons; but I thought you were a burglar!"

The man turned sideways, and the dim light from the room shone on the face of Mr. Richmond.

"I heard a noise," I muttered, stupidly, "and I thought you were a burglar."

"How strange that we should both have been mistaken," he said, apologetically, "and I am so sorry for my stupidity; but the truth

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is I am shockingly nervous, and I was putting on new locks to these doors—the old ones, you know, are not very secure—when you fell upon me. I shall never get over the terror of it. You see, I have not physical courage like you."

"You have physical strength, anyway," I returned, ruefully.

"It is the extremity of terror which begets a sort of fictitious strength," he answered, humbly; "and I thought my last hour had come. I never could tell how it was that men fight for the love of it. Forgive me if I thank you again and say good night, for my nerves are sorely shattered. Alas! I have not your physique!"

As I looked at him in the dim shadow, for he did not move from the doorway, he seemed a creature beneath the consideration of a man of ordinary strength, and yet I had been for near a minute helpless in his hands. So I bade him a somewhat surly good night and went upstairs to my room.



"I WAS FLUNG VIOLENTLY AGAINST THE WALL."

It all seemed incomprehensible, and, coward though he confessed himself to be, I could not reconcile the vigour of his resistance and the gleam of his dark eyes with the energy begotten of fear and desperation.

Next morning at breakfast Mrs. Davidson informed me that Mr. Richmond had gone to Paris on business.

"I never knew such a busy man," she added, sympathetically; "it is no wonder that he looks so pale and thin. He is wearing himself out."

I did not answer, but thought grimly of my adventure in the early morning.

"Has he locked up his rooms?" I asked, after a moment.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Davidson answered, smiling; "he is so terribly afraid of thieves, though I told him this house was perfectly safe."

"He's so nervous that I wonder he isn't afraid to travel," said Marion. "Do you remember how much afraid he was of that old German who was rude to him the night we dined at Prince's?"

"You dined with him at Prince's?" I said, the shaft of jealousy entering my heart.

"Yes; such a lovely dinner, if that old German hadn't spoiled it. I felt inclined to hit him myself when Mr. Richmond would not."

Mr. Richmond was apparently not then suffering from the incentive of abject terror, I thought to myself. I wondered what they would think of the encounter during the small hours of the morning. Perhaps my fellow-boarder was gone to Paris to consult a nerve specialist.

When I was leaving for the Temple I found Marion in the hall, bound also for the City. So we went together.

"Did you hear any noise last night?" I asked her.

"No," she answered, with a slight note of alarm in her voice. "What was it?"

"Well, I mistook Mr. Richmond for a burglar. He was putting new locks on his doors when I fell upon him."

She laughed out gaily, so that my heart was relieved of its incipient jealousy.

"I wonder he didn't die of fright," she said, still laughing. "Was he terribly alarmed? Oh, I wish I had been there to see."

"He didn't show any very great alarm—at least at first," I explained; "in fact, he fought like a wild cat."

"He reminds me of a tame cat," she returned; "he seems always asking to be

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stroked, but fright might make him like a wild cat."

I was too young and too anxious for her at least to think me a hero to go into details of the struggle.

"I don't like him, do you?" I asked her, suddenly.

The colour rose in her cheeks.

"Mother does, and you know we are not very rich."

I winced at the revelation of my own bad taste, for, of course, Mr. Richmond's five guineas per week made some difference to Mrs. Davidson.

"Forgive me," I blundered, "but I —I—didn't want you to like him."

"One doesn't necessarily like everyone one meets and has to—to be civil to. Hadn't we better take this 'bus? We are late already."

I felt her hand tremble as I helped her to climb the 'bus. When we sat down together she drew the glove slowly from her left hand, revealing the sparkle of diamonds.

"Look there," she said. "That is his gift."

"His gift!" I repeated. "What does it mean?"

"How can I tell?" she answered, bitterly. "He gave and my mother accepted, and I—I am my mother's dutiful daughter. Here is Chancery Lane. Good-bye for the present. No; you mustn't come any farther with me. I would rather be alone."

I walked down to my chambers greatly perturbed.

I had begun to dream, and now I was rudely awakened. But I must find out how far Marion was committed to Mr. Richmond.

I went home earlier than usual, and was fortunate in finding Marion alone in the drawing-room. She was still wearing the accursed ring, which sparkled mockingly before my eyes.

"Tell me," I said suddenly, "does this thing mean that you are engaged?"

She looked up at me with a quick flush.

"No, no," she exclaimed. "I accepted it because mother thought Mr. Richmond would be offended if I refused it."

"I have no doubt it is very valuable," I remarked, bitterly.

"I don't know," she replied, listlessly, "only that I must wear it."

For a moment I was tempted to implore her to give it back and let me substitute another for it; then I remembered my poverty, and pride choked the words in my throat. But from that instant I hated Mr. Richmond with all the strength of my nature.



"SHE LOOKED UP AT ME WITH A QUICK FLUSH."

I did not meet him again for more than a week. It was at the dinner-table. He sat in his accustomed place beside Marion. I looked for some suggestion of proprietorship, but there was none. On the contrary, his manner was, if possible, more humble and deferential than usual. I examined him furtively, remembering my encounter with him and his sudden revelation of strength, but he looked leaner and his chest more sunken than ever.

Only his long, nervous fingers gave any hint of power, but I knew that many weak men had strong hands. Surely extreme terror produced strange surprises.

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"Since I was a child," he was explaining to Mrs. Davidson, "I have always dreaded pain and fled from violence, and as I grow older the fear redoubles. I could never look at a football match without longing to run away."

I saw Marion's lip curl scornfully, but she said nothing.

"You will grow out of it, Mr. Richmond," Mrs. Davidson answered, sympathetically; "and you show at least great moral courage in confessing your feelings."

Mr. Richmond smiled a sad smile.

"I fear you are too tolerant," he returned, gratefully. At the moment I half pitied him for his abject confession. He certainly was not ill-looking, and would have been even good-looking if his air had been more manly.

He begged me to forgive him if he did not linger over his coffee; he had work to do before leaving for Paris in the morning. He never suggested what his occupation was, but Mrs. Davidson hinted that he was the representative of a French firm, and I supposed that she knew.

The next evening I went to a theatre and did not reach home till after midnight. To my surprise, when I opened the door I came face to face with Mr. Richmond.

"I thought you were unable to open the door, so I came to let you in," he explained.

"You didn't go to Paris?" I said.

"No, I couldn't get ready in time, but I'm off in the morning. Good night," and he disappeared silently into his room and closed the door.

In the morning the doors of his rooms were locked and the windows shuttered, as usual when Mr. Richmond was absent. And during these absences no servant was allowed to enter the rooms, a fact that distressed Mrs. Davidson, to whom the accumulation of dust was abhorrent.

On this occasion his absence was of longer duration than usual. Marion had ceased to wear the diamond ring, and altogether seemed much more cheerful than she had been for some time past.

I had almost forgotten Mr. Richmond when I was reminded of his existence in a very abrupt manner. It was a foggy evening in the middle of February, damp and cold. With the collar of my overcoat turned up to my ears, I was hurrying along Cranford Gardens. When I reached Mrs. Davidson's house I paused before the steps and put my hand in my pocket to draw out the latchkey. As I did so I felt a hand on my arm; I turned round swiftly and saw a tall figure beside me.

"I am a detective officer," he said, in a low voice, without relinquishing his grasp, "and I want you to come with me."

"What do you want me for?" I exclaimed, in amazement.

"You'll hear that soon enough," he retorted; "and you had best come peaceably, as I have men here to help if necessary."

As he spoke, a couple of forms loomed out of the fog and fell in behind us.

"You are making an absurd mistake," I said; "but make haste, as I don't want to lose my dinner."

We found a cab at the corner of the road, into which we got, followed by the two other detectives.

"I suppose it's to Scotland Yard?" I remarked, as the cab began to move on, for the order had been given in a whisper which I didn't hear.

The man who had arrested me chuckled.

"I thought you'd know," he said, waggishly, "and so I didn't waste my breath to tell you."

"I told you you were making a mistake," I answered, "and I don't in the least know what you have arrested me for. I am a barrister, and——"

"I warn you," the detective interrupted, "that any statement you make will be taken down, and may be used as evidence against you."

"I know that very well," I replied, "but I tell you, all the same, that I am a barrister, that I have chambers in 6, Pine Court, and that my name is Owen Crampton, and, further, that I have plenty of people who will prove the truth of what I say."

"There's little good in a name," said the detective. "You see, it is no evidence of identification, because it's so easy to change. Human beings are different from dogs—bad names don't stick to them. For why?—because they can change them."

The two officers who sat opposite us laughed loudly at this witticism, and indeed all three seemed to be in the highest good humour, and so continued until we reached Scotland Yard.

While I waited to be presented to the Chief Inspector I obtained permission from my captor to send a telegram to my friend Jack Shelton, a solicitor in Gray's Inn. I wrote out the wire, asking him to come to me at once, and gave it and half a crown to one of the officers, who promised to dispatch it at once. Then, after about half an hour,

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I was led by my captor into the presence of Chief Inspector Wastraw, at one time the most famous detective in Europe.

He was seated at a huge desk, an elderly man with close-cropped grey hair, clean-shaven face, and keen eyes.

"Here is the prisoner, sir," said the officer, saluting.

The Chief swung round in his chair and faced me. For some moments he regarded me in silence, measuring me from head to foot. What he would have said I do not know, but I was impatient. and did not wait.

"Sir," I exclaimed, "your officers have arrested me for some mysterious reason. I have committed no offence. My name is Owen Crampton, I am a barrister, and I have chambers in Pine Court."

"Where do you live?" he asked, quietly.

"In Cranford Gardens," I answered.

"How long have you been there?"

"Several months."

"It is a lodging-house, is it not?" he continued.

"Yes, in a sense," I answered.

"Are there any other lodgers beside yourself?"

"Yes, one, but he is generally abroad."

"Ah!"

He busied himself for some time amongst his papers. Then he looked up and, addressing my captor, said, "Callaghan, you may withdraw."

The officer saluted and went out.

The Chief put one leg over the other and, with his cheek resting on his hand, looked fixedly at me.

"Pray take a seat, Mr. Crampton," he said, "and perhaps you will be kind enough to answer a few questions."

"Certainly," I replied.

"Thank you. Have you ever heard the name of Louis Bonhomme?" he asked.

"Never."

He raised his eyebrows.

"Nor of Heinrich Hartzburg?"

"No, nor of him either," I returned.

"Of Antonio Zeppalini?" he continued.

"Yes, of course I have heard of him. A few years ago the newspapers were full of him."

"Quite so. Do you think you have ever met him?"

I laughed outright.

"I'm sure I have not," I said. "And if you will excuse me, I should like to know what he has to do with my being here. You don't suppose that I am a famous criminal, do you?"

"No, not now. But would you mind describing this other lodger in your house?"

"With pleasure. But surely you don't suppose that he is Antonio Zeppalini, the most dare-devil ruffian in Europe?" I broke out.

"I have only asked you to describe him," the Chief said, quietly.

"Well, he is lean and weakly; looks afraid of his own shadow, is gaunt and cadaverous——"

The Chief Inspector's eyes sparkled.

"Yes," he said, softly.

"He speaks as though he always expected to be insulted, and is most grateful for any attention," I continued. "He admits that he was always afraid of pain, poor devil. The only time he showed fight was when I took him for a burglar. He fought like a demon then, out of sheer terror as he himself confessed."

"Ah," said the Chief.



"THE CHIEF INSPECTOR'S EYES SPARKLED"

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"But what has this wretched worm to do with Antonio Zeppalini?" I asked.

"Perhaps nothing; that is what I want to find out. Do you know how this fellow-lodger spends his time, or what is his business?"

"No, I don't, though I believe he is the agent of some Paris firm. He is hardly ever at Cranford Gardens."

"Does his landlady know his business?"

"Not beyond what I have told you. It was from her that I learned it."

When I had answered a few further questions relating to the habits of Mr. Richmond and the arrangements of the house, the Chief rose to his feet.

"Mr. Crampton," he said, "I am sorry for the inconvenience to which you have been put, but I think you have done us good service. Louis Bonhomme, Heinrich Hartzburg, and Antonio Zeppalini are one and the same person—that is to say, the most dangerous burglar that we have ever known. For years we have been on his track, now with your help I hope we shall run him to earth in the person of Mr. Richmond."

"Impossible!" I cried; "he would run from a mouse."

The Chief smiled.

"We shall see," he answered. "The house is guarded back and front."

"But Mr. Richmond is in Paris. He has not been seen for weeks."

"Well, we shall see."

An officer entered to say that Mr. Shelton had come in response to a telegram.

"Show him in," said Chief Inspector Wastraw.

"What does it mean?" exclaimed Jack, seizing my hand.

"Heaven alone knows," I answered. "I sent for you to identify me as a respectable member of society. Now it does not seem to be necessary."

The Chief laughed.

"We shall know more within twenty-four hours," he said. "Can you give us any more information?"

Then I told him all I knew, including the locks which Mr. Richmond had put on his doors, and about the little gate from the garden leading into the lane. I wanted to warn Mrs. Davidson of the intended visit of the detectives, but the Chief would not hear of it. "If he is there we must surprise him," he said, "before he can destroy evidence."

It was arranged that Jack Shelton should accompany me back to the house, after we had dined, and that the raid should be made at eleven o'clock. Jack was delighted at the prospect of so exciting a quest, but I was rather troubled, for notwithstanding my pre-conceived ideas about Mr. Richmond, the Chief's confidence had shaken my belief, and I was unwilling to write myself down a fool. Besides, I had a somewhat unpleasant feeling of being an informer, even against a person whom I had never liked.

But that Mr. Richmond should be the same person as Antonio Zeppalini, who had made Europe ring with his dare-devil crimes, and had almost compelled admiration not-withstanding for his amazing courage, was still incredible.

We found Mrs. Davidson and her daughter in the drawing-room, and Marion, who was in high spirits, readily consented to sing for us. Nothing had been heard of Mr. Richmond. So things passed very pleasantly until eleven o'clock, when it was arranged that on the last stroke of the hour I should admit the detectives while letting Shelton out.

As the time approached I felt very nervous, and at the first stroke of the hour my heart leapt. Mrs. Davidson would have kept Shelton longer, but as the clock struck eleven I got him safe in the hall and threw open the door.

One after the other eight stalwart forms came noiselessly up the steps and into the hall.

"Good night, Jack," I cried, and closed the door with Jack inside it. Then I went upstairs to the drawing-room. Mrs. Davidson was about to go to bed, but I stopped her.

"Don't go yet," I said; "I have something to tell you. To-day I was arrested on suspicion of being a burglar, and now detectives are come to search the house."

"You, arrested as a burglar!" gasped Mrs. Davidson.

"Yes; but the search is only a form. Still, it is better that you should stay here," and I turned to Marion.

"Yes, we will stay here," the girl answered, her face pale and resolute.

I hurried down the stairs, and as I reached the hall the door of Mr. Richmond's bed-room was opened cautiously by a detective. I saw the light within, then it was suddenly extinguished, but in the instant I had seen a man rise suddenly from a chair as if from sleep and turn to face his pursuers.

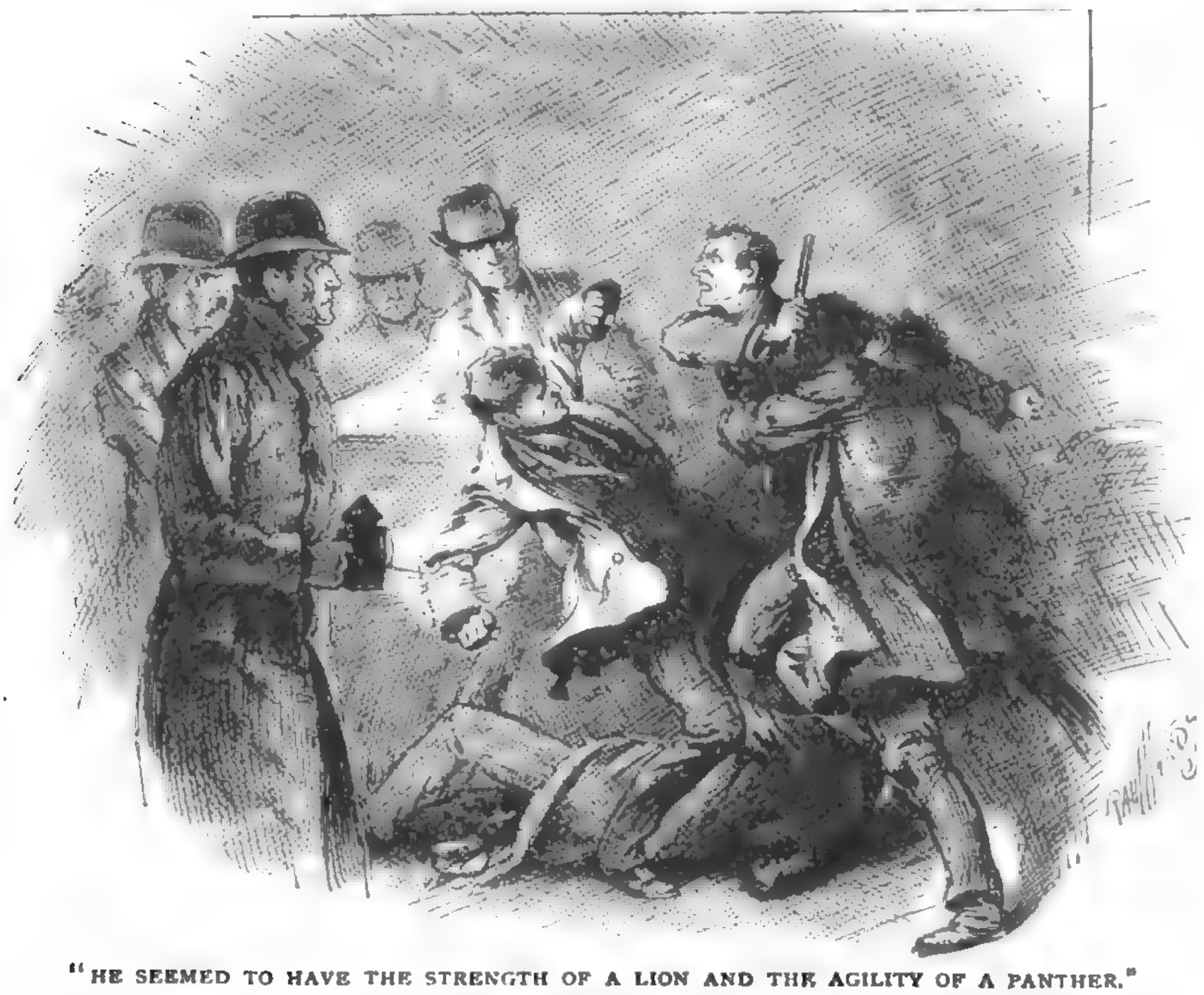
"In the King's name——"

The sound of a heavy blow and the dull thud of a lifeless body in the darkness answered the challenge. In an instant the detectives' lanterns lit up the room. In the

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midst Mr. Richmond stood, crouching like a panther ready for the spring, while at his feet lay the insensible form of his first aggressor. Three of the biggest detectives flung themselves upon him, but he threw them off as if they were children. He seemed to have the strength of a lion and the agility of a panther.

They called to him to surrender in the King's name, but he cried aloud in derision. Again they flung themselves upon him and he cast them off, ever edging towards his bed.



"HE SEEMED TO HAVE THE STRENGTH OF A LION AND THE AGILITY OF A PANTHER."

I caught sight of a silver-mounted revolver with a dainty ivory handle lying beside the pillow. I made a rush for it and his eyes followed me. That was his undoing, for the three men fell upon him unawares and bore him to the ground. I heard the click of the handcuffs, and when he rose to his feet his wrists were pinioned together. He seemed spent, and leaned heavily against one of his captors.

"Give me air," he panted, looking to the window opening on the balcony.

One of the detectives threw open the window and led him to it. He seemed no longer capable of resistance. But when he reached the balcony he shouted, in a loud voice, "Gefahr, Gefahr!" then he flung himself into the garden and ran to the wicker gate.

The suddenness of this attempt to escape paralyzed his captors for a moment, but the fog had cleared off and there was a full moon, and the handcuffs hampered him, so that he could not open the gate.

"Gefahr, Gefahr!" he shouted, and then surrendered.

They brought him back again through the house, an officer holding each arm. He had grown suddenly calm, and bore himself with a certain dignity.

"It is a cold night, gentlemen," he said, "and I hope you will permit me to clothe myself fittingly, since I am not used to hardship."

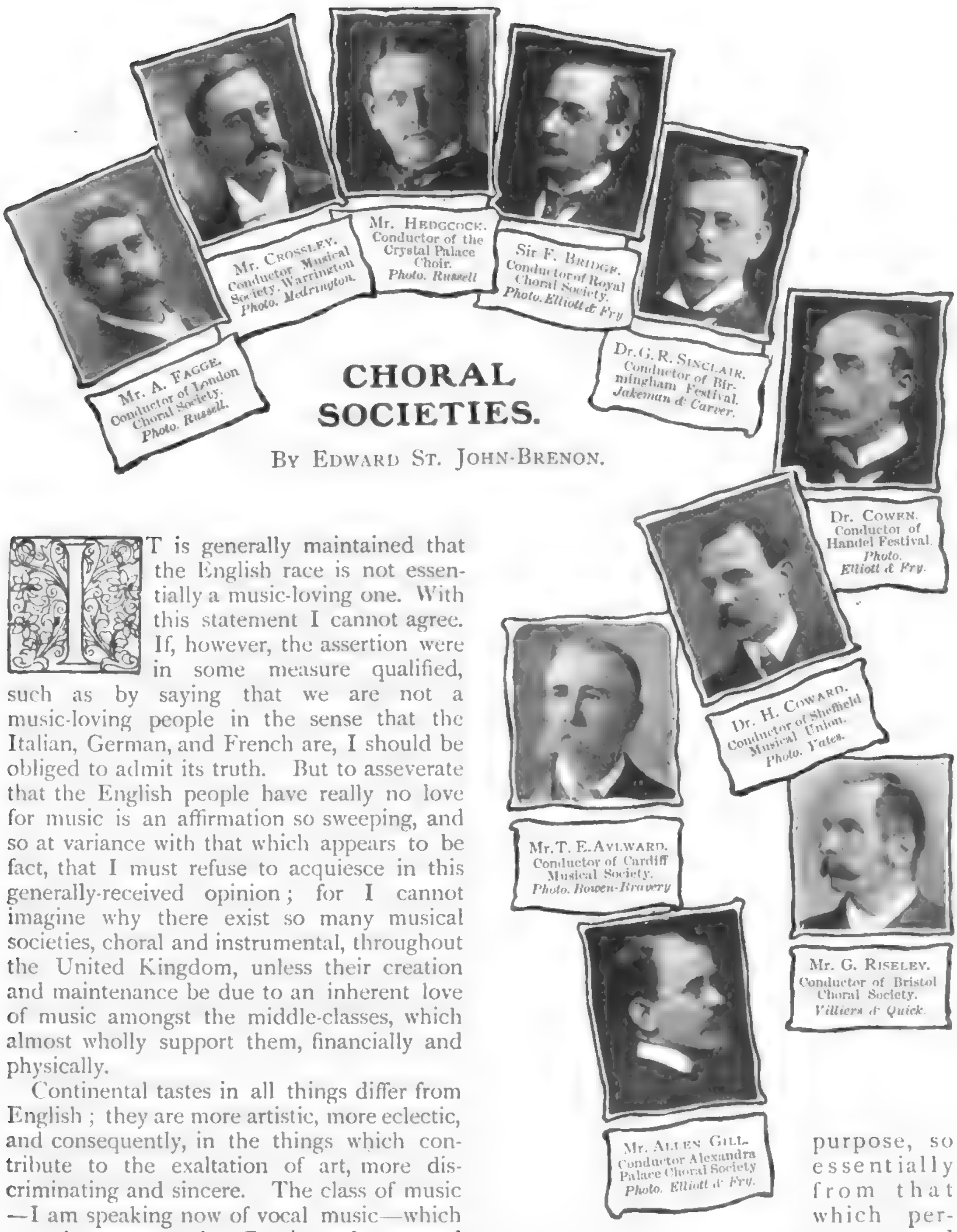
So they threw his fur-lined cloak about his shoulders, since his hands were pinioned, and led him out into the hall. As he passed me he paused a moment and smiled.

"Pray give my compliments to madame and to her daughter," he said. "If I had not thought you too great a fool, I would have killed you when you were here last. Now you have got the better of me. But next time——" and his eyes burned as they had when he had held me by the throat.

"He behaved like a perfect gentleman, and gave us no trouble at all," said one of the detectives afterwards; "and if MacSheehy hadn't got in the way of his bit of a ruler, he wouldn't have had to go to hospital."

In Mr. Richmond's rooms were found only one case of jewellery, valued at two thousand pounds, and a case of instruments of a very cunning contrivance. Chief Inspector Wastraw had never quite forgiven his subordinates for having let Mr. Richmond give the signal for his confederates' escape, and Mrs. Davidson has now to be satisfied with one lodger, since Marion and I have taken on the rooms formerly occupied by Mr. Richmond.

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CHORAL SOCIETIES.

By Edward St. John-Brenon.

IT is generally maintained that the English race is not essentially a music-loving one. With this statement I cannot agree. If, however, the assertion were in some measure qualified, such as by saying that we are not a music-loving people in the sense that the Italian, German, and French are, I should be obliged to admit its truth. But to asseverate that the English people have really no love for music is an affirmation so sweeping, and so at variance with that which appears to be fact, that I must refuse to acquiesce in this generally-received opinion; for I cannot imagine why there exist so many musical societies, choral and instrumental, throughout the United Kingdom, unless their creation and maintenance be due to an inherent love of music amongst the middle-classes, which almost wholly support them, financially and physically.

Continental tastes in all things differ from English; they are more artistic, more eclectic, and consequently, in the things which contribute to the exaltation of art, more discriminating and sincere. The class of music —I am speaking now of vocal music—which appeals most to the Continental ear, and permeates the Continental mind, differs in its form and substance, its origin and its purpose, so essentially from that which permeates and transiently impresses and influences the average Anglo-Saxon mind, that it must

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necessarily affect their sympathies in a different way to that in which the music with which the English are generally provided affects their sympathies.

Continental music, or that music which is received with genial and general approbation by the nations of the Continent, is sensuous, absorbing, rapturous, and at times even rising to ecstasy, tossing as on storm-disturbed sea the soul of the listener from apathy to passion, from hate to love, from repose to fury, from misery to happiness, from religious calm to the delirium of transport. It is the music of temperament, of human nature; whereas the music which for the most part appeals to English people is tranquilising, moderate in its mirth, ascetic in its religious joyousness, always trying to foster a mental amiability or contentment that is antagonistic to every passion; never thrilling the senses; but always soothing them, or lulling them to slumber as with an anodyne, and only on occasion seeking to enlist their sympathies in some heroic contest in which the spirit exultantly conquers the flesh—a war-song or a triumphal march—it is the music of devotional compromise, it is the music of artifice.

In England oratorios, cantatas and kindred compositions, and musical comedies are in vogue, whereas operatic works by British composers when produced are heard a few times and then for ever consigned to the limbo of dead memories. On the Continent, however, it is operatic works which appeal most to the popular musical sense, and it is obvious to the casual observer that the melodious airs of operas more easily fascinate the hearers and more tenaciously fasten themselves on the memory than do the airs from oratorios and cantatas; hence they are more frequently reproduced by the amateur or professional singer, and that because they are more pleasing to those who sing and those who hear. How easy and natural it is to sing airs, or snatches of airs, from the operas! The melodic charm of them commend themselves to us. But who would ever think of singing to himself for pleasure as he strolled through the fields, or for pastime as he worked at his bench, an air or snatches of an air from an oratorio or a cantata?

Here I will give an illustration of that which I mean to convey to my readers by citing familiar works. There is nothing incongruous in a man in Italy or France strolling through the streets or through a field singing "A che la morte" from "Trovatore" or a woman sewing, or nursing her babe, singing "Casta Diva" from "Norma." But what would we think of a man, quietly and contentedly walking homeward at night, who broke out in song for his own delectation, with "The People that Walked in Darkness," or "Comfort Ye My People," or "For He is Like a Refiner's Fire," from "The Messiah"; or "Oh, Ruddier than the Cherry," from "Acis and Galatea"? And what of a woman who, while plying her sewing-machine, or ironing, started to animate the amaranthine atmosphere with that musical eccentricity, "Rejoice Greatly," or that song of sombre joyousness, "Oh, Had I Jubal's Lyre" ("Joshua")? The incongruity would be noticeable. Why, however, it should be so is not easily to be accounted for. It is simply a matter of taste, or that which might be called the fitness of things. But there would be nothing incongruous if she started singing the Waltz Song out of "Faust" over a washtub in Grenelle, or hummed the Habanera from "Carmen" in the garden of the Alhambra or the orange-groves of Cordova; or of a man whistling, "Oh, Star of Eve," from "Tannhäuser," in the streets of Nuremberg or on the Thames Embankment, or the Drinking Song from "Cavalleria Rusticana" anywhere and under any conditions whatsoever.

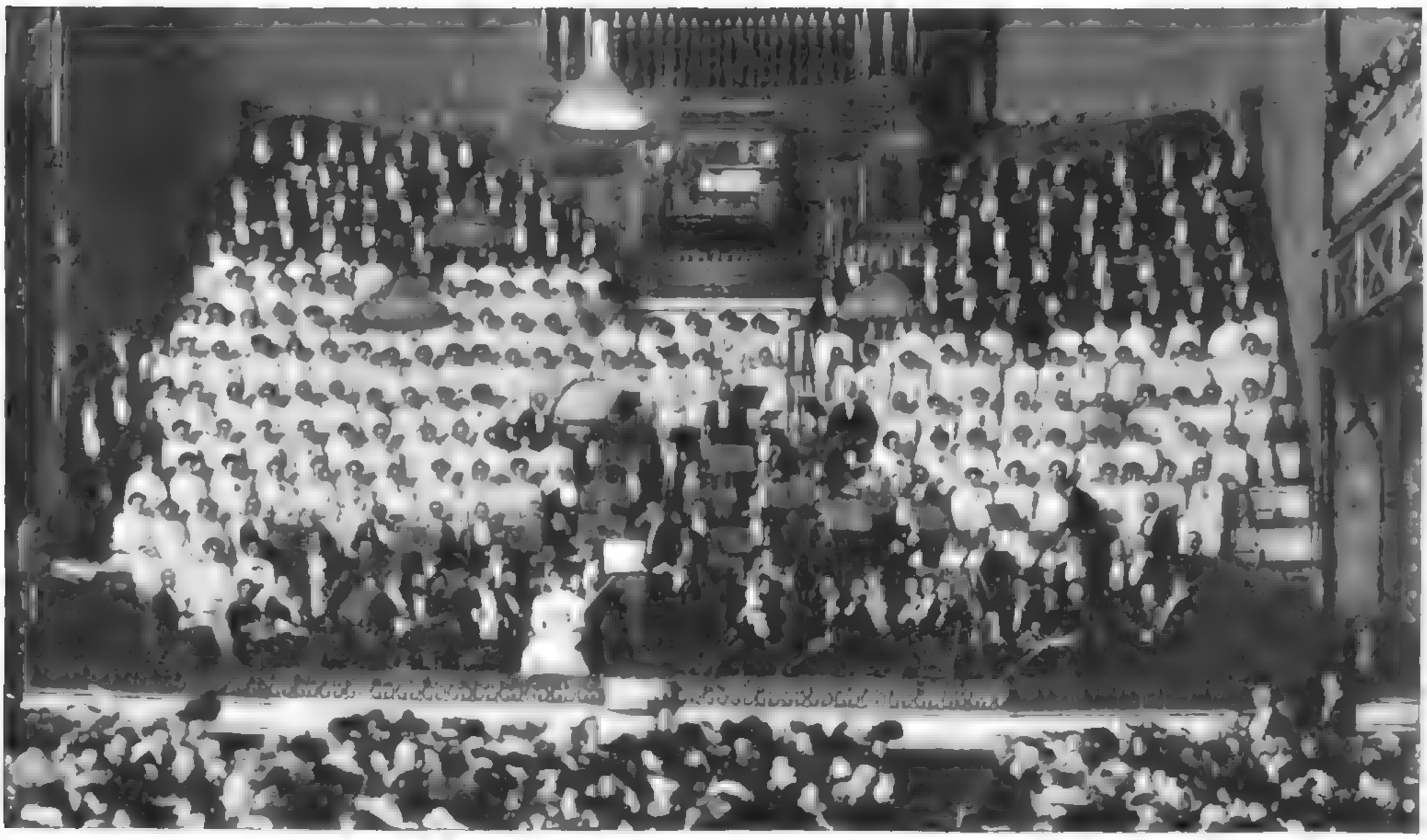
If in the pure artistic sense the British people cannot be said to be musical, there are, it must be admitted, individuals in multitudinous numbers who cultivate with eagerness both vocal and instrumental music. But there is unquestionably no people who devote so much time and earnest study and practice to choral singing as the English—and this from the sheer love of it; for instead of bringing other remuneration than that which the Greeks called *kudos*, it necessitates some expense, inconsiderable though it be. Again, the *kudos* is not individual, it is collective, and the praise which is bestowed on their efforts must be accepted aggregately, as no single one can say it is his or her special meed. Nor is there any nation existing where choral singing has been brought to such a high state, bordering on perfection, as it is in England—and here I mean England proper; for though Scotland, Wales, and Australia have contributed, each country in a certain proportion, to the cultivation of choral singing, none of them approach in merit—to say nothing of numbers—that which the English choirs have attained. It will be noted that I have not mentioned Ireland, and this because, for some reason not apparent, the Irish seem to have lost interest of a perma-

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nent order in music, choral and orchestral. Yet the Irish have the musical sense in no mean degree, and Irish musicians hold a distinguished place in the not, I am sorry to have to say, too brilliant galaxy of British music.

Choral singing of the best quality is to be found in Yorkshire and Lancashire—Yorkshire taking the first place. Then follow Bristol and Birmingham in the provinces, Cardiff holding a unique place in the Principality. Great in population and extensive in area as London is, it can boast of only three choral societies that ever venture to perform works that possess novelty or real artistic interest. These are the Royal Choral Society, the conductor of which is Sir Frederick Bridge; the London Choral Society, which is conducted by Mr. Arthur Fagge; and the Alexandra Palace Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Allen Gill.

principal choral society in London. Its conductor is a musician of no mean order and of great judgment and discrimination; one who, in his energy and artistic comprehension and temperament, is more like an Italian than any conductor I have ever seen wield a *bâton*. Of him I remember a famous operatic artist once saying, "He is the best English accompanist of an operatic aria in England—he understands what you want him to do exactly; he catches your feelings, your passion, and, above all, he is not afraid to strike the piano." I have noted this when he is conducting—inspiration seems to go out from him to his choir and orchestra, a power which but few conductors in this country possess; accordingly he and they work together as one, each in full sympathy with the other, and seeming fully to understand how far this mutual sense of spirituality is necessary to



THE DULWICH PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons, Crystal Palace.

The Royal Choral Society, under the control and direction of that most capable of conductors and choirmasters, the late Sir Joseph Barnby, reached to such musical excellence that it was recognised to be the greatest and best-equipped in the United Kingdom.

That place of honour is now being challenged by a new society—one yet in its infancy; but, judging from the works it has performed, the London Choral Society is an infant of herculean proportions, and in a short time is destined to become the

accomplish high finish and due expression in the performance of the best choral works. Mr. Arthur Fagge also directs the Dulwich Philharmonic Society, an excellent suburban combination which gives its concerts at the Crystal Palace, and which, during his conductorship, has done fine and ambitious works in excellent fashion.

It is to the London Choral Society that the lovers of the best choral works of every sort must now look for the satisfaction of their improving taste; for Mr. Arthur Fagge seeks for novelties of the highest order, and

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does not fear to be the "first in the field" to produce them for the delectation and approbation of the London public. This fact is evidenced by the works announced to be given at the society's forthcoming concerts at Queen's Hall. These are Sir Edward Elgar's "The Kingdom," Bossi's fine symphonic cantata, "Paradise Lost," Holbrooke's "The Bells," which is an eccentric musical transcription of Edgar Allen Poe's familiar poem; and Dalhousie Young's "The Blessed Damozel." Surely the production of these works, new to London, will be an earnest of the exceptional artistic integrity of Mr. Fagge and the efficiency of his excellent choir.

The development of the Alexandra Palace Choral Society, whose choir is numerically the second in Great Britain, manifests the rare capacity and masterfulness of its able conductor, Mr. Allen Gill, who during the last five years has worked assiduously to justify the statement that it has attained a place of remarkable eminence amongst the choral societies of the United Kingdom. Mr. Allen Gill, like his colleague, Mr. Fagge, endeavours to cater for the best form of musical taste in vocal music, and thus fosters a musical sympathy for the highest class of works, from opera to cantata and oratorio.

When I said that Yorkshire took the first place for its choral singing, it did not mean that I deprecated the efforts of the musical amateurs of other counties or provinces of the United Kingdom. I stated simply that which is a fact, acknowledged by all the best judges of musical choir singing not only in the United Kingdom, but by foreigners who have heard them. That the voices of Yorkshire men and women are better than those of other counties in England I do not believe; but that those societies which take a pre-eminent place among the choral societies and unions of the Empire have in Dr. Henry Coward a conductor and choirmaster of exceptional ability and enthusiasm, and of the rarest capacity as a teacher, I know—and to him is due the pre-eminence above all other kindred societies of the Sheffield Musical Union and the Leeds Choral Union, which two, as one united choir, visited Germany for a week last September, delighting the Germans, who

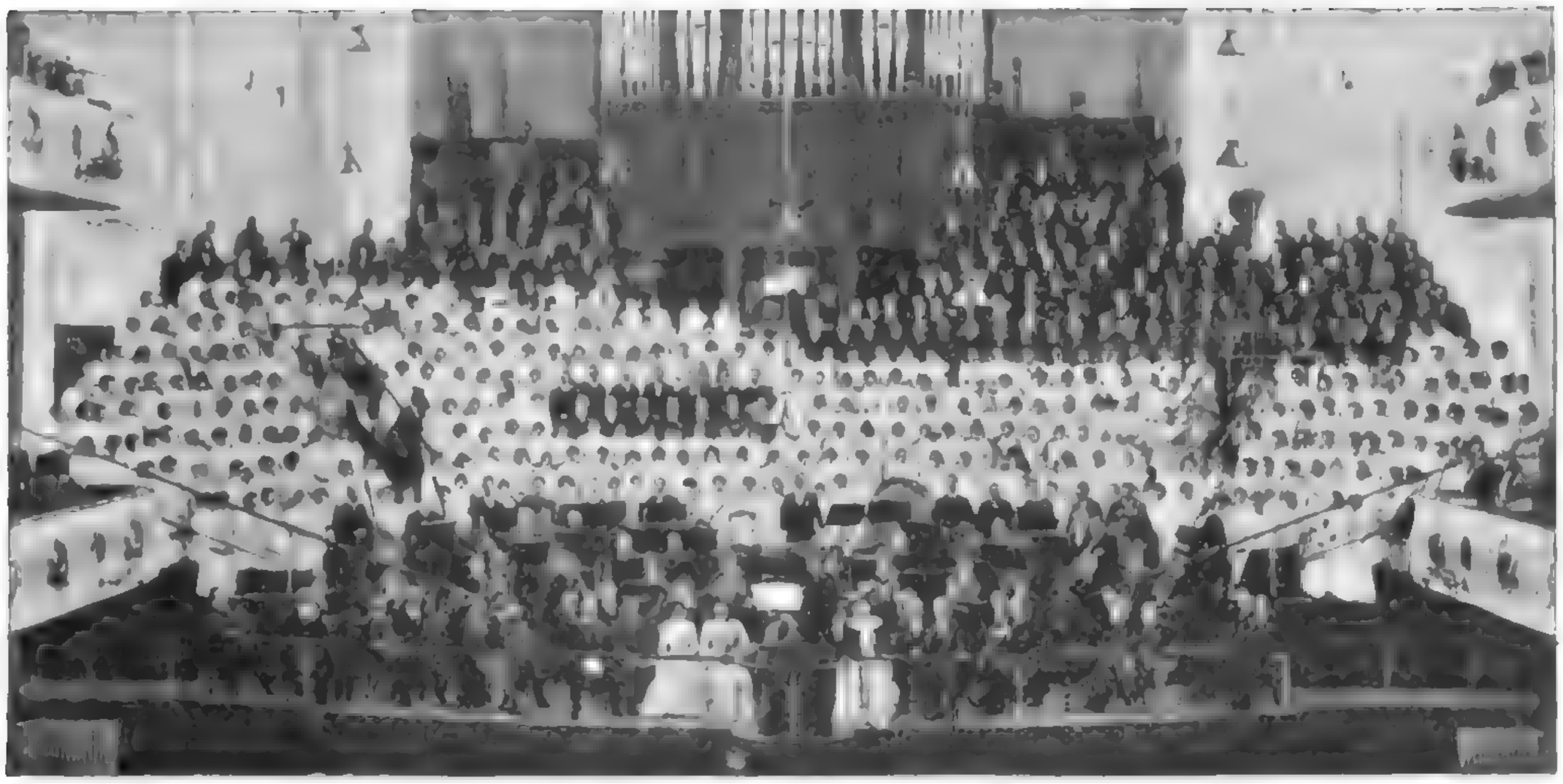


THE SHEFFIELD MUSICAL UNION.
From a Photo. by W. T. Furniss, Sheffield.

are ever ready to fully appreciate good musical work, with their beautiful and well-balanced choral singing.

The former possesses a choir of four hundred and fifty voices, and the latter of four hundred. Besides these Dr. Coward conducts the Huddersfield Festival Society (three hundred and fifty voices), the Newcastle and Gateshead Choral Society (four hundred and twenty voices), the Barnsley St. Cæcilia Society (two hundred and fifty voices), and the Sheffield Orchestra of professional musicians. Dr. Coward's magnetic influence on large choirs, and his masterly control over them, are recognised and appreciated in the highest degree by all his brother-conductors

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THE BRISTOL CHORAL SOCIETY.
From a Photo. by Ivor Castle.

throughout England. For this reason his valuable services to train choruses frequently are invited and willingly given, and with what remarkable success we have had many proofs—the most recent one having been the marshalling and training of that huge army of vocalists which lent its aid to the phenomenal performance of Handelian works at the last Handel Festival held in the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, last June.

Then, however, Dr. Frederic Cowen conducted, and to him the uninformed critics, and the less-informed public, gave all the credit for a series of magnificent choral renderings of the great Anglo-German composer's most popular oratorios, when really a considerable share of it belonged to Dr. Henry Coward and the well-disciplined choir he had trained.

There is another mixed vocal combination which takes an exalted place amongst the choral societies of the world, and this is the Bristol Choral Society, directed by Mr. George Riseley. It has a choir of six hundred and fifty voices, with a band of one hundred instruments. In point of numbers it is the largest of all the provincial choirs, and once was only second to the Royal Choral Society of London; but in excellence it is, I am obliged to admit, its superior, due, doubtless, to the enthusiasm of the choristers and the rare training capabilities and inspiring influence of that eminent executive



THE ROYAL ORPHEUS GLEE SOCIETY.
From a Photo. by Villiers & Quick, Bristol.

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musician who is its conductor. During the many years that Mr. George Riseley has controlled the two principal choral societies in the West of England his choirs have won for themselves and him an emulous estimation amongst the lovers of choral singing throughout the whole country.

One of these choirs is wholly composed of male voices, and this is the Royal Orpheus Glee, which is unique in its organization, for its whole repertory is sung without any instrumental accompaniment whatever save the directing beat of the conductor's *bâton*. The fame of this society, which is, I believe, wholly composed of amateurs, reached the ears of the late Queen Victoria, before whom it sang at Windsor Castle in the winter of 1895, and who was so pleased that she presented Mr. George Riseley with a jewelled and gold *bâton* in token of her pleasure with the performance, further manifesting her gratification by giving the society permission to assume the exceptional honour of prefixing to its name the adjective "Royal." It is true that there are several other men choirs in the United Kingdom who give their performances without accompaniment, but none of such numerical proportions, age, and artistic distinction as this, of which the Bristolians are justly proud.

Although Ireland is very poor to-day in choral and other musical institutions, there still is existing in Dublin a musical social combination, where one may hear unaccompanied glees, catches, canons, etc., called the Hibernian Catch Club, which was founded as far back as 1740 by the Vicars Choral of the Cathedrals of St. Patrick and Christ Church, and which still survives—the only one (excepting the University Choral Society, which is hardly more than the articulated skeleton of that which was once a well-proportioned musical body) of the many societies which in the middle of the last century flourished in the Irish capital under the able conductorship of such men as the late Sir Robert Stewart and Mr. Joseph Robinson. In this direction, as in many others, the glory of Dublin seems to have departed from her. It is, however, to be hoped that the new Choral and Operatic Society, recently founded by the eminent tenor, Mr. Barton McGuckin, will revive in Dublin some of its old musical enthusiasm, traditions, and prestige; for of late the Irish seem to have, at home at all events, lost their old love and feeling for that class of vocal and instrumental music which has so refining an influence on an impulsive and mentally plastic people.

Birmingham maintains a Festival Choral Society of considerable importance, controlled, so far as the performance of the music is concerned, by Dr. Sinclair, the organist of Hereford Cathedral—a zealous and painstaking chorus-master. High-class works are also from time to time given and



THE HANDEL FESTIVAL CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

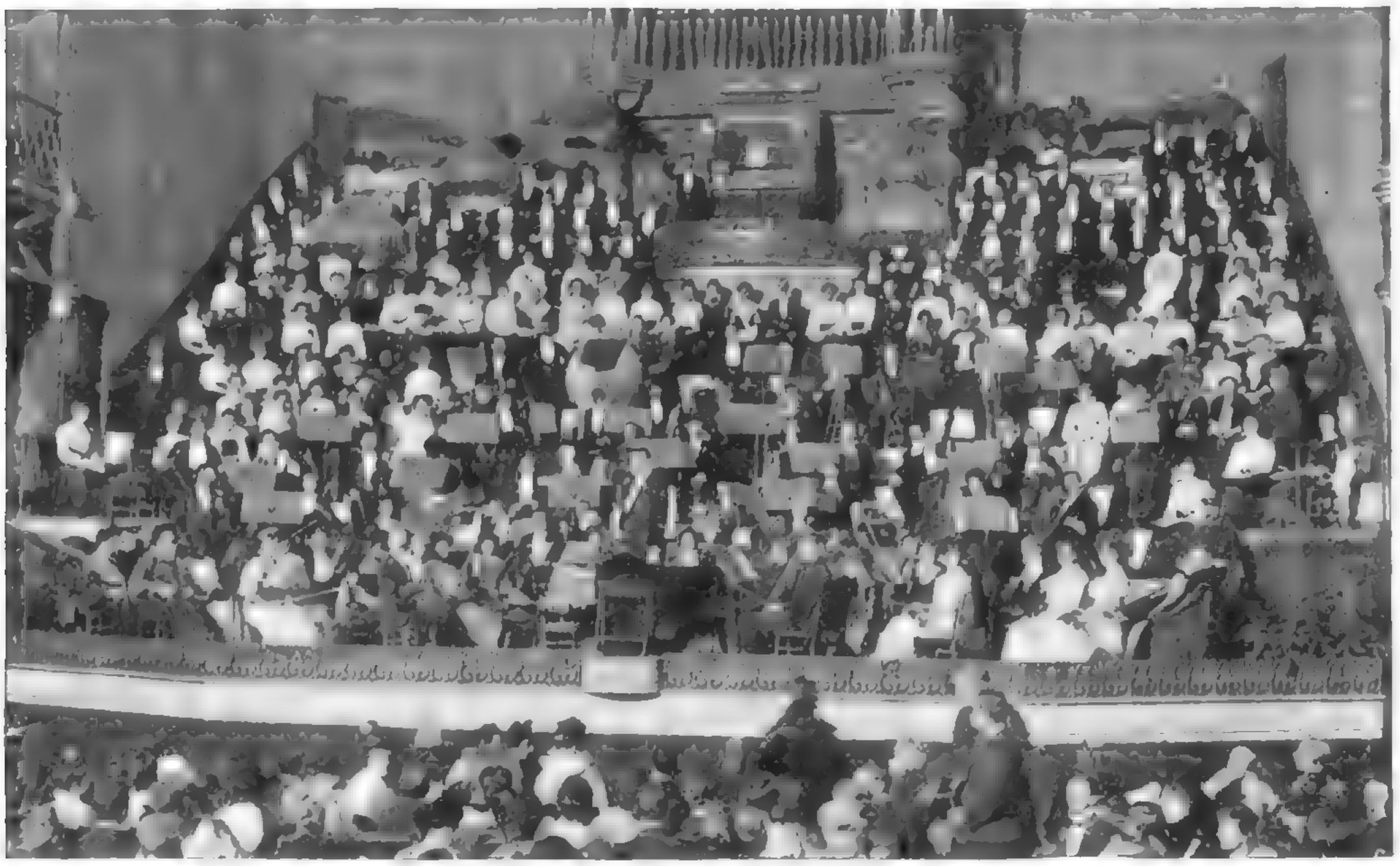
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well sung—as, for example, the recent grand production of "The Kingdom," by Elgar.

The Cardiff Musical Society (conductor Mr. T. E. Aylward) is the best in choral singing that the country of the Eisteddfod and the hereditary Bards can give us; for although Wales has produced some notable soloists—the most celebrated being Mr. Ffrangçon Davies, the well-known baritone, and Mr. Ben Davies, the distinguished baritonal tenor — the choral singing of the children of the Principality is not by any means equal to that of the Sheffield or other societies I have named in this article. A Welsh Choir, however, visited Paris during the last Exposition (1900), but it did not attract the attention of Parisian musical amateurs which, doubtless, its merits warranted.

There are numbers of societies which deserve honourable mention, such as the Musical Society of Warrington, whose conductor is Mr. Frank H. Crossley; the Musical Union, Middlesbrough, conducted by Mr. N. Kilburn; and a host of others too numerous to mention—all of which are doing much to keep alive the interest in mixed choral singing in England.

I have been unable for want of space to expatiate on the profitable services rendered to choral music by the various festivals, notably the Hereford, Worcester, Gloucester Three Choirs, Leeds, Birmingham, Norwich, the Irish "Feis Ceoil," the Eisteddfod, and a number of others, which are doing, and have done, so much for this order of music amongst all classes. Nor have I been able to put on record the fine quality of the voices of Australians and the excellence of their choral unions, such as the Sydney Liedertafel and Philharmonic Society, and the like-named vocal combinations in Melbourne, which I noted with great pleasure when I visited Australia—a country where singing is cultivated with, I may say, a passionate ardour and sincerity which left on me a lasting impression, and which augurs so well for the musical future of that genial and hospitable country.



THE CRYSTAL PALACE CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

No one who assisted at the last Triennial Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace could fail to have been struck by the magnificent work done by the choir of four thousand voices, and an orchestra of five hundred under the direction of Dr. Frederic Cowen, while Mr. Walter Hedgcock, the able conductor of the Crystal Palace Choir and Orchestra, presided at the organ. There were three performances and a general rehearsal, at which were given "The Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," and a miscellaneous selection (sacred and secular), and "Judas Maccabæus." The tonality, the attack, the time, and the expression with which the various choruses, single and double, were

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THE LONDON CHORAL SOCIETY AT THEIR FIRST REHEARSAL THIS SEASON.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

rendered were wonderful, and he who was responsible for so well training such huge and varied masses of voices to sing as if they were one voluminous vocal flood of harmony is a *choragus* worthy the highest praise.

There is one most important element in the development of English choral singing which contributes to its excellence—an excellence bordering on perfection—and which obliges the universal admission that English choral societies are better equipped than those of any other nation, and that is, that the natural voice of the Anglo-Saxon race, in its primary state of unaffected production, is purer in quality, and of a more delicate tone, if less voluminous, than that possessed by the Latin, Slav, or Teutonic races. And if any further evidence were wanting to prove the supremacy of the English in this pleasing art, it was amply supplied by the heroic splendour of the performances of the massed choirs, which made the last Handel Festival a never-to-be-forgotten exposition that in this class of singing the British not only cannot be surpassed, but cannot be equalled by that of any other musical nation in the world.



THE CARDIFF MUSICAL SOCIETY.
From a Photo. by Mr. & Mrs. Bowen-Bravery, Cardiff.

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Some Further Experiences of an Irish R.M.

IV.—THE LAST DAY OF SHRAFT.

By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross.

IT was not many days after the Keohane and Brickley trial that my wife's elderly step-brother, Maxwell Bruce, wrote to us to say that he was engaged in a tour through the Irish-speaking countries, and would look us up on his way from Kerry. The letter began "O Bean Uasal," and broke into eruptions of Erse at various points, but the excerpts from "Bradshaw" were, fortunately, in the vernacular.

Philippa assured me she could read it all. During the previous winter she had had five lessons and a half in the Irish language from the national schoolmaster, and believed herself to be one of the props of the Celtic movement. My own attitude with regard to the Celtic movement was sympathetic, but a brief inspection of the grammar convinced me that my sympathies would not survive the strain of triphthongs, eclipsed consonants, and synthetic verbs, and that I should do well to refrain from embittering my declining years by an impotent and humiliating pursuit of elusive pronunciations. Philippa had attained to the height of being able to greet the schoolmaster in Irish, and, if the day happened to be fine, she was capable of stating the fact; other aspects of the weather, however remarkable, she epitomized in a brilliant smile, and the schoolmaster was generally considerate enough not to press the matter.

My step-brother-in-law neither hunted, shot, nor fished, yet as a guest he never gave me a moment's anxiety. He possessed the attribute priceless in guests—a good portable hobby, involving no machinery, accessories, or paraphernalia of any kind. It did not even involve the personal attendance of his host. His mornings were spent in proffering Irish phrases to bewildered beggars at the hall door, or to the respectfully bored Peter Cadogan in the harness-room. He held conversaziones in the servants' hall after dinner, while I slept balmily in front of the drawing-room fire. When not thus engaged he sat in his room making notes and writing letters to the Archimandrites of his faith. Truly an ideal visitor, one to whom neglect was a kindness and entertainments an abomination; certainly not a person to take to Hare Island to shoot ducks with Flurry Knox.



"HIS MORNINGS WERE SPENT IN PROFFERING IRISH PHRASES TO THE RESPECTFULLY BORED PETER CADOGAN IN THE HARNESS-ROOM."

But it was otherwise ordained by Philippa. Hare Island was, she said, and the schoolmaster said, a place where the Irish language was still spoken with a purity worthy of the Isles of Aran. Its folk-lore was an unworked mine, and it was, moreover, the home of one Shemus Ruadth, a singer and poet (and, I may add, a smuggler of tobacco) of high local renown; Maxwell should on no account miss such a chance. I mentioned that Hare Island was at present going through the

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measles phase of its usual rotation of epidemics. My wife wavered in a manner that showed me that I had been on the verge of a family picnic, and I said I had heard that there was whooping-cough there too. The children had had neither. The picnic expired without a sound, but my step-brother-in-law had made up his mind.

It was a grey and bitter February morning when Maxwell and I, accompanied by Peter Cadogan, stood waiting on the beach at Yokahn for Flurry to arrive. Maria, as was her wont, was nosing my gun as if she expected to see a woodcock fly out of it; that Minx was beside her was due to the peculiar inveteracy of Minx. How she had achieved it is of no consequence; the distressing fact remained that she was there, seated, shuddering, upon a space of wet stone no larger than a sixpence, and had to be accepted as one of the party. It struck me that Mr. Cadogan had rather over-dressed the part of dog-boy and bag-bearer, being attired in a striped blue flannel suit that had once been mine, a gaudy new cap, and yellow boots. The social possibilities of Hare Island had faded from my mind; I merely experienced the usual humiliation of perceiving how discarded garments can, in a lower sphere, renew their youth and blossom as the rose. I was even formulating a system of putting my old clothes out at grass, as it were, with Peter Cadogan, when a messenger arrived with a note from Flurry Knox in which he informed me, with many regrets, that he was kept at home on unexpected business, but he had arranged that we should find a boat ready to take us to the island, and Con Brickley would look after us when we got there. The boat was even now nearing the beach, rowed by two men, who, in beautiful accord with our "binding to the peace," proved to be the widower, Jer Keohane, and his late antagonist, the one-legged Con Brickley. In view of this millennial state of affairs it seemed alarmingly probable that the boat which had come for us was that on which, as on a pivot, the late battle had turned. A witness had said, on oath, that "if it wasn't for the weeds that were holding her together she'd bu'sht up in the deep." I inspected her narrowly, and was relieved to see that the weeds still held their ground.

A mile of slatey water tumbled between us and the island, and an undue proportion of it, highly flavoured by fish, flowed in uneasy tides in the bottom of the boat, with a final disposition towards the well-laden stern. There were no bottom boards, and, judging by the depth of the flood over the keel, her draught appeared to be equal to that of a racing yacht. We sat precariously upon strips of nine-inch plank, our feet propped against the tarred sides just out of the wash; the boat climbed and wallowed with a three-cornered roll, the dogs panted in mingled nausea and agitation, and the narrow blades of the oars dipped their frayed edges in the waves in short and untiring jerks.

My brother-in-law, with a countenance leaden magenta from cold, struggled with the whirling leaves of a phrase-book. He was tall and thin, of the famished vegetarian type of looks, with unpractical, prominent eyes, and a complexion that on the hottest day in summer imparted a chill to the beholder; in this raw February wind it was a positive suffering even to think of his nose, and my eyes rested, in unconscious craving for warmth, upon the changeless, impartial red of Con Brickley's monkey face.

We landed with a rush on the steep shingle of a sheltered cove. The island boasted a pier, built with "relief" money, but it was two miles from the lake where I was to shoot, and this small triangle of beach, tucked away in a notch of the cliff, was within ten minutes' walk of it. At the innermost angle of the cove, where the notch ended in a tortuous fissure, there was a path that zigzagged to the top of the cliff, a remarkably excellent path and a well-worn one, with steps here and there. I commented on it to Mr. Brickley.

"Why, then, it was in the same place that I lost the owld leg, sir," he replied, in his sombre voice; "I took a slip on a dark night, and me landlord was that much sorry for me that he made a good pat' in it." He was pitching himself up the steps on his crutches as he spoke, an object of compassion of the most obvious and silencing sort. Why, then, should Peter Cadogan smile furtively at the widower?

At the top of the fissure, where it melted into a hollow between low grassy hills, stood the Brickleys' cottage, long, low, and white-washed, deep in shelter, with big stones hung in halters of hay-rope lying on its thatch to keep the roof on in the Atlantic gales. A thick fuchsia hedge surrounded it; from its open door proceeded sounds of furious altercation, apparently a man and woman hurling invective and personalities at each other in Irish at the tops of their voices. Con Brickley swung forward on his crutch, a girl at the door vanished into the house, and a sudden

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silence fell. With scarcely a perceptible interval, Mrs. Brickley appeared in the doorway, a red shawl tied over her rippling grey hair, her manner an inimitable blend of deference and hospitality.

"Your honour's welcome, Major Yeates," she said, with a curtsy. A door banged at the back of the cottage. "That was a poor man from across the water that came apologizin' to me for dhrawin' me name down in a little disagreement that he had about a settin' o' goose eggs."

I supposed that it was contrition that caused the apologist to stagger as he came round the corner of the house, and departed at a tangent through an opening in the fuchsia hedge. Feeling that comment on the incident was too delicate a matter for my capacities, I introduced Maxwell and his aspirations to the lady of the house. Any



"I INTRODUCED MAXWELL AND HIS ASPIRATIONS TO THE LADY OF THE HOUSE."

qualms that I might have had as to how to dispose of him while I was shooting were set at rest by Mrs. Brickley's instant grasp of the situation. I regret to say that I can neither transcribe nor translate the rolling periods in which my brother-in-law addressed himself to her. I have reason to believe that he apostrophized her as "O worthy woman of cows," invoking upon her and her household a comprehensive and classic blessing, dating from the time of Cuchulain.

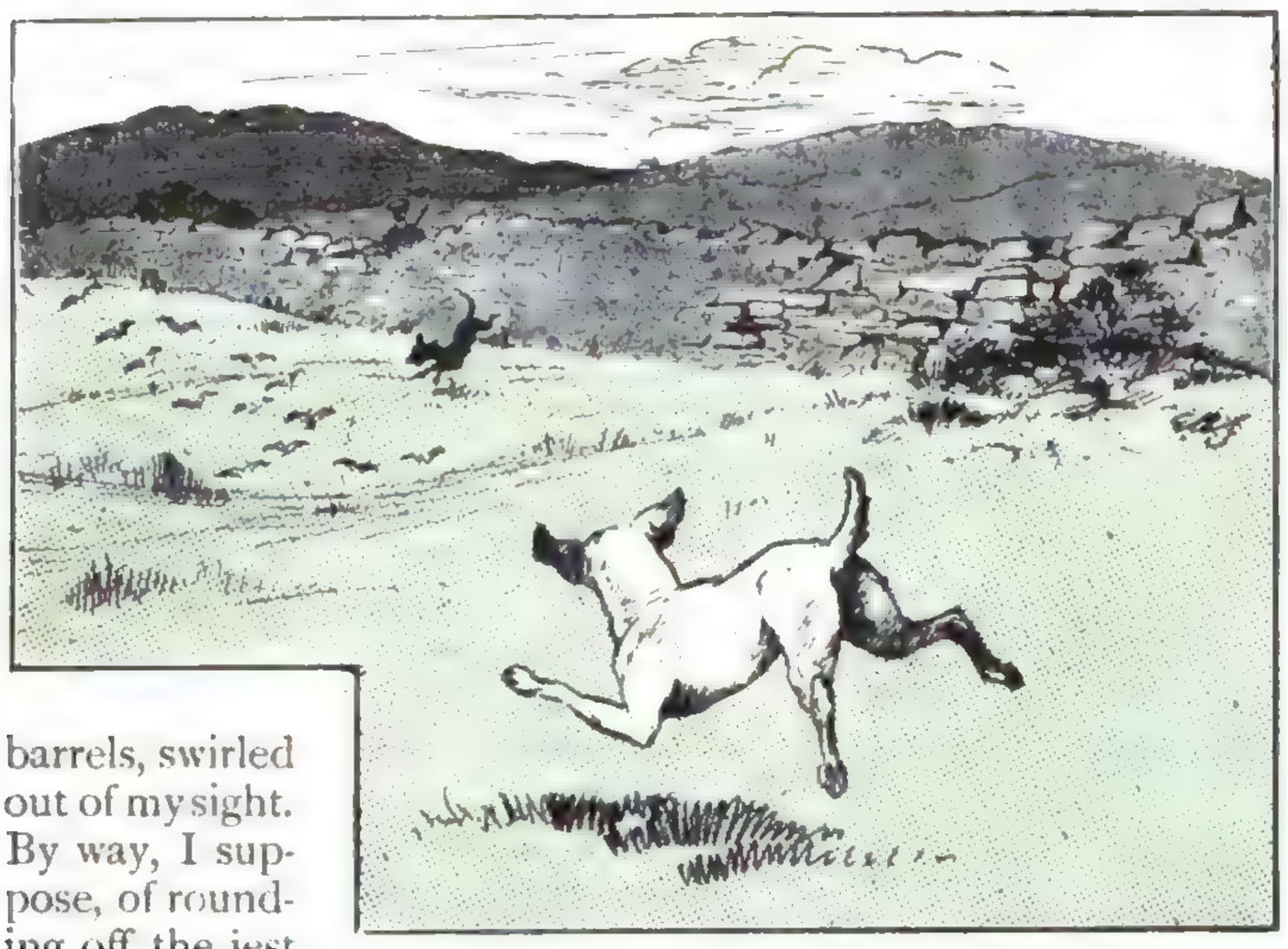
Mrs. Brickley received it without a perceptible stagger, and in the course of the next few minutes Miss Bridget Brickley (who, it may be remembered, had but recently renounced the office of kitchenmaid in my house) emerged, beautifully dressed, from the cottage, and was dispatched at full speed to summon Shemus Ruadth, the poet, as well as one or two of "the neighbours" reputed to speak Irish of the purest kind. If to make a guest feel himself to be the one person in the world whose welcome is of any importance is the aim of hostesses, they can study the art in its perfection under the smoky rafters of Irish cabins. If it is insincere, it is equally to be respected; it is often amiable to be insincere.

My own share of the day's enjoyment did not open so cloudlessly as Maxwell's. I believed, in my innocence, that, having tied a stout piece of cord to Minx's collar, and placed the other end of it in my brother-in-law's hand, I had disposed of her and her intention of going out shooting. Attended by Maria, Peter Cadogan, and the widower, and by a smell of whisky that floated to me on the chill breeze when the widower was to windward, I proceeded to take the field.

I had, by Flurry's advice, postponed the shooting of the lake till the last thing before leaving the island, and tramped inland along half-thawed marshes in search of snipe, and crept behind walls after plover, whose elusive whistling was always two fields ahead. After an unfruitful hour or so the entertainment began to drag, and another plan of campaign seemed advisable. I made a *caché* of my retinue behind a rock—one of the many rocks that stood like fossilized mammoths upon the ragged hill slopes, and, with Maria at my heels, accomplished a long and laborious détour. At length, through the crannies of a wall I perceived, just within shot, a stand of plover, hopping, gobbling, squealing, quite unaware

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of my proximity. I cautiously laid my gun on the top of the wall; as I cocked it a white form appeared on a fence behind the birds, poised itself for an instant with elf-like ears spread wide, then, volleying barks, burst like a firework into the heart of the plover. In lightning response to her comrade's tally-ho, Maria rocketed over the wall; the plover rose as one man and, as I missed with both barrels, swirled out of my sight. By way, I suppose, of rounding off the jest effectively, Maria rushed in scientific zigzags through the field in search of the bird that she well knew I had not shot, deaf as the dead to words of command, while Minx, stark mad with excitement, circled and shrieked round Maria. To take off Maria's collar and thrash her heavily with the buckle end of it was futile, except as a personal gratification, but I did it. To thrash Minx was not only absurd, but impossible; one might as well have tried to thrash a grasshopper.



"A WHITE FORM BURST LIKE A FIREWORK INTO THE HEART OF THE PLOVER."

It was towards the close of the incident that I was aware of a sibilant whispering near me, and found that I was being observed from the rear with almost passionate interest by two little girls and a pair of goats. I addressed the party with an inquiry as to whether they had seen Jer Keohane.

The bigger little girl said that she had not seen him, but, in a *non sequitur* full of intelligence, added that she had seen Peter Cadogan a while ago, sitting down under a wall—himself and Pidge.

"What's Pidge?" said I, cautiously; "is it a dog?"

"Oh, glory!" said the smaller child, swiftly covering her mouth with her pinafore.

The elder, with an untrammelled grin, explained that "Pidge" was the name by which my late kitchenmaid was known in the home circle.

I postponed comment till Peter should be delivered into my hand; then, rightly concluding that the tendance of Hare Island goats would ensure the qualities necessary for dealing with even Maria and Minx, I engaged the pair as dog-boys.

My progress from this point to the lake might have been taken from the Old Testament or the Swiss Family Robinson. In front of me paced the goats, who had sociably declined to be left out of the expedition, behind me strove the dogs, still coupled, with the wiry and scarlet fingers of their attendants knotted in Mrs. Brickley's invaluable piece of string. It proved to be a thoroughly successful working arrangement, and I even shot a plover, which was retrieved *en masse* by all except the goats.

In complete amity we reached the lake, a reedy strip of water that twisted in and out between low hills, its indeterminate shores cloaked with reeds. It was now past three o'clock, and the cold grey afternoon was already heaping into the west the pile of dark clouds that was to be its equivalent for sunset. I moved warily forward round the flank of the nearest hill, leaving the dogs and their keepers in death grapple, and the goats snatching mouthfuls of grass beside them in the petulant, fractious manner of goats, that so ill assorts with their Presbyterian grey beards.

The frost had been preceded by a flood, and the swamp bordering the lake was very bad going; the tussocks were rotten, the holes were delusively covered with lids of white ice, and to traverse these in the attitude of a man with acute lumbago was no light matter. But the ducks were there. I could hear them quacking and splashing beyond the screen of reeds, and, straightening my back for an observation, I caught sight of four or five, swimming in a line, well within range. There was not an instant to lose; balancing precariously on a tussock, I

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flung up my gun and fired. Terrific quacking followed, interspersed by distant and heartrending yells from the dogs, but the inexplicable feature of the case was that the ducks did not rise from the water. Had I slain the whole crowd?

There was a sound as if the marsh behind me was being slashed with a flail—a brown body whizzed past me, closely followed by a white one.

"From his mountain home King James had rushing come"—in other words, my retrievers had hurled themselves upon their prey.

Maria's performance was faultless; in half a minute she had laid a bird at my feet, a very large pale bird, quite unlike any wild duck that I had ever——

Out of the silence that followed came a thin, shrill voice from the hill:—



"IN HALF A MINUTE SHE HAD LAID A BIRD AT MY FEET."

"That's Mrs. Brickley's dhrake!"

In confirmation of this appalling statement I perceived the survivors already landing on the far side of the lake, and hurrying homewards up the hill with direful clamours, while a wedge-shaped ripple in the grey water, with a white speck at its apex, told of Minx in an ecstasy of pursuit.

"Stop the dog!" I shouted to my maids-of-honour. "Run round and catch her!"

Maria here, in irrepressible appropriation of the mission, bolted between my legs and sent me staggering backwards into a very considerable bog-hole.

I will not labour the details. After some flounderings I achieved safety and the awe-stricken sympathy of the maids-of-honour, as wet as I have ever been in my life and about five times as cold. One of my young ladies captured Minx in the act of getting ashore; the other collected the slaughtered drake and shrouded him in her pinafore, with a grasp of the position that did credit to both heart and head; and they finally informed me that Mrs. Brickley's house was only a small pieceen away.

I had left Mrs. Brickley's house a well-equipped sportsman, creditably escorted by Peter Cadogan and the widower. I returned to it a muddy and dripping outcast, attended by two little girls, two goats, and her own eight ducks, whom my hand had widowed. My sodden clothes clung clammily about me; the wind, as it pierced them, carried with it all the iciness of the bog-hole.

I walked at top speed to get up some semblance of a circulation; I should have run were it not for the confusion that such a proceeding would have caused to my cortège. As it was, the ducks fled before me in waddling panic, with occasional help from their wings, and panting and pattering in the rear told that the maids-of-honour, the goats, and the dogs were maintaining with difficulty their due places in the procession. As I neared the cottage I saw a boy go quickly into it and shut the door; I passed into the yard within the fuchsia hedge and heard someone inside howling and droning a song in Irish, and as I knocked, with frozen knuckles, the house gave the indefinable feeling of being full of

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people. There was no response; I lifted the latch. The door opened into the frieze-covered backs of several men, and an evenly-blended smell of whisky, turf smoke, and crowded humanity streamed forth.

The company made way for me, awkwardly; I noticed a tendency amongst them to hold on to each other, and there was a hilarious light in Mrs. Brickley's eye as she hustled forward to meet me. My brother-in-law was sitting at a table by the window, writing in a note-book by the light of the waning day; he gave me a glance laden with affairs to which I was superfluous. A red-eyed, red-headed man, evidently the singer, was standing in the middle of the room; it must have been in conformity with some irresistible law of nature that his hair stood out round his head in the orthodox poetic aureole.

In spite of the painful publicity of the moment, there was but one course open to me. I tendered to my hostess the corpse of the drake, with abject apologies and explanations. To say that Mrs. Brickley accepted them favourably is quite inadequate. She heaped insults upon the drake, for his age, for his ugliness, for his temerity in getting in my way; she, in fact, accepted his slaughter in the light of a personal favour and an excellent jest combined, and passed rapidly on to explain that the company consisted of a few of the neighbours that was gathered to talk to the gentleman, and to be singing "them owld songs" for him; their numbers and their zeal being entirely due to the deep personal regard entertained for me by Hare Island. She further mentioned that it was Shrove Tuesday, and that people should "jolly themselves" before Lent.

I was hurriedly convoyed to what is known as "back in the room," a blend of best parlour and bedroom, with an immense bed in the corner. A fire was lighted by the simple method of importing most of the kitchen fire, bodily, in a bucket, and placing it on the hearth, and I was conjured to "sthrip" and to put on a new suit of clothes belonging to my host while my own were being dried. He himself valeted me, his wife completing the ceremony with a tumbler of hot whisky and water. The suit of new clothes was of the thickest blue cloth, stiff as boards, and they smelt horribly of stale turf smoke. The discovery that the trousers consisted of but a leg and a half was startling; I had forgotten this aspect of the case, but now, in the proprietor's presence, it was impossible to withdraw from the loan. I could, at all events, remain *perdu*. Through all these preparations I was aware of highly incensed and fruitless callings for "Pidge." Of Peter Cadogan no tidings were forthcoming, and although a conventional sense of honour withheld me from disclosing the information I might have given about the young lady, it did not deter me from mentally preparing a warm reception for her squire.



"THE DISCOVERY THAT THE TROUSERS CONSISTED OF BUT A LEG AND A HALF WAS STARTLING."

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I sat by the fire in regal seclusion, with my clothes steaming on a chair opposite to me, and the strong glow of the red turf scorching the shin that was unprotected. Maria and Minx, also steaming, sat in exquisite serenity in front of the blaze, retiring every now and then to fling themselves, panting, on a cold space of floor. The hot whisky and water sent its vulgar and entirely acceptable consolations into the frozen recesses of my being; a feeling of sociability stole upon me; I felt magnanimously pleased at the thought that Maxwell, at least, had had a perfectly successful day. I glowed with gratitude towards Con Brickley and his wife.

Judged by the usual test of hostesses —that is to say, noise—the conversazione in Maxwell's honour was a high success. Gabble and hum, harangue and argument, and, through all, Maxwell's unemotional, educated voice in discussion with the poet. Scraps of English here and there presently told me that the talk had centred upon the tragedy of the drake. I had the gratification of hearing Mrs. Brickley inform her friends that "if that owld dhrake was shot itself he was in the want of it, and divil mend him, going parading there till he had the Major put asthray! Sure, that's the gentleman that's like a child, and Pidge could tell ye the same!"

"Faith and thrue for ye," said another apologist, also female, "and ye wouldn't blame him if he didn't leave duck nor dhrake livin' afther him, with the annoyance he got from them that should be tending him, and he bloated with the walk and all!"

(I may, in my own interest, explain that this unattractive description merely implied that I was heated from excessive exercise.)

"And as for the same Pidge," broke in Mrs. Brickley, with sudden fire, "when I ketch her it isn't to bate her I'll go, no! but to dhrag her by the hair o' the head round the kitchen!"

These agreeable anticipations were interrupted by voices requesting someone called Paddy to sing the song about Ned Flaherty's drake.

"Sing up, Paddy boy, for the gentleman!" "Arrah, what ails ye, Paddy? Don't be ashamed at all!"

"'Tis a lovely song, your honour, sir!" (this to my brother-in-law).

"Is it an ancient song?" I heard Maxwell inquire, with serious eagerness.

"It is, your honour; 'twas himself made it up last year, and he sings it beautiful! Oh, Paddy's a perfect modulator!"

With curiosity stimulated by this mysterious encomium I rose softly and half opened the door in order to obtain a view of the modulator. A lamp with a glaring tin reflector was on the table beside Maxwell; it illumined Paddy, the modulator, an incredibly freckled youth, standing in front of my brother-in-law, with eyes fixed on the ground and arms hanging limply at his sides, like a prisoner awaiting sentence; it illumined also the artistic contempt on the elder poet's countenance, and further revealed to me the fact that from twenty-five to thirty men and women were packed into the small kitchen.

The modulator opened with a long-drawn and nasal cadenza, suggestive of the droning preliminary canter of a bagpipe, which merged into the statement that

> The poor little fella'
> His legs they were yella',
> His boosom was blue, he could swim like a hake;
> But some wicked savage,
> To grease his white cabbage,
> Murdered Ned Flaherty's beautiful drake!

Riotous applause followed on this startlingly-appropriate requiem. Maxwell coldly laid down his stylograph with the manner of a reporter during an unimportant speech; the poet took a clay pipe out of his pocket and examined its contents with an air of detachment; Paddy, with a countenance of undiminished gloom, prepared the way for the next verse with some half-dozen jig-steps, ending with a sledge-hammer stamp on the earthen floor. Fresh thunders of approval greeted the effort. It seemed to me that Con Brickley's hospitality had been a trifle excessive; I even meditated a hint to that effect, but neither my host nor my hostess was visible. They were apparently holding an overflow meeting in a room at the other end of the house, and I noticed that, although there was a steady flow of passers in and out between it and the kitchen, the door was carefully closed after each opening.

Suddenly the lamp on Maxwell's table flared up smokily as the door of the house was burst open. The second verse of the drake's elegy ceased at its first line. A woman whom I recognised as Kate Keohane, sister of the widower, drove her way into the kitchen, sweeping back the people on either side of her with her arms as though she were swimming. Her face was scarlet. "Is Jer Keohane within here?" she shouted.

"He is not," replied several voices.

Instantly the door of the inner room flew open and, like a stag or a tom-cat—either simile would serve—answering the challenge of a rival, Mrs. Brickley came forth.

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"THE MODULATOR OPENED WITH A LONG-DRAWN CADENZA."

"Is it yer brother you're wanting, ma'am?" she said, with lofty politeness. "Ye can search out the house for him if ye like. It's little he throubles my house or myself now, thanks be to God and to the magisthrates that took my part before all that was in the court-house. Me that he had goin' in dhread o' me life, with him afther me in me thrack always, like a lap-dog."

"And who has him enticed now but your own daughther?" shrieked Miss Keohane, with lightning rapidity. "Isn't Ellen, the chapel woman, afther tellin' me this minute she seen herself and himself sneakin' down behindside the chapel, like they'd be goin' aisht to the far sthrand, an' she dhressed out, and the coat she stole from Mrs. Yeates on her, and a bundle in her hand? Sure, doesn't the world know she has her passage paid to America this two months!"

"Ye lie!" panted Mrs. Brickley, catching her antagonist by the arm, not in attack, but in the awful truce of mutual panic.

Miss Keohane flung her off, only the better to gather force for the prolonged and direful howl of which she delivered herself.

"If she didn't come here with him it's to Ameriky she's taken him. Look in yer box, an' ye'll see where she got the passage-money. She has the boat's share taken from ye in spite of yer teeth!"

Miss Keohane here dropped upon her knees.

"And I pray," she continued, lyrically, "that the divil may melt her, the same as ye'd melt the froth off porther——"

Groans, hoots, and drunken laughter overwhelmed the close of this aspiration. Oblivious of my costume, I stepped forward, with the intention of attracting Maxwell's attention, and withdrawing him and myself as swiftly and unobtrusively as possible from a position that threatened to become too hot to hold us.

Even as I did so I saw in the dark blue space of the open door a face that was strangely familiar, a face at once civilized and martial, whose gaze was set incredulously upon me.

"Here's the polis!" squealed a little girl.

The poet blew out the lamp.

The house was, in an instant, full of the voiceless and strenuous shoving and trampling of people trying to escape. I heard the table go over with a crash, and could only suppose that Maxwell had gone with it; and Maria and Minx, convinced that a cat hunt was at the root of the matter, barked deafeningly and unceasingly.

In a blinding flash of insight I realized that my brother-in-law and I had been taken red-handed in a "shebeen"—that is to say,

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a house in which drink is illicitly sold without a licence.

The police-sergeant was egregiously tactful. During the conversation that I held with him in the inner room he did not permit his eyes to descend lower than the top button of Mr. Brickley's coat, a consideration that but served to make me more conscious of the humiliating deficiency below; nor did it deviate towards the tumbler, with the incriminating spoon in it, that stood on the table.

He explained to me and to Maxwell, whose presence I felt to be my sole link with respectability, that the raid had been planned in consequence of information received after the trial.

"I was going to you, sir, to sign the warrant, but Mr. Knox and Dr. Hickey signed it for us. It was Mr. Knox advised us to come here to-day. We've found three half-barrels of porter under the bed in the room over there, and about two gallons of potheen hid under fishing-nets. I'll have about thirty summonses out of it."

The sergeant's manner was distressingly apologetic. I said nothing, but my heart burned within me as I recognised the hand of Flurry Knox.

"In case you might be looking for your man, Cadogan, sir," went on the sergeant, "we seen him in a boat, with two other parties, a man and a woman, going to the mainland when we were coming over. The man that was pulling the other oar had the appearance of having drink taken."

A second flash, less blinding than the first, but equally illuminative, revealed to me that the brown boots and flannel suit had been a wedding garment, the predetermined attire of the best man; and a third recalled the fact that Shrove Tuesday was the last day between this and Easter on which a marriage could take place.

Maxwell and I went back with the police, and Maxwell explained to me at some length the origin of the word "shebeen." As I neared the mainland, which to-morrow would ring with Flurry's artistic version of the day's events, the future held but one bright spot, the thought of putting Peter Cadogan to fire and sword.

But even that was denied to me.

It must have been at the identical moment when my cook, Mrs. Cadogan (aunt of the missing Peter), was placing her wedding-ring in the Shrove Tuesday pancakes that evening, that my establishment was felled as one man by tidings that still remain pre-eminent among the sensations of Shreelane. They reached me, irrepressibly, with the coffee.

Hard on the heels of the flushed parlour-maid followed the flat and heavy tread of Mrs. Cadogan, who, like the avenging deities, was habitually shod with felt.

"And now, sir, what do ye say to Pether Cadogan?" she began, launching the enigma into space from the obscurity of the deep doorway; "what do ye say to him now? The raving scamp!"

I replied that I had a great deal to say to him, and that if I might so far trespass on his leisure as to request his presence in the hall, I would say it.

"Hall is it!" echoed Peter's aunt, in bitter wrath. "It's my heart's grief that he ever stood in Shreelane hall to dhraw disgrace on me and on your honour! God forgive me—when I heard it I had to spit! Himself and Bridget Brickley got married in Skebawn this evening, and the two o' them is gone to Ameriky on the thrain to-night, and it's all I'll say for her, whatever sort of a thrash she is, she's good enough for him!"

There was a pause while one might pant twice.

"I'll tell ye no lie. If I had a gun in me hand I'd shoot him like a bird! I'd down the brat!"

The avenging deity retired.

What part the widower proposed to play in the day's proceedings will never be clearly known. He was picked up next day in Hare Island Sound, drifting seaward in the boat whose "share" had formed the marriage portion of Mrs. Peter Cadogan. Both oars were gone; there remained to him an empty bottle of "potheen" and a bucket. He was rowing the boat with the bucket.

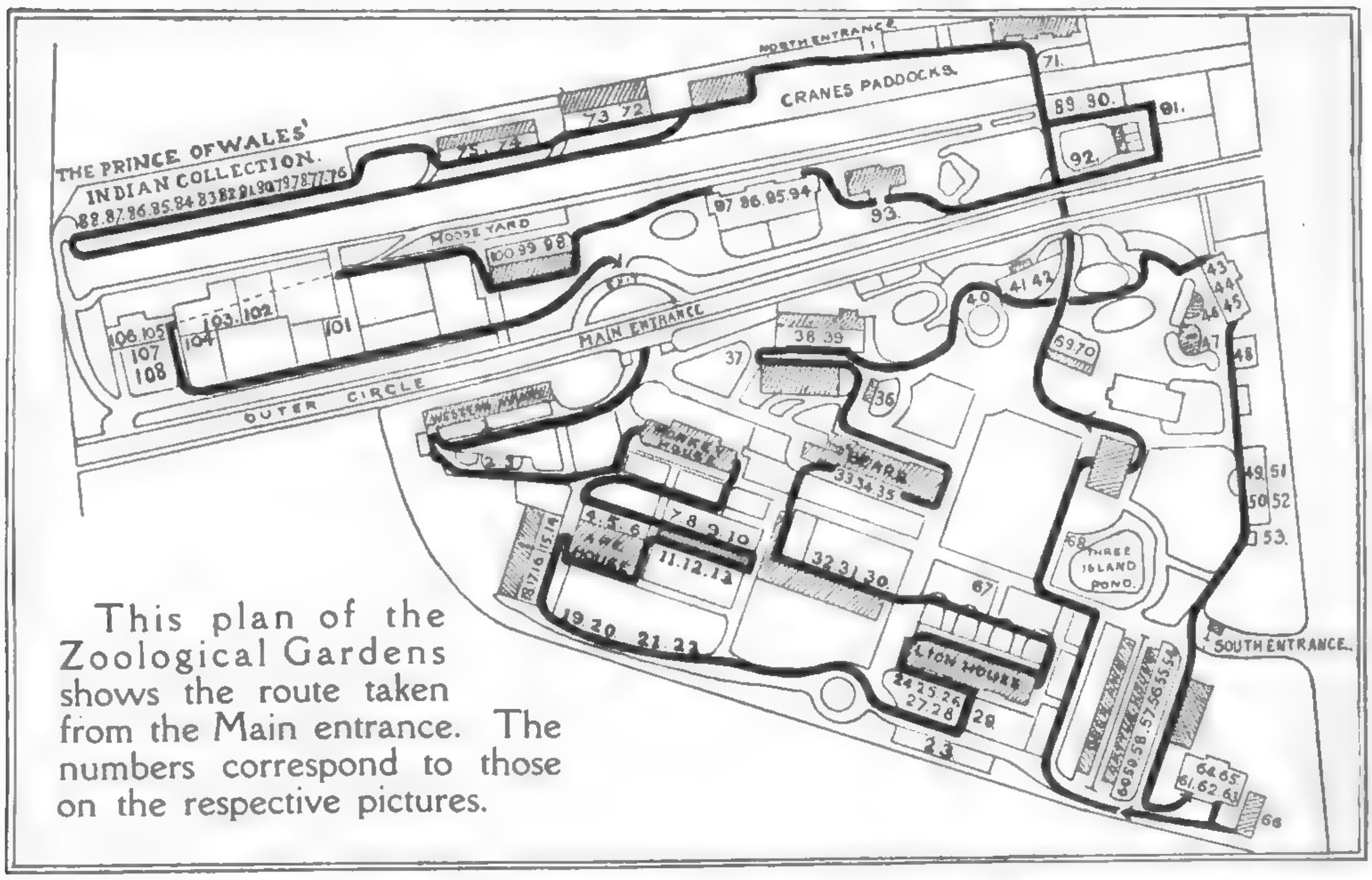


"THE SERGEANT'S MANNER WAS DISTRESSINGLY APOLOGETIC."

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This plan of the Zoological Gardens shows the route taken from the Main entrance. The numbers correspond to those on the respective pictures.

No. II.—ROUND THE ZOO.

READER — let us make a rapid tour of the Zoological Gardens together! The late Herbert Spencer once plodded through faithfully in a week. Let us see what can be done within the space of an hour. Starting from the main entrance, we reach the western aviary, where no bird, unless it be the toucan, is more popular than the great crowned pigeon, distinguished by its large size and erectile crest of feathers; it comes from New Guinea. We pass along to the new out-door monkey cages. Here we shall see the famous sacred or Arabian baboon, with its strong muzzle and huge canine teeth. The monkey house proper, a little farther on, is perhaps the most popular exhibit in the Gardens. Here we may make the acquaintance of Jack and Mickie. Mickie is gentle and affectionate, and helps the keeper to clean out his cage. The orang-outang is distinguished from the other apes by its brown skin, red hair, and small ears.



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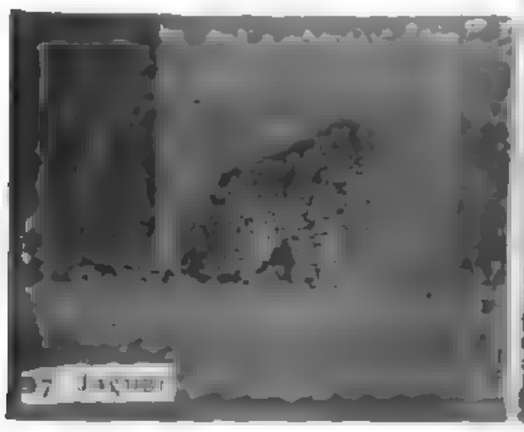




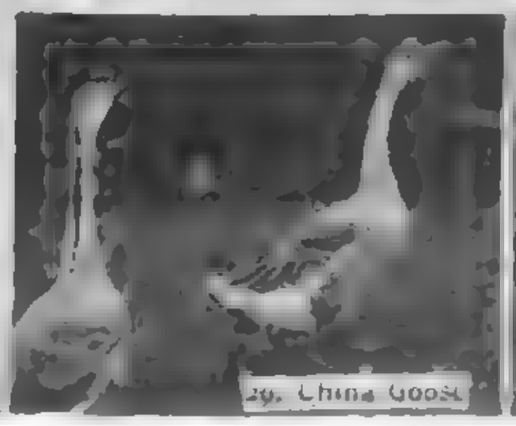














Passing on to the stork and ostrich house, we must pause a moment to observe the several varieties of these curious birds. The rhea is a native of the vast open plains of South America. These birds frequently breed in captivity, and our photograph shows one of the chicks hatched in 1905. The Indian adjutant is one of the largest of flying birds, while the American jabiru may be distinguished from other storks by its bare head and white plumage. The emu inhabits Australia, and may be easily recognised by its hairy-looking plumage. Perhaps the most interesting bird from the naturalist's point of view is the ostrich, it being the most gigantic bird now living. A fine male stands about eight feet high. The white stork is the familiar European form, and is a regular summer visitor to many cities. The crane may be easily distinguished by its loud voice and its short, useless hind toe.

A hasty glance through the rodents' house, where we may especially notice the agouti and the crested porcupine, and we must pass on to the swine house. Here we may see the Indian wild swine, the Red River hog, and the wart hog, the last-named animal deriving its name from the presence of huge warty protuberances on the side of its face.

Our next stopping-place is the southern aviary, where are housed the gulls, herons, cormorants, and otheraquatic birds. The heron is surly in temper, and is able to inflict dangerous wounds by "jabbing" with its heavy, sharp bill. The black-backed gull is the largest of gulls, and is said to attack young lambs in the Scottish Highlands.

A favourite resort is the sea lions' pond, where may be seen not only sea lions, but walruses, seals, and penguins. Penguins are extremely interesting and amusing in their habits, and become very tame.

After a hasty inspection of the wolves'

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and foxes' dens, we press eagerly forward to that most enthralling of all exhibits, the lion house. Here we may see these dread monarchs of the jungle pacing restlessly within their narrow confines, while ever and anon a mighty roar reverberates throughout the vaulted dome, curdling our blood and making us entertain anxious fears as to the strength and durability of the stout iron bars which enclose these majestic beasts.

After the lions, jaguars, and leopards, the geese and swans, which next claim our attention, seem tame in the extreme. However, we may pause a moment to single out for especial attention the China goose, and then, crossing the Broad Walk, the antelope house and paddocks come into view. The gnus are large African antelopes, generally with short hair and ridged, sharply-bent horns; while the eland, also a native of Africa, is the largest of all antelopes.

Passing thence to the bear dens, we may notice our old friend the brown bear laboriously ascending its pole, from which vantage ground it placidly surveys us and waits for its juvenile admirers to regale it with buns and other delicacies. The Syrian bear is an Old-World form. We might spend an entire afternoon delightedly watching the amusing antics of the Polar bears, but time presses, and we must pass on to the camel house. The Bactrian or two-humped, camel is the beast of burden of Central Asia; but here in England the only burden it ever carries consists of joyous children, with here and there, perhaps, some giggling, self-conscious nursemaid.

A cursory glance at those curious birds the pelicans, with their enormous bills and vivid black and white plumage, and the eastern aviary next receives us. Here are the hornbills, natives of tropical Africa and Asia. The Barbary sheep, which are the

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object of our next visit, are found on the southern slopes of the Atlas Mountains, and also in Tripoli and Egypt.

The llamas are the South American representatives of the camels of the Old World, and are valuable as beasts of burden and for their flesh, hide, and wool. The caracal is a native of Africa and some parts of Asia, while the ocelot and the serval are a species of wild cat hailing from South America and Africa respectively. The common fox is a familiar enough figure to dwellers in the country, while the black-backed jackal and the civet cat are not unlike him in appearance.

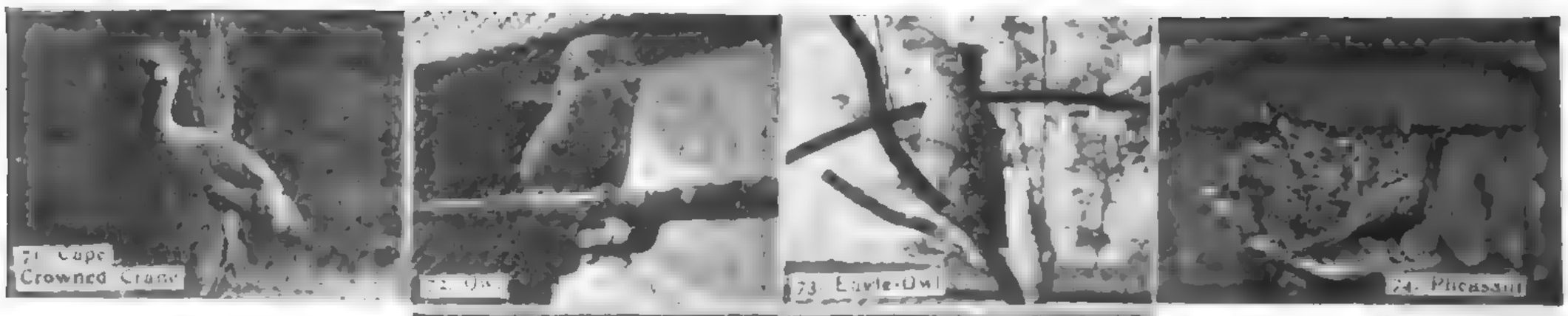
In spite of their unenviable reputation, vultures, to whom we must next direct our attention, are majestic and powerful in flight, rising to terrific heights in search of prey. The king vulture is a particularly handsome bird, with a glossy black and white plumage and a brilliant-coloured bill. Here are also those kings of the air the eagles, but, instead of circling triumphant around some mountain stronghold, they perch mournful and dejected on the stark branch of some cheerless tree.



Our next point of interest is the deer and cattle house and paddocks. The North American wapiti is exceeded in size by no deer except the moose. The red deer is the well-known deer of Scotland, Europe generally, and Western Asia, while the axis deer is a beautiful Indian animal. The sambur deer of India, Burma, and China is a heavy animal, standing nearly five feet high.

The wild cow represents the original white wild cattle of England, and came from Vaynol Park, Bangor. The well-known buffalo, or bison, is the largest of the North American hoofed animals, but is now, unfortunately, all but extinct. Passing on to the reptile house, we observe the mamba and the fer de lance. The India cobra is a very deadly and aggressive snake, always ready to strike on the smallest provocation.

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Pythons and boas, although not poisonous, are dangerous. They frequently reach a huge size and kill their prey by constriction.

The alligator and the tortoise are the next to claim us, and then, having inspected these animals, we make our way to the great aviary, where the avocets and the beautiful flamingos are to be seen. The golden eagle is a strong and courageous bird, frequently attacking the wolf and the stag. The Cape crowned crane is a remarkably handsome bird, hailing from South Africa. The owls are in their habits nocturnal representatives of the eagles and vultures, the eagle-owl being an especially large and powerful bird, with conspicuous ear-tufts. The pheasant is a very familiar bird at this season of the year, but there are many varieties of this toothsome delicacy. The common pheasant was probably introduced into this country by the Romans.

From here let us proceed to view the magnificent collection

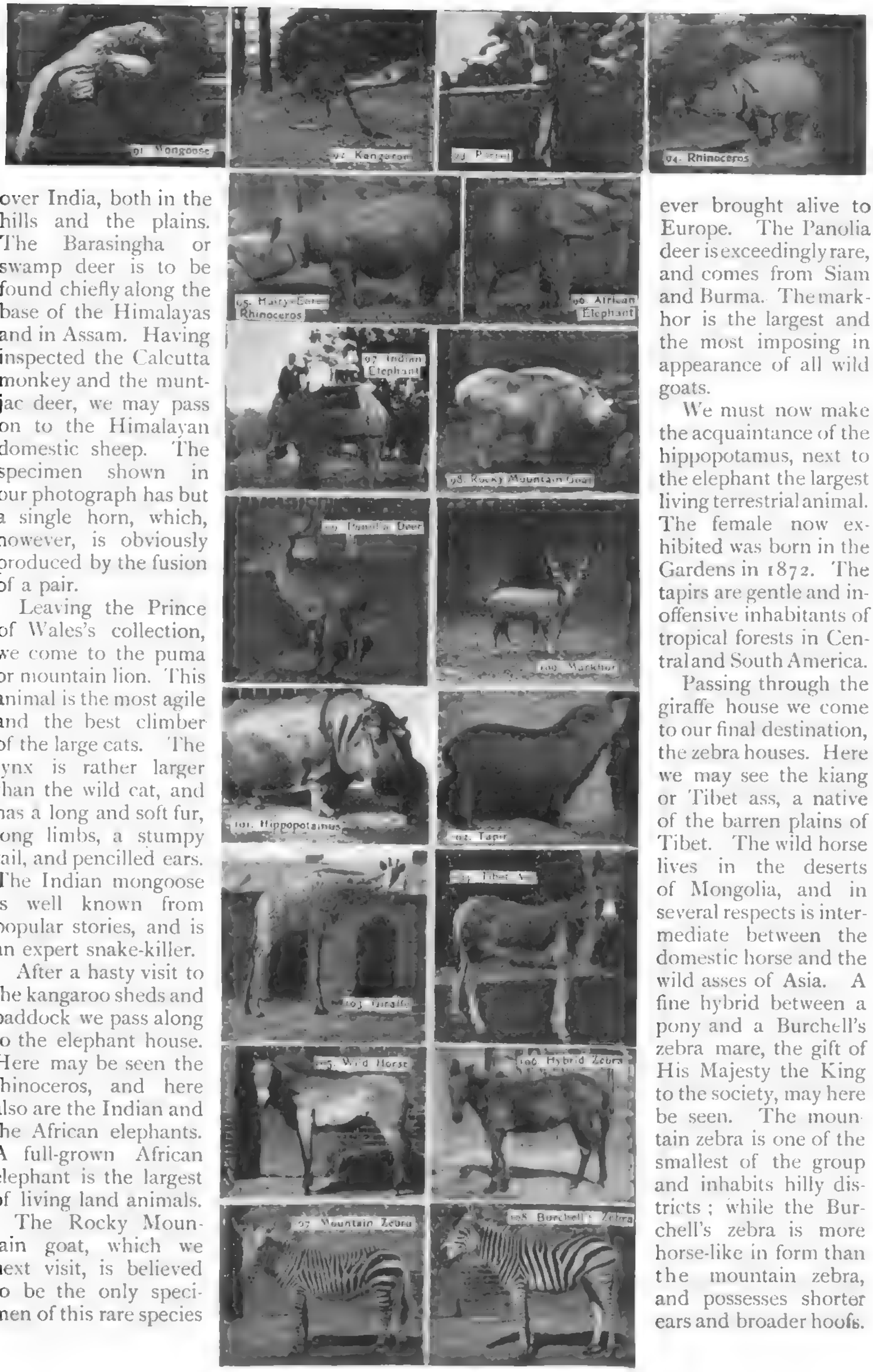


of Indian animals presented to the Zoological Society by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on his return from his recent tour in India. The first to attract our attention is the Indian antelope, but this animal is not much sought after by sportsmen on account of the extreme smallness of its horns. Here also we may see the tigress, gigantic in size and magnificent in colouring. The ungainly-looking rhinoceros, with its large, erect ears and gnarled skin, is the next to make our acquaintance, and then, after exchanging greetings with a young elephant, we pause to admire the beautiful Nylghaie antelopes, with their curious, spirally-twisted horns. The axis or spotted deer, a singularly beautiful and graceful animal, is also to be seen here.

The banting is a beautifully-coloured species of wild ox, and is said to be able to go for several days without drinking. The wild dog, sometimes known as the dhole or red dog, is widely distributed



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over India, both in the hills and the plains. The Barasingha or swamp deer is to be found chiefly along the base of the Himalayas and in Assam. Having inspected the Calcutta monkey and the munt-jac deer, we may pass on to the Himalayan domestic sheep. The specimen shown in our photograph has but a single horn, which, however, is obviously produced by the fusion of a pair.

Leaving the Prince of Wales's collection, we come to the puma or mountain lion. This animal is the most agile and the best climber of the large cats. The lynx is rather larger than the wild cat, and has a long and soft fur, long limbs, a stumpy tail, and pencilled ears. The Indian mongoose is well known from popular stories, and is an expert snake-killer.

After a hasty visit to the kangaroo sheds and paddock we pass along to the elephant house. Here may be seen the rhinoceros, and here also are the Indian and the African elephants. A full-grown African elephant is the largest of living land animals.

The Rocky Mountain goat, which we next visit, is believed to be the only specimen of this rare species ever brought alive to Europe. The Panolia deer is exceedingly rare, and comes from Siam and Burma. The markhor is the largest and the most imposing in appearance of all wild goats.

We must now make the acquaintance of the hippopotamus, next to the elephant the largest living terrestrial animal. The female now exhibited was born in the Gardens in 1872. The tapirs are gentle and inoffensive inhabitants of tropical forests in Central and South America.

Passing through the giraffe house we come to our final destination, the zebra houses. Here we may see the kiang or Tibet ass, a native of the barren plains of Tibet. The wild horse lives in the deserts of Mongolia, and in several respects is intermediate between the domestic horse and the wild asses of Asia. A fine hybrid between a pony and a Burchell's zebra mare, the gift of His Majesty the King to the society, may here be seen. The mountain zebra is one of the smallest of the group and inhabits hilly districts; while the Burchell's zebra is more horse-like in form than the mountain zebra, and possesses shorter ears and broader hoofs.

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ON A FOGY NIGHT.

BY C. C. Andrews.

IT was in the desperation of sheer despair that Miss Romney shouted. There was, she felt, no alternative, since if she did not shout she must cry, which was not only useless, but humiliating. She had really borne up very well considering, perhaps because her present predicament was, in part at least, her own fault. To wire to Eleanor announcing the day and hour of her arrival would, of course, have been the obvious and sensible thing, rather than have left both undecided with the idea of taking her by surprise. But then, Eleanor, in pressing upon her the oft-repeated invitation to come and behold the wedded bliss of herself and her rector, had certainly omitted to mention that the Rectory was situated beyond the ordinary bounds of civilization. Consequently she had no more anticipated that there would be no cabs at the station than she had anticipated the fog itself. It had been a mere mist at first—she had hardly noticed it—and had increased at once so insidiously and so suddenly that she had hardly had time to feel uneasy before she was very much more. She had turned with the idea of going back to the station—the porter had owned that to the Rectory was a good three-mile walk—to find that the woolly walls which seemed to have sprung up around her were even denser behind than before—so dense that in a few paces she had found herself off the road. She had found it again—not without a fall over a great stone that caught her foot—and, picking herself up, about equally breathless and wrathful, had felt helplessly that she did not know which way she faced. She had gone on because standing still was impossible, to find, presently, rough, coarse, short grass under her feet, and the road apparently swept off the face of the earth. The fog grew so thick that she could barely see the hands which she stretched gropingly out before her as she stumbled on; it was like being wrapped in a clammy, suffocating blanket, stupefying, choking, blinding; her skirt caught with a jerk in an unseen something; she felt it tear. It was at this exasperating juncture, too angry to cry, too scared to do nothing, that Miss Romney raised her voice and shouted with the full power of her lungs.

It was not a successful shout. Fog is not a good medium for the purpose; it sounded,

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as she said to herself, impatiently, "a mere squeak," as weak and deadened as though it had been muffled by feather beds. Still, having done it once, it was as well to do it again, for somebody might hear, though she didn't expect it. She did it again, louder, and, improving with practice, again and again, louder and louder still. Then she stopped with her heart jumping, straining her ears, almost certain that out of the piled fog-banks there had come an answering cry. She ran forward eagerly a few paces. "Here! here!" she cried, loudly. "This way—this way!"

"Halloa! Halloa!" a voice came back, beyond all doubt this time. "Where are you?"

"Here! here!" cried Miss Romney, helplessly.

"All right! Stay where you are," shouted the voice. "Call again and I'll come to you."

The voice was big and cheerful—a comforting voice under the circumstances. Miss Romney called again obediently—again and yet again. Every answering call was plainer as the man (of course, it was a man) approached nearer and nearer. Finally something darker than itself loomed vaguely out of the fog, and she darted at and clutched it

"Oh, thank goodness!" she cried, fervently. "Isn't this awful?"

"It's pretty thick. How long have you been wandering about here?"

"Ages!" declared Miss Romney, untruthfully tragic. "Where are we?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"What?" cried Miss Romney. In her amazement she nearly let the clutched sleeve go. "Then—then you are lost, too!" she ejaculated, blankly.

"Of course I am."

"We are both lost?"

"Exactly. And that's where the consolation comes in. 'We are lost' is only about half as awful as 'I am lost,' you know."

"Isn't it?"

"Is it?"

"Perhaps it isn't," agreed Miss Romney.

Both laughed. Neither could see the other's face, for the fog had grown darker as it grew thicker. "You really don't know where we are?" Miss Romney asked, quite imploringly.

"That sounds as if you thought I might know if I tried." He laughed again. "Well, I don't mind hazarding a guess that we're on the links."

"The links?"

"The golf-links." His tone showed surprise. "Don't you know the place, then?"

"Claversham? Not a bit. I came down to stay with my friend Mrs. Leslie at the Rectory, but she didn't know the date and so didn't send to meet me, and there wasn't a cab at the station, so I walked and this came on, and of course I got lost," said Miss Romney, rapidly explanatory. "Yes—the golf-links. You think we're on them?"

"I think so. You see, I came down for golf—never been in the place before—and started to walk across 'em to the Queen's Hotel, where I've booked rooms, and as I came a cropper just now into something that felt like a bunker I should say we're on them still."

"That doesn't help either of us much," sighed Miss Romney, dispiritedly.

"No, I'm afraid it doesn't. By Jove, it's getting thicker!"

There was a pause while it got thicker. "If," suggested Miss Romney, hopefully—"if we go on walking forward we must get somewhere, I suppose?"

"Quite so. Let's hope it won't be to the bottom of another bunker. Perhaps you'll take my arm; having lost everything else, we'd better not lose each other. And may I introduce myself? My name's Lyddiard—I'm at the Bar. I'd show you my card if you could see it. May I ask——"

"My name? Oh, Margaret Romney. I've a cousin at the Bar, too—Charley Culford; I dare say you know him, Mr. Lyddiard. Yes, I will take your arm, I think, please."

She did so. They walked on. As luck would have it, they encountered no more bunkers. Also they talked, for, as luck would also have it, Lyddiard did know Charley Culford slightly, which naturally made things easier than they would otherwise have been. Not, Miss Romney reflected, that you can be stiff with a man to whose arm you are clinging as to your last hope in life, in a fog so dense that you can see neither it nor him. But they were a long time getting somewhere. Lyddiard presently paused.

"There seems to be a good deal of the golf-links," he suggested.

"Claversham can be nothing else!" acquiesced Miss Romney, despairingly. Her tone changed to one of horror. "You don't think we've been going round and round like people who get lost in the bush, do you?"

"I hope not. Suppose I shout? Shall I?"

"Oh, do!" cried Miss Romney, eagerly.

Lyddiard complied. They were shouts

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whose force and volume certainly deserved a reply; but they elicited none. And the fog looked, if possible, a little denser. They moved on again, to be presently brought short up by something that was plainly a fence. Miss Romney's involuntary gasp changed into a cry of relief. "Oh, look! look!" she exclaimed, eagerly.

"Look?" Lyddiard echoed.

"There are lights—don't you see? They must come from a house. Perhaps this is the garden fence. Oh, what a blessing! Feel along and see if you can find a gate," cried Miss Romney, excitedly.

There certainly were lights; the faint yellowish blurs upon the fog could be nothing else, and since they were stationary and at irregular heights they probably came from a house. Groping carefully, Lyddiard found a gate and unlatched it; passing in they felt the smoothness of rolled gravel under their feet. In a few minutes they were close before what, from the many blurs which could only represent lighted windows, was evidently not only a house, but a large house. "Now for a door," cried Miss Romney, eagerly. Then she suffered a qualm of doubt. "We'd better knock, I suppose?"

"We'd certainly better, since the only alternative seems to be passing the night on the links. Whoever they are, they are sure to know your friends at the Rectory—that will be introduction enough for you," Lyddiard answered, cheerfully. "Wait an instant—stay where you are—I've found some steps—this is the door, most likely. Here's the knocker, and—yes—the bell. Now for it!"

He knocked and rang loudly—once, twice, three times. Not the slightest sound within the house responded to the uproar. Finally he groped his way down the steps again, and there was a despairing pause.

"They—they can't have gone to bed?" Miss Romney faltered.

"Bed at nine o'clock?—at the most I don't think it can be more—not they!" said Lyddiard. "All out, most likely; though, if so, it's queer that the windows are lighted. There's no getting in at that door—I gave it an experimental shove. We must try to find another."

"And break in?" cried Miss Romney, horrified.

"Yes—if the worst comes to the worst. You can't stay out in this much longer," said Lyddiard, coolly. "It's a case of 'needs must,' you know."

Miss Romney felt that it was; also that she had had more than enough of the golf-links. She followed meekly as he cautiously made his way round an angle of the house. "Is there another door?" she asked, as he paused.

"I think so—yes." He was feeling and groping. "Yes—a door, right enough, but there's no knocker, and I can't find a bell. I'll give them a last chance with my knuckles, and—why, halloa!"

The door had swung inwards as he touched it. The next moment they were both standing in a brightly-lighted passage or small side-hall and looking, as was only natural, at each other. She saw a man who looked in all ways quite as "nice" as she had hoped he would look; he saw a girl who had been pronounced charming by many men and not a few women. Both laughed, which was also natural.



"THE NEXT MOMENT THEY WERE BOTH LOOKING AT EACH OTHER."

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"The door wasn't fastened!" Miss Romney exclaimed.

"Couldn't have been. And didn't you hear something fall?"

"Yes, I thought so."

Both looked down and both exclaimed. On the floor lay the box of the lock. A glance showed that the lock itself had been doubly shot, and that the key was gone; also that the door had no bolt or other fastening. Lyddiard closed it, shutting out the fog which was streaming in in smoky volumes, and put a chair against it. Then he picked up the box.

"Queer!" he said.

"It seemed to fall directly you knocked. It could hardly have been fastened at all," said Miss Romney.

"That's what I meant. Yet it has two long screws, you see. The wood must have worn away, I suppose."

"I suppose so—it is evidently an old house. Anyhow, it is awfully unsafe." She checked herself, listening. "I don't hear a sound, do you? They must have gone to bed."

"And left all the lights on?"

"Well, they must be out, then. What shall we do?"

"See if we can find anybody first," suggested Lyddiard, practically. "That looks as if it might be a kitchen."

It was, and was lighted as brightly as the passage. The only living thing in it was a big grey cat fast asleep before a dying fire. They examined in turn the various offices, and then the other rooms upon the ground floor—a handsome dining-room on one side of the hall, a morning-room and library on the other. There were brilliant lights in all, and dying fires in all, but of any human inhabitant no sign. "It's—it's uncanny," Miss Romney whispered, half hysterically. Somehow both were whispering.

"Uncanny?"

"Yes; don't you feel it is? All a blaze of light like this and not a creature about! There can't be anybody, or they would have heard us. Come and look in the rest of the rooms. I must! I—I almost feel——"

"What?" She had stopped, with a face suddenly scared and white.

"As if it wouldn't surprise me to find somebody dead somewhere."

"Nonsense! What an imagination you have! It's queer, certainly, but no doubt there's some perfectly simple explanation, if we only knew it. Of course we'll look, though. Shall I go first? Why, by Jove!" he ejaculated.

"There is somebody!" gasped Miss Romney, breathlessly.

Both had stopped short at the bend of the staircase, arrested by a sound which suddenly became audible—that of a piano playing a lively operatic selection. Startling though it might be, it was the least ghastly of noises; in a moment they were up the remaining stairs, across the landing—also brilliantly lighted—and outside the shut door from behind which it came. Lyddiard knocked—knocked again. No notice was taken; the playing continued.

"They must be stone-deaf, or they won't hear," said Miss Romney, indignantly.

Lyddiard's answer was to throw open the door. In a moment they were both in a handsome drawing-room, basking in a glare of electric light, and staring at a piano that played itself! Up and down, up and down went the notes with a metallically monotonous regularity; the brisk, tripping, expressionless music filled the room. Miss Romney burst into a hysteric laugh.

"Oh, it's electric," she exclaimed. "I've seen one. How horrid! Do stop it! It's — oh, it's weird, somehow. A ghost might be playing it! I shall shriek if it goes on. Do stop it, pray—if you know how."

Lyddiard did know; he switched off the current and the music ceased. The girl drew a breath of relief, glancing about her.

"Have we got into an enchanted castle?" she demanded.

"Something like it, I'm beginning to think. Shall we look into the other rooms?"

They did so. A boudoir opened from the drawing-room; a billiard-room occupied the other side of the landing; both were lighted and both were empty. They mounted to the next floor. The first three rooms—bedrooms—yielded an exactly similar result. As the door of the fourth was opened something happened—a dog, a tiny toy terrier, bounced forward with a volley of shrill, yapping barks. Miss Romney caught it up.

"This is the best bedroom," she whispered—"over the drawing-room, you know." She laughed nervously, glancing round. "How queer one is," she said, in a whisper. "To find the place all empty is awful, somehow, and yet if I saw anybody I know I should scream. Look at that wrapper thrown over a chair—doesn't it look ghostly?" She turned to the next door. "This must be a servant's room, by the look of it—the lady's-

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"LOOK AT THAT WRAPPER THROWN OVER A CHAIR—DOESN'T IT LOOK GHOSTLY?"

maid, perhaps—there's a cap lying on the dressing-table. Shall we go up to the next floor? I feel as if we ought, though I'm certain we shall find nobody."

They mounted to the next floor, finding only more and smaller bedrooms, all lighted and all empty. Plainly there was nobody in the extraordinary house but themselves. They hardly spoke until they got down into the hall again; perhaps neither quite knew what to say. The little terrier had followed. Miss Romney broke the silence as she again picked it up; her pretty face was regaining its colour. "After all, I think it's very simple," she said, slowly. "I believe I can explain it."

"Can you?"

"Yes. Most likely it amounts to no more than this—the family are out somewhere—dining, perhaps; they can't be away, or there wouldn't be fires everywhere—and the servants are making an evening of it without leave, meaning, of course, to get back first. They left all the lights on and that horrid piano playing, so that the house shouldn't appear deserted. Doesn't that about fit things?"

"You are brilliant!" declared Lyddiard. "And you cover the facts perfectly. Nothing is too outrageous to believe of the modern domestic. We'll leave it at that since we can't do better. How is the fog getting on, I wonder?"

If the fog was no worse it was because it could get no worse. To go out into that impenetrable smoky greyness and face the horror — and the bunkers — of the links again was so obviously impossible that they wasted no words about it. Lyddiard shut the door after one look, and Miss Romney silently accepted the situation by taking off her hat and coat. There was a pause, which the hall clock filled up by striking nine.

"I had ordered dinner at the hotel," said Lyddiard, lugubriously.

"I expected to dine at the Rectory," sighed Miss Romney, more lugubriously.

They looked at each other and laughed. The strangeness of the situation was beginning to evaporate; its humour was coming to the surface. "We didn't break in," began Miss Romney, judicially, "because the door opened of itself the very minute you touched it. So we're not burglars. But if we help ourselves to anything to eat we shall certainly be thieves!"

"If we don't we shall be corpses," Lyddiard represented. "You are hungry and so am I. As a lawyer I decline to allow my conscience to become unduly obtrusive. We must trust to your connection with the Rectory and my—I hope—unblemished reputation to see us through if we are discovered, though judging by the look of things outside I should say the chance of anybody coming back to-night is as small as ours of getting away. At the worst you shall only suffer as an unwilling accessory. I suggest that we find the larder."

Miss Romney consented to find the larder on the condition that they didn't eat more

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than they could help and made no attempt to invade the wine-cellar—wine, she pointed out, could not be considered a necessity. The meal which they presently ate together—in the kitchen, and chaperoned by the cat and the terrier, both of whom took an active interest in the proceedings—was probably not unpleasant. It was considerably past ten when they crossed the hall again and entered the first open door—that of the morning-room, where a fire was still burning. A glance from a window as they passed it had shown no change in things outside; the fog displayed no signs of lessening.

"Well, we're both robbers," said Lyddiard. "Judging by my own feelings I should say the first step in a career of crime leaves a distinctly comfortable sensation behind it. What do you say?"

"I'm so comfy I don't care whether I'm a criminal or not," Miss Romney asserted, callously. She laughed. "Suppose we get away before anybody comes back, what shall we do? Leave an explanatory note and five shillings each in a couple of envelopes? I wonder who our unconscious host and hostess are? What a pity they're so fatally tidy! If they had left a few letters or some note-paper about we might find out what their name is and what the house is called, at least. But I don't see—— Ah!"

"What is it?" asked Lyddiard.

"A telegram — look!" She turned from the mantelshelf with it in her hand. "Would it be very awful if I read it, do you think? It might tell us something. Shall I?"

Lyddiard laughed because she was already unfolding it. The single sentence which she read aloud was not especially illuminative: "Sorry called away this morning; returning by night mail.—Aubrey." Miss Romney put it down with a chagrined air.

"That isn't any good," she grumbled. "If we knew Aubrey it might be quite thrilling to know that he was called away, and that he handed that in at Charing Cross at five minutes past three this afternoon. But as we don't it isn't. Of course, we can't find the envelope? That would be sure to have the name and address on it."

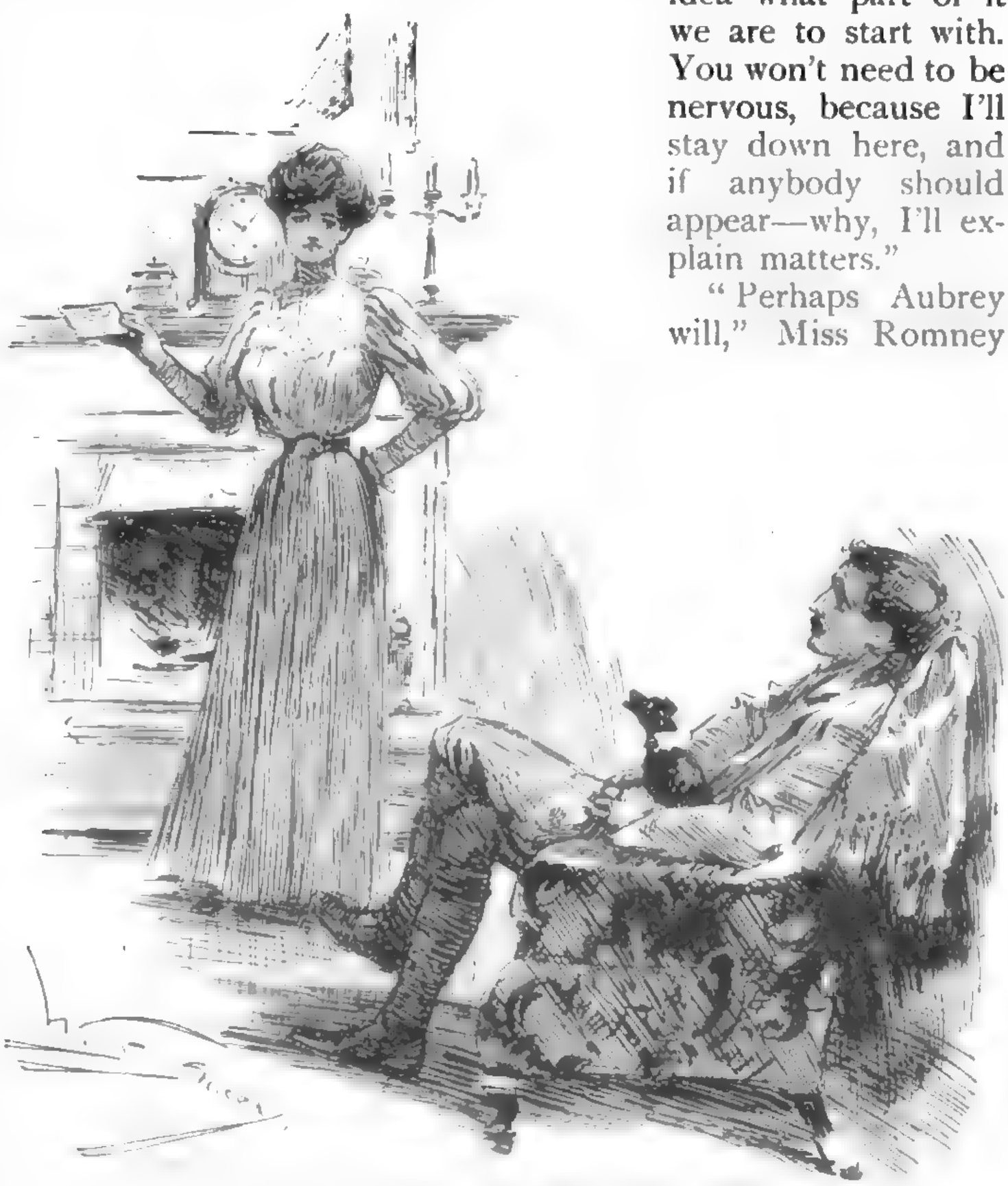
Of course they could not, though they presently discovered in the fender a burnt fragment which had plainly been the envelope once upon a time. There was a pause, during which Miss Romney yawned uncontrollably, not for the first time. Lyddiard laughed, as he involuntarily followed suit.

"There must be something remarkably soporific in the Claversham air," he remarked. "I don't know when I have felt so dead sleepy, and you are not much better. You must go upstairs and get some rest. I'm afraid we must accept it that there's no hope of your being able to get to your friends to-night. You see, even if the fog should lift in an hour or two it will be too late to do anything before the morning."

"I suppose it will," allowed Miss Romney, dubiously.

"Certainly it will, since we are both strangers in the neighbourhood and have no idea what part of it we are to start with. You won't need to be nervous, because I'll stay down here, and if anybody should appear—why, I'll explain matters."

"Perhaps Aubrey will," Miss Romney



"'A TELEGRAM—LOOK!' SHE TURNED FROM THE MANTELSHELF WITH IT IN HER HAND."

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suggested. She laughed as she yawned again. "I am most ridiculously tired," she confessed, "and, of course, the only sensible thing to do is to get some sleep if I can. I'll take that little room next to the big one on the second floor, I think. I'm sure it belongs to the lady's-maid, so it will be expressive of my desire to be becomingly modest. But do come up and switch off the lights first. It's weird, somehow—the idea of all those rooms lighted up and not a creature in them."

They went up, treading softly, as involuntarily as they whispered, and glancing round each room before they plunged it in darkness as doubtfully as if they had not examined it already. At the door of the best bedroom on the second floor Miss Romney, a little in advance, started and caught Lyddiard's arm

"What's that?" she exclaimed.

"What is what?"

"I heard somebody breathing!"

"Nonsense! Your fancy."

"I suppose it must be, but I thought I heard it." Still in advance, she went forward into the middle of the room and sprang back with a shriek. "Ah, look!" she cried, pointing. "She is dead! Look! look!"

Huddled beside an arm-chair, which had been concealed by the bed-curtains when they stood at the door, was a woman—a small, neatly-dressed, middle-aged figure, looking like a superior maid. From her position she might either have crouched down by the chair or slipped out of it. She lay half across the seat, her arms hanging laxly down, her face upturned, her eyes fast shut, and breathing deeply. Lyddiard took one of the hanging hands, dropped it, and gently shook the shoulder; the inert rolling of the head sideways was the only result. "Drugged," he pronounced, succinctly.

"Drugged?" Miss Romney echoed, blankly.

"Yes; she has been dosed or has dosed herself with some narcotic—morphia, I fancy. It is of no use trying to rouse her; she must sleep it off. But she ought not to lie in that huddled attitude. I'll see if I can lay her on the bed."

He did so easily enough, and Miss Romney loosened the dress at the throat and tucked an eiderdown round the unconscious figure. She was quite pale when presently they stood outside the door of the adjoining room.

"Suppose she should die—how awful!" she said, in an awed whisper.

"There's not much fear of that. She will sleep it off all right," he answered, cheerfully.

"She must have been there all the time."

"Yes; no doubt."

"Suppose she wakes in the night?"

"If she does I shall hear her."

"But what in the world can it all mean?" She shivered. "Ugh! This is a horrid house—I wish it were morning! I—I'm getting most awfully uncomfortable, you know."

"You mustn't do that. And the sooner you get to sleep the sooner the morning will come," Lyddiard assured her, comfortingly. "Good night."

"Sleep? I know I sha'n't sleep a wink!" said Miss Romney, forebodingly, as he went downstairs with the terrier tucked under his arm.

But a strange bed and stranger circumstances are not sufficient to hold a healthy and strong-nerved young woman waking after a sufficient amount of fog and golf-links, even when there is added the unaccustomed discomfort of lying down with your clothes on. Miss Romney's head had not lain upon the pillow for five minutes before she slept as soundly as she had ever done in her life.

She awoke with a start. For a moment, as she lay staring confusedly around the unfamiliar room, it seemed to her that she must be dreaming. What had roused her? Had she or had she not dreamed that there had been a stealthy, cautious movement, a faint rustle at her side? She slowly turned her eyes, but not her head. The shapes of the furniture bulked like darker shadows upon shadows vague and indistinct, but surely outlined against what must be the fall of the curtain was something white that was like a draped figure? And was there a faint movement under her head, as though a hand crept and groped secretly beneath her pillow? Now it was withdrawn; there was the gentle rustle again, a creak, and the almost noiseless closing of a door. No—it was no dream—she was awake. She had been lost in the fog on the Claversham golf-links—of course she recollected! She started up with her heart thumping as the memory rushed over her, and groped for the switch beside the bed. The room was flooded with light in a moment, and she sat up, her mind perfectly clear.

Had she been awake? Or had some dream of the unknown woman, who, no doubt, still slept her drugged sleep in the next room, somehow shaped itself into that vision of a draped form beside the bed? It must have been so, and yet that groping hand under her pillow had been very real. She slipped her own hand under, recalling that, obeying

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her invariable habit, she had put her purse and keys there before lying down. Here was the purse, but the keys—she felt and felt unsuccessfully—surely they were gone! And what was this other tiny object which she found herself grasping? She withdrew her hand and stared bewilderedly at what lay in its palm—a man's heavy gold buckle ring.

The next moment she was on her feet and had sprung to the door. A sudden uproar had arisen below—loud shouts, a sound of struggling, the shot of a pistol, and the clatter of shattered glass. On the landing something caught her foot—she snatched it up and rushed down into the hall. The light was switched on, the fragments of a broken mirror littered the floor, the side-door swung open, and she was just in time to see Lyddiard dart through. Running out, too—in her excited wonder she had no fear—she distinguished the shapes of two furiously-struggling figures before the fog swallowed them up. There came the "ping!" of a second shot, followed by a cry and the sound of swiftly-running feet dying away upon an unseen road. In a moment Lyddiard appeared out of the thinning fog, a revolver in his hand.

"Oh! what is it?" cried Miss Romney, bewilderedly. "Are you hurt?"

"No, no; I am all right." He followed her in and closed the door, putting down the revolver with a laugh. "The events of the night promise to be thrilling before they're over. I've paid for my supper by routing a burglar."

"A burglar?"

"Nothing less; though he did make his



"WAS THERE A FAINT MOVEMENT UNDER HER HEAD, AS THOUGH A HAND CREPT AND GROPED SECRETLY BENEATH HER PILLOW?"

entry where we did, by the way. Sit down—how white you look!—sorry you were roused." He placed her in a chair. "I'd been asleep in there," he explained, nodding towards the morning-room, and woke fancying I heard a sound in the next room—the library. I thought for the moment that you had come down, not being able to sleep. But there was our friend, just pulling away the curtain from in front of a safe that's let into an alcove in the wall—crape mask, muffler, and cap, all complete; might have stepped out of the *Police News*, if you know that interesting publication."

"And you fired at him?"

"Not at all. We jumped at one another, and I seized him; he struggled, got away, and fired as I went for him again, smashing the glass, as you see—only did it to scare me, I fancy. He rushed out and I after him, we grappled and I wrenched the shooter away, but he twisted himself free and ran, and I fired after him. It was all at random in the fog, of course; but I fancy I touched him—he certainly shouted. Couldn't have been hurt much, though, judging by the pace he

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made." He broke off. "Why, what's that you are holding—that white stuff?"

"I don't know." She glanced down confusedly and let it fall. "I—picked it up on the landing; it's a sheet, I think. What's that in your hand?"

"This? Oh, the mask. I got hold of it and tore it off as we strugged out there; I'll have it and the pistol labelled as trophies of my first burglar, I think! He didn't get the safe open, luckily; didn't have time to try. By the way, I believe he had the keys; I recollect hearing something fall with a chink." He stooped, peered about, and picked something up. "By Jove, yes—here they are!"

"Yes; they're mine," said Miss Romney.

"Yours?"

"Mine. He came and took them from under my pillow."

"What?"

Miss Romney explained, with fair coherence considering, concluding by showing the ring which she still held in her hand. "It must have been too loose and slipped off, of course," she said. Lyddiard recovered his amazement in a minute or two; his trained wits put the thing together as swiftly.

"It's pretty plain," he decided. "The person who occupies the room you were in has charge of the key which opens the safe; it is habitually placed under the pillow, as yours were, and the thief knew it. That sheet arrangement was for an additional disguise, of course. H'm! One of the servants, or somebody in league with the servants, I should say."

"Perhaps." Miss Romney considered. "Do you think he thought the house was empty, then?"

"No; or he would not have used such caution."

"No." She glanced at the clock. "It's odd that he should have waited until five o'clock in the morning."

"Hardly; you forget the fog. Most likely he has been skulking about for hours on those confounded links—recollect our own experiences." His tone changed with a laugh. "Well, I suppose there's nothing for it now but to wait here until something or somebody turns up, fog or no fog. But we shall want some breakfast presently. I hope you realize that we are mutually having the time of our lives, and that——"

He stopped. Miss Romney, turning her head, had cried out. The figure of the middle-aged maid was descending the stairs. Her neat dress was all tumbled, her cap was awry, her mouth was opened for a scream. Miss Romney rushed at her before she could utter it.



"HER NEAT DRESS WAS ALL TUMBLED, HER CAP WAS AWRY, HER MOUTH WAS OPENED FOR A SCREAM."

"Oh, please, please, pray don't be frightened!" she begged. "It's—it's all right, really—we're not thieves or anything. You've been drugged—asleep for hours, and—and it's to-morrow morning!" She took the bewildered woman by the shoulders and gently seated her in a chair. "Oh, Mr. Lyddiard, do please explain and tell her, poor thing. She is scared to death."

Luckily the law—when it chooses—can be lucid; Lyddiard was so, Miss Romney was soothing; and possibly, despite considerable dishevelment, neither of them had the appearance popularly associated with nocturnal marauders. To be brief, the woman came to her senses and grasped the situation as soon as could reasonably be expected, with a commendable lack of hysterical symptoms. Presently, "But

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where are we?" Miss Romney demanded. "Whose house is this?"

"Hollycroft, madam—Sir Joseph Lester's."

"Oh!" Miss Romney cried. She stared at Lyddiard. "Why, I know the name from Mrs. Leslie's letters! Sir Joseph is awfully rich—a retired merchant—drysalter, I think—and was knighted two years ago. He and Lady Lester visit at Claversham Rectory, do they not?"

"They are dining there to-night, madam—I should say last night, but my head is all confused still—and so is Miss Lester. Mr. Aubrey would have been with them, but he was suddenly called away to town."

"Oh!" Miss Romney thought of the telegram; a glance at Lyddiard told her that he was doing the same. "They will have stayed the night because of the fog, of course," she said. "But—but even now I don't understand, Mrs. Harrison—you said that was your name, didn't you?—who can possibly have drugged you, or where all the servants can be, though wherever it is no doubt the fog has kept them too."

"As for who drugged me, ma'am, I've no doubt, more shame for them, that they were all in it, for well they knew that I'd see no pranks played behind my lady's back—I've lived with her too long for that. I make no doubt that one of them slipped the stuff into my tonic bottle. I thought it had a funny taste when I took my evening dose, and don't recollect anything after I turned faint and queer except thinking I'd sit down a bit till it passed off. As to where they've gone, I don't need telling. To that rubbishy carnival!"

"The carnival?" Lyddiard echoed.

Mrs. Harrison explained. There was a carnival held every year at the end of the summer in Claversham, winding up with a ball at the town Assembly Rooms. It consisted, apparently, of "fancy-dress foolery," and led to "carryings on." Sir Joseph objecting to "carryings on," had consequently forbade his household to participate in the affair, and there had been resultant "sulks and grumbles." Mrs. Harrison was proceeding to express her conviction that every one of them would have "to take their month," and furthermore that cook, at any rate, was old enough to know better, when Miss Romney, glancing from the window, uttered an exclamation. It was fairly daylight now, the fog had thinned away to mere smoke wreaths, and through them a carriage was visible turning in at the gates. It stopped at the side-door, and out jumped a little, dapper, apple-cheeked, elderly gentleman—Sir Joseph Lester. He came bustling in, not waiting for the grey-haired, elderly lady and younger lady who followed him.

"What! up already, Harrison? Come, that's famous! Suppose you were anxious about us, eh? My good soul, well you might be! Lost in the fog? Of course we were lost in the fog. It wasn't much when we left the Rectory, but as for getting home—not a bit of it! Thought ourselves precious lucky to find the Queen's Hotel on t'other side of the links—eh, my dear? And there we've been, sitting by the fire in the billiard-room, all night, for, of course, there wasn't a bed to be had for love or money. You must get your mother upstairs, Gertrude—shouldn't wonder if we have her ill after this. Why, what's this? The mirror smashed? And—why—who—I beg your pardon, sir, but may I ask who you may happen to be?"

Sir Joseph stared from Lyddiard to Miss Romney and back again, as well he might; his wife and daughter followed his example. Once more Lyddiard explained, and once more his statement was, as an exposition of the condition of affairs, a masterly effort. Lady Lester sat bewildered; her daughter smiled at Miss Romney as though she found it amusing, and Sir Joseph interrupted the last sentences impulsively.

"Apologize? Not at all, my dear sir—not at all; I won't hear of it! Only too happy, I'm sure, that you found shelter in my house under such unpleasant circumstances—not to speak of you, my dear young lady. But, for the life of me, I can't make out where upon earth———Why, what the deuce—bless my soul!"

He stared from the window; they all stared from the window; Lady Lester uttered a faint shriek. Trailing up the path came a procession which, so far as costume went, might have stepped out of a Christmas pantomime. (That the expression and aspect of nobody was suitably jubilant was explainable by the fact which afterwards transpired—that the whole party had lost itself on the golf-links and spent the night shivering in a shelter-hut.) First came a portly Queen Elizabeth, whose huge ruff of crinkled paper was now mere pulp, and who could have been no more plainly announced as the cook had the word been embroidered across her ample stomacher. Following her came a columbine whose skirt was a damp mop, a pierrette whose sugar-loaf hat was squashed flat, a Red Riding Hood, weeping dismally, who had lost one shoe and three

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parts of her cloak, a large-sized clown who was evidently the footman, and a small-sized Folly who was as evidently the page. The whole body, crowding in at the door, huddled together with a twitter of consternation at meeting Sir Joseph's glare. There was a moment's awful silence. Then——

"Every one of you, man and woman, quits my service!" he rapped out. "No excuses—I'll not hear them — take yourselves off! Wait! A word first. Which of you was it who dared go hocusing Mrs. Harrison?"



"THE GROUP SLUNK AWAY AMID THE LOUD SNIFFINGS OF THE COOK AND THE WHIMPERINGS OF HER COMPANIONS."

Red Riding Hood burst into renewed wailings, announcing herself the culprit. "I—I—did-didn't mean to put in so much," she sobbed; "my hand jerked. It was cook thought of it, please, sir. And—and Markham said it would be all right going to the ca-ca-carnival if we got home first, and quite safe if we left the lights on and the piano playing, my lady."

"Don't speak to your mistress—take yourselves off!" commanded Sir Joseph. The group slunk away amid the loud sniffings of the cook and the whimperings of her companions, and he turned to Lyddiard again. "So far from requiring apologies, my dear sir, I should rather offer you my thanks," he said, heartily. "There are over a thousand pounds in gold and notes in that safe, though how it got known beats me, for it's only there for a day or two. There are other valuables and a lot of jewellery belonging to my wife and daughter, too, which is why their maid, Mrs. Harrison here, has a duplicate key. Evidently the burglar, whoever the villain is, knows that, or he wouldn't have made straight for her room. I shouldn't be surprised if it turns out as you suggest—that he's in league with those rascally servants, though I'm bound to say I've always found them all honest enough. No doubt they meant to sneak in by this door here; the lock's doubly shot, I see. I'd like to come to the bottom of how it was that the box dropped off at a touch as it did. You said at a touch, I think?"

"Hardly that, Sir Joseph, strictly speaking. I knocked pretty loudly. I may have slightly pushed the door."

"But still—at a slight push—that looks like complicity, you know, as if the screws had been purposely half drawn. The fellow did make his entrance here? Yes, yes—the chair was pushed away and the door open—I understand. What about the revolver? That ought to be a clue."

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They had all moved into the morning-room, and Lady Lester was bending over the fire, which was still bright in the grate; Lyddiard had exhausted the coal-scuttle during his night's vigil. He shook his head.

"I'm afraid not; I have examined it. It is quite new, there is no mark, and it is of the cheapest American make, a kind that is turned out by scores. No; you may take it that there is no trace there. But it is possible that the ring may furnish one. It is of a common enough design, but if there should chance to be a mark or an inscription of any sort——"

"Ah, yes; the ring!" cried Sir Joseph, eagerly. "We may nail the scoundrel by means of that. Thank you, my dear." He took the ring as Miss Romney held it out, swung round to the window, and bent over it. Then suddenly, "Gertrude!" he cried.

The word was loud, sharp; his daughter ran to him. There was a moment's dead silence. Then Sir Joseph turned slowly about. His ruddy apple cheeks were livid and streaked.

"No luck, Mr. Lyddiard," he said, deliberately; "no luck, I'm afraid. The ring is as worthless as a clue as the revolver; such things are turned out by the score, too. I see no chance of tracing the man, and since, thanks to you, I have lost nothing, it is hardly worth my while to try. As for this, I prefer to get rid of it in this way."

He dropped the ring into the heart of the fire, took up the poker, and pressed it down. Lady Lister burst into sudden tears.

"Oh, dear, how dreadful this is!" she bemoaned, gently. "I don't like to think of your not trying to catch the wretch, Joseph—why, he may come back some night and murder us all! You must talk to Aubrey and see what he says. Somehow I feel as if it would never have happened if only he had been at home. Where is he, I wonder? He wired he was coming by the night mail, you know. He should be here by now."

"It's too late for the night mail," Sir Joseph answered, curtly. "He won't come, mother—something—something's detained him, no doubt. But you don't need to worry; we shall have a wire before long, most likely—yes, I expect we shall have a wire. Take your mistress up to her room, Harrison—she's worn out." He watched his wife go. "You tore this man's mask off, you said, Mr. Lyddiard. Did you see his face? Would you know him again?"

"It was the merest glimpse. No; certainly not," Lyddiard answered, promptly.

Sir Joseph made no reply. He took his daughter's arm and left the room. Both were very pale.

It was some hours later that Miss Romney and Lyddiard left Hollycroft to walk to the Rectory. Both seemed to take it equally for granted that he was to be presented there. They had had an excellent breakfast, attended by a shamefaced parlourmaid who had been the columbine, but no one else had appeared. A telegraph-boy was approaching the gate as they passed out. Lyddiard stopped.

"Wire?" he asked, carelessly.

"Yes, sir."

"For Sir Joseph Lester?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah!" said Lyddiard.

They walked on. The golf-links sparkled in the sunshine; there was no trace left of the fog. Miss Romney broke a long silence.

"Eleanor has told me," she said, slowly, "that the son is a dreadful reprobate—always in debt; has given them no end of trouble. Sir Joseph would have turned him out long ago but that Lady Lester adores him."

"Just so," said Lyddiard.

"The terrier was with you. He didn't bark when he heard the burglar," mused Miss Romney, thoughtfully.

"No; he didn't bark," assented Lyddiard.

"That telegram I read was handed in at Charing Cross at five minutes past three," murmured Miss Romney.

"It is a journey of barely three hours to Claversham," said Lyddiard.

"I never thought of looking to see whether there was any inscription on that ring," Miss Romney remarked.

"Nor I," said Lyddiard.

There was a silence, which lasted until they were close to the gate of the Rectory. Miss Romney glanced up with a smile.

"I wonder," she said, carelessly, "whether you did properly see the burglar's face when you tore his mask off? Did you?"

"Properly would, perhaps, be a little extreme," said Lyddiard. "It was, you will recollect, in the fog. I think that on all accounts, or, we will say, especially on Lady Lester's account, it would be as well to agree to leave it——"

"In the fog," suggested Miss Romney, smiling, but soberly.

"In the fog," repeated Lyddiard, with gravity.

And Miss Romney felt, as they opened the Rectory gate, that both understood, and that neither had any doubt whatever.

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Some Novel Projectiles.

By Archibald Williams.

IN his account of his travels in Abyssinia in 1770 Bruce, the great explorer, tells us of an interesting episode that took place during his stay at Gondar. One day, at supper, a native chieftain began to brag about his prowess with his gun, and added some slighting remarks about the Scotchman. Nettled by the insult, Bruce replied that the end of a tallow-candle in his gun would do more execution than an iron ball in the native's. This answer produced a scrimmage and the imprisonment of the Abyssinian.

Some days later the King suggested to Bruce that he could not expect his assertion about the tallow-candle to be credited. His guest at once offered to prove the truth of the boast. Three native bull-hide shields were brought and placed one behind the other. Bruce poured the powder-charge into his gun, rammed half a candle down on the powder, and fired. The candle pierced all three shields with the greatest ease, much to



A helper firing off the gun by pulling a string attached to the trigger. As a precaution against flying fragments, the pulling is done from behind a screen.

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the astonishment of the King and a thousand other onlookers, and soon afterwards Bruce perforated a table with the other half candle. These feats established Bruce's reputation on a firm basis; any further statements that he made were accepted without question, and for many years afterwards the memory of "the man who shot through a table" was cherished by the simple Abyssinians.

When Bruce published the story of his adventures some hostile critics included this exploit among the statements which they were pleased to regard as mere travellers' tales. Yet the means of testing this particular incredibility were ready to hand, and a thoughtful reader might, even without experiment, have been prepared to believe what he read about the candle.

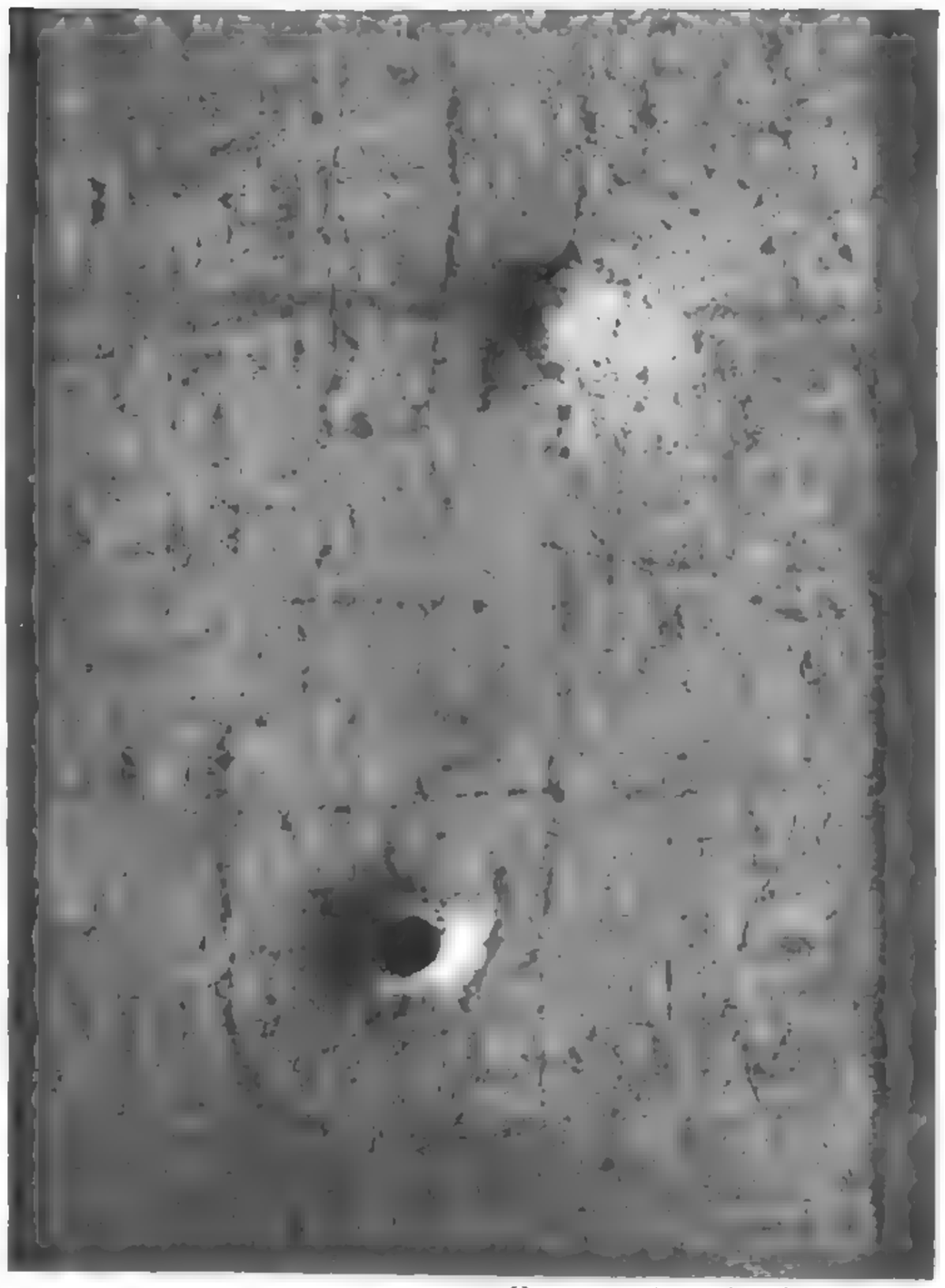


FIG. 1.—A rolled-iron plate, 1·8in. thick. The big dent at the top (½in. deep) was made by a wooden rod; the hole by a brass slug, which almost penetrated a board 2in. thick.



FIG. 2.—A wooden projectile before and after impact on a thick iron plate. Between them is a paper bullet, telescoped by an unsuccessful attack on the same plate. Before being fired it was somewhat longer than the stick on the left.

The penetrative power of a projectile depends on three factors: its velocity, its weight, and its cohesion. A light, loosely-compacted substance moving at high speed may have more effect than a much tougher substance travelling at a low speed. Theoretically, any substance would pierce any other substance provided that it strikes it with sufficient momentum.

The subjoined experiments will be of interest to readers who have not themselves made trial of the penetrative capacity of wood, candles, water, etc. I should state at the outset that the target was in each case very close to the muzzle of the firearm—about four feet away, and in a few cases only two feet—

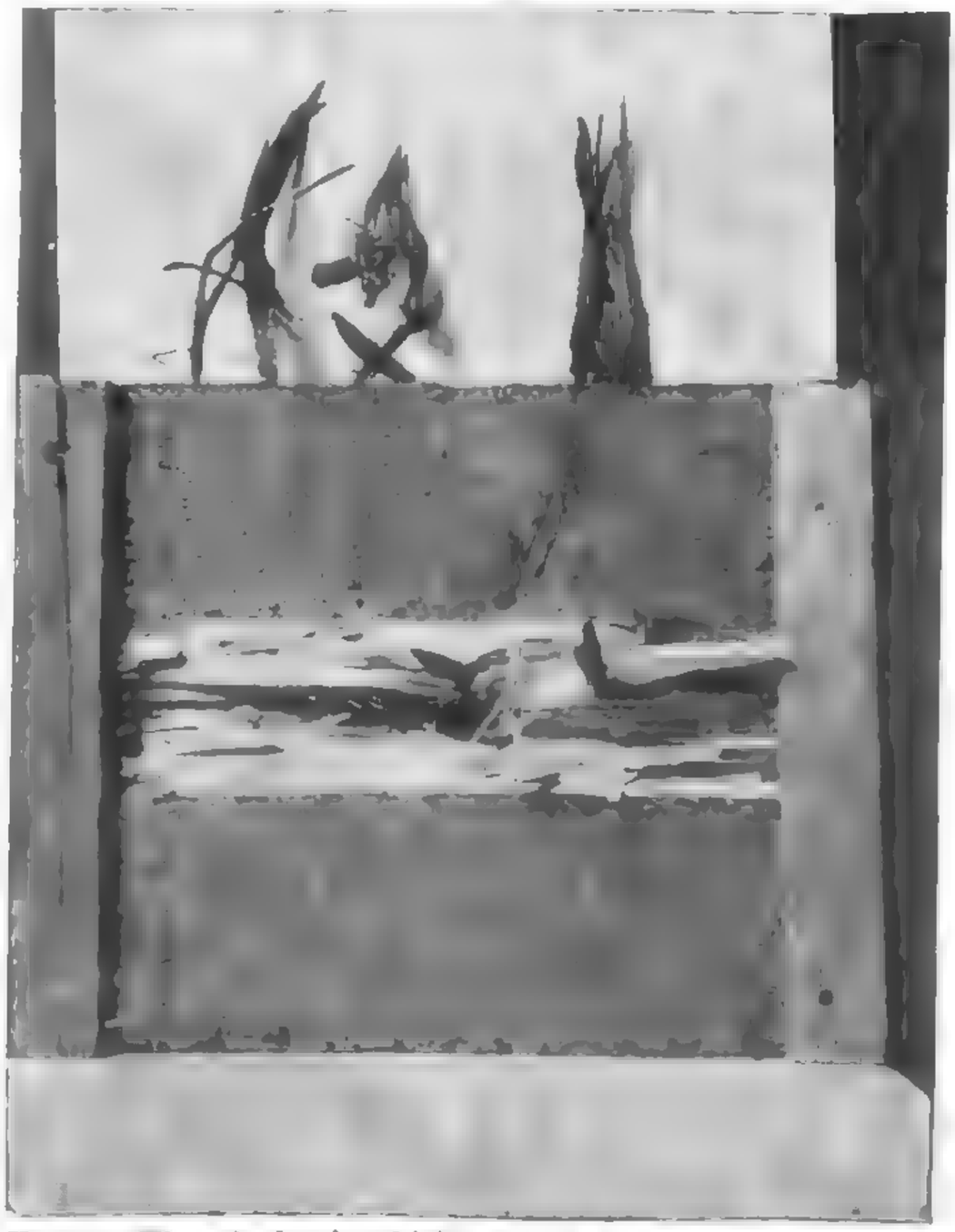


FIG. 3.—The plank, 2in. thick, pierced by a wooden projectile, the remains of which are seen on top of the plank.

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as my object was to prove the effect of these projectiles at close quarters.

The weapons used were an ordinary sporting gun, 16-bore, and a Lee-Metford rifle, only a few experiments being conducted with the latter. My targets included two rolled-iron plates, one-sixteenth and one-eighth of an inch thick respectively, and a number of seasoned deal planks ranging from three-eighths of an inch to three inches in thickness.

I first made trial of some oak sticks about eight inches long, fashioned to fit the gun pretty accurately. My initial target was a soap-box, five inches deep, filled with tightly-packed sand and stood on end. The stick passed through this obstacle, ploughed up the ground beyond, and, emerging again, made a final flight of thirty-seven yards. The end was very slightly bent over.

When directed against the thicker iron plate this rod failed to penetrate, but made a very deep dent (see Fig. 1), and the end was much splayed (Fig. 2).

Substituting wood for iron, I put the rods to another test. An inch-and-a-quarter plank failed to stop one. The plank was split down the centre, and the two halves, by one of those curious chances which might not be repeated in a huge number of attempts, were turned round on their bottom edges so that their outer edges came into contact, each half resting, as before, against one of the posts backing the plank.

The last rod was directed against a two-inch plank, strengthened by cross-bars to prevent splitting. Penetration resulted (see Fig. 3), but the projectile was shattered into small pieces.

My next projectile was a candle, fired from the gun through a one-inch board. Then, replacing the gun with the rifle and a blank cartridge, I used one of the small candles made for Christmas-tree decoration, weighing forty grains. This pierced the thinner iron plate (Fig. 4), and a second candle a board an inch and a quarter thick. Considering the extreme lightness of the projectiles, these results are somewhat remarkable.



FIG. 4.—An iron plate, 1-16in. thick, perforated by a small candle weighing 40 grains, shot from a Lee-Metford rifle.

Water in motion, or water struck by a fast-moving object, offers great resistance to opposition, as a clumsy diver knows only too well. Since water cannot be inserted into a firearm unless confined in some way, I had to make a cylindrical paper shell to hold the charge, cork it at one end, pour in the water, and cork the other. Though a projectile of this type penetrated some thin galvanized iron roofing, it jibbed at the thinner iron plate, merely doubling it up into a very twisted shape. Of a one-inch board it made very short work (Fig. 5). I imagine that a water-charge fired at close quarters would "spoil" a man very considerably.



FIG. 5.—A cylinder filled with water penetrated a board 1in. thick. The projectile is seen on the right.

The converse of this experiment was to fire a hard object at a vessel full of water. As missile I selected a brass slug sawn off the end of a rod. My target was a biscuit-box filled to

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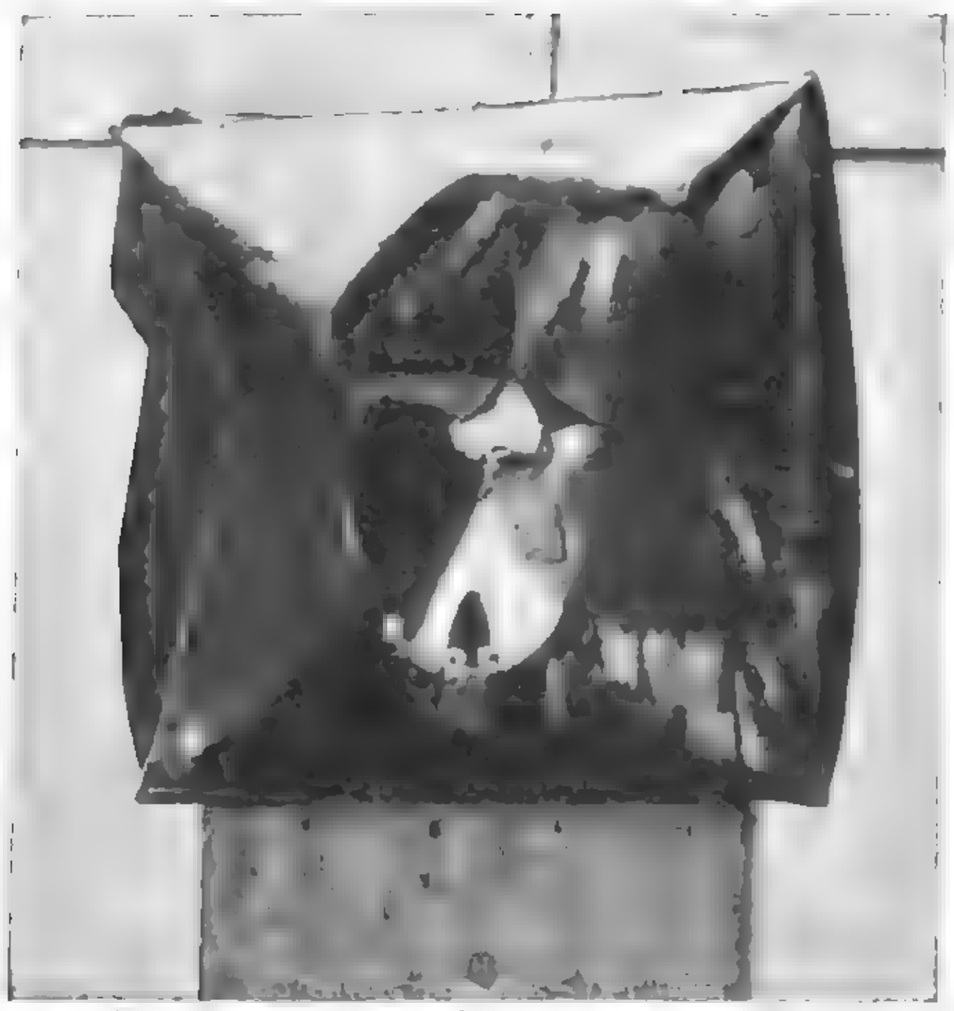


FIG. 6.—This tin was filled with water and struck by a brass slug, which passed clean through, compressing the water so that its recoil bulged out the tin into a barrel shape. The white lines indicate the corners of the box.



FIG. 7.—The same tin seen sideways.

the brim. The slug, somewhat to my surprise, went clean through; but the water, being slightly compressed, gave a vicious outward kick, which distended the box into a barrel shape (Figs. 6 and 7). In this case there was no lid on the box. I might mention that a candle fired at another box with a tight-fitting lid did not pierce the metal at all, the impact merely causing compression, which ripped the box open very completely.

Next came three experiments with paper projectiles, made of pieces of newspaper rolled up into cylinders soft enough to be squeezed oval with the fingers. Two magazines, each half an inch thick, tied back to back, formed the first target (Fig. 8). The gun sent the missile through this very easily, punching out paper discs increasing in diameter towards the exit. The cylinder itself was spread at the business end into a form suggesting a tree (Fig. 9). A second paper projectile failed to get through the thinner iron plate, but was telescoped as shown in Fig. 2, the ends becoming very hard. A third, fired from the rifle, pierced a one-inch plank.

Among other projectiles used was a cylindrical piece of rubber. This had not



FIG. 8.—Two magazines tied together. On the right is the projectile made of paper twisted into a cylinder.



FIG. 9.—The magazines and projectile after discharge. Note the discs of paper of graduated size punched out of the magazines.

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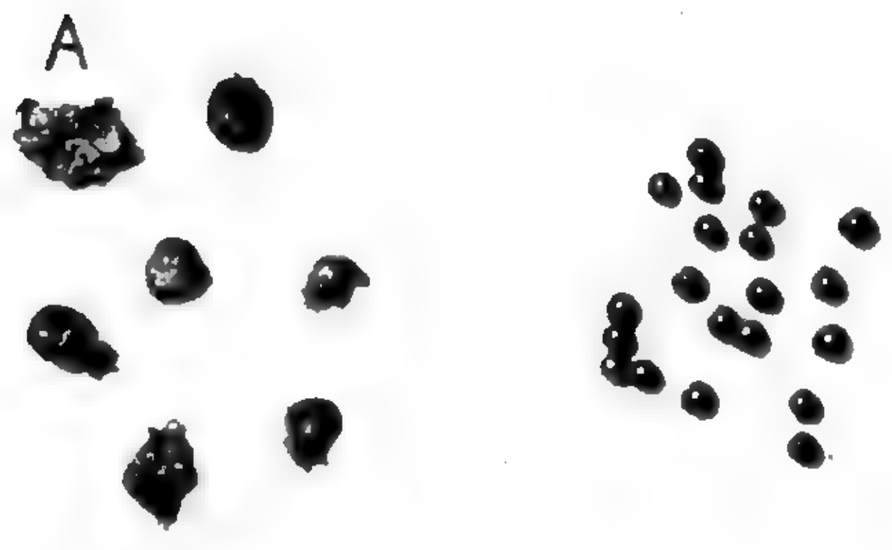


FIG. 10.—On the left are small lumps of lead, resulting from the fusing together of shot on striking an iron plate. The lump marked A is as heavy as twelve shot.

the least effect on wood, as one might have anticipated in view of its elastic qualities; but, curiously enough, its resiliency appeared to be destroyed by the shock, as in each of three trials it was found lying a few inches from the target. A possible explanation is that the thick felt wad behind prevented any rebound.

The only projectile which pierced the thicker iron plate was a brass slug. This punched a neat hole (Fig. 1), the part removed being embedded in a thick plank behind, through which the slug almost penetrated. Even shot were resisted by the plate, though they made a deep dent in it. This experiment illustrated very prettily the conversion of one form of energy into another. Below the plate I found some small pieces of lead, which proved to be the shots fused together owing to the energy of motion being suddenly converted into heat. For the same reason a leaden bullet fired at a steel target melts and splashes in all directions. Fig. 10 shows the fused lead lumps, and also shot in its intact condition.

A charge of shot passed through a three-inch balk (Fig. 11). On another occasion I sent a charge through a railway-sleeper. In that instance the felt wad ran up a crack in the wood flattening itself out into a continuous ribbon about nine inches long.

My last experiment was with the wads alone. These pierced a chocolate-box and a thin board behind, some five-eighths of an inch in all (Fig. 12). It is, therefore, not without good reason that during sham-fights combatants are forbidden to fire over the heads of men anywhere near. I was told recently of a rifleman who accidentally discharged a blank cartridge while the muzzle of his rifle pointed to his foot. The wad went through the stout upper and sole, but, fortunately, just missed his toes!



FIG. 11.—A 3in. beam penetrated by shot.

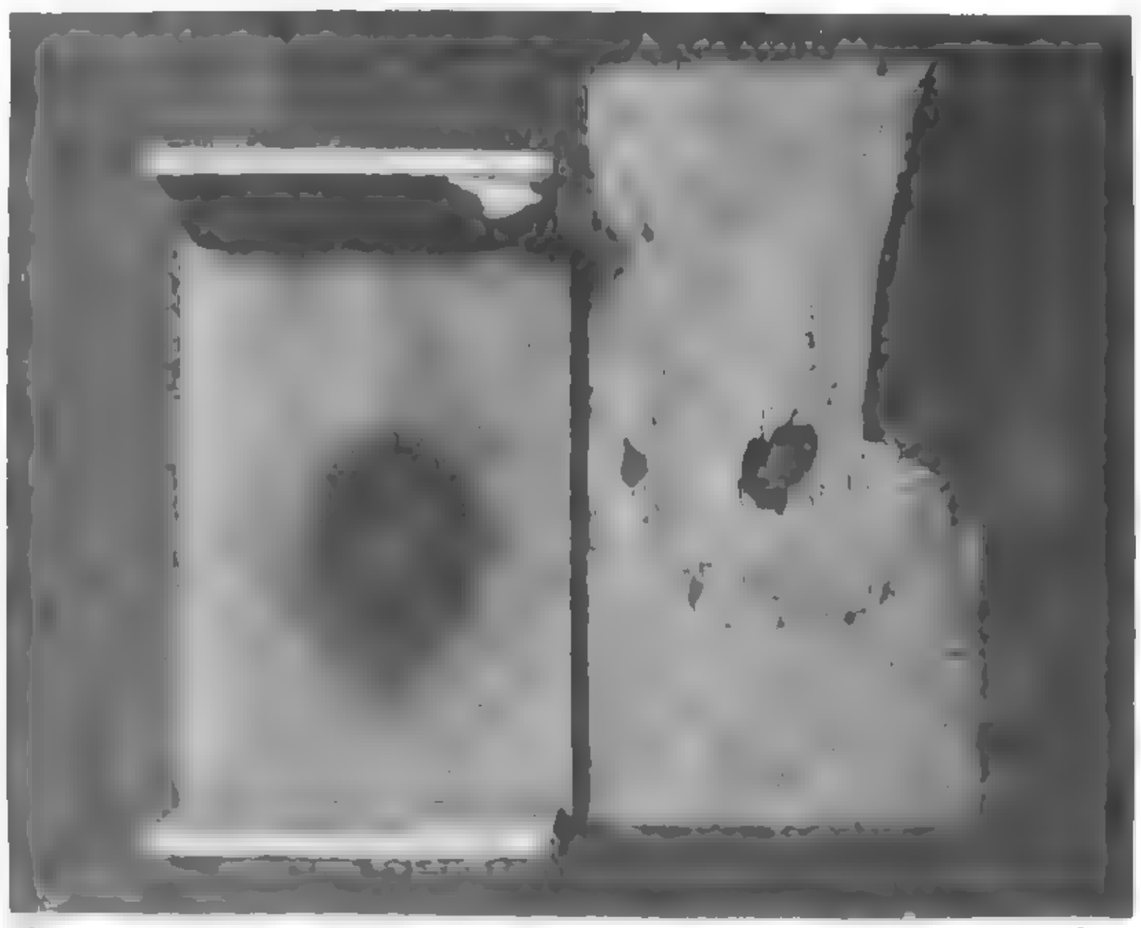


FIG. 12.—Three wads pierced the lid and bottom of a chocolate-box and also a thin plank behind it, making a total of 5-8in. of wood.

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FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGES RÉGNAL.

BY ALYS HALLARD.

WE asked the Colonel how it was that he had left the army so young, considering that he had himself chosen a military career, and had won promotion so quickly and so brilliantly.

Promotion, indeed! . . . . Yes, a fine thing it is, certainly, to be in authority, he replied, bitterly. How many times I used to wish that it was my happy lot to obey someone else instead of giving orders myself—the responsibility was so terrible in some instances. If you want to know what caused me to leave the army I will tell you, for there is no reason for me to hide it. It was during the Commune, and on the 25th of May, 1871, I had just entered Paris with the Versailles army.

There is no need to describe to you the frightful state of things with which our soldiers had to contend, and against what awful odds they had won the victory. We had had to walk over ground which was said to be undermined; we had been fired on from every window; whilst the horizon which loomed before us was the flaming fire of the public buildings of our beloved city.

We had nevertheless advanced, step by step, in the midst of horrible carnage, fire, and treachery. Our soldiers were wildly excited by the massacre of our hostages, and beside themselves with exasperation against the insurgents. They were perfectly ferocious, not only in their fighting, but in their anxiety for the execution of all individuals taken with weapons. It is a dreadful thing to own, but it is nevertheless quite true that

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after certain combats, even if a man be fighting against his own brother, he arrives at that state when he can carry through the most ghastly tasks without a vestige of remorse.

Unfortunately for me, I never could get intoxicated with the wild excitement, the smoke of battle, and the sight of blood. I have always done my duty, and, as my past will prove, I have fought no matter what enemy without any scruple whatever, holding that in the gigantic duel which we call war each man must defend himself, and his one duty is to see that his country's flag is honoured.

When once the fight is over, though, and I see conquerors and conquered lying side by side in the tortures of the death-struggle or already lifeless corpses, my heart sinks within me, and there is nothing of the soldier left.

You can imagine, then, how horrible it was during those fearful days of May to preside at the courts-martial and to see pass before me, one at a time, bands of criminals —monsters, or whatever you like to call them, but, all the same, human beings whom I had to condemn to death in cold blood . . . Good heavens! it seems to me that such a task as this ought to be performed by limbs of the law with a whole row of jurymen to ease their consciences for them. A military man does not like to condemn his fellow-creature to death unless he is risking his own life to do it.

Well, on this famous 25th of May I had just come away from a military council we had improvised, and over which I had presided. My colleagues had soon dispersed, and I was leaving the châtelet which we had used as our military court. I felt as though I were in a nightmare, and all the faces I had just seen haunted me. Some of them were handsome and some hideous; men in the prime of life; young men who should have been thinking of their love affairs rather than of murder and of setting houses on fire with petroleum; women with disordered hair and blasphemous language, and all of them wild with excitement and hatred, in deadly earnest, but also, it must be said to their credit, brave and sincere.

Suddenly I found myself face to face with a sergeant and his men bringing to the court a Communist they had just captured, and I knew that I must decide the wretched man's fate.

They pushed him on in front of me, and as I glanced at him I thought I recognised my son—Jean. He walked boldly on without attempting any resistance. His uniform was torn, and he had evidently struggled hard for his liberty, but now that he was captured he appeared to be absolutely indifferent to all things.

My wife had died some years previously, and my son was all in all to me.

"We've had a tough job to take him, Colonel," said the sergeant. "He was just clearing out of the house we were searching, and I recognised him, for he'd been shooting at us all the morning from the window. His hands are black with the powder, and he's certainly earned the reward he'll get—this one has."

Making a desperate effort to control my feelings, I glanced once more at the prisoner, and to my intense joy I discovered that I had been mistaken. The resemblance was startling, but—this was not my son! I felt as though I had just wakened from some horrible dream, and as I gazed at the young man before me my heart was filled with an immense compassion. He was younger than Jean, and reminded me of my boy before his promotion as lieutenant.

"What is your name and age?" I asked, speaking as sternly as I could.

"Léopold Fournier. I am nineteen, and I engaged as a volunteer when the war broke out."

"Poor fellow," was my inward comment: a young enthusiast led away by any wild doctrine, provided it were high-sounding and generous.

"Were you, this morning, in the house in which you have just been arrested, and did you, as they tell me, fire on the army?" I asked.

"I was in the house this morning, Colonel, and I fired on the army."

I was hoping that he would have denied the charge brought against him, but his confession was clear and frank enough for anything, and he did not speak in a boasting way, either. I could not help thinking that my boy, in a similar danger, would have acted in just the same way.

Fortunately for me the prisoner's voice did not sound like Jean's, but it was clear and sympathetic. I did my utmost to find some extenuating circumstances.

"Why have you revolted against the Government of your country?" I asked.

He did not make any answer at all to this question.

"Do you regret your mistake?" I continued, with a sympathetic glance, which I

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hoped might influence him. "Were you threatened by your comrades, and did you join them in self-defence?" He threw back his head proudly at this question.

"I am never afraid of anything," he answered, and then, laying great stress on his words, he continued:—

"If the Commune has been a mistake it has been a very fine mistake, and I am not ashamed to have had a hand in it."

What was I to do? The boy before me was acting up to his convictions—he was absolutely sincere and heroic. My men were listening to every word, thirsting for retribution. As for me, the longer I looked at the young prisoner, whose life was at stake, the more I saw in him the brother, the "sosie" of my own son.

The situation horrified me. I could not fail in my duty as Colonel in the army for the sake of this boy's life. By handing him over to another judge I simply gave him up to certain death. In order to gain time I went on questioning the handsome lad before me. He looked so brave and noble it seemed terrible that he had thus been led astray by vile, hateful politics.

I learned that he was the only son of a widow, and that she, poor woman, simply lived for him.



"'I AM NEVER AFRAID OF ANYTHING,' HE ANSWERED."

I encouraged him to state his opinions, and tried to prove to him that he had been led away by his ideals and that he could not excuse the excesses of his party. He owned that much had been wrong, but that sheer desperation had been the cause of the evil, and he blamed the wrongdoers just as one might an unworthy priest, whilst still holding zealously to the religion of which that priest had been a minister.

"Do you know," I said, coming very near to betraying my mortal anguish, "that I shall have to condemn you to death?"

"Yes, I know that," he answered, simply.

I was in utter despair, and went on talking, incoherently, as it seemed to me, for my lips refused to frame the death sentence. My one anxiety was to put off the fatal moment.

"And so," I said, "you do not regret this life; you do not care for anyone or any-

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thing? What about your poor mother who is waiting anxiously for your return, and who will discover to-morrow that her son is dead? She will hear that you have literally committed suicide, that you had no pity for her—because you know it is suicide, this death you have sought——"

This time my arrow had struck home, and the young rebel could not, and did not even attempt to, hide his emotion.

"Poor mother!" he said, his voice faltering in spite of himself. "If only I could keep the news of my death from her. If only she could go on expecting to see me back home she would at least have that hope in her life, instead of utter despair."

A sudden inspiration came to me.

"Well," I said, "supposing I were to allow you to go to her and to make her think that you are obliged to leave France——"

"Oh—will you—will you really?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes, if you will give me your word of honour that you will be back here to-night."

"I give you my word of honour, Colonel," he said.

I immediately scribbled a few words which should serve as a passport for him, and I took no notice of the murmur of disapproval that I heard around me.

"He'll never come back," whispered the sergeant to one of the other men.

Ah, I only hoped that he would not. I hoped that in face of his mother's grief he might sink the proud heroism that he had maintained in my presence.

He did come back, though—at night he arrived tired and breathless, for he had been running in order to keep his word.

"I am late," he said, "but it was so hard to get away. My poor mother kept begging me to stay. It was as though she guessed the truth——"

They led him away, and the sentence was pronounced by another judge. My incomprehensible weakness and indulgence had been blamed in high quarters.

He was, of course, condemned to death. I begged for mercy, but it was all in vain. An hour after the firing which had sent the brave boy into eternity I had sent in my resignation.

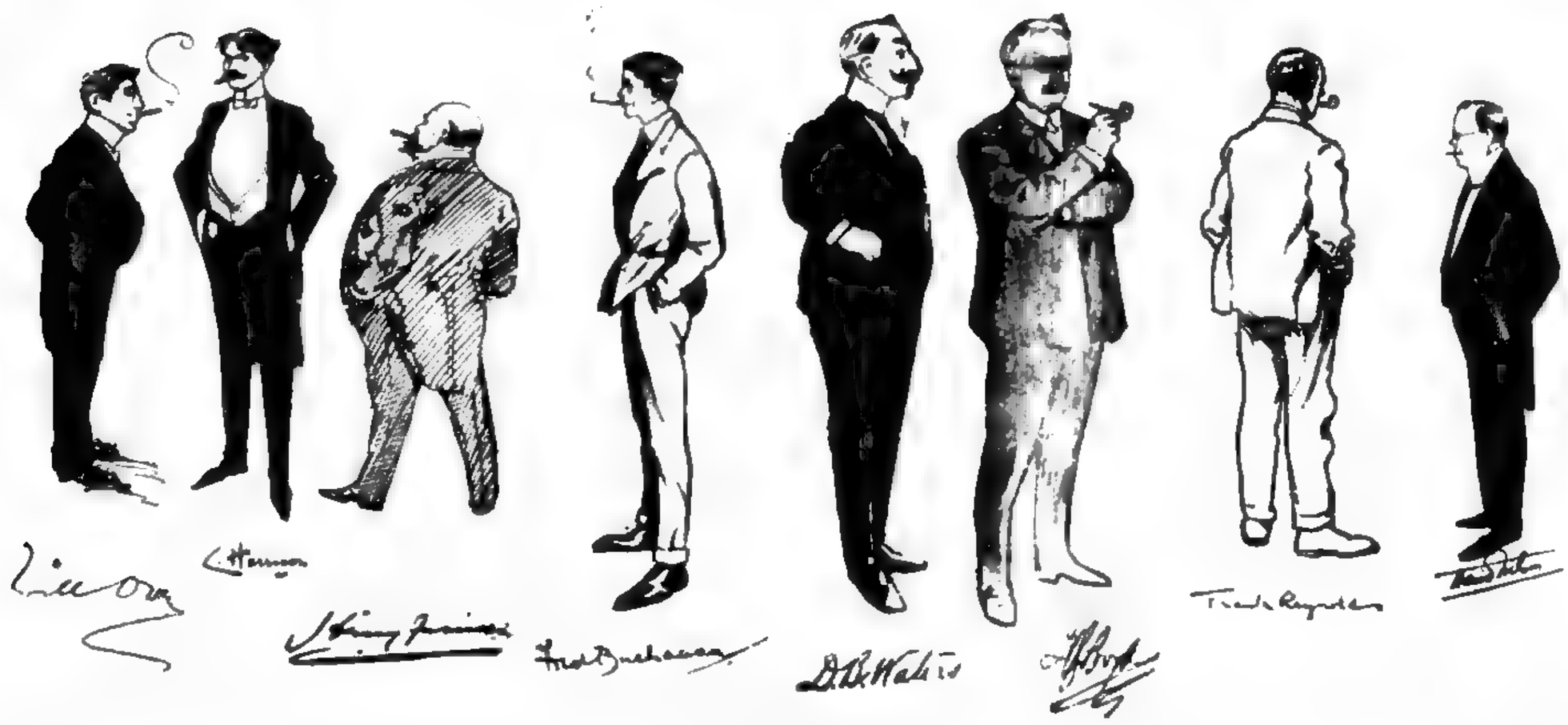
I had had enough.



"IT WAS SO HARD TO GET AWAY."

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The Chronicles of the Strand Club.



In the above group, a number of Members of the Club have attempted, with more or less success, to delineate themselves. In order that there should be no mistake in identity, each artist has thoughtfully subjoined his autograph.

XVII.

WORNUNG created a mild sensation at the last meeting of the Strand Club (*alias* the Loyal Society for the Propagation and Preservation of Current British Humour) by asking to have the minutes read by the secretary. Billson, who is supposed to fill that office, replied (somewhat tamely) that there were no regular and authorized minutes kept—that there never had been any minutes — certainly he hoped any dull ones spent by any of the members of the Club. Wornung then went on to inquire if there was any truth in the report that one of the waiters (Charles) had been habitually jotting down the jokes he had heard and presenting a garbled version of them to the public, with a view to collecting them afterwards in book form? What became of the easel sketches? Billson explained that they were all in the custody of the landlord of the Strand Tavern, and that an exhibition would subsequently be held, to which the Chantrey Trustees would be invited—(Hear, hear)—in the hope that some, if not all, of these masterpieces would be acquired by the nation. (Loud applause.)



BOOTH'S DRAWING TO ILLUSTRATE HESKETH'S RAILWAY REMINISCENCE.

Hesketh: Speaking of minutes reminds me of a little incident I witnessed the other day at Liverpool Street. The train was just on the point of pulling out of the station when an excited female dashed along the platform crying, "Guard! guard! are there no seconds on this train?"

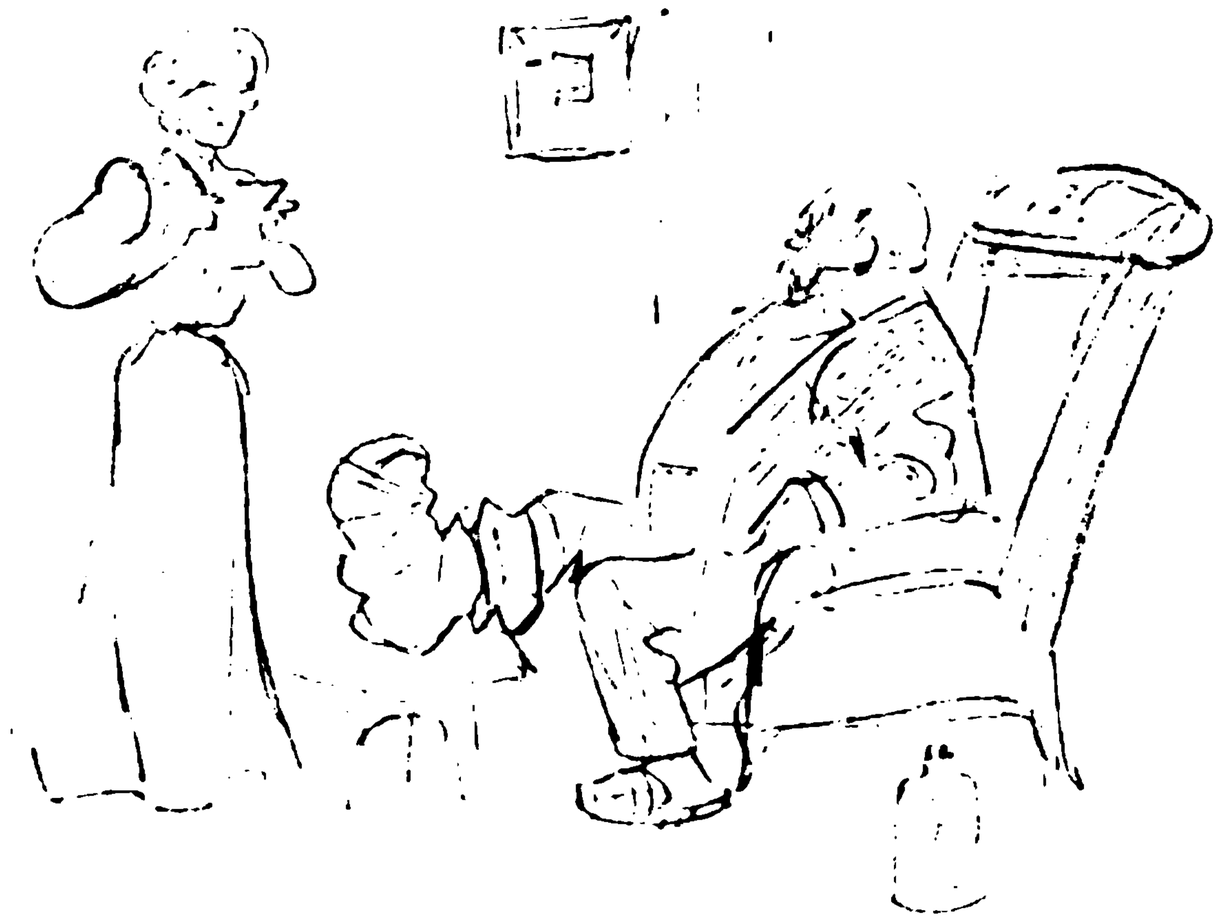
"No w'at?" asked the guard, laconically.

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"No seconds."

Just then a miserable reprobate put his head out of a carriage window and cried out, genially, "You'll see sixty seconds pass if you wait a minute, auntie!"

To our clever confrère, Booth, fell the task of illustrating the foregoing, which he did in rapid and entertaining fashion.



HARRISON'S SKETCH TO EXPLAIN HIS OWN YARN OF THE POPULAR CITY PHILANTHROPIST.

Harrison (approaching the easel, after Booth had quitted it): Just let me sketch you a pathetic little incident which occurs to me. Scene: the delightful suburban residence of the popular City philanthropist and local benefactor, slightly indisposed.

Time, 11 a.m. Enter lovely daughter with letter.

"Oh, papa, the Middleville Vampires have asked you to kick off at the football ground on Saturday. Perhaps you had better refuse the invitation."

Harrison's drawing explains itself.

Our clever Gallic comrade, Huard, who was paying a flying visit to this country, related an amusing story of a duel which he had recently witnessed between two of his compatriots.

Huard: All arrangements had been made for the duel between Monsieur M—— and Monsieur P——. The seconds had decided that, as the offence was mortal, it would be useless for the gentlemen to go upon the field. To avoid the latter a coin was to be tossed and the loser was to commit suicide. The place was agreed upon, the coin was tossed, and Monsieur M—— disappeared with a loaded pistol. Soon the noise of the report was heard, and a second later Monsieur M——, very pale and trembling, rushed into the room, crying — "Missed! Missed!" The artist's spirited sketch to illustrate his narrative is reproduced herewith.



HUARD'S ILLUSTRATION TO THE DUEL STORY.

After that it was Dolamore's turn, and he related a story of a motorist in the Black Forest who ran short of petrol. He and his chauffeur were at their wits' end to know what to do, when, to the joy of both, another motorist, duly and decently attired, approached them out of the wood. "Oh, old chap," cried the victim of the dilemma, "can you spare me a little——" Then he stopped, and to his horror discovered that the supposed motorist was a bear! He stood there nailed

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THACKERAY'S ILLUSTRATION TO DOLAMORE'S STORY OF THE BEAR AND THE MOTORIST.

to the ground. Luckily, the bear did not make a similar discovery.

"How did the motorist get out of it?"

"Oh, the bear politely lent him a pint and a half of bear's grease, and——"

Shouts of indignation drowned the remainder of this anecdote, but by this time Thackeray had embellished Dolamore's yarn with the above sketch.

Our latest member, Dudley Hardy, who arose blushing, supported on the arm of Garry, mentioned modestly that he had been spending some time on the other side of the Channel. There, really the funniest thing he had seen occurred in a small Normandy village, where an official *huissier*, very dignified, although he happened to be in private life and out of uniform a tallow-chandler, had some property to announce. This he did in a large and stately manner: "Messieurs and mesdames! Oyez! oyez! A fine and commodious residence for sale, together with three out-houses, one stable, sixteen acres and a half of land, four mahogany tables, three deal ditto, seventeen chairs, nine——" Here he paused to take breath, and noticed that apparently the only soul within earshot was a small street gamin. "Don't hurry, *huissier*," said the boy, encouragingly; "only, when you've done, mother would like a ha'porth of candles."

Before he had concluded Hardy had commenced a



DUDLEY HARDY'S SKETCH TO EXPLAIN HIS OWN NORMANDY REMINISCENCE.

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WATERS'S IDEA OF THE VERY STOUT LADY AND THE WEIGHING-MACHINES.

bright and characteristic sketch of the episode, which appears on the previous page.

Boyle: You know those weighing-machines on the Underground? Well, the other day an exceedingly stout lady planted herself on one of them and put a penny in the slot. The indicator instantly whizzed round to the top limit. "Twenty stone!" she cried, in astonishment and indignation; "it's an outrage. I say it's an outrage."

"All right, lady," cried a porter; "stop a bit, and me and my mate'll fetch another one. They're only built for twenty stone, but you can put one foot on each."





BOYD'S DRAWING TO ILLUSTRATE HIS OWN PUNNING MONSTROSITY.

Waters's depiction of the insult to the lady is most realistic.

Finally we had a Shakespearean guessing competition. Boyd drew a picture on the easel, and the members had to supply an appropriate inscription. The picture, as may be seen, represented a nigger boy on a fence playing a banjo, with an ostrich biting his toe. Bolman suggested something about "toe, toe solid flesh." Boyd was at last obliged to state quotation, "A nipping and an eager air."

"Well," cried Johns, "that's rather far-fetched."

"Yes," returned Boyd, unblushingly, "it does require *a-stretch* of imagination." He meant ostrich!

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"MY BEST PICTURE."

No. VII.—THE CHOICE OF EMINENT AMERICAN PAINTERS.

By Adrian Margaux.

HISTORICALLY speaking, no doubt, America has yet its laurels to win in the realm of art. From the historical point of view it is unfortunate for America that several of her great painters so far—West, Sargent, and Abbey—have detached themselves from their native country, and with their talents have helped to sustain the fame of English art. Contrary to a general but unreliable impression in Europe, however, there is no lack of workers with brush and palette in the United States from whose ranks, sooner or later, may arise a Reynolds or a Romney, a Constable or a Turner, a Millais or a Leighton.

Among these painters at the present moment the first place would probably be accorded by common consent to Mr. John La Farge. Mr. La Farge has just passed his seventieth year, and has been a member of the National Academy of Design—the R.A. of the United States—since 1869. He is President of the Society of American Artists.

Of his representative picture, "The Wolf Charmer," Mr. La Farge says:—

"The picture I have chosen for you interests me, perhaps, as much from associations of travel and reading as for any special artistic success. I made the first drawing for it in 1886. It was engraved soon afterwards in a Boston magazine. I made it to be one of a series of some hundred subjects, more or less fantastic and imaginary. This one, of course, was based on the superstition, a European belief, which I came across in Brittany, where I spent some time in early youth.

"The peasants used to believe in what they called the 'wolf charmer,' or 'wolf leader'—*le meneur de loups*. Certain pipers, whose habits led them to a solitary life, were held to have a magical power over wolves or other wild beasts and to delight in leading them about at night. Of course, it is a superstition known to many parts of Europe as well as to my Brittany friends. With this notion of the 'wolf leader' was sometimes entangled the notion of the werewolves—a curious and fascinating superstition. I remembered at the time, and many of us still remember, Goethe's little poem, 'The Gipsy Song.' The gipsy has killed, you know, the black cat of the village witch, and outside in the night, with the call of the owl, he is attacked by the wolves. But he knows them; they are the women of the village, and he calls out to them and insults them by name—'Kate,' 'Anna,' and



"THE WOLF CHARMER." By JOHN LA FARGE.
Selected by the Artist as his Best Picture.
Reproduced by permission of the Artist. From a Photo. by Curtis & Cameron, Boston, Mass.

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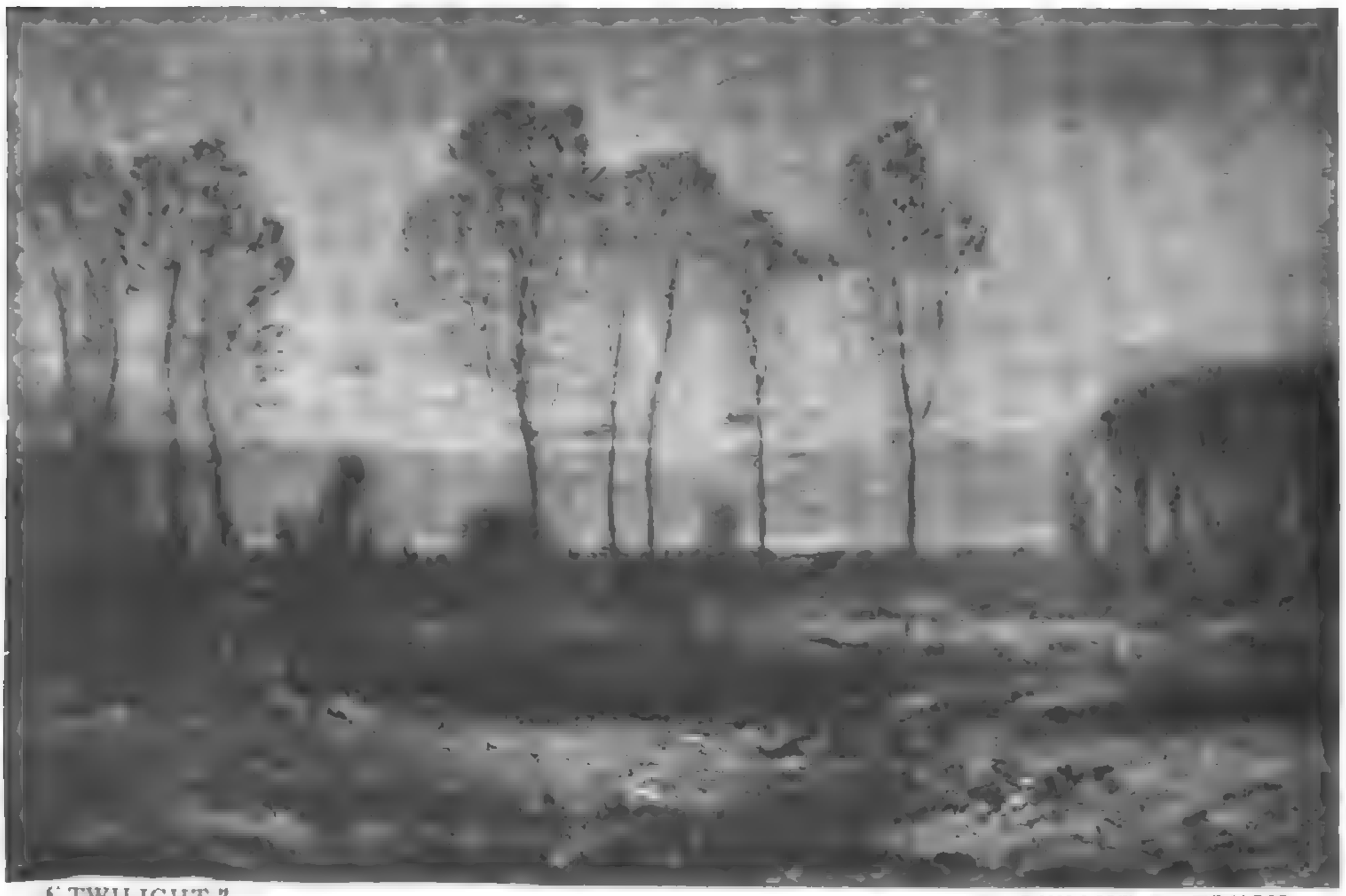


"THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION—ART." By KENYON COX.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.
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'Bet.' The poem and its meaning of the tamer of the real wolf and the man-wolf gave me my subject. And, indeed, anyone who has heard the lonely call of the wolf in the cold and of the jackal in the heat of the night can understand a necessary superstition. The bagpipe has evidently seemed to have some analogy to these dismal sounds, and hence the superstition."

Mr. La Farge, who studied under W. M. Hunt and Couture in Paris, at first painted religious subjects and decorative pieces, but has since made more or less successful essays in various kinds of work. In England he is, perhaps, best known as the inventor of a new method of painting stained-glass windows, which is generally spoken of as the "American method." He has a studio in his native city of New York, but resides at the seaside resort, Newport, Rhode Island.



"TWILIGHT." By DWIGHT W. TRYON.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.
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"I consider my work in mural painting," states Mr. Kenyon Cox, another painter who has long enjoyed the favour of the American public, "the best and most characteristic part of my productions, and the series of decorative lunettes just completed for the State capital of Iowa, at Des Moines, the best of my mural painting. The series represents 'The Progress of Civilization,' and if I were to choose one picture of the series it would be the culmination in the lunette entitled 'Art.'

"My reason for this choice is simply that the picture more nearly realizes my ideal of the combination of sumptuousness of decoration with purity of design and severity of style than anything else I have done."

Mr. Kenyon Cox, who was born in the town of Warren, Ohio, in 1856, has been a member of the National Academy since 1882. The son of a general in the Civil War, he had the advantage of the best training in Paris, Carolus Duran and Gérôme being his masters. On the completion of his five years' course in Paris Mr. Kenyon Cox returned to New York, and has resided there ever since.

In landscape America is considered to have quite a distinctive school, of which Mr. Dwight W. Tryon, is one of the leaders.

"Twilight," the picture by which he is represented here, is a New England scene, painted in the late autumn. It shows the last of daylight—a luminous sky with bank of low clouds and the last touches of sunlight flecking the lowest of them. "The country," adds the painter, "is typical New England pasture—stony and rolling."

Mr. Tryon was brought up amidst the scenery he is fondest of depicting, his birthplace being Hartford, Connecticut His present home is at South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, about sixty miles south of Boston. Like most of his fellow-artists he visited Europe for academic training, and in Paris he had Daubigny among his masters at the École des Beaux-Arts. He was elected a member of the National Academy fifteen years ago at the age of forty-two, and among other foreign distinctions he has won the gold medal at Munich.

The one distinctively patriotic subject in



"THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON." By HENRY SANDHAM.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

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this series of pictures is the representative work of Mr. Henry Sandham, a Boston artist of Canadian birth, viz., "The Battle of Lexington." There could be little doubt as to Mr. Sandham's choice if his personal taste coincided with popular opinion. By this *chef-d œuvre*—a canvas measuring ten feet by six—he has made his name well known throughout the United States. It was purchased by the people of Lexington and hangs in their town-hall, an object of reverent interest to the many patriotic Americans who make pilgrimage to this place of hallowed memory as the scene of the first conflict in the War of Independence.

Numerous American artists had previously

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attempted to depict "The Battle of Lexington." But by universal consent Mr. Sandham's work was the first to realize the scene with historical accuracy. The "battle"—if battle it can be called, when a few undisciplined farmers exchanged shots with a small detachment of troops—was fought at early morning on April 19th, 1775, in the brief time between dawn and sunrise. The other artists had made little or no attempt to show the exact effect of this dim light upon the scene; one or two had even painted it in full sunlight. In this as in every other point Mr. Sandham was determined to be exact.

Lexington is about twenty miles from Boston, and night after night during the latter part of April Mr. Sandham went there by the last train in order that he might be on the historic spot during the fateful few minutes, making rough sketches of the scene, with which he would hurry back to his studio. To be accurate in every detail the artist conscientiously read everything he could discover concerning the incident—so comparatively trivial in itself, so immensely important in its historical significance—including a sermon preached in Lexington on the following Sunday, which happens to have been preserved. Then he visited London in order to study the English version of the episode, spending many days in ransacking for this purpose the library of the British Museum. He made an examination, with the assistance of the War Office, of the arms and uniforms of the period, and actually experimented with some of the powder then in use in order to ascertain the exact effect of its smoke upon the atmosphere.

Altogether Mr. Sandham spent about two years over the production of this work, which was first exhibited at the Boston Art Club in October, 1885, under the title of "The Dawn of Liberty," a title, however, which was popularly disregarded in favour of the more definite description. Mr. Sandham at that time had not been settled long in the United States, having left Montreal for Boston in 1881. Owing to the opposition of his father, a business man in Montreal, to art as a profession, Mr. Sandham had no regular training, and for some years was obliged to make a trade of photography whilst devoting himself to the study of painting.



"THE WOOD NYMPH." By EDMUND C. MAJOR.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS ONE OF HIS BEST PICTURES.
From a Photo. by Foster Bros., Boston, Mass.

In contrast with the large historical canvases of Mr. Sandham are the poetic and imaginative figure-subjects of Mr. Edmund C. Major, another well-known Boston artist. Mr. Major mentioned two pictures as best embodying his ambitions, "The Wood Nymph" and "Evangeline."

"My wife inspired both pictures, but neither is a strict likeness of her. Portraiture is my forte, but I have had quite a good deal of success with fancy heads and occasional lapses into landscape." One of Mr. Major's landscapes, it may be added, has had a place in all the important American exhibitions for some years past, including that at St. Louis.

"The Wood Nymph" was painted five years ago. The soft beauty of the young woman's face, the graceful pose of the flower-bedecked head, and the delicate folds of the white drapery cannot but excite admiration. It must be confessed, however, that the reason for the title Mr. Major has given his picture baffles conjecture.

"I am sending you," writes Mr. Abbott H. Thayer, who has made a name for decorative and symbolical work, "a photograph of the

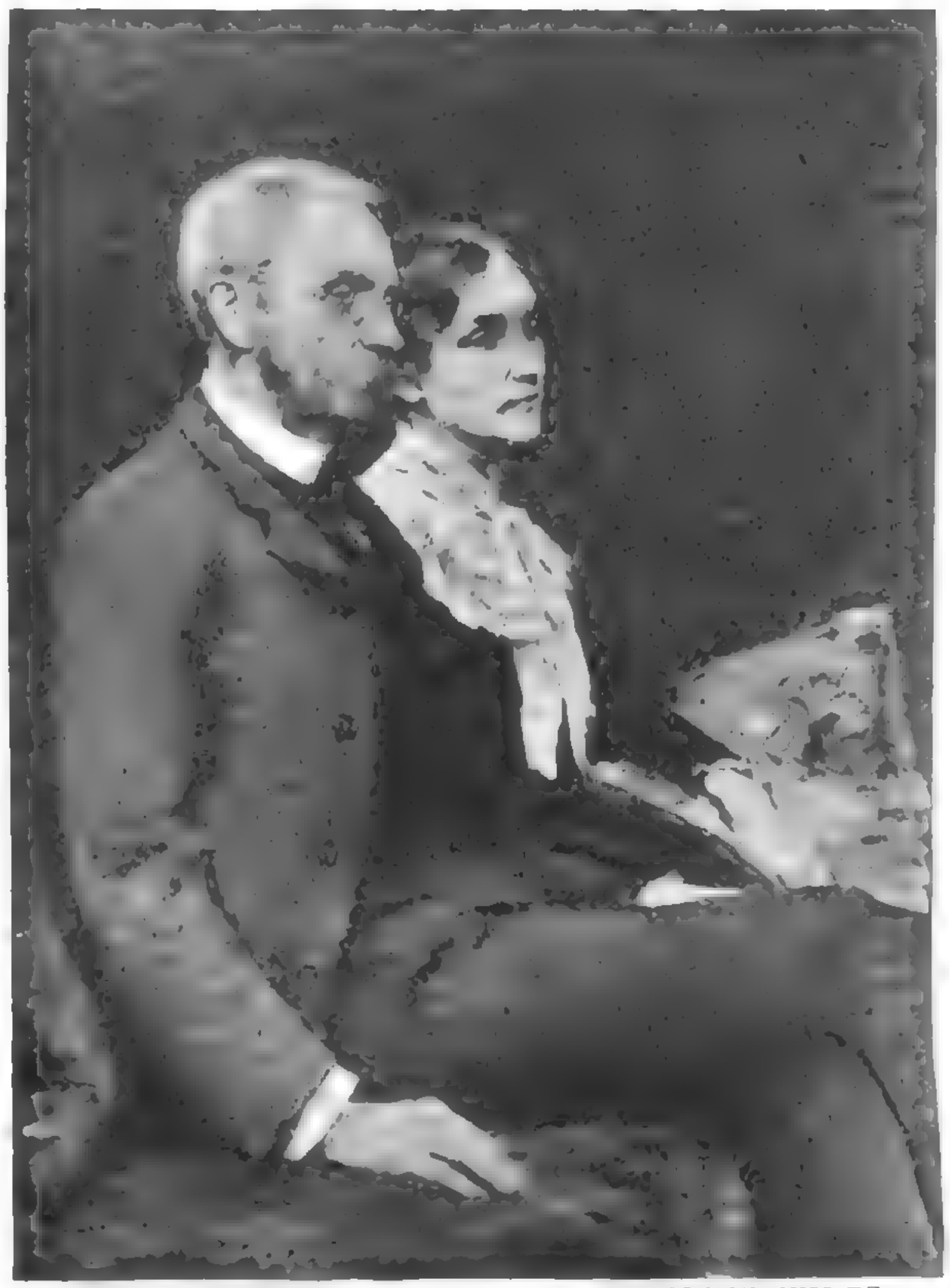
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"HOMAGE TO ART AND SCIENCE." By ABBOTT H. THAYER.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

thing which, on the whole, I most respect among my very uneven productions. The lunette is one of four in the top of the portico of the Bowdoin College Art Building, in Maine. It is the consummation of my propensity to make all my things first of all decorations."

This mural painting, which symbolizes homage to Art and Science, was at first designed without the two infant figures. It was, indeed, so photographed, and Mr. Thayer has added them to the photograph by his pencil in order that the picture might be reproduced in THE STRAND MAGAZINE as it was completed. Other lunettes in the same scheme of decoration were executed by Mr. John La Farge and Mr. Kenyon Cox.



"MY PARENTS." By IRVING W. WILES.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

Mr. Thayer comes of an old Boston family, and was born in the city of culture in 1849, where his father practised as a doctor of medicine. At ten years of age he had already got into the habit of making pictures—chiefly of animal and bird life—and was destined to become an artist. He left school at seventeen, but it was not until eight years later, after his marriage, that he found his way to Paris for a course of study under Gérôme and other masters. In the meantime he had produced many pictures of animals, but on returning to Boston three or four years later he turned to human

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subjects, particularly those of a decorative and symbolical character. Mr. Thayer is a member of the National Academy, and has been President of the Society of American Artists. In scientific circles he is known as the discoverer of the law of the protective colouration of animals, which was first announced in a lecture at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington. The artist has his home and studio at the little town of Monadnock, New Hampshire.

Mr. Irving W. Wiles and Mrs. Phœbe A. Pickering Jenks are chiefly known for their portrait-painting, a branch of art which naturally flourishes more than any other in a country with the social conditions of the United States.

Mr. Wiles gives the place of honour, it is interesting to notice, not to any of his wealthy and fashionable sitters, but to the portraits of his father and mother, painted in 1889, quite early in his artistic career. Mr. Wiles's father was himself a painter of some note in America, landscape being his *métier*. From him Mr. Wiles, who was born at the town of Utica, New York State, in 1861, received every encouragement and assistance in his training as an artist. At twenty-one he was sent for a couple of years to Paris, where he studied under the great portrait painter, Carolus Duran. This portrait of his parents was awarded a medal at the Paris Exhibition in 1900, and Mr. Wiles, who is a member of the National Academy and other artistic societies, has won pretty well all the honours his own country has to award him. The artist, who lives in New York, is a popular member of that great fraternity of professional workers in that city, the Century Association.



"THE PET." By MRS. PICKERING JENKS.
Selected by the Artist as her Best Picture.

The story of the career of Mrs. Jenks, who is represented by the portrait of a little boy fondling a cat, is somewhat remarkable. It was not until she reached the age of twenty-nine, was married, and had children, that this lady discovered her artistic talent. Her husband had several friends among the artists of Boston, and their talk first turned her thoughts to the subject of painting. One day she was led to paint a bouquet which had been presented to her, with the result that she was advised by these friends to devote herself seriously to work at the easel. She took their advice in such good heart and turned their assistance to such good account that in the course of a few years she had secured a reputation equal to that of any other woman artist in America.

Mrs. Jenks has concentrated herself on portraiture, especially of women and children. "I have been occupied constantly," she says, "for the last twenty-five years, and during that time have painted more portraits than any other person. Of course, the circumstances under which they were painted were always the same. I received the commissions and, *therefore*, painted them."

I found that Mr. Edmund C. Tarbell, a Boston artist, who has made his reputation with domestic interiors, had an almost equal preference for two pictures having a remarkable resemblance to each other, "A Girl Crocheting" (by which he is represented in these pages) and "A Girl Mending."

"My reasons," he explains, "for preferring these two pictures are quite simple—first, because they represent people doing something, not merely posing; and second,

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"A GIRL CROCHETING." By EDMUND C. TARBELL.
Selected by the Artist as one of his Best Pictures.

because I think I have come nearer to making the atmosphere of the actual scene before me than I ever did before."

Mr. Tarbell, who was born at West Groton, Massachusetts, in 1862, received his earliest training at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, but afterwards proceeded to Paris to study for a time under Lefebvre. He has won numerous prizes and medals, including an award at the last Paris Exhibition. Last year he was elected to full membership of the National Academy.

Mr. Walter Gay, another distinguished artist who has made Paris his home, has of late years "developed a new line of art," to use his own words. He conceived the idea of painting the portraits of rooms as portraits of people are painted, "getting the spirit of the room, its personality and character, giving life, as it were, to furniture and *bibelots*." He achieved immediate success in this new departure and has had so many followers that he may be said to have founded a school, and is at the head of the present movement in Paris of the painters called "Les Intimistes." He spends six months of the year in an old château, near the forest of Fontainebleau, and the rooms of this ancient demesne have served as models for many pictures.

Mr. Gay's first selection for The Strand Magazine was of one of these pictures, but it was abandoned as not being sufficiently representative of the best that he has done in art during the whole of his career. Mr. Gay then made choice of his well-known picture in the Luxembourg, "The Cigarette-Makers," which was painted some years ago in the tobacco factory at Seville, which was the scene of the opera "Carmen," and has become one of the "sights" of Spain. "The Cigarette-Makers" was purchased by the French Government out of the Paris Salon, although it had already acquired two of this artist's works for the national collection.

The painter of "The Cigarette-Makers," who was born near Boston fifty years ago, is represented in the public galleries of all the chief cities of his native country, whilst several of his works have been bought by well-known English collectors, including Lord Ribblesdale and Lady de Grey. He has been elected to the membership of leading art societies in all three countries, and only the other day the French Government crowned his career, from the point of view of

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"THE CIGARETTE-MAKERS." By WALTER GAY.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

Paris, by raising him from the rank of a Chevalier to that of an Officer of the Legion of Honour.

Mr. Gari Melchers, whose reputation has likewise been made in Paris, although he still ranks as an American artist, selected as his best picture "The Fencing Master," which was the centre of a group of five works he contributed to the Salon of 1906. But apart from this circumstance he gives no reason for his choice, which may possibly come as a surprise to the painter's many admirers who recall some of his earlier works, such as "The Family," now in the National Gallery at Berlin, and "Maternity," which is to be seen in the Luxembourg.

His most important achievements have been in the decoration of American public buildings. His frescoes, "Peace" and "War," daily excite the admiration



"THE FENCING MASTER."
By GARI MELCHERS.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

of visitors to the Congressional Library at Washington, but the fine work he did in the adornment of the Liberal Arts Palace at the Chicago Exhibition has unhappily been destroyed by fire. Mr. Melchers was sent by his father, when he was in his seventeenth year, to study art at Düsseldorf. But his soul longed for Paris, and in two or three years he was in the French capital as a pupil of Lefebvre and Boulanger. Before he was twenty-one he had a picture —"The Letter" — in the Salon, and in the American section of the Exhibition of 1889 he won two medals of honour with three pictures —"The Sermon," "The Pilots," and "The Communion." Since then he has been awarded medals in most of the European capitals and has been decorated by the French Government as Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

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THE ALPINE DRAGON.



FIG. 1.—ONE OF THE DRAGONS SEEN BY VICTOR.

By Francis Gribble.

ONCE upon a time (and not so very long ago) a certain learned professor—a friend of Sir Isaac Newton and Sir Hans Sloane—walked into a private museum of curiosities at Lucerne. First they showed him the bones of a defunct Swiss giant, alleged to be eighteen feet high—five feet higher, they assured him, than the great Goliath of Gath; and then they showed him a remarkable gem, which he might have mistaken for a carbuncle, and told him that it was a "dragon-stone."

"What is a dragon-stone?" asked the professor.

"It is a stone," he was told, "which you can cut out of the head of a dragon, if you are able to catch it asleep."

"Is it essential," was the next inquiry, "that the dragon should be asleep?"

"Certainly. If the dragon should awake under the operation it would die, and the stone would vanish away."

"I see. But it must be difficult. Supposing that you are so fortunate as to find a dragon asleep, how do you prevent it from being disturbed by the pain which the knife must cause?"

"There are two ways. One way is to murmur incantations, and the other is to scatter soporific herbs upon the ground."

All this was very interesting, and the professor's interest was heightened when he inquired what was the use of the dragon-stone—in the first instance to the dragon, and in the second instance to the surgeon who excised it. Its value to the dragon was, it appeared, as an illuminant: "It illuminates the darkness of night like a lamp, and Providence has therefore given it to these animals who dwell in caves to assist their eyesight when enfeebled by old age." The surgeon, on the other hand, could use it as a medicament for the cure of various diseases. It was an antidote to poison, and a specific for plague, dysentery, diarrhœa, and bleeding of the nose.

"Especially," the professor was told, "is it useful in cases of plague. You have only to attach it to your armpit, or to the sole of your foot, in order to reduce the bubonic swelling."

"Have you documentary evidence of the truth of these statements?" asked the professor.

"Plenty of it," was the reply; and testimonials were produced from the archives

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of the museum—the sworn statements of medical men and public officials—to the effect that the treatment had been tried and had been found efficacious. The professor examined them, noted that they were "in order," and took copies. The stories seemed circumstantial; he concluded that there must be something in them.

Learned men, he reflected, had in all ages believed in dragons, though none of them had ever seen one. He was familiar with the idea of the dragon alike as the guardian of treasure and as the personification of evil. St. George had fought with dragons and so had St. Michael. A bishop was often represented on his monument as trampling a dragon under foot. The limbs and organs of dragons were reputed to possess miraculous virtues. A dragon's head buried under a doorway secured the happiness of a house; a dragon's eyes preserved in ointment gave courage to cowards; the fat of a dragon's heart was a help towards the winning of a lawsuit; the man who had a dragon's teeth wrapped up in deer-skin could secure the favour of princes. The story told of the dragon-stone at Lucerne was, it seemed to the professor, much more plausible and credible than these.



FIG. 2.—A DRAGON SEEN IN 1449 NEAR LUCERNE.

The stone, it appeared, had been sold to the curators of the museum by a peasant who had lighted upon a dying dragon in a field. There was the chance, of course, that the man might be a liar, but that was hardly likely. A liar would surely have told a bigger lie while he was about it. He would have said, for instance, that the stone had been brought by a traveller from the Indies, instead of attributing to it such an obvious and ordinary origin as the head of a Swiss dragon. Moreover, the medical potency of the stone was well attested; and though there were other stones which might have healed some of the ailments enumerated — powdered crystal, for instance, taken with wine was a well-known cure for diarrhœa—only a dragon-stone could have checked the course of the bubonic plague.

Could it be true, then, that there were dragons in the Alps? Why not? The Alps were, at any rate, full of the sort of dark, deep caverns in which dragons might naturally be expected to dwell. There were even stories of dragons having dwelt in certain caverns in particular. The Beatus höhle, on the Lake of Thun, near Interlaken, was one



FIG. 3.—DRAGON SEEN ABOUT 1660 BY ANDREW RODUNER, A PUBLIC OFFICIAL IN ALTENSAXUS.

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FIG. 4.—CHRISTOPHER SCHORER'S FLYING DRAGON.



FIG. 5.—A WINGED DRAGON.

case in point. St. Beatus (after whom Beatenberg is called)—the saint who converted the Oberland to Christianity—was reported to have expelled a dragon from that cave at the beginning of his missionary journey, and made his own home in the beast's lair. That, no doubt, was a long time ago; but careful inquiry might very well discover more recent and credible testimony of the presence of dragons in the Swiss mountains. At any rate, it would be worth while to try, and to give some trouble to the task.

So the professor argued; and the result of his visit to the museum was that he gave several years to the conscientious investigation of the subject. He studied this neglected branch of natural history almost in the scientific spirit of Linnæus and Buffon; and he ultimately wrote a book about it, concluding in favour of dragons and marshalling his proofs. The book contains eleven pictures of dragons, here reproduced, drawn from the descriptions furnished; and it is recorded that, for the production of some of the pictures, Sir Hans Sloane and Sir Isaac Newton paid.

The aspect of the dragons varied, it will be seen, considerably. There were dragons with and without wings, with and without legs, with and without crests; dragons with human faces, with cats' faces, and with nondescript faces; dragons that breathe fire, and dragons that do not breathe fire. All the dragons, however, have one common characteristic. They all, when breathing, inhale any birds that happen to fly close to them; and each kind of dragon is vouched for by the deposition, generally on oath, of some reputable witness. Suppose we begin with the deposition of John Tinner, relating to the dragon shown in Fig. 6:—

"John Tinner, of the Commune of Frumsen, in the Barony of Altensaxus, an honourable man, whose word can be trusted, and who at the present time is still living, solemnly deposed to me that twelve years since, at the end of the month of April, he repaired to the neighbouring mountain, the Frumsenberg, and that there, in the place commonly known as the Hanwelen, he encountered a terrible serpent, black and grey in colour, which first coiled itself up and then raised itself upright. Its length, he said, was at least seven feet; its girth was about that of an apple tree; it had a head like the head of a cat, but no feet whatsoever. He said that he smote and slew it with the assistance of his brother Thomas. He added that, before

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FIG. 6.—JOHN TINNER'S DRAGON.

this serpent was killed, the inhabitants of the vicinity complained that the milk was drawn from the udders of their cows, and that they could never discover the author of the mischief, but that, after the serpent was killed, the mischief ceased."

Perhaps, if John Tinner's evidence had stood alone, the professor might have rejected it. As a mere peasant John Tinner might have been prone to superstitious fears. It happened, however, that Andrew Roduner, a "secretary and standard-bearer," also saw a dragon (Fig. 3), though not the same dragon, in the same neighbourhood, though not in the same spot. It was, he said, "of horrible magnitude." When it rose on to its hind legs it was as tall as a man. Its body was covered with rough scales, and its tail was about four and a half feet long; and there were bristles on its back, and yellow stripes upon its belly. But Andrew Roduner did not face the dragon with John Tinner's courage. He turned and ran, and "got away without damage through trackless wilds."

The next witness is John Bueler, member of the Ecclesiastical Assembly of the Parish of Sennwald. He reported that one day he had seen "an enormous black beast emerging in a state of the greatest amazement from a thicket and standing upon its four legs, which were of no excessive length. Its entire length, however, he could not observe, because the hinder parts lay hidden in the thicket, among the briers" (Fig. 7). He also would appear to have retreated with expedition.



FIG. 7.—JOHN BUELER'S DRAGON.

So much for dragons without wings. There are stories of winged dragons also; and the best of these rests upon the unimpeachable testimony of Christopher Schorer, Prefect of Lucerne. We are able to give in his own words his graphic account of what he saw. It runs as follows:—

"In the year 1649 I was contemplating the beauty of the heavens by night, when, lo and behold! I saw a bright and shining dragon (Fig. 4) issue from a cave in the mountain commonly called Pilatus and fly about, swiftly flapping its wings. It was very large; its tail was long; its neck extended; its head terminated in the serrated jaw of a serpent. While it was flying it threw out

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sparks, just as the red-hot horseshoe does when hammered by the blacksmith. My first impression was that I saw a meteor, but, after careful observation, I recognised that it was a dragon from the nature of its movements and the structure of its various limbs."

A prosaic explanation of this last story commended itself to the literal mind of Sir Leslie Stephen. The Prefect of Lucerne, he suggests, came home "with a swimming in his head and a marked uncertainty about the motions of his legs." Perhaps; for people in that condition are more apt than others to see portents. The explanation, however, will by no means cover the more marvellous case which follows, and is given on the authority of Kircher, the Jesuit priest and writer.

Kircher himself had a narrow escape from falling among dragons. He was looking for a gold-bearing cave in the Canton of Unterwalden, and as he approached the mouth of the cave there issued from it a confused hubbub of human voices, though he knew himself to be far removed from any human habitation. "Dragons!" the priest exclaimed, in terror, and ran for his life to the nearest village, resolving that he would never again look for gold-bearing caves in the mountains. His fate, he reflected, might very well have been that of a certain citizen of Lucerne named Victor; and he proceeds to recount Victor's adventure in gruesome detail.

This Victor was one day walking in the woods in the neighbourhood of Lucerne, gathering materials for the manufacture of wine jars. He lost his way, and wandered until drowsiness overcame him. Darkness came on, and he hardly looked where he was going. Suddenly the ground yielded and he fell into a deep pit. Fortunately the bottom was thickly lined with mud, so that he fell on to a soft bed and sustained no injury worse than a shaking. The walls of the pit, however, were steep, like those of a well, and it was impossible to get out. Victor prayed hard to God and to the Virgin, but yet a further trial was in store for him. The walls of the pit were broken by the entrances of caverns which seemed to lead deep into the bowels of the earth. Victor walked a little way up one of them, and there were "two horrid dragons" waiting for him. The prisoner prayed again to God and the Mother of God, and this time his prayer was heard. The dragons did him no injury, but rubbed up against him in a friendly way, like great cats. To a certain extent he was reassured; but the difficulty of getting out of

FIG. 8.—DRAGON SEEN BY CASPAR GILG, A PEASANT OF BONSTETTEN, ABOUT 1511.



FIG. 9.—DRAGON VOUCHED FOR BY A SWISS CLERGYMAN IN 1702.

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FIG. 10.—DRAGON SEEN BY JOHN EGERTER.

the pit remained. There was no way out, and Victor had to stop there. He spent the whole winter in the pit, the period of his detention lasting from the 6th of November until the 10th of the following April. Food was a difficulty; but he sustained life in the same way as the dragons, by licking a certain brackish slime which exuded from the walls. At last, when the warm weather began, he perceived that the dragons were preparing to quit their retreat. Now or never was his chance; so, as the dragons spread their wings to fly, he caught hold of the tail of one of them and was thus lifted on to "*terra firma*." Then he found his way, and walked back to Lucerne, to the astonishment of his friends and neighbours, who believed him to be dead (Fig. 1).

His experiences had been, as we should say, "a lesson to him." He became a holy man, and, procuring a sacerdotal robe, caused the picture of his adventure with the dragons to be embroidered on it, as a warning to others and a memorial for all time. The robe was preserved in one of the Lucerne churches, where Kircher saw it; but Victor did not long survive his trials. The diet of slime, it is recorded, had ruined his digestion. He could assimilate no other nutriment, and he "fell asleep in the Lord," as Kircher puts it, about two months afterwards. Taking one consideration with another, one does not feel surprised.

Of all the dragon stories that is the most remarkable; and it only remains to mention the manner in which the men of science of those days believed dragons to come into existence. "Spontaneous generation" was their theory, though they did not, like Dr. Butler Burke, make experiments with sterilized bouillon. Eagles, they said, left the carcasses of their prey to decay in the neighbourhood of their eyries, and in the midst of these masses of putrescence dragons came into being. It was not a thing that they had ever seen happen; but it was the sort of thing that they thought naturally would happen. So they flung out the hypothesis with a light heart, and did not trouble to test it by experiments in the laboratory.



FIG. 11.—PAUL SCHUMPERLIN'S DRAGON, SEEN IN 1654.

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Mrs. Teddy's Indiscretion.

By Mayne Lindsay.

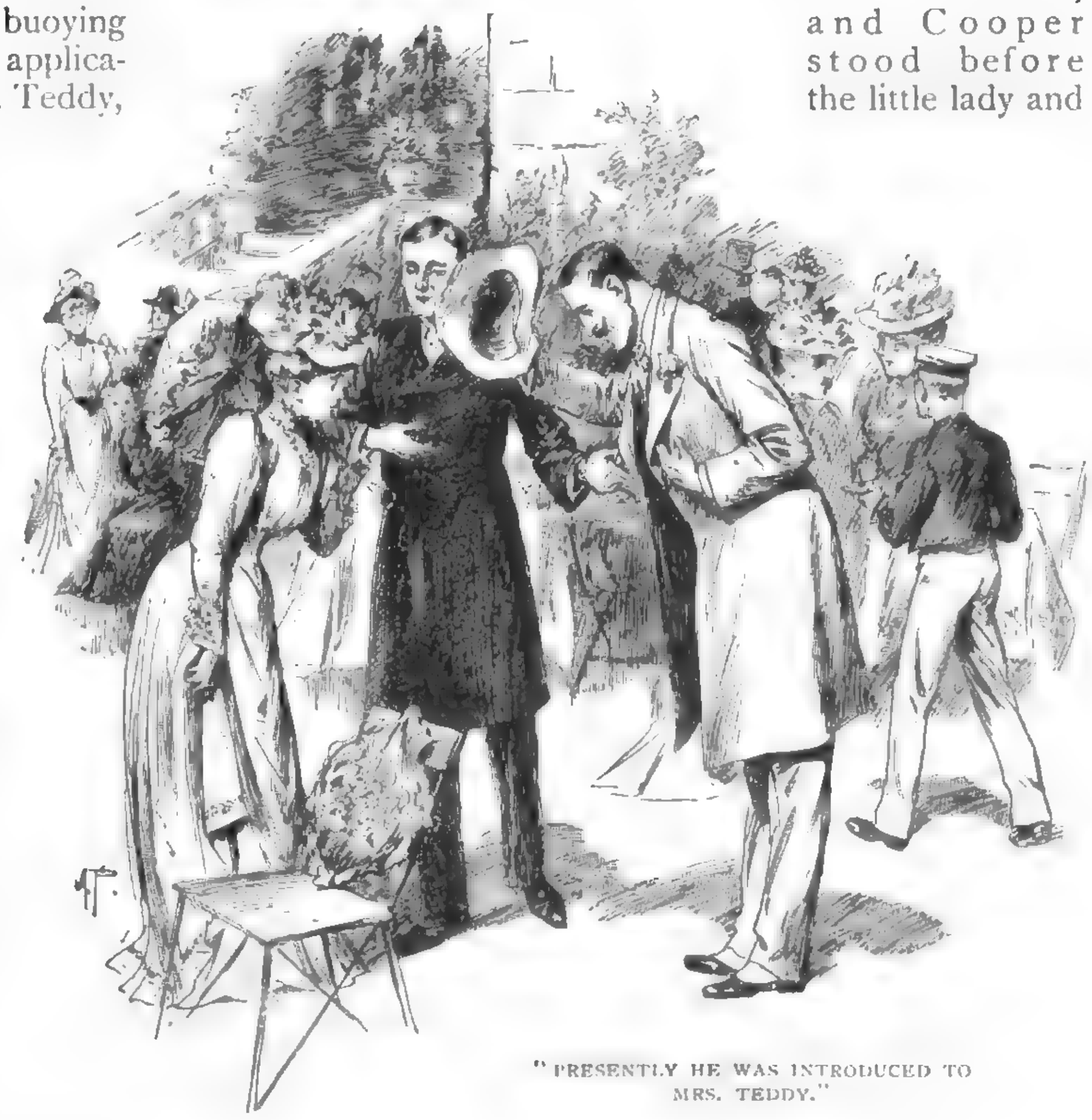
THERE are certain localities outside the great naval ports, where the builder, beginning, never seems to have the heart to end, that are, speaking broadly, given over to the wives of impecunious naval officers. Some of them live in semi-detached villas, heroically pinching against the time when the boy will be ready to go to Osborne or the *Britannia;* some of them live in furnished lodgings with a framed photograph of the absent lieutenant, or paymaster, or surgeon, looming large upon the mantelshelf. They are commonplace, good women, condemned to a life of a peculiar greyness; and if, from the Service point of view, their existence is superfluous, they are nevertheless patterns of most of the minor virtues, patience not least among them.

Mrs. Edward Hassell was the wife of a lieutenant in a surveying ship. Surveying duties bring shore berths—sometimes. Teddy Hassell, who adored his wife, had gone into exile among remote Pacific islands with this hope buoying him, and it tinctured his application to his duties. Mrs. Teddy, who was a Marine major's daughter—the prettiest and stupidest of five, all married into the Service—remained in apartments in Lime Grove, Plymsea, with such consolation as three-quarters of the lieutenant's pay and the care of a juvenile Teddy were able to afford her. She was not wildly discontented; she had been born to this kind of thing, and most of her friends endured it. She embroidered the baby's frocks, and reported tooth-cutting on thin, crossed foreign sheets, and when she was gay went to tea with her neighbours, and sometimes to an official garden-party.

It was on an occasion of the latter sort that she met Mr. Cooper. She was looking very young and freshly English in a flower-garden hat, though she was, as a matter of fact, full five-and-twenty, and would have told you that she had been married for "*years!*" and it is to be supposed that her unaffected attractiveness caught the South American's jaded eye. He left the wife of a senior captain with a good deal of sub-tropical politeness, and presently he was introduced to Mrs. Teddy, and received permission to provide her with an ice.

"You ought to know each other, you know," the Admiral's secretary had said, as he made them acquainted, "because you both have interests in the same corner of the globe. Mrs. Hassell's husband is at present somewhere off the coast of Chilu—isn't he, Mrs. Teddy?—and that is the land of Mr. Cooper's adoption, I believe. So there you are. And what is more, there is the old man's daughter, to whom it is my business to attend, eyeing the tea-table."

He vanished; and Cooper stood before the little lady and



"PRESENTLY HE WAS INTRODUCED TO MRS. TEDDY."

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watched her eat the pink strip in her ice first. He was a tall, thin man with Spanish blood in his veins, so that he wore his Panama with an air. He had very attentive black eyes, and a long scar running down his right cheek—a man conspicuous, and not to be mistaken, in spite of his name and speech, for a fog-chilled islander. He smiled when she attacked the yellow strip. He had wagered with himself that a thing so plump and innocent would be bound to leave plain white to the last. He had heard her described, by the friend who had brought him, as a dear little goose. It was quite a kindly description, and he had his own reasons for seeking her.

Mrs. Hassell looked up, saw the scar and gazed at it with a respectful curiosity, and passed on to admire a smart waistcoat. Then she opened her mouth to let her thoughts flow out, which was her artless custom.

"Oh, you have been in Chilu!" she said. "Please tell me all about it. Is it a *dangerous* climate? Supposing you—a person—were mostly at sea, I mean."

"Oh, dear no; quite the reverse, I should say," Mr. Cooper replied. He put his head a little on one side and looked at her in a crow-like, acute way. "Not that I know anything about the sea myself. I lived inland, 'way up among the mountains, where seafaring people are scarce."

"Where the mines are," Mrs. Hassell said, proud of so much knowledge.

Cooper laughed.

"I see I can't tell you much," he said. "As a matter of fact, I dare say *you* could teach me something, because probably you have heard more about the seaboard than I have. Mr. Hassell must have been to all sorts of odd, out-of-the-way islands and places. I wonder if he writes home to you about them?"

"He writes the most beautifully descriptive letters," Mrs. Teddy said, standing prettily to arms. "He tells me about everything that he learns, and I am most interested, always."

"Composition of cordite, and mechanism of breechloaders?" Mr. Cooper queried, dryly. He sat down beside her, and put the empty plate away.

"No, no; not those dull gunnery things!" Mrs. Teddy cried at him. "The survey work is *much* more important. You go about discovering new reefs and shoals and —and—chipping little bits off desert islands."

"Little bits?" The man smiled and swung his crossed foot to the *deux-temps* the band was playing. "Oh, that is geology, isn't it? Of course, you must think me rather a duffer; but I'm afraid I never had anyone to instruct me before."

"Yes, geology," Mrs. Hassell said; and she looked very pleased and bright as she said it. "It is a very engrossing science, and Edward has studied it thoroughly."

"He finds it a handy hobby in out-of-the-way places, no doubt," Cooper said. "It tells you what they are made of, doesn't it? I suppose the little bits are pumice-stone or coral, as a rule?"

"Sometimes. Not always," Mrs. Teddy said, proud of her superior knowledge. "Edward went to an island the other day and found copper ore in a rock. Copper, you know—quite valuable, and in a place where nobody lived. He sent me home a chip for my cabinet. The island belongs to our Government, and Captain Clifford is sending home a report, and Teddy thinks they ought to work it, only the people at home are so *frightfully* slow. They pigeon-hole all their discoveries, and it's a hundred chances to one if anybody hears any more of them. That is all the credit you get for being clever, in the Navy."

"Hard lines," Mr. Cooper said, sympathetically. "I believe copper ore is, as you say, quite a valuable mineral. And he sent you a specimen, did he? What was the name of the place where he found it?"

"I don't remember; but it is on the label," Mrs. Teddy said. Then a little self-conscious flutter agitated her. It had just come to her mind that there had been "this on the strict q.t." somewhere in Teddy's letter. Of course, that didn't mean—— Still, she had been talking, and he had asked her not to talk.

The lean man saw the flutter, and perhaps he guessed its cause; at any rate, he began, without ostentatious trailing of red herrings, to chat about the South Pacific flora. It appeared that Teddy collected dried flowers, and sent them home too, for the cabinet; he was certainly, as his wife claimed for him, an earnest and intelligent young man, and he believed in education by correspondence—or perhaps it was only the masculine inability to write four thin sheets without diverging from personalities.

"I have a new variety of pampas grass in my trunk that I think would interest you," Mr. Cooper said, later in the afternoon, when he had said official good-byes and Mrs. Hassell was leaving the precincts of the great for her return tram ride. "It's rather intrusive of me, I'm afraid; but it is such a

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pleasure to meet a kindred spirit. So few ladies care for botanical studies or—er—any kind of science. May I bring it for you to see one afternoon, and will you accept it for the collection, if you have no duplicate? Please allow me the favour of knowing when you will be at home."

Mrs. Hassell blushed with pleasure. It is not possible to have four elder sisters, all cleverer than yourself, without arriving at a microscopic estimate of your own intelligence. Mr. Cooper's appreciation was rare, and infinitely more welcome than any compliment to her acknowledged prettiness, which the same authorities had long insisted to be a minor asset. Besides, Teddy wanted her so much to be clever; Teddy despised empty-headed women.

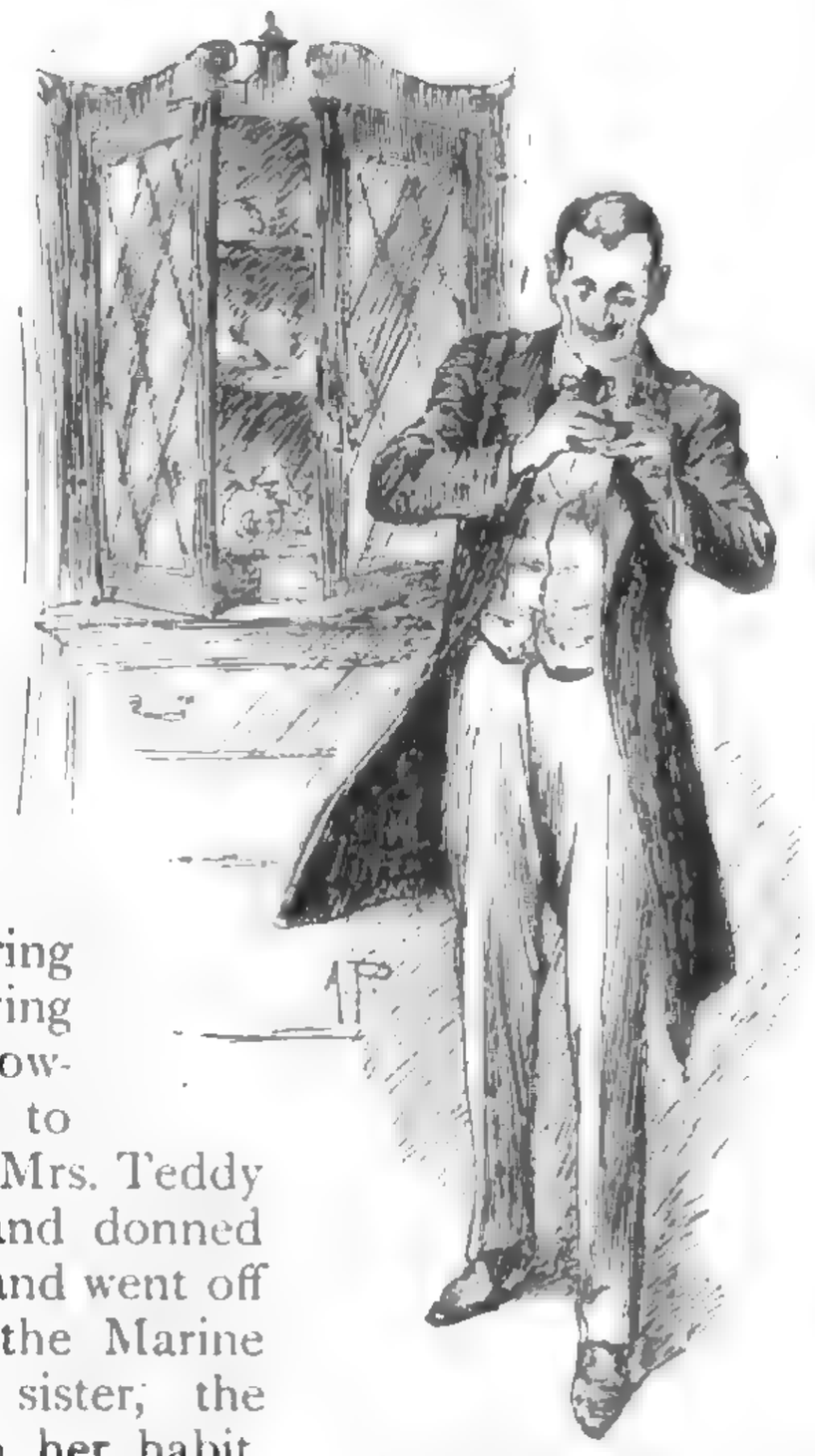
"Please come," she said. "I shall look forward to seeing you. There is my address; I'm on the first floor. Any afternoon except Thursdays, because I take baby out then while nurse goes to see her mother."

She mounted the tram with a smile, and the tram-conductor, who was a married man, wondered if any woman could really be as angelic as she looked, and doubted it. She went home to baby, and told him she had had a lovely afternoon; and that evening, when he had gone to bed, she dusted the miscellaneous collection in the cabinet, and sat for a long time on the floor in front of it, seriously studying the Latin names of strange plants.

She looked out for Cooper, to the extent of laying in fresh cake and refilling the flower vases, during the first part of the following week. Thursday came, however, and he had still failed to put in an appearance; and so Mrs. Teddy tucked baby into his pram and donned a business-like holland skirt, and went off to spend the afternoon at the Marine barracks with her second sister, the adjutant's wife, according to her habit. She did not look back when she turned the street corner; she was, as a matter of fact, too anxious about getting over the road; and even if she had, it is not probable that she would have seen the tall, thin man with the scar on his face; for he waited until her attention was engrossed upon the pram's cross-journey before he sauntered up the Lime Grove pavement. She was well away when he rang the bell, and it took his cool, confident way and half a crown to convince the little maid-servant that Mrs. Hassell had told the gentleman she was sure to be in that afternoon. She asked him up to wait when she understood it; visitors for the drawing-room floor with half-crowns to spare were too scarce to be dismissed inhospitably.

Cooper heard the door shut behind him with a sigh of relief. His shrewd black eyes had already fixed themselves upon the cabinet, and as soon as he was alone he strode eagerly to it. It was locked with a cheap little gimcrack lock, but he made short work of that. He had a big bunch of keys in his pocket, and he speedily found one to fit it. He opened it and his hand went straight, without a symptom of uncertainty, towards one among a dozen little rocky fragments.

He turned it over and over and took it to the light, and he read the name on the label. Then he looked up, a flush for the first time on his sallow cheeks, and laughed triumphantly.



"HE READ THE NAME ON THE LABEL."

"So that shipwrecked mariner-turned-miner spoke true! It *is* the place—and it's the stuff! Poor wretch; it was rough luck to die, 'way back there in the mountains, just when Fortune looked as if she might smile. And now somebody else knows. There is no time to be lost, even though, as the little woman allowed me to infer, the people at home are too wound up in red tape to grab a good thing when it is poked under their noses. I must get that concession through, the right to work the island, before it occurs to some bright Jack-in-office to read surveying ships' reports. Well, the preliminaries are carried; and I'll be in London to-night, and in the full swing of definite negotiations to-morrow morning."

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He replaced the specimen exactly on its shelf.

"Thank you, Mr. Edward Hassell," he said, with a mocking bow to the empty air. "Thank you; you could not have done me a better service if I had paid you for it. A word to the wise is sufficient; and when fools make feasts, to indulge in another old saw, those same wise men are apt to come along to eat them."

He took a card out of his case and laid it on the table and rang the bell. Cool adventurer though he was, his heart was beating rather faster than usual; for he knew that he had happed upon the chance of a lifetime, and that after hopes and fears, and a good many uncertainties, it lay within hand's touch. Mrs. Teddy had been only a pawn, an indiscreet blabber of secrets, in the game; but in the moment while he waited for the maid she swam suddenly into his recollection.

The shabby, ugly room had a good many evidences of a wistful refinement in it. Poor Mrs. Teddy's plucky attempts to make home of a hired apartment lay open to the eye of a critical intruder. Her work-basket, heaped with some frilly baby's garment, the flowers on the table—Cooper could not have guessed these special flowers were there for him—the photographs in their pretty frames. The room spoke of a woman waiting, in a genteel poverty, patiently, as sailors' wives must wait, for the far-off, longed-for, brief reunion.

Cooper, with his covetous fingers itching for the coming riches, saw the limits of the Hassells' straitened life before him.

"That little dainty woman! I suppose she loves the fellow, and he can do no more for her than—*this*. There's a baby, too." He looked at the frilly needlework. "She works for one and she waits for the other, and there you have her life! Well, thank Heaven for a good woman," he added, half aloud.

The maid-servant was standing in the doorway. Cooper smiled upon her.

"I must have misunderstood Mrs. Hassell. I am sorry to miss her. Will you kindly tell her that urgent business forces me to leave Plymsea to-night?"

He put on his hat and went out into the street, to his schemes and his golden visions. Yet when he slept that night, on a London pillow, he saw a furnished lodging in his dreams, and a woman, quite young and very pretty, studying a meagre purse, into which he was vainly trying to squeeze a lump of copper ore. . . .

Edward Hassell came home a year later, and he transferred his wife from the Plymsea lodging to a country cottage before he sailed on his next commission, and Mrs. Teddy passed out of the way of official garden-parties. He was sent to the Australian station after that, and to other remote places. He was a commander, slightly bald about the temples and less didactic, by the time a shore billet came.

It was at the Admiralty, and the family—six in number now—moved again to a small suburban house, in a neighbourhood where schools were good and cheap. There they settled down, and Mrs. Teddy found the Promised Land, as other people have found it since the world began, quite an ordinary place; no paradise, but a bit of the homely earth. Yet she was happy, and glad to be in it; her sisters' husbands were still afloat, and Teddy came home to her every afternoon. She knew good fortune when she met it. She looked at the world cheerfully, even out of a jerry-built window and over a pile of children's mending.

She had, of course, long since ceased to think of Mr. Cooper, whose card and explanation had met her on that far-off return from the Marine barracks. Once only, and vaguely, a word had recalled him to memory, and that was when Captain Hassell, after their last move, had said, as he re-arranged the specimens in the new drawing-room:—

"There is that piece of copper ore. Did I ever tell you what happened to the island, Betty?"

"No," Mrs. Teddy said, peering round the chair she was re-covering.

"Well, it turned out to be an extremely valuable property. Our report went home, urging the Government to send an expert to make fuller investigation and to reserve all rights until they had his verdict. In the meantime, however, a South American mine-manager, who was in London—I forget his name—rushed in with an offer to lease it, and clinched the bargain before the officials at home had read and digested Clifford's recommendations. He floated a company, shipped out men and machinery, and made a large fortune. The odd thing is that it has never been discovered how or where he got the information upon which he acted so successfully. Not a soul on the coast suspected that a copper mine lay at their front door, as I need hardly tell you; and the place was out of the track of ships, and totally uninhabited. I suppose, if Clifford and I had been business men, we

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should have chucked the Service as soon as we knew, rushed home by the first mail-boat, and divided the spoils between us. But these brilliant *coups* don't occur to simple sailors."

"Oh, Teddy, what a chance!" Mrs. Hassell said, biting off a thread. "It wouldn't have been honest, though, would it?"

"Hum!" said her husband, thoughtfully. He put the specimen back, and it was then that a faint recollection of Mr. Cooper's alert black eyes crossed Betty Hassell's memory for a moment. The connection between them and copper ore and a tiny twinge of conscience was not clear to her, and she did not try to establish it. The flying thought vanished, and she returned to her chair cover with a little sigh for the riches reaped by the unknown speculator. Supposing Teddy had——! She built a Spanish castle on it.

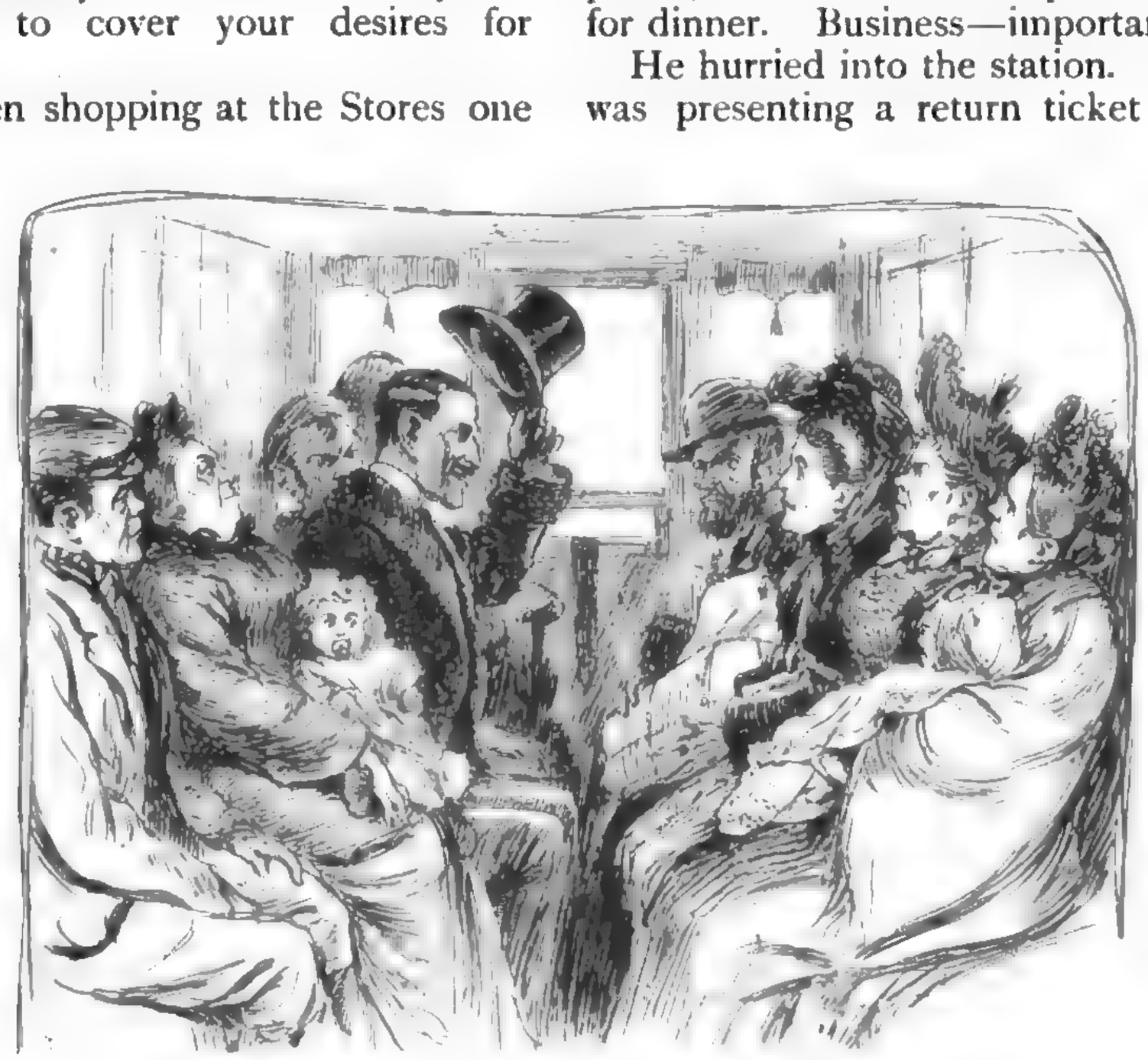
Five years jogged by, a humdrum procession of years well filled with the affairs of growing schoolboys in the Hassells' home. Mrs. Teddy began to wear a little, and sometimes her spirits were not so cheerful as they had been; four boys mean long, long thoughts, especially when the family income refuses to cover your desires for them.

She had been shopping at the Stores one afternoon, and these reflections, or others of a similar nature, weighted her as she walked down Victoria Street to the suburban railway. She had a skirt to keep out of November mud, and parcels great and small; it was not wonderful that she was too preoccupied to see a tall man with a scar who came out of an open doorway, started at the sight of her, and stood gazing earnestly after her little figure. The doorway had "Island Copper, Limited," on its brass plate; but that, too, she did not raise her eyes to see.

Mr. Cooper craned his neck to follow the sight of her. He knew her at once; it was not likely, for obvious reasons, that he should forget her. He was a shrewd man, with a talent for rapid perceptions; he read, as plainly as if it were written on the sky, the meaning of the parcels, and the tired walk, and the fading of high hopeful confidence in the pretty face. His life, since riches befell him, had taught him to look upon women as fragile, dainty, petted things, made for extravagance and soft places; he crossed the pavement to a smart motor-car, and anathematized the selfishness of impecunious naval officers.

"Drive up the street slowly—slowly," he said to the chauffeur. Then, when they had picked up a glimpse of Mrs. Teddy at the station gates, "That will do. Go home, please, and tell Mrs. Cooper I may be late for dinner. Business—important business."

He hurried into the station. Mrs. Hassell was presenting a return ticket at a barrier.



"'HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. HASSELL?' HE SAID."

He ran back, paid for the limit of the journey on the line, and entered her carriage as it was moving. There were three or four workmen, two babies, and four stout women

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already in it, and they all, except the babies, looked at the well-dressed intruder with disfavour; but Cooper did not trouble about them. He squeezed himself into three inches of seat in front of Mrs. Teddy and lifted his hat. "How do you do, Mrs. Hassell?" he said.

Betty, who was hugging her parcels, stared at him.

"I don't remem——" she began, and then she saw the scar. "Why, yes, I do!" she said. "Ages and *ages* ago, at the Admiral's garden-party. But I am so sorry—I have forgotten your name."

He told her.

"I remember you very well indeed," he said. "You were kind to a stranger in a strange land, and I called on you in gratefulness afterwards, but made a stupid mistake in the day, and missed you. We talked about South American plants at the party. Have you left Plymsea now? And is your husband still at sea?"

"Plants, did we? I have a faint recollection of it," Mrs. Teddy said. "Your memory is better than mine, but I have not quite forgotten. Yes, we are living near London, close to a good school for the boys, and Captain Hassell has a berth at the Admiralty; and I hope he will never go to sea any more."

She smiled at him, and Cooper saw the girl in the flower-garden hat vividly behind the mother of sons. It was never difficult to make friends with Mrs. Hassell, who had a good woman's sublime trust in human nature. He lowered his voice so that the stout women should miss the conversation, and he talked pleasantly, easily, of general subjects until the train slid into a suburban station.

"I am getting out here," Mrs. Teddy said, gathering up her parcels. "How glad I am to have met you!" She disentangled a hand and held it out.

"And I—but I am getting out too," Cooper said. He sprang on to the platform and relieved her of the parcels. "Please let me see you home."

"How very strange! What an odd coincidence!" She laughed over it. "Yes, of course you may see me home, because then I can give you some tea. We live quite near to the station. But how *odd* that you should have been coming here!"

"Isn't it?" Cooper said, handing his ticket in hastily. "Quite a chance—business. Not too urgent, however, for me to accept your hospitality. A cup of tea before all things for me, at this hour."

"Edward won't be home yet," his wife said; and now she had turned up a side street and was opening the iron gate of a small villa. "He would have been so pleased to talk to you about Chilu. Do you ever go there now? Susan—some tea, please. Oh, there are the boys! Please forgive me one moment, but they are playing football in the garden, and I am sure they have not done their home-work."

She darted through a French window to the oblong, trampled garden, and left Cooper looking round her drawing-room. It was cosy, palpably ready for the returning husband, with fire burning and tea-tray set; but it was pinched and shabby, and Mrs. Cooper, who lived in half-a-dozen different homes in the year, would not have admitted a stick of its furniture within her doors. Yet there was a fragrance in it, the austere refinement of self-denying natures; it lacked luxury, but it lacked vulgarity too.

The rock specimens stood on a shelf. Cooper's eyes avoided them: he was studying the photograph of four young Hassells when his hostess returned to him.

"Your boys, I see," he said.

"Yes; you must let me bring them down before you go; but they are rather large and the room is rather small. They are dears, though," their mother said, proudly. "Such dears, even if Edward and I feel anxious now and then about them."

"Why should you be anxious?" Cooper said. "I am a married man, but I have no children; I should be glad of the cause of anxiety."

"I am so sorry," Mrs. Teddy said, softly, and her frank eyes added their pity. "No children? I did not know . . . Oh, it is nothing *really* to trouble us, only sometimes, when we think of what we wish to do for them——"

It had, of course, been part of Cooper's business in life to draw required information from trustworthy sources. He applied his ability with a will now, and with complete success. Mrs. Hassell was not a grumbler by nature, nor was she without her quiet little dignity; but before the chat across the tea-table was over Cooper had the tale of her modest hopes and fears at his fingers' ends. It was a very ordinary story—the sons whom they wanted to put in the King's service, as their father had been before them, and the money difficulties that lay in the way; the eldest-born, who was cut out for a Royal Engineer, if they could scrape together the Woolwich fees; the smaller sons who were

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set upon the Navy; the little fellow who seemed to have great abilities and hoped to get a scholarship at one of the great schools. Mrs. Hassell laughed as she confessed that their ambitions were many; and it was her omissions more than her words that told Cooper exactly how much a commander's pay, even in that coveted Admiralty berth, would and would not cover.

He went away at last to the imaginary business appointment, and Mrs. Teddy told her husband about him half an hour later.

"Such a nice man—I met him at the Admiral's ages ago. Wasn't it strange that he should jump into my carriage and get out here? He was most interested in the boys, and I am afraid he tipped them. I wish he hadn't, for he was travelling third-class, and so he can't have had too much money to spare."

"He did," young Teddy said, with a grin, from the back of her chair. "I got half a crown, and so did Alan."

Captain Hassell was knitting his brows.

"Cooper? Cooper? Where did I hear the name when I was in Chilu?" he said. "I am sure I knew it quite well at one time. I'm glad you took him in and gave him tea, Betty; and I should like to meet him."

He never did, however; and the villa saw its chance visitor no more. Cooper, although he was striking-looking, and wore a scar, and had those sharp, penetrating eyes, must have had a talent for obscuring his own personality when he wished to keep it nebulous, for the remembrance of his visit sank, as his presence at the Plymsea party had done, into a pleasant limbo. Nor was it awakened when, round the Christmas breakfast-table, the Hassell family rose, and clasped each other's hands, and stared with white, dazed, slow-believing faces at a letter in their father's hand. It came from a London bank, and it informed Commander Edward Hassell, briefly, that five thousand pounds had been paid in to his credit, with the Christmas wishes of a friend who desired them to respect his anonymity. "A friend"—so the quotation in the banker's letter ran—"who owed a debt of gratitude to Captain Hassell, and who took now, at this auspicious season, the opportunity of repaying it."

"But I never lent anybody five thousand pounds! It's a mistake. I never had five thousand pence, much less pounds, to lend," Hassell said, gazing round the bewildered circle.

"It's a debt of gratitude, Teddy. You must have done *something!*" Mrs. Teddy cried. "You have done heaps of generous things in your life; you never think of yourself before others, you know you don't; one of your good, kind actions has come back to roost. Oh, Teddy, Teddy, dear—just think what it means to the boys!"

Cooper, wintering in Spain, was listening to the Christmas bells at that moment, and wondering, with a grave smile on his face, just how much it would mean to the boys—and to the boys' mother.

"Thank Heaven for a good woman," he said to himself, unconsciously repeating words used, years before, on the eve of his fortune.



"OH, TEDDY, TEDDY, DEAR—JUST THINK WHAT IT MEANS TO THE BOYS!"

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Living Figures—II.

1. Population of Various Countries.
2. Imperial Nurse and Colonial Baby.
3. The World's Sugar Eaters.
4. The Occupations of M.P.'s.
5. What the World Pays Its Rulers.
6. The World's Biggest Smokers.
7. The Language Race.
8. The Price of Peace.

IF you ask the man in the street to tell you the name of the most densely-populated country in the world, he will answer readily, "China." And he will be right. He has acquired his knowledge, not through sheer love of learning, but from the newspapers of the day which periodically draw public attention to the "Yellow Peril" and refer to our Celestial friends as the "seething horde of Cathay," or in language similarly florid. But if you ask the same man to tell you the population of China, he cannot reply. He scratches his head, looks wise, then mumbles something about millions, and finishes in a confession of ignorance. He knows that the yellow race is great in numbers, but how big? There is the rub.

It is *so* easy to ask a question when you cannot answer it yourself. Therefore, as a salve to the man in the street, let us say at once that the man has not yet been born who can tell, with any correctness, the number of people in China. Our artist, who has drawn the impressive picture here reproduced, which, by means of certain familiar types, national and otherwise, represents, in the relative sizes of the figures, the populations of eighteen different countries, has merely expressed by his colossal and majestic figure of the Chinaman what he thinks the "seething horde of Cathay" really means, as compared with the lesser millions of other nations. He has taken for this purpose the generally-accepted statement of many well-informed statisticians that there are 400,000,000 people—men, women, and children—in China. It is an astonishing total, and the picture, if it arouses no other thought, should give cause for reflection to those who believe that strength lies in numbers. Is China rousing herself to a knowledge of her power? Is the time coming when this leviathan among nations will crush, by mere weight of numbers, the comparatively insignificant nations that lie west of the Flowery Kingdom?



POPULATION OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

The enormous population of China—over 400,000,000—is graphically shown by this picture, as is also the preponderance of Russia—135,000,000—over other countries. The figures for other countries shown are: United States, 76,356,000; Germany, 56,367,000; Austro-Hungary, 48,141,000; Japan, 46,305,000; United Kingdom, 41,976,000; France, 38,961,000; Italy, 32,475,000; Turkey, 25,000,000; Spain, 18,607,000; Belgium, 6,985,000; Portugal, 5,423,000; Holland, 5,263,000; Sweden, 5,260,000; Denmark, 2,449,000; Greece, 2,433,000; Norway, 2,299,000.

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In the foregoing picture the reader will be surprised, perhaps, to find Japan occupying so prominent a position in the group. As a matter of fact, the "little Jap," as we often term our ally, is not little at all, but a stalwart nation, outstripping in population the United Kingdom by at least five million inhabitants. It may not be inopportune to add to the above statement the fact—although it has nothing to do with the illustration—that the area of Japan is 26,000 square miles greater than that of the United Kingdom. How many people think



IMPERIAL NURSE AND COLONIAL BABY.

In this picture the relative sizes of mother countries and colonies are shown by the figures of nurse and baby. The enormous area of the British possessions is strikingly illustrated by the size of the baby, which overshadows the little figure of its nurse, Britannia. In the case of the United States, Nurse Columbia can barely see the infant she is holding.

of this when they speak of the "tight little Island Kingdom of the East'?

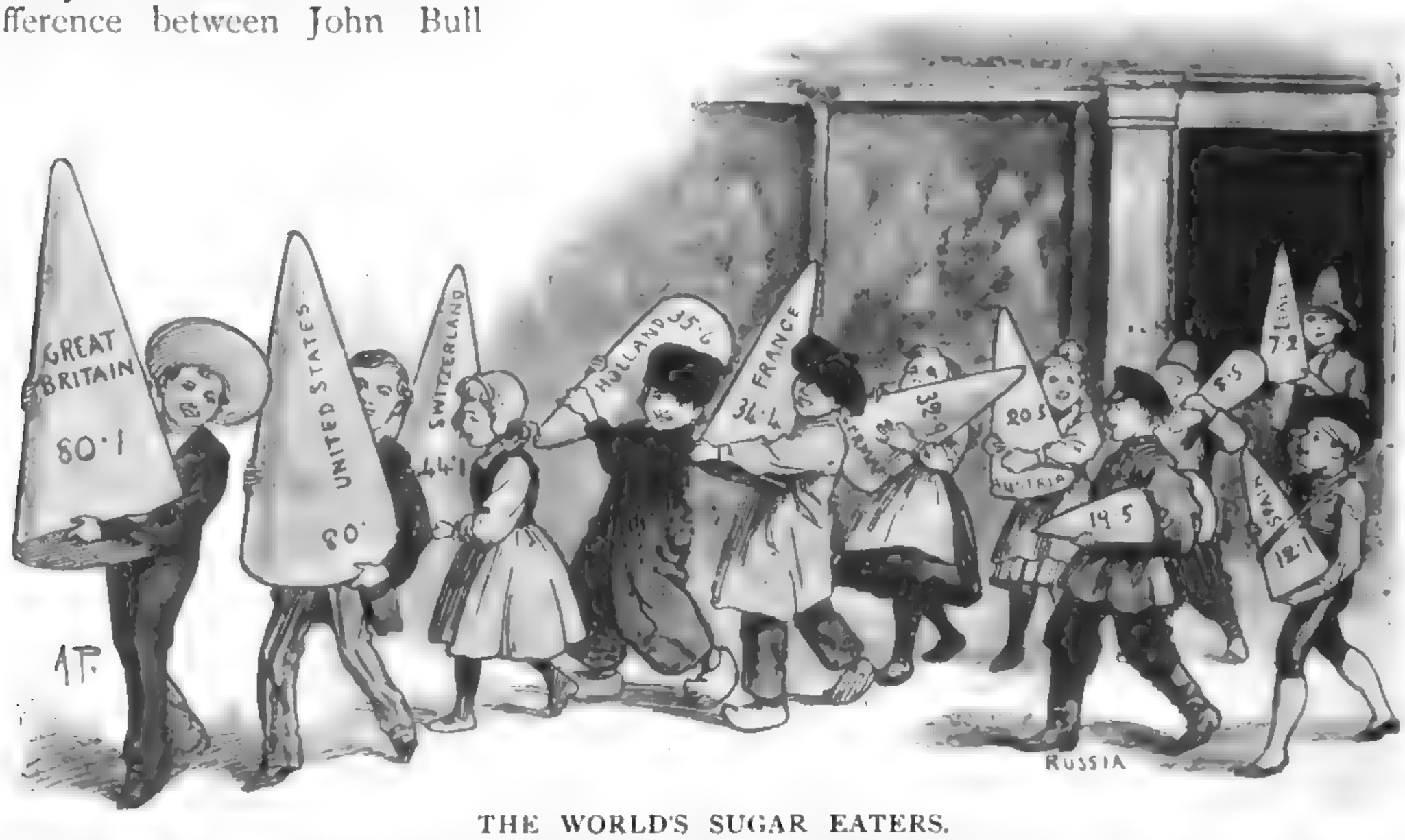
Another very instructive picture is that which shows the Colonial possessions of various nations. Here the artist has allowed his fancy to run riot—so far as his ideal, but not his actual, figures are concerned—by depicting a *crèche* of very worldly and wonderful infants, who represent Colonies, and many buxom nurses, who represent the Mother Countries. Here may be witnessed the diminutive and almost indistinguishable Britannia (representing an area of 121,089 square miles) attending upon a monster child which, by its size, in proportion to that of its nurse, accurately represents the gigantic area of 11,755,656 square miles. The actual size of this English baby is only hinted at in the picture, since he is represented in sitting posture. Were the youthful John Bull to stand up and stretch himself to his full and righteous height, he would be, in the picture, ninety-seven times larger than his nurse, and the most astonishing youth ever seen in a picture, as, indeed, he really is.

The other figures in the *crèche* deserve careful consideration. France, with its 207,218 square miles of territory, is depicted as a smart *bonne* with a truly bouncing youngster (representing 3,982,000 square miles of Colonial possessions), held by a leading-string. The German nurse (208,830 square miles) and her able-bodied child (1,024,262 square miles) easily explain themselves, although the artist might have been closer to actuality had he represented the *kindchen* as a less placid—*i.e*, more troublesome—infant. Next to the German nurse we see the little Portuguese maid (35,490 square miles) with her charge (832,267 square miles) upon a rocking-horse, near which stands, with chubby, outstretched arms, the Dutch baby (736,500 square miles), accompanied by a very tiny nurse (12,648 square miles). In the foreground we find the Spanish nurse (194,783 square miles) with her young one (252,780 square miles)—sad reminder of a former greatness—on a trolley-chair; at her left the Danish nurse (15,360 square miles) sits patiently beside

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her sleeping babe (86,614 square miles); and near the British baby's bottle sits the Italian nurse (110,646 square miles) with an infant (188,500 square miles) upon her lap. The only remaining figure in this striking group is Nurse Columbia, giantess among nurses as befits her 3,566,104 square miles, with an infant so ridiculous in size (125,860 square miles) that she is compelled to look at it through a magnifying glass.

Now stand for a moment at the window of the world's sugar shop. It will come as a surprise to many, especially our American, readers to find, as our artist shows, that the consumption of sugar in Great Britain is greater, in pounds per head annually, than in any other nation. Yet the difference between John Bull



THE WORLD'S SUGAR EATERS.

This drawing shows the consumption of sugar in pounds per head in eleven different countries. In comparison with the large amount consumed in Great Britain and the United States, the quantities for Italy and Turkey seem remarkably small. Switzerland, with 44lb. per head, is nearest to the sweet-toothed English-speaking countries.

and Brother Jonathan—both of whom have a proverbial "sweet tooth"—is very small.

Sugar is a vital article of food in the two English-speaking countries. We demand it in our confectionery, our jam, and biscuits, and drink it, in immense quantities, in our mineral waters and beer. These, to mention but a few of the ways in which sugar is used as a raw material, sufficiently suggest why the consumption in England and America is so great. More noteworthy, perhaps, is the fact that no matter how fast the consumption of beer grows—it is said just now to be on the decline—the weight of sugar used in the beer grows faster. "In 1883," says one who has investigated this important subject, "the public put up with something less than four and three-quarter pounds of sugar to the barrel. In 1897 it demanded between eight and nine pounds." Americans, it may be added, drink less beer but eat more confectionery than English people, and possibly for this reason the nearly equal consumption of sugar is maintained.

An illustration now follows on page 585 of an imaginary sitting, *sans* Speaker, of the House of Commons, the aim of the artist being to show how the membership of that august body is made up in this year of grace. Careful investigation has elicited the information that of the 670 members elected to the present Parliament, 483 can be classified according to profession, trade, or other occupation, leaving 187 to be accounted for. These, for want of a better term, we may call "gentlemen of leisure," and, as they are not represented in the illustration, we may take it that they are on the Terrace, entertaining the fair sex to tea. Among those left behind to handle the affairs of State will first be noted a member of the legal profession, representing 134 of his respected class. Opposite sits the commercial man, representing in size the 130 members in the House who are engaged in business. Ex-Army and Yeomanry officers form the next important section of members, numbering fifty-five in all. The writer's profession (forty-eight members) is shown by the figure of the industrious scribbler on the

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THE OCCUPATIONS OF M.P.'s.

Of the professions and trades represented in the House of Commons, the law (with 134 representatives) and commercial life (with 130) run a close race for first position. Seated on the bench with the law's representative are shipowners and shipbuilders (35), farmers (12), and doctors (10), while on the bench behind are shown ex-Army and Yeomanry officers (55). On the right of the Speaker's chair, in addition to the representative of commerce, we see authors and journalists (48), bankers (9), and schoolmasters (6), with artisans (44) in the background. This leaves unaccounted for 187 members whose occupations are not ascertainable.

Front Bench. At his right sits the banker (nine members) counting his money, and at *his* right the rather insignificant schoolmaster, of which there are six representatives in the House. Behind the commercial man looms up the artisan class with forty-four members. On the Front Opposition Bench, next to the legal gentlemen, sits the shipowner and shipbuilder (thirty-five members), and at his left stand the farmer with his hoe (twelve) and the doctor (ten) with his stethoscope, which for no particular reason is directed against the healthy breast of the agriculturist.

Why, in the group, it may be asked, do we not see the Church? The answer is very simple. Members of the Church of England are not admitted to the House of Commons. Their statutory exclusion dates from the year 1801, when Horne Tooke was elected for the Borough of Old Sarum. It is, of course, possible for a clergyman to renounce his orders, in which case he is no longer disqualified for the House.

In the light of history this picture of the membership of the House is uncommonly suggestive. In early days no class of men gave greater trouble than the lawyers, and many were the attempts made to keep them out of the House. One need only recall the advice of James I. when the Parliament of 1624–25 was to be chosen—"not to choose curious and wrangling lawyers, who may seek reputation by stirring needless questions"; or the equally significant words of an anonymous pamphleteer in 1645, to the effect that "if the making and penning of good laws were the work of these times—as they are not—it were not wisdom to choose mercenary lawyers to make laws, because they are the first men to invent subtleties to evade them and make them useless, and will pen them obscurely on purpose to make themselves work in the interpretation." These and other antagonistic articles, written in the past and present, have, however, done little to stem the tide of lawyers which flows at each election into the House.

There is little need to deal at length with the very happy illustration entitled "What the World Pays Its Rulers," except to say that it represents the heads of fourteen different countries drawing their yearly salaries, in golden sovereigns, from the

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people's bank. You do not see the gold. It is supposed to be neatly piled away in the wooden cases, these having been drawn by the artist so correctly that if the 93,854 gold pieces annually paid to His Majesty King Charles of Portugal were actually piled up inside his box they would exactly fill it flat to edge. And so with all the others.

The sums marked upon the boxes have been obtained, in the case of monarchies, from the Civil Lists, and denote what is paid by each country for the upkeep of the Royal House, not what is given to each ruler for pocket-money. The amount paid for the maintenance of the Sultan of Turkey is an estimate only, based upon several good authorities, and contrasts strangely with the salaries paid to those sturdy upholders of Republican institutions, Presidents Roosevelt and Fallières.



WHAT THE WORLD PAYS ITS RULERS.

The salary list of the world's rulers presents a curiously uneven appearance, ranging from £10,000, the annual allowance of the President of the United States, to the £3,000,000 (or more) on which the Sultan of Turkey manages to exist. The French President receives a very small sum compared with the heads of most European countries with which to maintain the dignity of his position.

According to the next illustration, the Belgian leads the world in the consumption



THE WORLD'S BIGGEST SMOKERS.

Easily first in the list of the world's smokers is the Belgian, with an annual consumption of 6·21lb., while Uncle Sam is a good second with 5·40lb. The next biggest smoker is the German, with 3·44lb., followed by the Austrian (3·02lb.), Australian (2·60lb.), Canadian (2·54lb.), Hungarian (2·42lb.), Frenchman (2·16lb.), Briton (1·95lb.), and Russian (1·10lb.).

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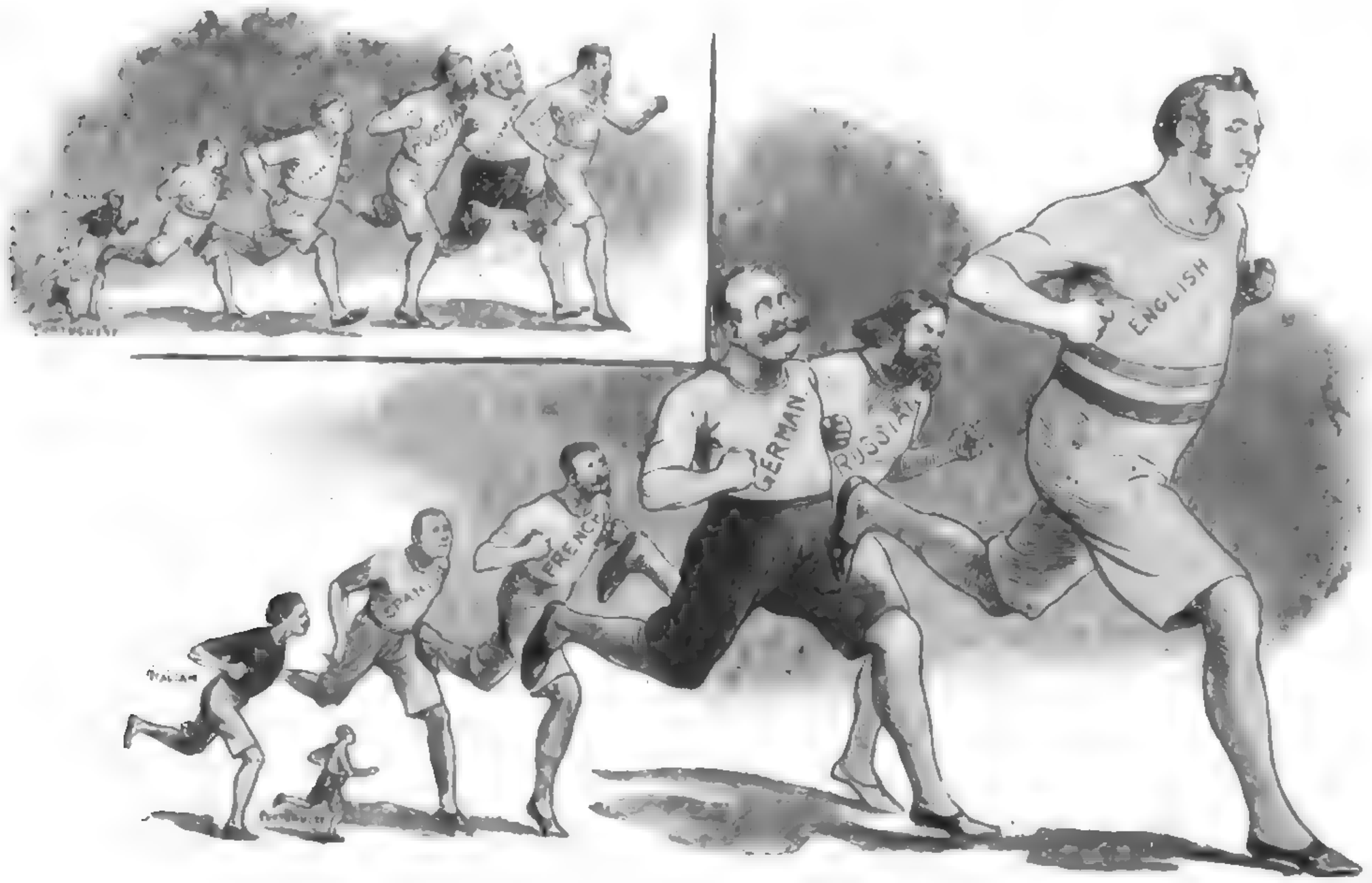
of tobacco, with the United States a close second, the annual consumption per head of the population being in these two countries 6·21lb. and 5·40lb. respectively. The consumption of other countries is as follows: Germany, 3·44lb.; Austria, 3·02lb.; Australia, 2·60lb.; Canada, 2·54lb.; Hungary, 2·42lb.; France, 2·16lb.; Great Britain, 1·95lb.; and Russia, 1·10lb. The above figures, we may add, are taken from the latest available statistics, although there is reason to believe that the consumption of tobacco has increased in Great Britain since 1904, when the most recent figures were published. In that year the quantity of manufactured tobacco retained in the United Kingdom for home consumption was 80,867,485lb., averaging 1·95lb. per head of the population. In 1880 the average was 1·41lb.

In our drawing the great smokers of the world are represented at a convivial gathering in a club-room, each with a pipe in his mouth, drawn to exact cube measure. That is to say, the pipe of the Belgian would hold, when completely filled, exactly the number of ounces of tobacco which he (statistically) smokes.

The "Language Race" presents graphically certain facts fairly well known at the present time—namely, that English is to-day the most widely spoken of European languages, and that its growth during the nineteenth century was little short of marvellous. The statistics on which the artist has based his picture are taken from Mulhall. In 1801 the distribution of languages was as follows: French, spoken by 31,450,000; Russian, by 30,770,000; German, by 30,320,000; Spanish, by 26,190,000; English, by 20,520,000; Italian, by 15,070,000; and Portuguese, by 7,480,000.

In the year 1890, according to the same authority, the distribution was as follows: English, by 111,100,000; German, by 75,200,000; Russian, by 75,000,000; French, by 51,200,000; Spanish, by 42,800,000; Italian, by 33,400,000; and Portuguese, by 13,000,000.

In other words, whereas Portuguese, Italian, and Spanish have held their position as the tail-enders in the language race, a momentous struggle has taken place amongst the leaders. French has dropped from first to fourth place, English has jumped to the lead, and Germany and Russia still fight hard for second place, with the odds in favour of the Teuton. It is a remarkable change



THE LANGUAGE RACE.

In these two pictures the hot struggle for precedence between the seven great European languages is represented. The small picture in the top left-hand corner shows the position of the contestants in 1801, with the French language first and English a poor fifth. In 1890, as shown in the larger drawing, the English language had taken the first position, which it still holds.

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to have occurred in less than a hundred years, but the causes are not far to seek. In the first place, the marvellous growth in Britain's Colonial possessions has meant the rapid extension of the English language. In the second place, English is the language of the American people, whose development during the past century was one of the marvels in world history.

"The Price of Peace" contains instruction —and a warning. It is an endeavour to show graphically the increasing expenditure of the world upon armament, what it has been in the past, and what, at the present alarming rate of expenditure, it is likely to be in the future. Whither, indeed, shall we be led? Do we, in common with the other nations of the world, pay such an absurd price for our security that in a few brief years we shall all be staggering under an almost unbearable burden?

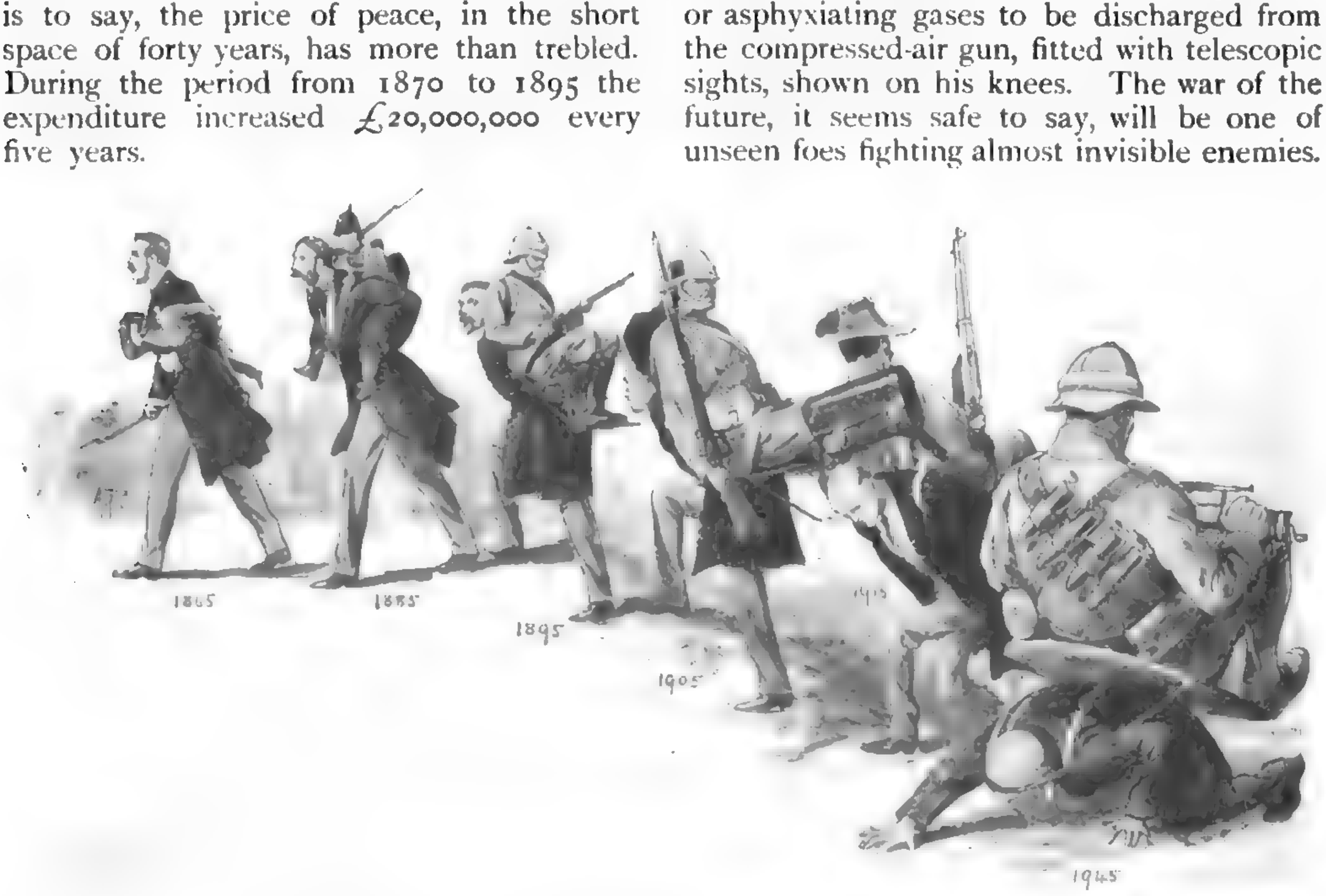
It is a little-known fact that, in the year 1865, the total expenditure of Europe upon armament, both for land and sea, approximated to £88,000,000, which sum, twenty years later, increased by nearly double to £160,000,000. In 1895 the amount was £200,000,000. In 1905 the expenditure is estimated to have been £300,000,000. That is to say, the price of peace, in the short space of forty years, has more than trebled. During the period from 1870 to 1895 the expenditure increased £20,000,000 every five years.

It is not difficult to see that if Europe continues as in the past her expenditure in 1915 will approximate to £400,000,000, and in 1945 will reach the astounding total of £700,000,000! The artist has attempted to show what will happen if Europe has to bear this colossal burden.

In our illustration the Lilliputian soldier of 1865—so small that he can be comfortably carried under the arm—develops rapidly into the Brobdingnagian warrior of 1945. The artist has represented the six different soldiers in the accoutrements of the past, and, so far as is possible to predict, of the future.

In the figure representing the probable equipment of 1915 the gun is a machine one that can be used to fire either single bullets or a stream of shots almost simultaneously, true and evenly over any area the soldier can cover by the aid of his mechanical sights, etc.

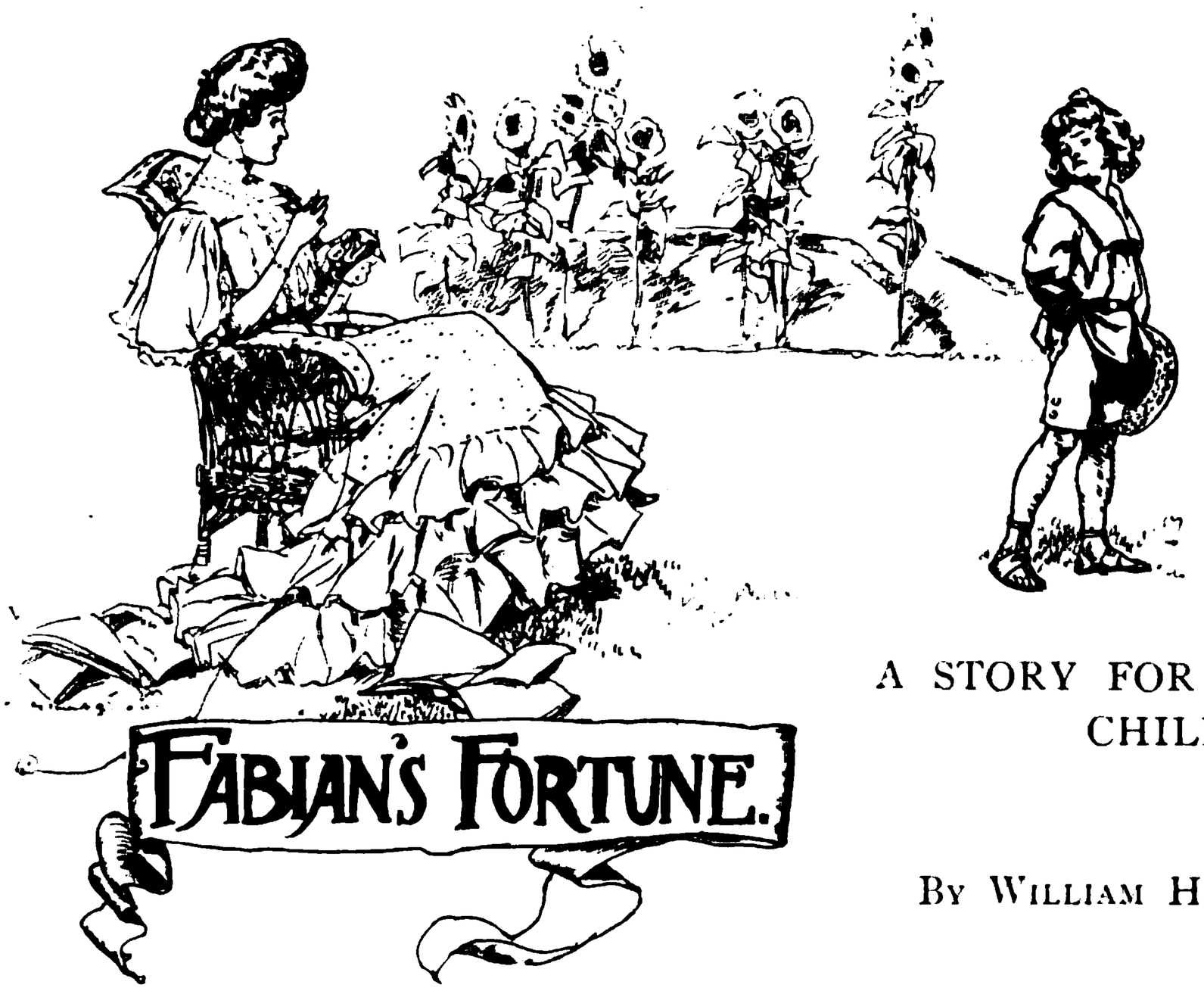
The soldier forecasting the equipment of 1945 is suitably attired for either motor or aerial methods of warfare. His helmet is light and waterproof, shading the eyes from the glare and the neck from the heat of the sun. The collar and cuffs of his coat are sufficiently large to be turned up or down to suit varying temperatures. The cartridges on his back may contain either great explosives or asphyxiating gases to be discharged from the compressed-air gun, fitted with telescopic sights, shown on his knees. The war of the future, it seems safe to say, will be one of unseen foes fighting almost invisible enemies.



THE PRICE OF PEACE—PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

In 1865 the expenditure of Europe upon armaments amounted to £88,000,000. Forty years later—in 1905—the expenditure was £300,000,000, more than treble that of 1865. On present figures the expenditure in 1915 will be £400,000,000 and in 1945 £700,000,000, a burden under which, according to our illustration, Europe will stagger in despair.

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A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By William H. Maas.

"FABIAN," said Mrs. Dare, looking up from her needle-work, "I do wish you would get something to do. You have done nothing but grizzle all the afternoon."

Fabian shook back his golden curls and pouted.

"I've got nothing to play with," he said, sullenly, digging one foot into the lawn. "Jack Bolton has got a bicycle and a regiment of camels—and a set of tools with two saws—and I haven't got anything."

"Oh, nonsense, Fabian," said Mrs. Dare, gently. "Where is your gun?"

No answer.

"And your paint-box? And your stamp-album?"

"Jack has over four hundred new stamps," burst from Fabian's quivering lips; "and he's got a sovereign—a whole sovereign."

"Well, dearest," said Mrs. Dare, in quiet, reassuring tones, "it is Jack Bolton's birthday. I expect when your birthday comes you will have a quantity of nice things. Now do try and be a happy little boy and not want everything you see. Ever since you went to tea with Jack you have been dissatisfied. I am sure, with all his money and toys and big house, he is not half so well off as you are."

But Fabian's discontented mood had taken too firm a hold of him to be shaken off with the most convincing assurances. He half turned from his mother to hide his flushed, angry face.

"*I* should like to be rich," he said, shortly. "I should like to have sovereigns and sovereigns and sovereigns. Then I would have a bicycle and some camels, and millions of stamps."

Mrs. Dare laughed. "You would be happy then, wouldn't you? You would have everything you wanted."

"Yes, everything, everything," cried Fabian, passionately.

"In the meantime," said Mrs. Dare, "while you are waiting for this enormous fortune, I think I should try and be a contented little man, and see how much you can enjoy this beautiful day. Just think how much luckier you are than Jack. He is so delicate, while you are strong and sturdy. He hasn't your golden curls and rosy cheeks, and I'm sure Mr. Bolton isn't half as nice as dad, is he? And don't forget, Fabian, your little friend, Christabel, has been twice for you to take her for a ride in your wheelbarrow, and now she has gone to Jack."

But Fabian, by dint of standing first on one foot and then on another, each time overbalancing farther away from his mother, had got out of earshot. When he saw that Mrs. Dare had ceased speaking he thrust his little fists under his armpits and zigzagged away towards the orchard. On coming to the heap of drying grass behind the potting-shed he kicked it about in all directions, until an extra ferocious lunge toppled him over and he lay on the soft grass tearing handfuls to pieces.

The sun was streaming down, and in order to protect his bare legs from the scorching

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rays he wriggled himself into the grass-heap, finally covering himself entirely, so that nothing but a pair of grubby fists and two full red lips could be seen. It is a melancholy fact to have to tell, but Fabian had determined he would lie buried there for ever. Not all the bicycles and stamps in the world should induce him to reveal his hiding-place or tempt him to continue his existence (brief as it had been) under such unsatisfactory conditions. He was sorry for Mr. and Mrs. Dare, because he was sure they would miss him. But it would be a tremendous (and tragic) lesson to parents not to laugh at their little boys, and would, it is to be hoped, teach them the expediency of *always* giving them *everything* they wanted.

But immediately Fabian had resolved on this terrible vengeance he was touched with remorse. He was on the point of retracting all he had thought and wished when he was conscious of someone sighing close to his ear. He half rose from his hot bed, and saw to his astonishment a dolorous-looking lad in a tight Eton suit about three sizes too small for him. He was standing languidly by the potting-shed, fanning himself with his silk hat.

Fabian got up (he was never wanting in courage) and eyed the visitor questioningly. In many respects he was singularly like Jack Bolton.

"Halloa!" said the boy, in a harsh, unpleasant voice. "You're Fabian Dare, aren't you?"

Fabian did not reply at once. He was a little shocked at the boy's puffy face, his cracked voice, and disconcerting attitude. Moreover, he felt, in spite of his altered appearance, it *was* Jack Bolton.

"Wretchedly hot, isn't it?" continued the boy, affably, lazily stroking his hair, which shone in the sunlight with excess of sickly-scented brilliantine. "It's too bad to rig a fellow up in these togs on a broiling day like this. Top-hat and patents, you know, and a confoundedly stiff collar. You're nice and cool, I should think?"

Fabian admitted he was.

"Of course, I have to do it. Unpleasant, but it has to be done."

"Why?" asked Fabian, coming nearer.

"Well," volunteered the boy, "you see, I'm frightfully rich. Stacks and stacks of money. This white waistcoat cost a sovereign."

Fabian's eyes opened their widest as he gazed awestruck at the transformed Jack Bolton.

"How old are you?" asked the youth.

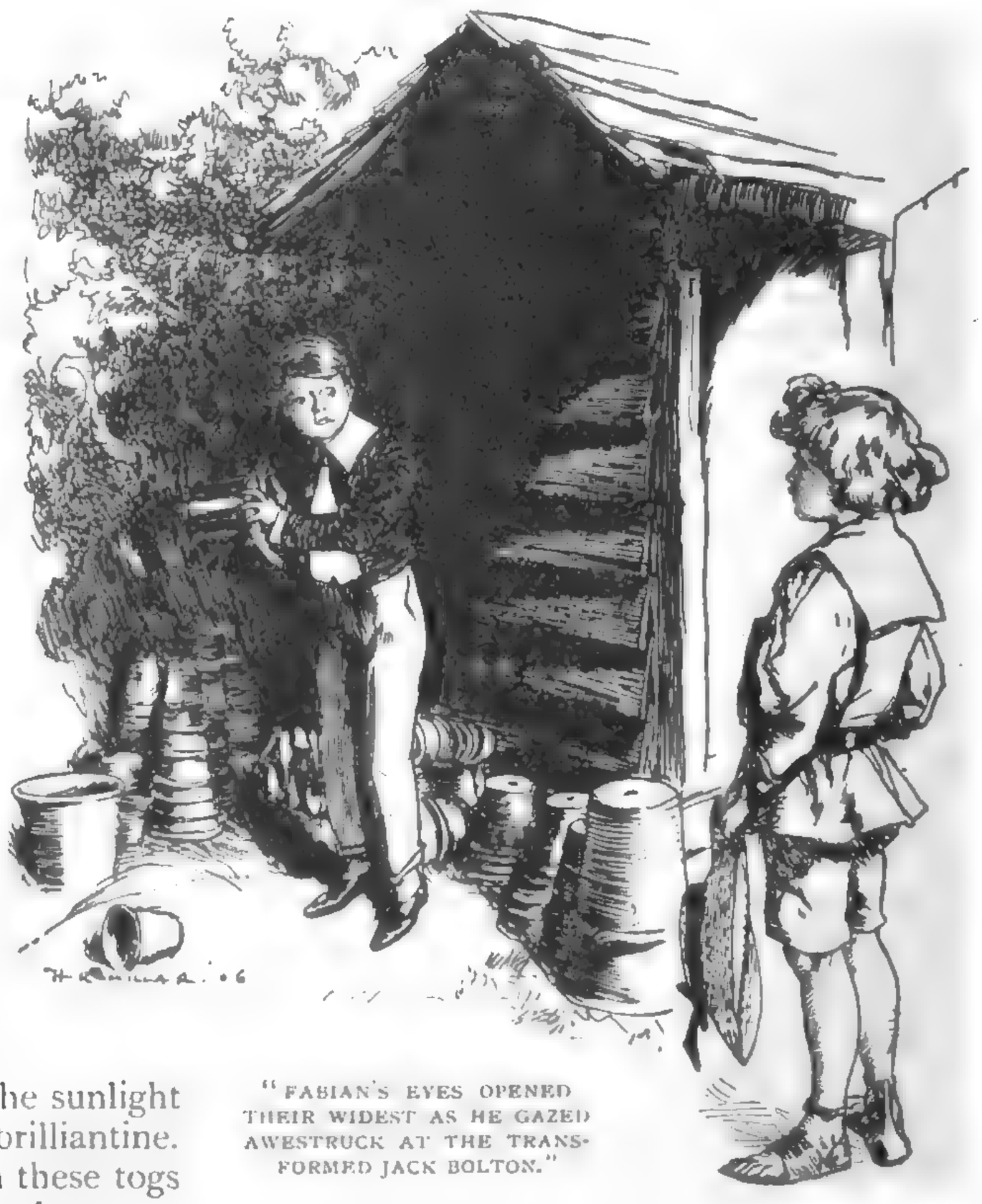
"I'm five," replied Fabian, quickly. "How old are you?"

"Don't know," said the boy, "but I feel a hundred."

"And are you—are you very rich?" Fabian asked.

"Stacks and stacks of it, I tell you," said Jack Bolton, in his grating voice. "I used to be comparatively poor like you, but an old uncle of mine died and left me a fortune, and now I'm just so jolly rich I don't know what to do with it all."

"And I suppose you buy just whatever you want," Fabian suggested.



"FABIAN'S EYES OPENED THEIR WIDEST AS HE GAZED AWESTRUCK AT THE TRANSFORMED JACK BOLTON."

The boy leered as he said, "I buy two of everything."

Fabian thought for a moment. Then he asked, his heart beating rapidly:—

"Can I be rich? I want to be. I should like to be able to buy, oh, just what I wanted, simply everything I wanted."

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Bolton chuckled jerkily, and then, spluttering, said: "You are just the boy I have been looking for. The fact is, I am pretty sick of being rich. Tired of it."

"Tired of having everything you want?" asked Fabian, incredulously.

"Sounds funny, doesn't it? It's true, nevertheless. Now, I'll tell you what I will do. You see this top-hat? My uncle left me my fortune in this. I don't mean the hat was actually full of money."

"What do you mean, then?" asked Fabian, a little impatiently..

"I mean," said Jack Bolton, advancing the hat in front of him and turning it round and round in a bewildering fashion, "that whoever wears this hat is just as rich as he likes."

Fabian laughed. "Oh, I don't believe that," he said. "I'm—only five, but I don't believe that."

Jack Bolton was not in the least discomposed.

"I didn't," he admitted, "until I put it on." And he held the hat easily within Fabian's grasp.

"And shall I be 'normously rich?" Fabian asked again.

Bolton nodded.

With much misgiving Fabian took the hat, which immediately flew on to his head.

"Fits Ai," said Bolton, with distinct approbation.

Fabian laughed uneasily and put up his hands to take it off again. "Why—why," he cried in dismay, "it won't come off!"

"No," said Jack. in hard, bantering tones, rolling his weak blue eyes and thrusting his thumbs into the armholes of his expensive waistcoat. "It won't come off. That is the mischief, and it gets so shockingly heavy in this sultry weather."

Fabian tugged at the hat miserably.

"Well," said Jack Bolton, hastily looking at his watch, "I must be off."

"No, no; please don't go," implored Fabian, "wi-without your hat. It is yours, really—I don't——"

But Jack Bolton was making off round the corner of the potting-shed. Fabian raced after him, but he had disappeared.

For a few moments Fabian stood irresolutely in the shadow of the big oak tree. He made another desperate attempt to pull off the hat, but it was of no use; the boy was right, it would not come off with all the tugging in the world. And what was strange, his golden curls must have somehow got tucked up inside the hat, for when he put up his hand to the back of his head his hair was quite short and bristly, and, stranger still, he was wearing an Eton suit (rather tight, too) and actually dainty patent leather shoes with —yes—silk laces. In mute astonishment Fabian passed his fingers lightly over his chest. They brushed the superfine surface of an elegant little white waistcoat.

Then everything was true. Fabian touched himself in various places, and in a helpless, dejected sort of way thrust his hands into his trousers pockets. When he drew them out they were full of sovereigns. Yes, he was rich now, enormously rich, just as he had wanted to be.

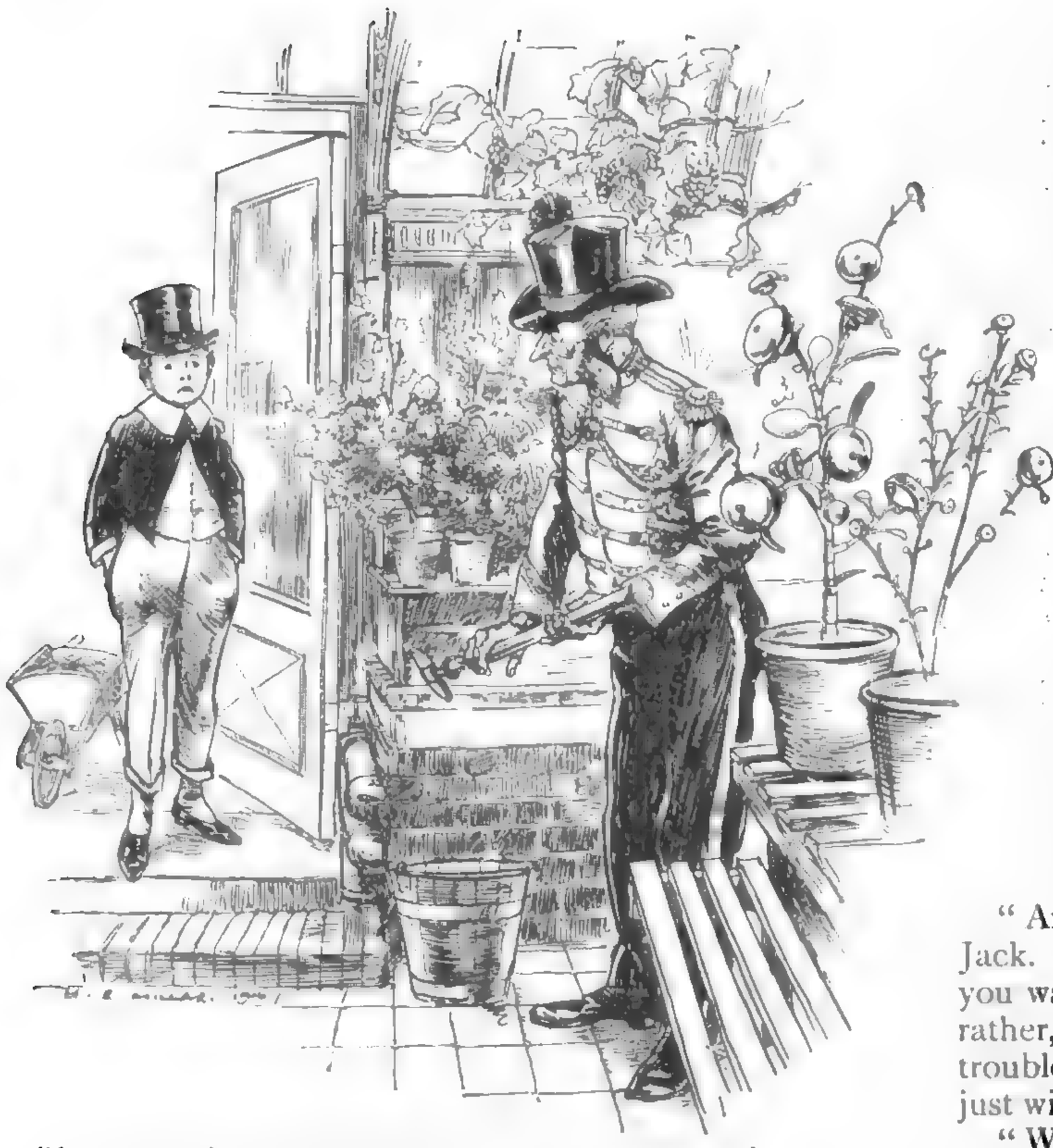
The sight of the bright yellow sovereigns as they lay in his small hands made Fabian wonder whether they were, after all, really genuine. It might just have been a clever conjuring trick on the part of Jack Bolton; he *had* been promised a box containing a hundred tricks by his grandmamma. Perhaps this was the first trick. Anyhow, the person to put him right was old Price the gardener. He went forward for a few yards. In the ordinary way he would have run or skipped or danced, but with the tight Eton suit on and the top-hat, which seemed to weigh tons, Fabian found even walking a most laborious business. He had discovered that every pocket in his little suit was full of money, and he began to suspect that it was this that was making his clothes so heavy. Just ahead of him stood his wheelbarrow. Fabian grasped the handles as if shaking hands with an old friend. As he did so an idea occurred to him. Why not empty his pockets into the wheelbarrow? This Fabian proceeded to do. He pulled handful after handful of sovereigns out of every pocket, until the wheelbarrow was brimful of gold.

He wheeled his load towards the conservatories, where he found old Price syringing some strange-looking flowers in the shape of bicycle bells. But how different he was! Instead of wearing his old soiled check clothes, with the low, pointed collar, the broad-peaked cap, and brass-buttoned waistcoat, Price was arrayed in a gorgeous uniform with gilt stripes down the trousers and masses of gold cord on his shoulders and across his chest. His hair was dusted with powder, or, at any rate, such of it as was not hidden by a very high hat with a large golden cockade that winked.

"Why, Price," exclaimed Fabian, dropping the handles of his barrow in the utmost surprise, "how funny you look! Why are you dressed up like that?"

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"'WHY, PRICE,' EXCLAIMED FABIAN, 'HOW FUNNY YOU LOOK! WHY ARE YOU DRESSED UP LIKE THAT?'"

"It is unpleasant," returned Price, gravely, his voice robbed of all its old friendliness, "but we are obliged to do it. Ever since you came into your fortune, Master Fabian, we have been compelled to dress extravagantly. I long for my old dusty suit again, and to be able to have a friendly little chat like we used to have. But all that is a thing of the past, now you have come into your fortune."

Fabian felt that what old Price said was very true, and he was sorry also that his wealth had made so much difference. But he was still anxious to know whether the sovereigns were real. Taking a handful from his wheelbarrow, he held them towards the gardener.

"Can you tell me," he asked, politely, "if these are real sovereigns?"

"Why, to be sure they are," replied Price, with great dignity, poking one or two with the point of his syringe.

The distant, stand-offish behaviour of old Price hurt Fabian, and he turned and walked away.

His clothes were getting heavy again, and he was just on the point of considering how best to dispose of the superfluous money that was beginning to bulge his little pockets when someone called his name. On looking up he saw it was his friend Jack Bolton again.

"Halloa!" said Jack, in a voice that was now quite musical and pleasant. "Enjoying yourself?"

"No, I am not," Fabian said, sulkily.

"Well, well," said Bolton, who really had become quite an attractive little boy. "Why don't you spend your money?"

"What on?" asked Fabian.

"Anything you like," said Jack. "You can buy whatever you want now, you know. Or, rather, you need not go to the trouble of buying it even; you just wish for it and there it is."

"Where?" Fabian asked, vaguely, looking about him in a puzzled way.

Bolton pointed to the open windows of the play-room, which could just be seen from the lawn where they were standing.

"Do you mean to say," asked Fabian, "that I shall find everything I wish for in my play-room?"

Jack nodded. "Yes; everything."

Fabian paused in deep reflection, presently saying, with quick, flurried utterances: "Then I wish for a bicycle, and two—no, three—camel reg'ments, and millions of stamps, and some tools with *five* saws, and—and——"

"Go on," said Jack, amiably, "don't stint yourself."

"And choc'lates," continued Fabian, greatly encouraged by his friend's generous attitude, "and ices, and heaps of caramels and jumbles. Oh, and a large box of conjuring tricks, please," Fabian added, politely.

"Quite right," said Jack Bolton, with a sweet, approving smile. "Of course, if you have forgotten anything, you merely have to wish for it. It makes it nice and simple, doesn't it?"

But Fabian was too excited to answer, if

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indeed he heard what Jack said. He rushed eagerly forward in the highest glee.

It is impossible to describe Fabian's astonishment and delight at the sight that dazzled his eyes. There, on every side, were all the things he had wished for. Fabian ran feverishly to and fro, not knowing which of all the wonderful things to examine first. It was just like being in the most glorious toy-shop, only that here everything belonged to him. He ran to the bicycle and was about to mount it when dozens of boxes of great leaden camels (much bigger than Jack's) caught his eye, and he picked up two or three, but only to drop them in order to peep into the box of conjuring tricks. Then the stamp-albums had to be looked at, the tools tested, and countless other toys examined, all of which was done in a state of happy bewilderment. But near at hand, on a neat little counter, stood glass bottles full of sweets, bowls of chocolates, and plates of ices. Sandwiches and jumbles, apples, sausage-rolls, pear-drops, and butter-scotch were also within easy reach of the little stool on which Fabian was by this time sitting. Without a moment's hesitation he began such a feast as he had never had before in all his life. He thought he would have been able to go on eating for ever, but he soon began to feel so heavy and languid that the mere effort of reaching out for more delicacies was quite beyond his strength. Fabian slipped down from his stool feeling dizzy and tired, just as Mrs. Bolton, Jack's mother, appeared and came towards him. She looked very severe in her rich, rustling dress, and Fabian wondered how he could have thought her (as he had done) more lovely and nicer than his own mother. She appeared to be aware of his desire to go to bed, for she said at once:—

"You cannot go yet."

"But I'm tired," urged Fabian.

Mrs. Bolton said that was a pity, because he was just going to a dinner-party. He had so often maintained he would prefer a big dinner-party, like Jack's father gave, to his simple nursery tea, and to stay up ever so late and eat lots and lots. Now he had everything his own way he was going to do so.

Fabian suffered himself to be led into the great dining-room, where a number of guests were already seated round a big table. He was too confused and wretched at first to see whom the dinner-party consisted of. When at last he had the courage to look up he saw opposite him Jack Bolton and little Christabel. They both looked exceedingly happy. Jack was laughing and talking and tucking into his food with a gusto that sadly depressed Fabian, who felt positively too sick and dis-



"HE BEGAN SUCH A FEAST AS HE HAD NEVER HAD BEFORE IN ALL HIS LIFE."

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appointed to eat anything. And, strangely enough, when he looked at Jack a second time, he saw that he was exactly like Fabian had been before he came into his fortune. Yes, a happy little fellow with clustering golden curls and rosy cheeks, which his mother always declared he had stolen from her.

In an agony of spirit Fabian clambered down from his chair and ran to a great mirror, only to see that he was—as he had feared—exactly like Jack Bolton when he parted with his wonderful silk hat. Fabian was so shocked at the terrible change he had undergone that he ran from the room crying. He found himself back in the play-room, and hot tears filled Fabian's eyes as he looked round on all the things he had wished so much to have and now—hated. Making his way into the garden, he determined to find some way of getting back to his own home, his real home. On the lawn he found Price industriously fanning the ground with a feather broom.

"Price! Price!" he called out.

"Why, if it isn't Master Fabian, to be sure," said the old gardener, looking up. "I hardly recognised you, you have changed so, and your voice has grown so rusty-like. We all said you would alter directly you became rich. Ah, Master Fabian, you thought that if you could only have everything you wanted you would be as happy as the day was long—instead of which, why, I do declare, you're crying."

And Fabian was.

"Do you see that house?" the gardener asked Fabian, waving his broom in the direction of what he had always thought was the potting-shed. "That house is full of rich little boys, and a more miserable lot I never wish to see. They are all very unhealthy through over-eating themselves. There's not one appetite among the lot of them. It's cruelty to tempt them with a wafer. The very sight of toys throws them into trembling fits; they have had and broken all the toys that were ever made. They have ridden bicycles until their little legs won't support them, and stuck in foreign stamps till it has become second nature for them to lick their fingers when you look at them. They have guns that go off and frighten them, and big lead soldiers that keep dropping on their toes in a most terrible fashion. It is a great pity, is it not?" Price asked, with a gentle air of reflection.

Fabian by this time had grown thoroughly desperate. He determined he would try and get rid of the wretched top-hat which was the cause of his riches and all the misery they had brought. He gave a violent tug and then another, and to his utter amazement found himself lying on the grass-heap behind the potting-shed, struggling to release his head from the cover of the lawn-mower, into which he had wriggled it. The sun was still shining brightly as he sat up and rubbed his eyes. Instinctively he put his hand to his head to make sure that he was not still wearing the top-hat. Having satisfied himself on this point, Fabian got up and called to the dog and the cat (neither of whom were anywhere about). What a glorious relief it was to find his voice was no longer "rusty-like"! He ran in and out of the potting-shed and went in search of his wheelbarrow, which he found full of little brown beech leaves.

Sitting in the shade of the great, shapely, sweet-smelling lime tree sat Mrs. Dare, working, just as he had left her.

Fabian left his barrow and running to her flung his little brown arms round her neck in a swift, impetuous hug. Mrs. Dare kissed the hot, wet cheek that was pressed so tightly against hers.

"Oh, I've had such an adventure," Fabian cried, panting with excitement.

"Have you?" said Mrs. Dare, her pretty eyes sparkling. "I wondered what you were doing so quietly all this time. Have you been to sleep?"

Fabian nodded and hid his face shyly.

"And did you dream about that enormous fortune?"

"Yes," said Fabian, quickly; "and I don't want it. I don't want to be 'normously rich, like Jack."

Mrs. Dare smiled, a soft light shining in her clear grey eyes.

"Why, what has brought about this sudden change?" she asked.

"I'll tell you," said Fabian, simply. And Mrs. Dare felt a little chubby hand slip into hers as she listened to the story of Fabian's fortune.

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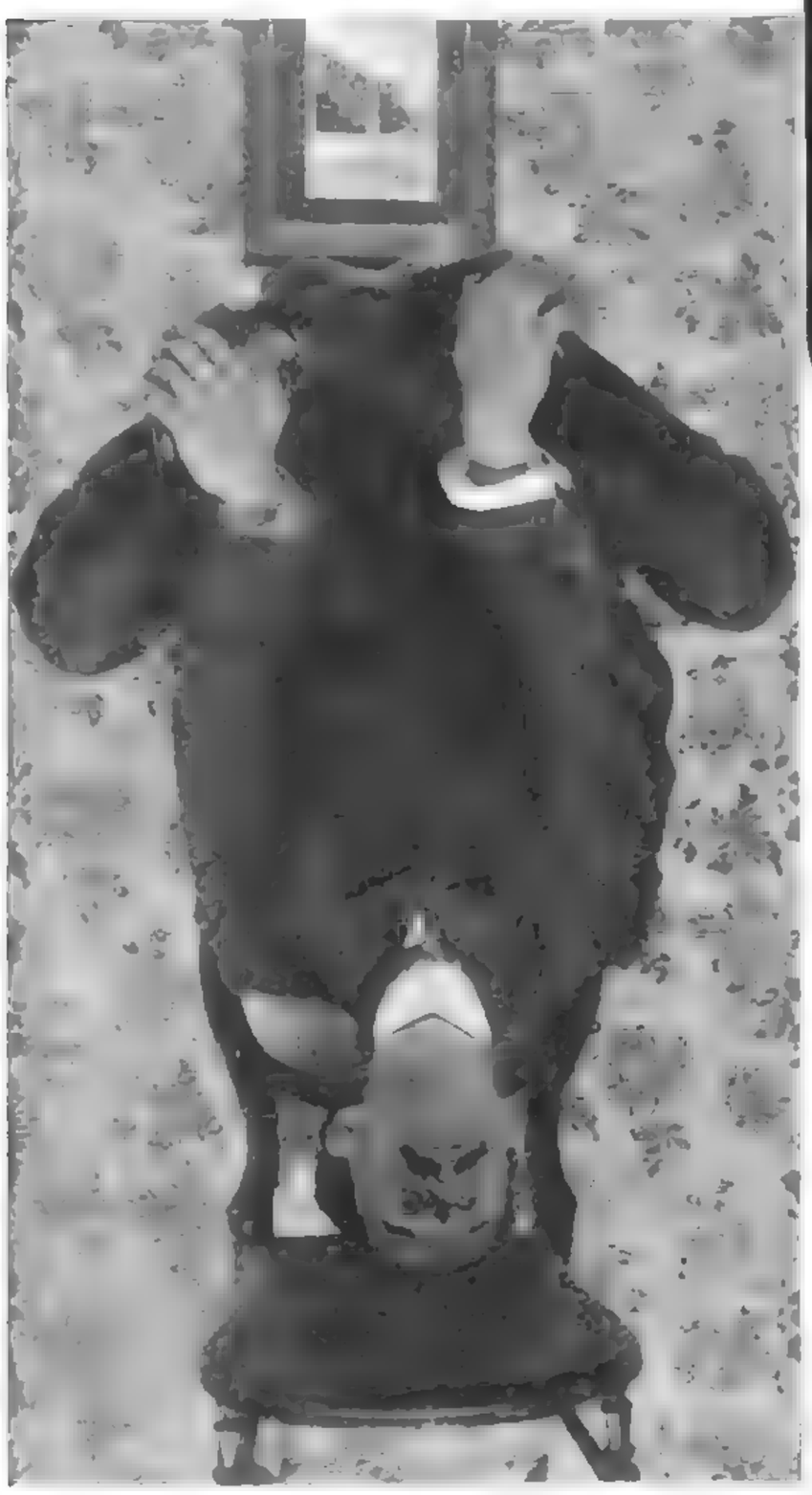
CURIOSITIES.

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[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

AN IMPOSSIBLE FEAT.

THE gentleman in the photograph seems to be performing the impossible—if such a phrase be allowable. As a matter of fact he is lying, not uncomfortably, upon his back, with his head against an overturned chair. The floor beneath him has been covered with some strips of wall-paper, while



the picture was added to enhance the general effect. The camera was supported on a scaffold (a table and some piled-up boxes) vertically — its lens looking down upon the recumbent figure. — Mr. Percy Collins, The Hatherley Rooms, Reading.

ANOTHER OPTICAL ILLUSION.

WHEN the photograph is held the right way up—*i.e.*, with the right-hand side towards the spectator—it represents a Swiss gorge and path. If the top is turned towards



the left, as printed, and looked at longways the length of the then ladder-like construction is far greater in appearance.—Mr. C. W. Maxwell, Harding Dormitory, Wellington College, Berks.

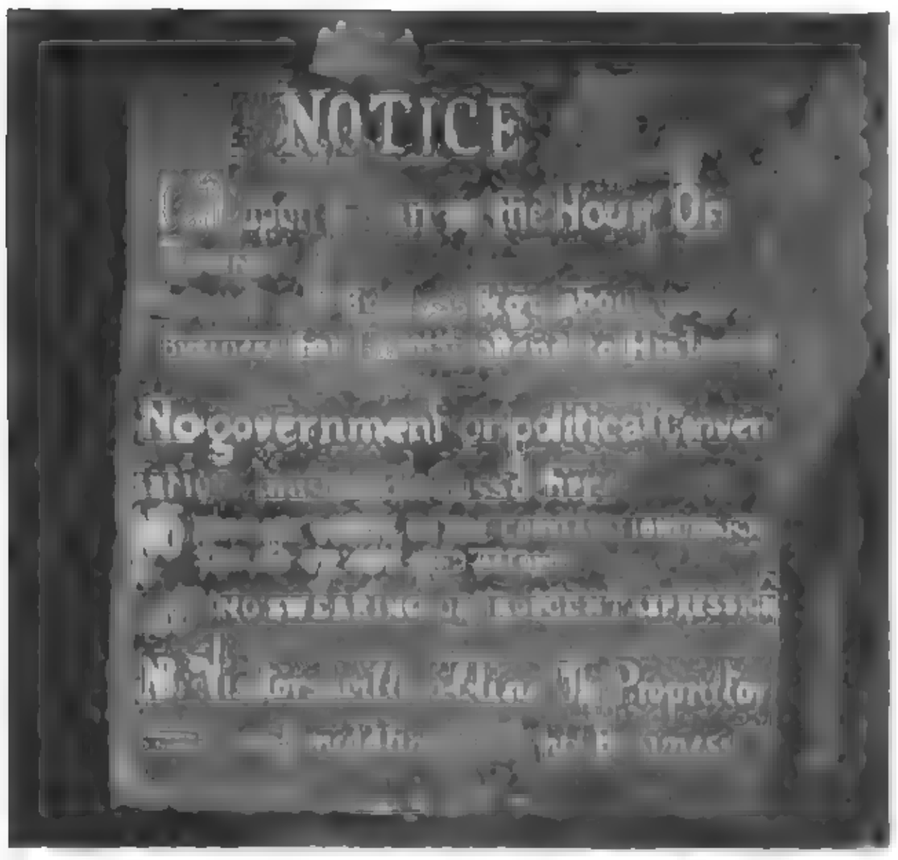
A DIVIDED FAMILY.

VITO AND GIUSEPPE BERTUCCI, father and son, living at 3,103, South Twelfth Street, Tacoma, Washington, were equal owners of their house. The son was married. A short time ago the house caught fire and, as a result, became in need of repairs. But here a hitch arose. Father and son could not agree upon just what should be done. They wrangled and wrangled over the matter, and this only led to further misunderstandings, neither would the one buy the other out. There was absolutely no possibility of adjustment of the differences between them, so they did the only wild thing possible—they agreed to each pay their share for the hire of a carpenter who should cut the house in two. The father owns the part on the right of the picture, while the son has already moved his to one side, and will make this the nucleus for another home. The transaction is naturally the laughing affair of Tacoma, and the odd buildings can easily be seen from one of the street cars.—Mr. Paul Gyllstrom, 923, South East Street, Tacoma, Washington.



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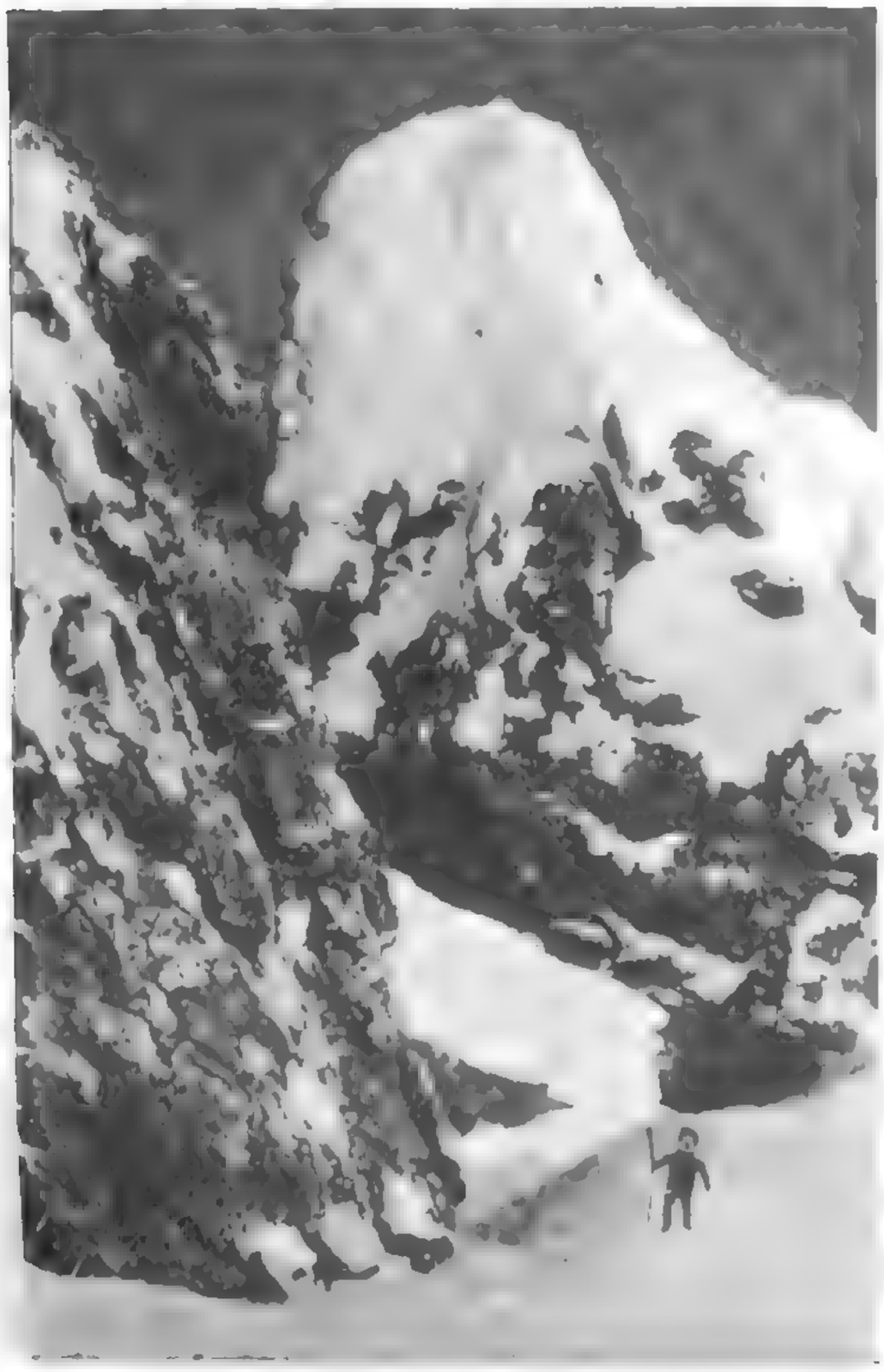


AN INDEPENDENT LANDLORD.

WHILST on a visit to Kingston, Jamaica, I came across this notice, which was nailed up in a carpenter's wood-yard. It struck me as being so original and amusing that I asked the proprietor's permission to photograph it.—Mr. G. H. Eaton, Buerton House, Montgomery Road, Sheffield.

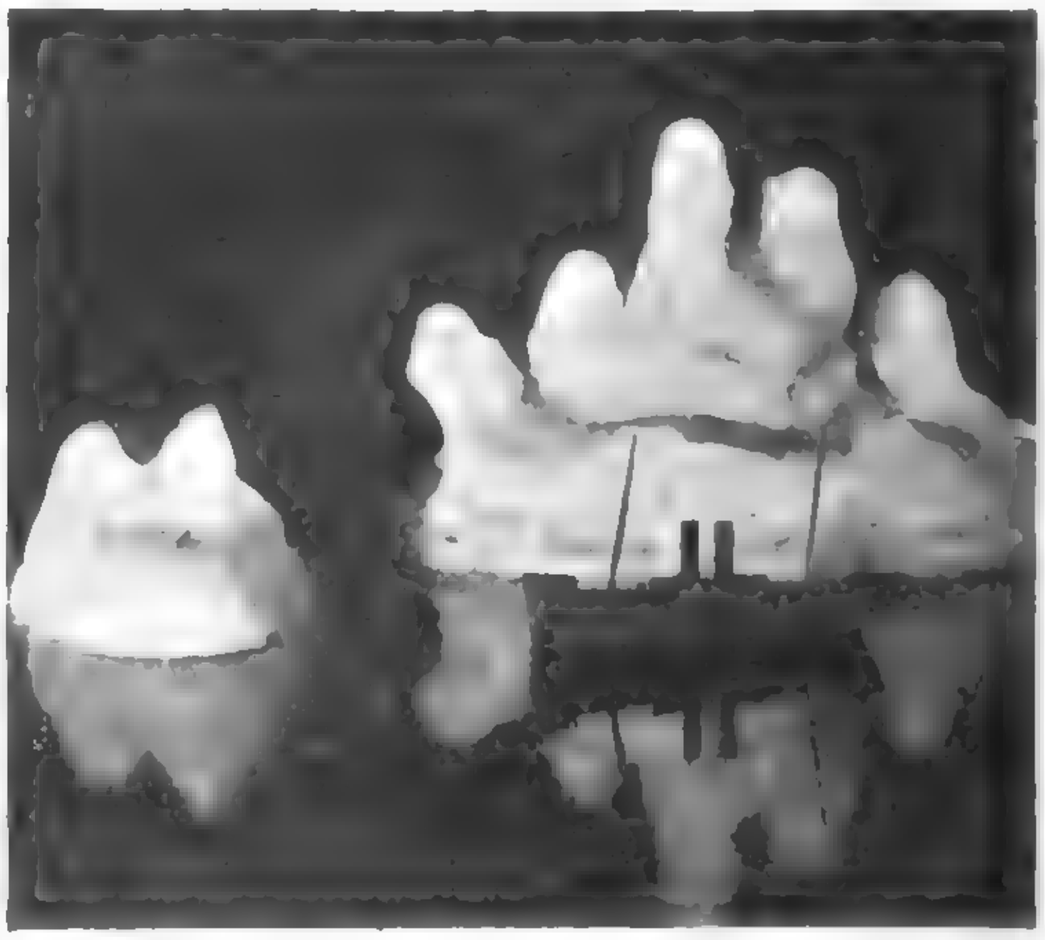
COAL MOUNTAINS.

THIS is a "freak photo." The mountains are carefully-chosen pieces of coal, the "snow" is powdered alum, while the sky is the lid of a draper's box—dark blue in tint. The little figure was cut out of black paper, and added to enhance the effect of vastness and loneliness. A little thought will enable your readers to produce many similar freak pictures, should they feel disposed to do so.—Mr. Percy Collins, The Hatherley Rooms, Reading.



ANOTHER FREAK.

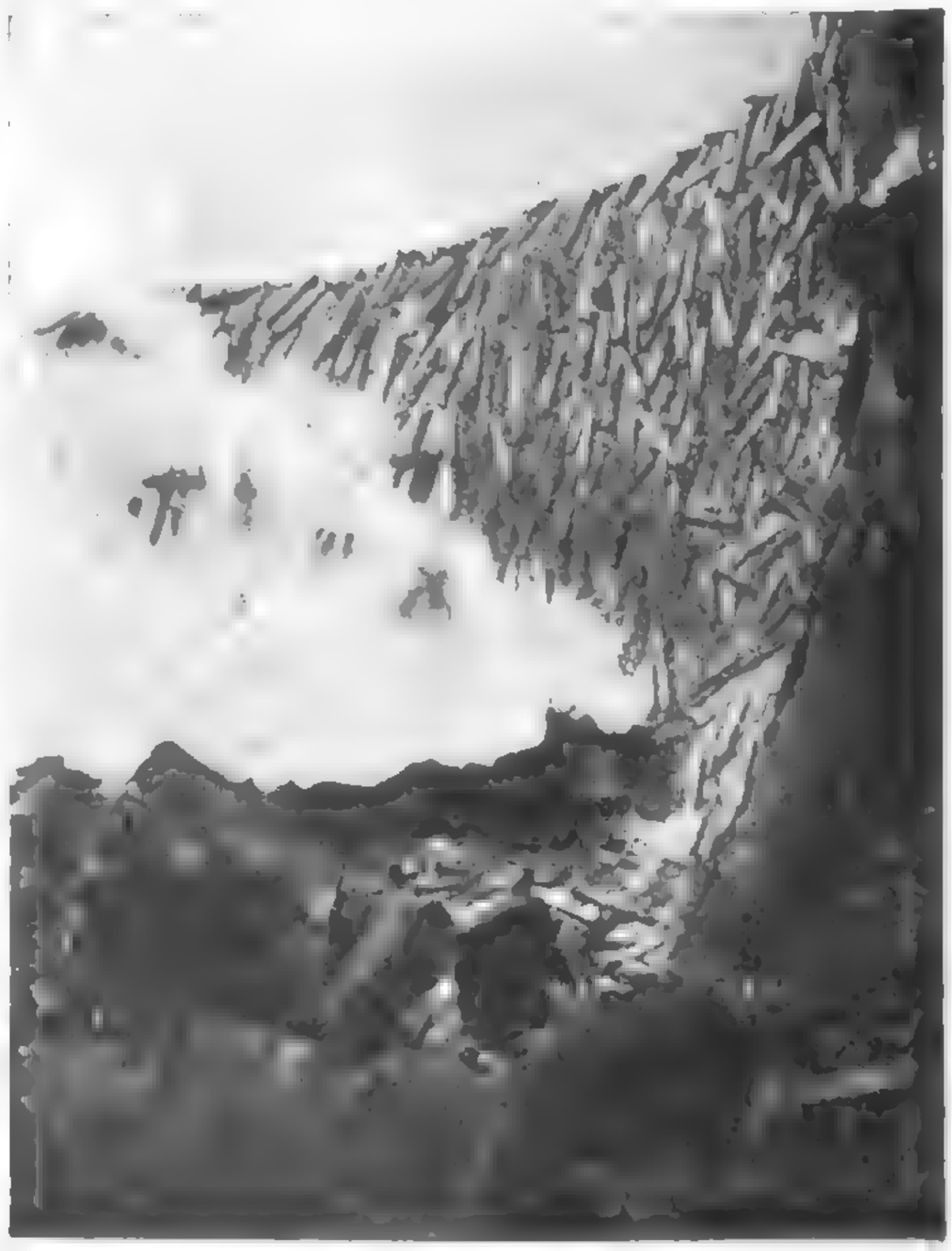
AS another example of what can be done in the way of "freak photography" the annexed picture is interesting. Many people would imagine it to be a photograph of a ship passing icebergs on a moonlight night. As a matter of fact the "bergs" are merely pieces of candle-wax placed upon a sheet of glass, beneath which a black cloth was spread to give a



reflection. The "ship" was cut out of black paper. These preparations having been made in a darkened room, a piece of magnesium wire was burnt for the exposure.—Mr. Percy Collins, The Hatherley Rooms, Reading.

A NIAGARA OF TYPE.

WE often hear or read of the flood of printed matter that issues from the presses of the world. Here is a flood of type. A great quantity of nickel-alloy types manufactured by the Keystone Type Foundry, of Philadelphia, thrown over a miniature precipice produces a creditable resemblance to the great waterfall.—Mr. Arthur Inkersley, San Francisco.



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A FIGHT WITH A WHOOPING CRANE.

"WHITE DEVIL" is a native term given the huge whooping crane which frequents the swamps of Texas and Florida during the winter. It received its appellation because of its frightful whoop and habit of flying about after nightfall, swinging overhead with terrifying outcry, and vanishing into the darkness like an evil spirit. Met after sundown in a lonely meadow this huge bird is indeed terrifying unless the traveller is familiar with the species and remembers that unless wounded or cornered the bird will flee rather than stop and fight. I started out to capture one of those whooping cranes. Luck—whether ill or bad I will not say—favoured me. I sighted a pair of them. I aimed at and wounded one. Running up to where it lay on the ground I thought to either capture the bird alive or bag it. Then ensued one of the fiercest battles I have either witnessed or taken part in, and I've stalked big game. That wounded bird rose with a scream the minute I approached and stood on the defensive. I swung my lasso and missed. This attack infuriated the bird still more, and with enormous and powerful bill extended it charged full at me. Once it struck me on the neck, a second time it caught me on the right arm, making it limp and useless for three days, and the third nip it gave was on my hand. All the while I was doing my best and succeeded in hitting the bird several telling blows. As it fought it uttered its terrible war-cry, and when I thought I had succeeded in tiring it out, and was counting on creeping up and giving it a finishing touch with a short blade which I carried, I heard an answering call and saw circling over us another of these huge birds. That was one too many for me. I took to my heels and ran for shelter, vowing never to interfere with those beautiful creatures again.—The Union Bureau of News, Philadelphia.



A DOLL WITH A SWELLED HEAD.

THE potato shown in the photograph was dug up at Hatfield-Peverel, Essex. It appears that the doll's head was thrown into the garden long ago, and that a potato, growing through the neck into the head, completely filled the inside of it, with this amusing result.—Mr. H. Perkins, Perling, near Witham, Essex.

AN EXTRAORDINARY RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

WE send you a photograph of a wreck which occurred near this city. A truck loaded with heavy lumber escaped from a goods train and, gaining tremendous speed down a steep grade, collided with a passenger train coming in the opposite direction. Almost the entire load was driven into the head of the engine, and in this condition the engine was brought back to the city. This same engine was in another wreck at exactly the same place a year or so before, but, fortunately, in the latter wreck the broken arm of the engineer was the only injury suffered by anyone. Railroad men say it was one of the strangest wrecks ever witnessed.—Messrs. Seabrook Bros., Charlottesville, Virginia.



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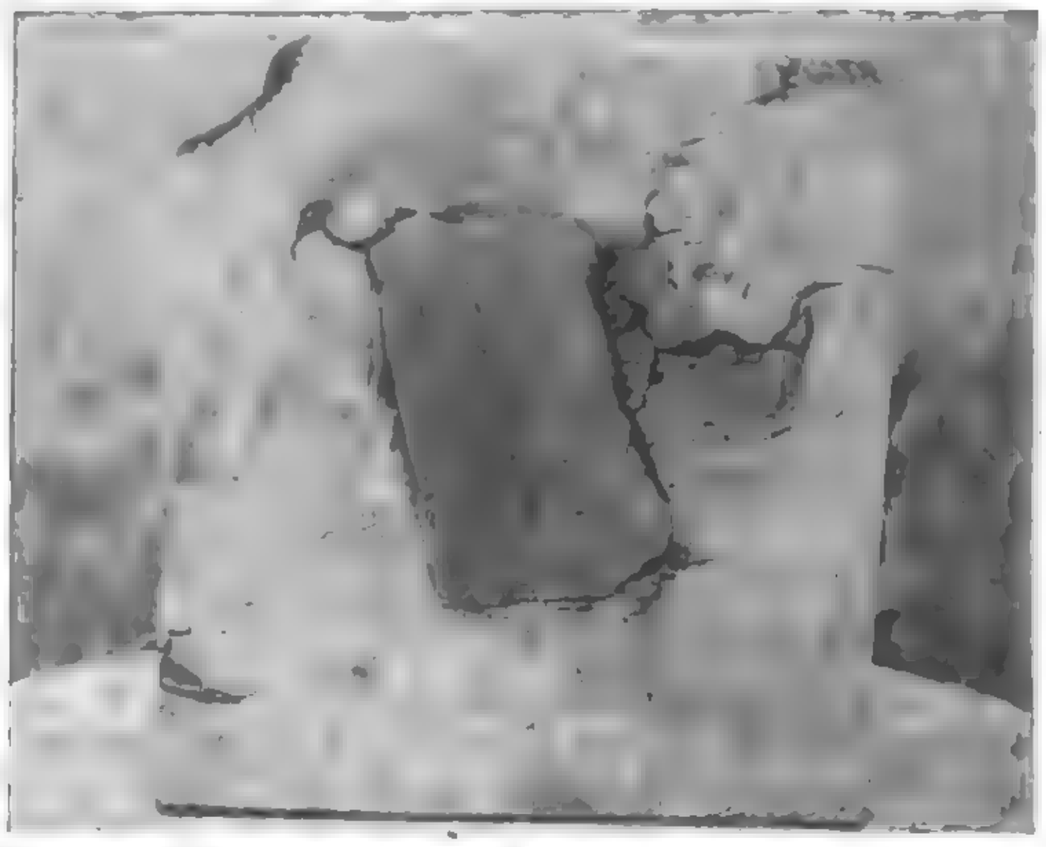


ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THE VILLAGE.

THE photograph reproduced here shows the upper part of a church steeple as seen at Tavordo, between the lakes at Lugano and Como. History relates that some two hundred years ago an enormous landslip from the adjoining mountain buried the whole of the old village of Porlezza, leaving only this part of the church steeple emerging from the mass of sand as the lonely tombstone of that immense grave.—Mr. Rimaldo Scotti, Lago di Como, Pognana, Italy.

A PAPER TRAVELLING-SUIT.

M. CRABBE, of Paris, will make a trip from Alaska to California and from San Francisco to New York in his "dinkey" touring-car wearing the suits of paper clothes which he is now carrying in his satchel. M. Crabbe "invented" these garments, if such a term may be used regarding clothing, and he is justly proud of the feat. Clothing made of this strange fabric will protect its wearer from the icy blasts of Finland or the hot breath of the Sahara Desert. In fact, it is suitable for any climate. There are spring suits and winter suits, besides summer garments, and they can be had in all colours and cuts. Indeed, a full dress suit of black and a white shirt of the same material were worn by M. Crabbe as an experiment, and pronounced a success. There are yachting suits and driving suits, cycling suits and business suits—in short, all kinds of suits except bathing suits. The winter suits are more closely woven, and afford as good protection against the cold as do the Esquimaux's furs. Suits made of this paper fabric can be packed in a very small space and are very light to carry. Enough clothing to last a full year in a country where all the changes of seasons prevail could be packed in the luggage-carrier on the handle-bar of a bicycle.—The Union Bureau of News, Philadelphia.







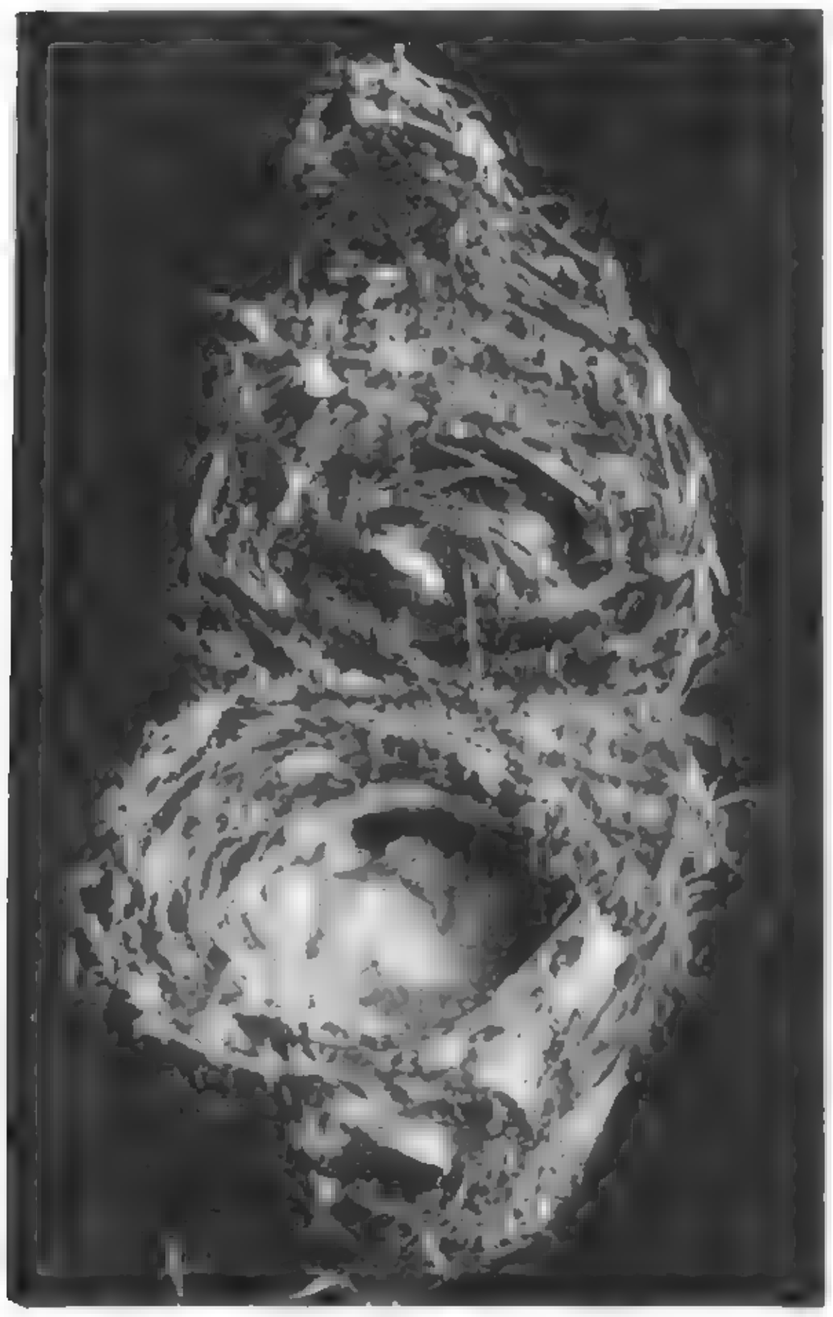
HOW DID IT GET THERE?

WHILST an ash tree was being sawn up at Yeovil the remarkable discovery of a brick completely embedded in the heart of the trunk was made. The brick was of a kind made in the neighbourhood about fifty years ago, and in the process of being absorbed into the tree had apparently been subjected to enormous pressure, as it had undergone a distinct change in shape. Like the fly in the amber, one wonders how the brick got in the tree. The tree within which the brick was found was grown on Mr. E. Pittard's property, and the photograph was taken by Mr. W. Denmead, Earle Street, Yeovil. —Mr. J. H. Warner, The Avenue, Yeovil.

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WHAT KIND OF NEST IS THIS?

I SEND you a photograph of a bird's nest (which I have in possession and is for sale) found on Lachine Road, a few miles from Montreal. As you will see, the nest has a cover which, when closed, completely hides the interior, and has a loop with which to open it.. I have asked at the Natural History Society here in Montreal, but they had never heard of



one. It looks like an unfinished nest of one of the hang-nests (*Icteridæ*). Have any of your readers ever come across such an extraordinary nest as this?—Mr. R. R. Stroud, 529, St. Catherine Street East, Montreal.



A COPPER CHIMNEY.

THE very curious chimney here shown is made of beaten copper; each leaf (and there are thirty-two of them) cost 110fr., or £4 8s. The whole, including the putting it up, therefore, cost 25,000fr., or £1,000. I have, unfortunately, failed to catch the smoke, which at times proceeds from the palm-leaves in great volumes. The boat bathing-house on which the palm-chimney stands is moored against the banks of the Seine, near the Pont Royal Quay. Formerly on this site there was a well with a house (pump-room) attached, notable for a figure of Christ with the Samaritan woman, a bell, and a palm. The present palm-chimney keeps up the old tradition and advertises the baths. Napoleon I. had the old establishment destroyed on account of the bells, which annoyed him.—Mr. C. Force, Hôtel de l'Union, St. Servan, Ille-et-Vilaine, France.

WHY SO UGLY?

I SEND you the photographs of some remarkable carvings in Haarlem Cathedral (Holland). They are on the elders' seats, and there does not appear to be any reason why they should have been made so ugly. Perhaps your readers may be able to explain the reason for such hideous





carvings in a church. The right-hand photograph shows one of these heads on a larger scale.—Mr. S. Leonard Bastin, Ivy House, New Road, Reading.

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AN INGENIOUS SNAP-SHOT.

MY photograph is curious in that it was taken by myself of myself, sitting by the lady, and both watching the express train passing. By means of a special apparatus made by me I can control the action of the shutter with a thread held in my right hand.—Mr. Walter J. Alfrey, 66, Workman Road, Kensal Rise, W.

A TREE THAT WOULD NOT BE FELLED.

THE photographs below depict a curious event that took place recently in this State Near Quorn, a small town of about one thousand inhabitants and situated some two hundred and fifty miles north of Adelaide, a gum tree some eighty feet in height and sixteen feet in circumference was being felled; after it fell it sprang back again into an upright position close to its old stump, and there remained for several hours (during which time it was photographed), until it was eventually blown over by the wind. In the first picture, with the whole of the tree, you will see a man, a boy, and a dog standing on the stump. The second picture shows an enlarged view of the stump and lower part of the trunk of the tree.—Mr. Charles Glover, Richmond House, 165, Gilles Street, Adelaide.



AN INTELLIGENT PLANT.

A CACTUS of a climbing nature having grown to such a size that it has spread over the whole of the outer side of one end of a tin shed and partly over the roof, and not gaining sufficient nourishment from its roots in the ground, has sent out a second lot of



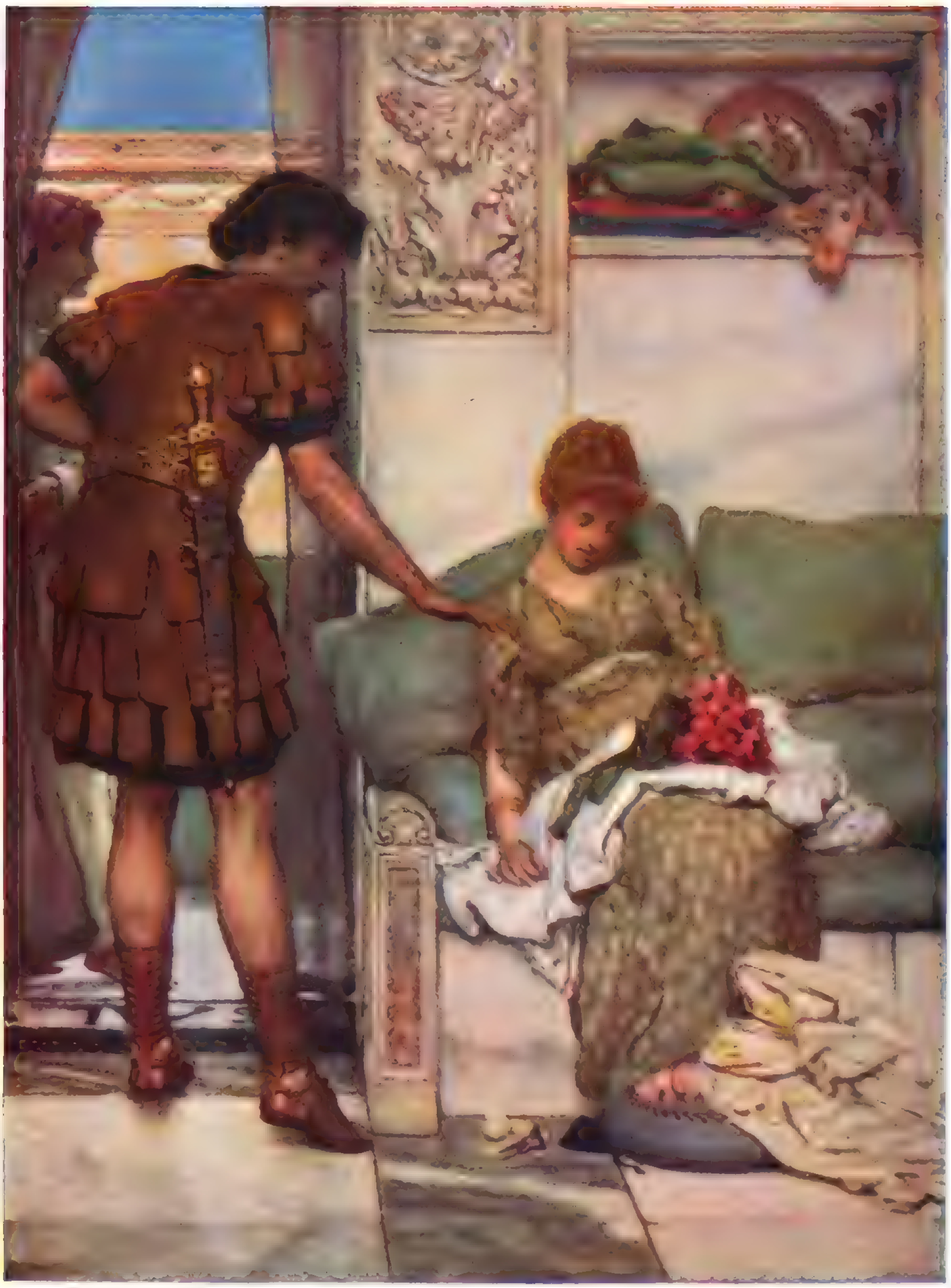
roots, which, as can be seen from the photograph, have found their way through a small hole in the roof. This bunch of roots has taken seven years to grow, and measures about ten feet in length by three feet in circumference. It has still five feet to grow before it reaches the ground.—Mr. Frank A. O. Pym, Curator, Museum, King William's Town, South Africa.



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"A SILENT GREETING." By SIR L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxii. DECEMBER, 1906. No. 192.

SEVEN FAMOUS PAINTINGS.

THERE is one canvas at the Tate Gallery which, however few the visitors, is certain of daily homage. It is a striking example of the skill of the master who painted it. A warrior accoutred in Roman armour is placing a bunch of red roses in the lap of a lady who has fallen asleep over her work. In the background a slave-girl falls back in half-transparent draperies, revealing a glimpse of a sunlit court and a blue sky.

"I borrowed, at the suggestion of a literary friend," writes Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema to THE STRAND, "Goethe's beautiful lines for the title of this picture, 'A Silent Greeting.' I chose them because they explained the subject of the picture so thoroughly. It was painted for my friend, Sir Henry Tate, in the year 1889, and I repainted it in 1891. At his request it was to be the fellow to a picture which he bought of me in 1885, and which remained in Amy Lady Tate's private collection. That picture has the title of 'A Foregone Conclusion.' This title," continues Sir Lawrence, "is the same as Mr. W. D. Howells gave to one of his charming Venetian novels, and which he allowed me to make use of for my picture."

Everyone in the art world knows the care which Sir Lawrence bestows on his canvases. He is not only a master of colour and technique, but he is an archæologist deeply versed in the costume, manners, and customs of the ancient Roman world. It has been stated, apparently on authority, that for this picture Lady Alma-Tadema posed as the heroine; but we have the authority of the painter that this is not the case. "Lady Alma-Tadema," he writes, "sat for very few of my pictures, and certainly not for the 'Silent Greeting.'"



"HER MOTHER'S VOICE." By W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., 133, New Bond Street, London, W.)

When "Her Mother's Voice" was first

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sent for exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1888, the painter, Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., accompanied it with these lines :—

> But, O ! for the touch of a vanished hand
> And the sound of a voice that is still.

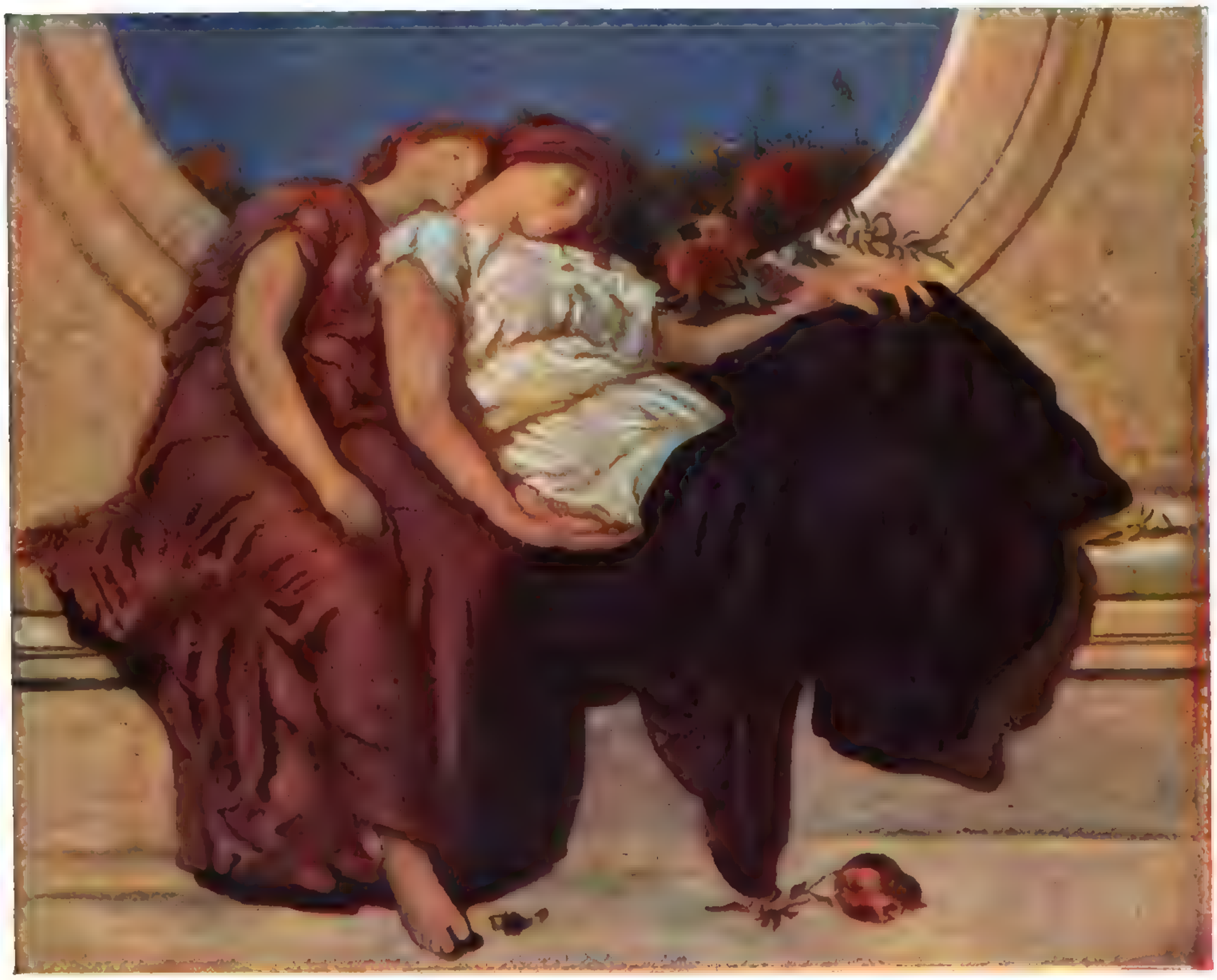
Afterwards it was pointed out to him that this beautiful couplet of Tennyson's had been repeatedly used before, and thereupon he substituted two other lines, as follows : —

> Upon his widowed heart it falls,
> Echoing a hallowed tune.

Here we see an elderly figure seated in an arm-chair, while his daughter is singing at the piano. A newspaper lies open upon his knees, and he listens with a rapt expression to her singing. Age has not banished the vivid memories of the past when a voice like his daughter's thrilled him, and he turned lovingly the leaves of her music even as the young girl's lover turns them now.

The idea of painting a picture with the title of "The Summer Moon" occurred to Lord Leighton as far back as 1867. "I wanted," he said, long afterwards, "to paint two or three young women asleep in the moonlight," but not till early in 1872 was the picture painted.

Of a totally different character to any of the foregoing is Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt's charming picture, "Love Locked Out." Love is here shown as a young boy pushing at a golden door locked against him. It is interesting to note that the original of the figure was not a boy but a girl, the daughter of a professional model. The picture was first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1890, and was that year purchased out of the Chantrey Fund.



"THE SUMMER MOON." By LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

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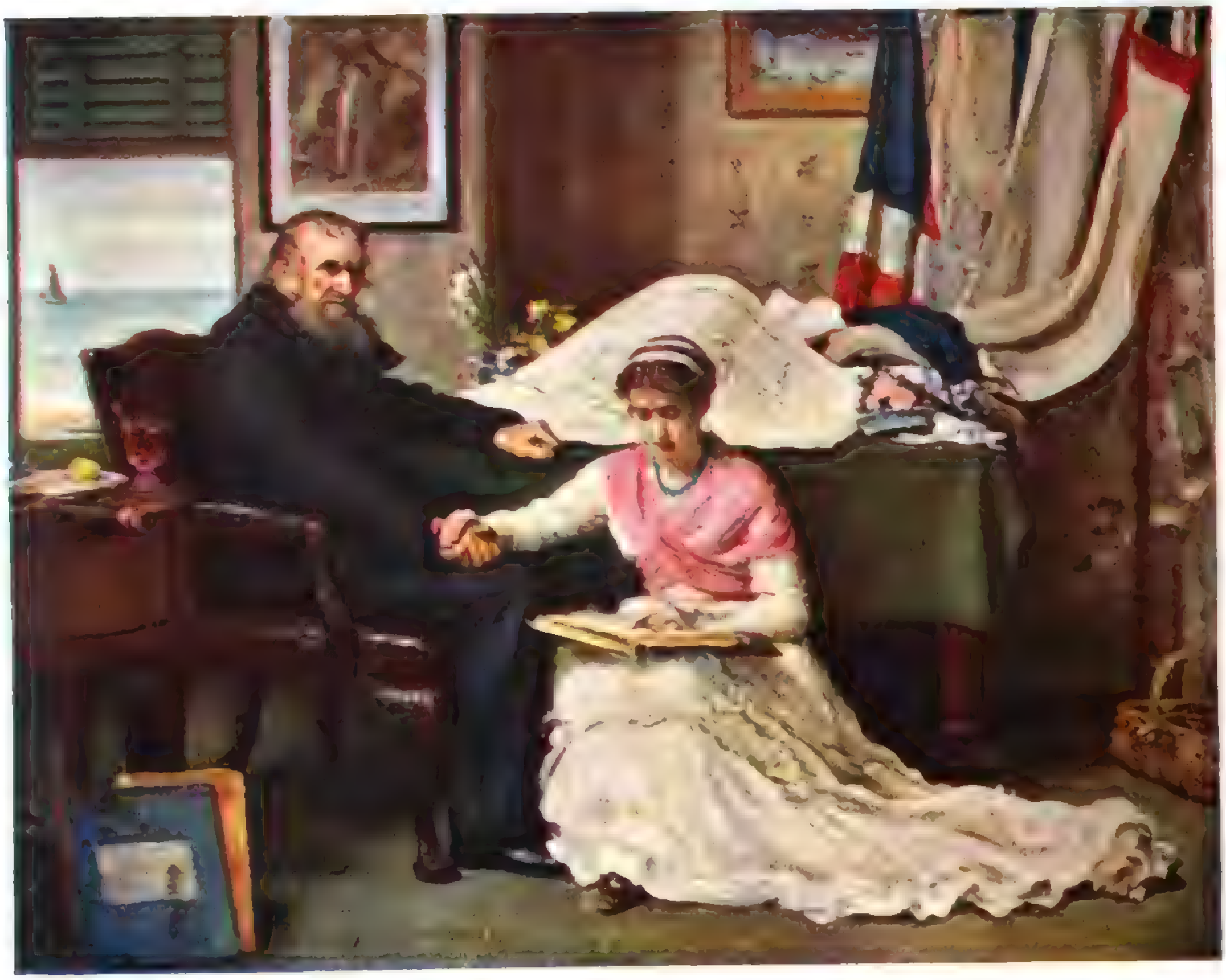
It is now more than thirty-two years since Sir John Millais exhibited his famous "The North-West Passage" at the Royal Academy. It has ever remained one of his most popular pictures. A weather-beaten old mariner is seated in a parlour with the window looking out upon the ocean. Beside him sits his daughter, robed in white, reading out some stirring narration of the search for the North-West Passage. Close at hand is a large chart of the Polar regions and the log-books of former voyages. "It might be done," he

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"LOVE LOCKED OUT" By ANNA LEA MERRITT

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"THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE." By SIR J. E. MILLAIS, P.R.A.

is saying, with knitted brow, "and England should do it."

It is well known that the model for this sturdy old sea-dog was none other than Trelawny, the friend and companion of Byron and Shelley, and author of the diverting "Adventures of a Younger Son." Trelawny in his old age became a great advocate of total abstinence. When, therefore, the picture was finished, he was greatly scandalized to discover that, on the table beside the telescope, Millais had painted a stiff glass of grog.

As regards the next picture herewith reproduced, the painter, Mr. William Frederick Yeames, R.A., writes:—

"Sir Walter Scott's description of the death of Amy Robsart in his novel of 'Kenilworth' must have impressed most people and artists as especially suited for a picture. With this subject in my mind, it was on visiting one day the Palais du Cluny at Paris that I saw a staircase running up into gloom that struck me as a fitting place for the tragedy, and at once determined me to attempt the picture. Strange to say that after rubbing in the picture I visited the Palais du Cluny with the intention of making a study of the staircase, but, to my surprise, it had no longer the fascination of the preceding visit, and could be of no assistance. Whilst working on the picture I moulded the figure of Amy Robsart sufficiently large to cast wet drapery on it, and placed it in a room built up to scale in order to obtain the proper light on the figure."

The passage in "Kenilworth" to which the painter refers is as follows:—

"In less than two minutes, Foster, who remained behind, heard the tread of a horse in the courtyard, and then a signal similar to that which was the Earl's usual signal; the instant after the door of the Countess's chamber opened, and in the same moment the trap-door gave way.

"'There was a rushing sound—a heavy fall—a faint groan—and all was over.

"'Look down into the vault; what seest thou?'

"'I see only a heap of white clothes, like a snowdrift.'"

An exciting but sufficiently familiar incident is that depicted in Mr. Briton Rivière's "A

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"AMY ROBSART." By W. F. YEAMES, R.A.

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"A BLOCKADE RUNNER." Copyright 1893 by Photographische Gesellschaft. By BRITON RIVIÈRE, R.A.
(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., 133, New Bond Street, London, W.)

Blockade Runner." "I do not remember," writes Mr. Briton Rivière, "whether the leaping terrier was painted from one of my own dogs, but I rather think it was. It represents one of those moments of dog and-cat tension of which the London gardens furnish so many instances, and which have always greatly amused me."

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SIR NIGEL.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW NIGEL FOUND HIS THIRD DEED.

FOUR archers lay behind a clump of bushes ten yards in front of the thick hedge which shielded their companions. Amid the long line of bowmen those behind them were their own company, and in the main the same who were with Knolles in Brittany. The four in front were their leaders: old Wat of Carlisle, Ned Widdington, the red-headed Dalesman, the bald bowyer Bartholomew, and Samkin Aylward, newly rejoined after a week's absence. All four were munching bread and apples, for Aylward had brought in a full haversack and divided them freely amongst his starving comrades. The old Borderer and the Yorkshireman were gaunt and hollow-eyed with privation, while the bowyer's round face had fallen in so that the skin hung in loose pouches under his eyes and beneath his jaws. Behind them lines of haggard, wolfish men glared through the underwood, silent and watchful save that they burst into a fierce yelp of welcome when Chandos and Nigel galloped up, sprang from their horses, and took their station beside them. All along the green fringe of bowmen might be seen the steel-clad figures of knights and squires who had pushed their way into the front line to share the fortune of the archers.

"I call to mind that I once shot six ends with a Kentish woldsman at Ashford ——" began the bald bowyer.

"Nay, nay, we have heard that story," said old Wat, impatiently. "Shut thy clap, Bartholomew, for it is no time for redeless gossip. Walk down the line, I pray you, and see if there be no frayed string, nor broken nock, nor loosened whipping to be mended."

The stout bowyer passed down the fringe of bowmen amidst a running fire of rough wit. Here and there a bow was thrust out at him through the hedge for his professional advice.

"Wax your heads!" he kept crying. "Pass down the wax-pot and wax your heads! A waxed arrow will pass where a dry will be held. Tom Beverley, you jack-fool, where is your bracer-guard? Your string will flay your arm ere you reach your up-shot this day. And you, Watkin, draw not to your mouth, as is your wont, but to your shoulder. You are so used to the wine-pot that the string must needs follow it. Nay, stand loose, and give space for your drawing arms, for they will be on us anon."

He ran back and joined his comrades in the front, who had now risen to their feet. Behind them a half-mile of archers stood hidden by the hedge, each with his great war-bow strung, half-a-dozen shafts loose beside him, and eighteen more in the quiver slung across his front. With arrow on string, their feet firm-planted, their fierce, eager faces peering through the branches, they awaited the coming storm.

The broad flood of steel, after oozing slowly forward, had stopped about a mile from the English front. The greater part of the army had then descended from their horses, while a crowd of varlets and ostlers led the steeds to the rear. The French formed



"HERE AND THERE A BOW WAS THRUST OUT AT HIM FOR HIS PROFESSIONAL ADVICE."

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themselves now into three great divisions, which shimmered in the sun like silvery pools, reed-capped with many a thousand of banners and pennons. A space of several hundred yards divided each. At the same time two bodies of horsemen formed themselves in front. The first consisted of three hundred men in one thick column, the second of a thousand, riding in a more extended line.

The Prince had ridden up to the line of archers. He was in dark armour, his visor open, and his handsome aquiline face all glowing with spirit and martial fire. The bowmen yelled at him, and he waved his hands to them as a huntsman cheers his hounds.

"Well, John, what think you now?" he asked. "What would my noble father not give to be by our side this day? Have you seen that they have left their horses?"

"Yes, my fair lord, they have learned their lesson," said Chandos. "Because we have had good fortune upon our feet at Crécy and elsewhere they think that they have found the trick of it. But it is in my mind that it is very different to stand when you are assailed, as we have done, and to assail others when you must drag your harness for a mile and come weary to the fray."

"You speak wisely, John. But these horsemen who form in front and ride slowly towards us, what make you of them?"

"Doubtless they hope to cut the strings of our bowmen and so clear a way for the others. But they are indeed a chosen band, for mark you, fair sir, are not those the colours of Clermont upon the left, and of d'Andreghen upon the right, so that both marshals ride with the vanguard?"

"By God's soul, John!" cried the Prince, "it is very sure that you can see more with one eye than any man in this army with two. But it is even as you say. And this larger band behind?"

"They should be Germans, fair sir, by the fashion of their harness."

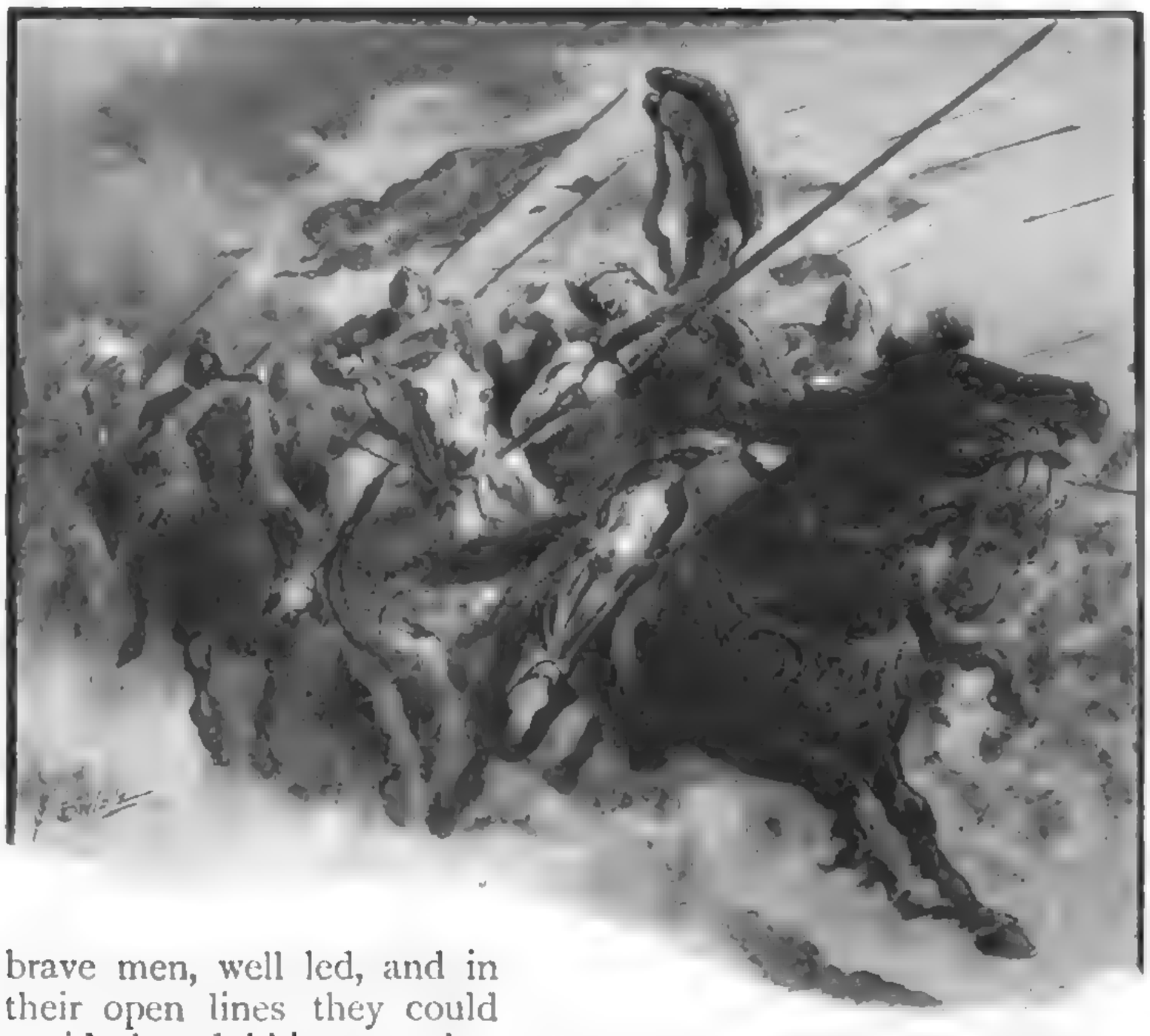
The two bodies of horsemen had moved slowly over the plain, with a space of nearly a quarter of a mile between them. Now, having come two bowshots from the hostile line, they halted. All that they could see of the English was the long hedge, with an occasional twinkle of steel through its leafy branches, and behind that the spear-heads of the men-at-arms rising from amidst the brushwood and the vines. A lovely autumn countryside, with changing, many-tinted foliage, lay stretched before them, all bathed in peaceful sunshine, and nothing, save those flickering, fitful gleams, to tell of the silent and lurking enemy who barred their way. But the bold spirit of the French cavaliers rose the higher to the danger. The clamour of their war-cries filled the air, and they tossed their pennoned spears over their heads in menace and defiance. From the English line it was a noble sight—the gallant pawing, curveting horses, the many-coloured twinkling riders, the swoop and wave and toss of plume and banner. Then a bugle rang forth. With a sudden yell every spur struck deep, every lance was laid in rest, and the whole gallant squadron flew like a glittering thunderbolt for the centre of the English line.

A hundred yards they had crossed, and yet another hundred, but there was no movement in front of them and no sound save their own hoarse battle-cries and the thunder of their horses. Ever swifter and swifter they flew. From behind the hedge it was a vision of horses, white, bay, and black, their necks stretched, their nostrils distended, their bellies to the ground, whilst of the rider one could but see a shield with a plume-tufted visor above it and a spear-head twinkling in front. Then of a sudden the Prince raised his hand and gave a cry. Chandos echoed it, it swelled down the line, and with one mighty chorus of twanging strings and hissing shafts the long-pent storm broke at last.

Alas for the noble steeds! Alas for the gallant men! When the lust of battle is over, who would not grieve to see that noble squadron break into red ruin before the rain of arrows beating upon the faces and breasts of the horses? The front rank crashed down, and the others piled themselves upon the top of them, unable to check their speed or to swerve aside from the terrible wall of their shattered comrades which had so suddenly sprung up before them. Fifteen feet high was that blood-spurting mound of screaming, kicking horses and writhing, struggling men. Here and there on the flanks a horseman cleared himself and dashed for the hedge, only to have his steed slain under him and to be hurled from his saddle. Of all the three hundred gallant riders not one ever reached that fatal hedge.

But now, in a long, rolling wave of steel, the German battalion roared swiftly onwards. They opened in the centre to pass that terrible mound of death, and then spurred swiftly in upon the archers. They were

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"WITH ONE MIGHTY CHORUS OF TWANGING STRINGS AND HISSING SHAFTS THE LONG-PENT STORM BROKE AT LAST."

brave men, well led, and in their open lines they could avoid the clubbing together which had been the ruin of the vanguard; yet they perished singly even as the others had perished together. A few were slain by the arrows. The greater number had their horses killed under them, and were so shaken and shattered by the fall that they could not raise their limbs, overweighted with iron, from the spot where they lay. Three men riding together broke through the bushes which sheltered the leaders of the archers, cut down Widdington the Dalesman, spurred onwards through the hedge, dashed over the bowmen behind it, and made for the Prince. One fell with an arrow through his head, a second was beaten from his saddle by Chandos, and the third was slain by the Prince's own hand. A second band broke through near the river, but were cut off by Lord Audley and his squires, so that all were slain. A single horse-man whose steed was mad with pain, an arrow in its eye and a second in its nostril, sprang over the hedge and clattered through the whole army, disappearing amid whoops and laughter into the woods behind. But none others won as far as the hedge. The whole front of the position was fringed with a litter of German wounded or dead, while one great heap in the centre marked the downfall of the gallant French three hundred.

Whilst these two waves of the attack had broken in front of the English position, leaving this bloodstained wreckage behind them, the main divisions had halted and made their last preparations for their own assault. They had not yet begun their advance, and the nearest was still half a mile distant, when the few survivors from the forlorn hope, their maddened horses bristling with arrows, flew past them on either flank. At the same moment the English archers and men-at-arms dashed through the hedge and dragged all who were living out of that tangled heap of shattered horses and men.

It was a mad, wild rush, for in a few minutes the fight must be renewed, and yet there was a rich harvest of wealth for the lucky man who could pick a wealthy prisoner from amid the crowd. The nobler spirits disdained to think of ransoms whilst the fight was still unsettled, but a swarm of needy soldiers, Gascons and English, dragged the wounded out by the leg or the arm, and with daggers at their throats demanded their names, title, and means. He who had made a good prize hurried him to the rear, where his own servants could guard him, while he who was disappointed too often drove the dagger home and then rushed once more into the tangle in the hope of better luck. Clermont, with an arrow through the sky-blue virgin on his surcoat, lay dead within ten paces of the hedge. D'Andreghen was dragged by a penniless squire from under a horse and became his prisoner. The Earls of Salzburg and of Nassau were both found helpless on the ground and taken to the rear. Aylward cast his thick arms round Count Otto von Langenback, and laid him, helpless from a broken leg, behind his bush. Black Simon had made prize of Bernard, Count of Ventadour, and hurried him through the hedge. Everywhere there were rushing and shouting, brawling and buffeting, while amidst it all a swarm of archers were seeking their shafts, plucking them from the dead,

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and sometimes even from the wounded. Then there was a sudden cry of warning. In a moment every man was back in his place once more, and the line of the hedge was clear.

It was high time, for already the first division of the French was close upon them. If the charge of the horsemen had been terrible from its rush and its fire, this steady advance of a huge phalanx of armoured footmen was even more fearsome to the spectator. They moved very slowly, on account of the weight of their armour, but their progress was the more regular and inexorable. With elbows touching, their shields slung in front, their short five-foot spears carried in their right hands, and their maces or swords ready at their belts, the deep column of men-at-arms moved onwards. Again the storm of arrows beat upon them, clinking and thudding on the armour. They crouched double behind their shields as they met it. Many fell, but still the slow tide lapped onwards. Yelling they surged up to the hedge, and lined it for half a mile, struggling hard to pierce it. For five minutes the long, straining ranks faced each other with fierce stab of spear on one side and heavy beat of axe or mace upon the other. In many parts the hedge was pierced or levelled to the ground, and the French men at-arms were raging amongst the archers, hacking and hewing among the lightly-armed men. For a moment it seemed as if the battle was on the turn.

But John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, cool, wise, and crafty in war, saw and seized his chance. On the right flank a marshy meadow skirted the river. So soft was it that a heavily-armed man would sink to his knees. At his order a spray of light bowmen was thrown out from the battle-line, and forming upon the flank of the French poured their arrows into them. At the same moment Chandos, with Audley, Nigel, Bartholomew Berghersh, the Captal de Buch, and a score of other knights, sprang upon their horses, and charging down the narrow lane rode over the French line in front of them. Once through it they spurred to left and right, trampling down the dismounted men-at-arms. A fearsome sight was Pommers that day, his red eyes rolling, his nostrils gaping, his tawny mane tossing, and his savage teeth gnashing in fury, as he tore and smashed and ground beneath his ramping hoofs all that came before him. Fearsome too was the rider, ice-cool, alert, concentrated of purpose, with heart of fire and muscles of steel. A very angel of battle he seemed as he drove his maddened horse through



"A VERY ANGEL OF BATTLE HE SEEMED AS HE DROVE HIS MADDENED HORSE THROUGH THE THICKEST OF THE PRESS."

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the thickest of the press; but, strive as he would, the tall figure of his master upon his coal-black steed was ever half a length before him. Already the moment of danger was passed. The French line had given back. Those who had pierced the hedge had fallen like brave men amid the ranks of their foemen. The division of Warwick had hurried up from the vineyards to fill the gaps of Salisbury's battle-line. Back rolled the shining tide, slowly at first, even as it had advanced, but quicker now as the bolder fell and the weaker shredded out and shuffled with ungainly speed for a place of safety. Again there was a rush from behind the hedge. Again there was a reaping of that strange crop of bearded arrows which grew so thick upon the ground, and again the wounded prisoners were seized and dragged in brutal haste to the rear. Then the line was restored, and the English, weary, panting, and shaken, awaited the next attack.

But a great good fortune had come to them—so great that as they looked down the valley they could scarce credit their own senses. Behind the division of the Dauphin, which had pressed them so hard, stood a second division hardly less numerous, led by the Duke of Orleans. The fugitives from in front, blood-smeared and bedraggled, blinded with sweat and with fear, rushed amidst its ranks in their flight, and in a moment, without a blow being struck, had carried them off in their wild rout. This vast array, so solid and so martial, thawed suddenly away like a snow-wreath in the sun. It was gone, and in its place thousands of shining dots scattered over the whole plain as each man made his own way to the spot where he could find his horse and bear himself from the field. For a moment it seemed that the battle was won, and a thunder-shout of joy pealed up from the English line. But as the curtain of the Duke's division was drawn away it was only to disclose, stretching far behind it and spanning the valley from side to side, the magnificent array of the French King, solid, unshaken, and preparing its ranks for the attack. Its numbers were as great as those of the English army; it was unscathed by all that was past, and it had a valiant monarch to lead it to the charge. With the slow deliberation of the man who means to do or die, its leader marshalled its ranks for the supreme effort of the day.

Meanwhile, during that brief moment of exultation when the battle appeared to be won, a crowd of hot-headed young knights and squires swarmed and clamoured round the Prince, beseeching that he would allow them to ride forth.

"See this insolent fellow who bears three martlets upon a field gules!" cried Sir Maurice Berkeley. "He stands betwixt the two armies as though he had no dread of us."

"I pray you, sir, that I may ride out to him, since he seems ready to attempt some small deed," pleaded Nigel.

"Nay, fair sirs, it is an evil thing that we should break our line, seeing that we still have much to do," said the Prince. "See, he rides away, and so the matter is settled."

"Nay, fair Prince," said the young knight who had spoken first. "My grey horse, Lebryte, could run him down ere he could reach shelter. Never since I left Severn side have I seen steed so fleet as mine. Shall I not show you?" In an instant he had spurred the charger and was speeding across the plain.

The Frenchman, John de Helennes, a squire of Picardy, had waited with a burning heart, his soul sick at the flight of the division in which he had ridden. In the hope of doing some redeeming exploit or of meeting his own death he had loitered betwixt the armies, but no movement had come from the English lines. Now he had turned his horse's head to join the King's array, when the low drumming of hoofs sounded behind him, and he turned to find a horseman hard upon his heels. Each had drawn his sword, and the two armies paused to view the fight. In the first bout Sir Maurice Berkeley's was struck from his hand, and as he sprang down to recover it the Frenchman ran him through the thigh, dismounted from his horse, and received his surrender. As the unfortunate Englishman hobbled away at the side of his captor a roar of laughter burst from both armies at the spectacle.

"By my ten finger-bones!" cried Aylward, chuckling behind the remains of his bush, "he found more on his distaff that time than he knew how to spin. Who was the knight?"

"By his arms," said old Wat, "he should either be a Berkeley of the West or a Popham of Kent."

"I call to mind that I shot a match of six ends once with a Kentish woldsman——" began the fat bowyer.

"Nay, nay, stint thy talk, Bartholomew!" cried old Wat. "Here is poor Ned with his head cloven, and it would be more fitting if you were saying aves for his soul instead

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"EACH HAD DRAWN HIS SWORD, AND THE TWO ARMIES PAUSED TO VIEW THE FIGHT."

of all this bobance and boasting. How now, Tom of Beverley?"

"We have suffered sorely in this last bout, Wat. There are forty of our men upon their backs, and the Dean Foresters on the right are in worse case still."

"Talking will not mend it, Tom, and if all but one were on their backs he must still hold his ground."

Whilst the archers were chatting the leaders of the army were in solemn conclave just behind them. Two divisions of the French had been repulsed, and yet there was many an anxious face as the older knights looked across the plain at the unbroken array of the French King moving slowly towards them. The line of the archers was much thinned and shredded. Many knights and squires had been disabled in the long and fierce combat at the hedge. Others, exhausted by want of food, had no strength left and were stretched panting upon the ground. Some were engaged in carrying the wounded to the rear and laying them under the shelter of the trees, whilst others were replacing their broken swords or lances from the weapons of the slain. The Captal de Buch, brave and experienced as he was, frowned darkly and whispered his misgivings to Chandos. But the Prince's courage flamed the higher as the shadow fell, while his dark eyes gleamed with a soldier's pride as he glanced round him at his weary comrades and then at the dense masses of the King's battalions, which now, with a hundred trumpets blaring and a thousand pennons waving, rolled slowly over the plain.

"Come what may, John, this has been a most noble meeting," said he. "They will not be ashamed of us in England. Take heart, my friends, for if we conquer we shall carry the glory ever with us; but if we be slain then we die most worshipfully and in high honour, as we have ever prayed that we might die, and we leave behind us our brothers and kinsmen, who will assuredly avenge us. It is but one more effort and all will be well. Warwick, Oxford, Salisbury, Suffolk — every man to the front! My banner to the front also! Your horses, fair sirs! The archers are spent and our own good lances must win the field this day. Advance, Walter, and may God and St. George be with England!"

Sir Walter Woodland, riding a high black horse, took station by the Prince, with the Royal banner resting in a socket by his saddle. From all sides the knights and squires crowded in upon it, until they formed a great squadron containing the survivors of the battalions of Warwick and Salisbury as well as those of the Prince. Four hundred men-at-arms who had been held in reserve were brought up and thickened the array; but even so Chandos's face was grave as he scanned it and then turned his eyes upon the masses of the Frenchmen.

"I like it not, fair sir. The weight is over great," he whispered to the Prince.

"How would you order it, John? Speak what is in your mind."

"We should attempt something upon their flank whilst we hold them in front. How say you, Jean?" He turned to the Captal de Buch, whose dark, resolute face reflected the same misgivings.

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"Indeed, John, I think as you do," said he. "The French King is a very valiant man, and so are those who are about him, and I know not how we may drive them back unless we can do as you advise. If you will give me only a hundred men I will attempt it."

"Surely the task is mine, fair sir, since the thought has come from me?" said Chandos.

"Nay, John, I would keep you at my side. But you speak well, Jean, and you shall do even as you have said. Go ask the Earl of Oxford for a hundred men-at-arms and as many hobelers, that you may ride round the mound yonder and so fall upon them unseen. Let all that are left of the archers gather on each side, shoot away their arrows, and then fight as best they may. Wait till they are past yonder thorn bush, and then, Walter, bear my banner straight against that of the King of France. Fair sirs, may God and the thought of your ladies hold high your hearts!"

The French monarch, seeing that his footmen had made no impression upon the English, and also that the hedge had been well-nigh levelled to the ground in the course of the combat, so that it no longer presented an obstacle, had ordered his followers to remount their horses, and it was as a solid mass of cavalry that the chivalry of France advanced to their last supreme effort. The King was in the centre of the front line, Geoffrey de Chargny with the golden oriflamme upon his right, and Eustace de Ribeaumont with the Royal lilies upon the left. At his elbow was the Duke of Athens, High Constable of France, and round him were the nobles of the Court, fiery and furious, yelling their war-cries as they waved their weapons over their heads. Six thousand gallant men of the bravest race in Europe, men whose very names are like blasts of a battle-trumpet — Beaujeus and Chatillons, Tancarvilles and Ventadours—pressed hard behind the silver lilies. Slowly they moved at first, walking their horses that they might be the fresher for the shock. Then they broke into a trot which was quickening into a gallop when the remains of the hedge in front of them were beaten in an instant to the ground, and the broad line of the steel-clad chivalry of England swept grandly forth to the final shock. With loose rein and busy spur the two lines of horsemen galloped at the top of their speed straight and hard for each other. An instant later they met with a thunder-crash which was heard by the burghers on the walls of Poitiers, seven good miles away.

Under that frightful impact horses fell dead with broken necks, and many a rider, held in his saddle by the high pommel, fractured his thighs with the shock. Here and there a pair met breast to breast, the horses rearing straight upwards and falling back upon their masters. But for the most part the line had opened in the gallop, and the cavaliers, flying through the gaps, buried themselves in the enemy's ranks. Then the flanks shredded out, and the thick press in the centre loosened until there was space to swing a sword and to guide a steed. For ten acres there was one wild, tumultuous swirl of tossing heads, of gleaming weapons which rose and fell, of upthrown hands, of waving plumes, and of lifted shields, whilst the din of a thousand war-cries and the clash-clash of metal upon metal rose and swelled like the roar and beat of an ocean surge upon a rock-bound coast. Backward and forward swayed the mighty throng, now down the valley and now up, as each side in turn put forth its



"THERE WAS ONE WILD, TUMULTUOUS SWIRL OF TOSSING HEADS, OF GLEAMING WEAPONS WHICH ROSE AND FELL."

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strength for a fresh rally. Locked in one long, deadly grapple, great England and gallant France, with iron hearts and souls of fire, strove and strove for mastery.

Sir Walter Woodland, riding hard upon his high black horse, had plunged into the swelter and headed for the blue and silver banner of King John. Close at his heels in a solid wedge rode the Prince, Chandos, Nigel, Lord Reginald Cobham, Audley with his four famous squires, and a score of the flower of the English and Gascon knighthood. Holding together and bearing down opposition by a shower of blows and by the weight of their powerful horses, their progress was still very slow, for ever fresh waves of French cavaliers surged up against them and broke in front, only to close in again upon their rear. Sometimes they were swept backwards by the rush, sometimes they gained a few paces, sometimes they could but keep their foothold; and yet from minute to minute that blue and silver flag which waved above the press grew ever a little closer. A dozen furious, hard-breathing French knights had broken into their ranks and clutched at Sir Walter Woodland's banner, but Chandos and Nigel guarded it on one side, Audley with his squires on the other, so that no man laid his hand upon it and lived.

But now there was a distant crash and a roar of "St. George for Guienne!" from behind. The Captal de Buch had charged home. "St. George for England!" yelled the main attack, and ever the counter-cry came back to them from afar. The ranks opened in front of them. The French were giving way. A small knight with golden scroll-work upon his armour threw himself upon the Prince and was struck dead by his mace. It was the Duke of Athens, Constable of France, but none had time to note it, and the fight rolled on over his body. Looser still were the French ranks. Many were turning their horses, for that ominous roar from the rear had shaken their resolution. The little English wedge poured onwards, the Prince, Chandos, Audley, and Nigel ever in the van.

A huge warrior in black, bearing a golden banner, appeared suddenly in a gap of the shredding ranks. He tossed his precious burden to a squire, who bore it away. Like a pack of hounds on the very haunch of a deer the English rushed yelling for the oriflamme. But the black warrior flung himself across their path. "Chargny! Chargny à la recousse!" he roared, with a voice of thunder. Sir Reginald Cobham dropped before his battle-axe, so did the Gascon, de Clisson. Nigel was beaten down on to the crupper of his horse by a sweeping blow, but at the same instant Chandos's quick blade passed through the Frenchman's camail and pierced his throat. So died Geoffrey de Chargny—but the oriflamme was saved.

Dazed with the shock, Nigel still kept his saddle, and Pommers, his yellow hide mottled with blood, bore him onwards with the others. The French horsemen were now in full flight, but one stern group of knights stood firm, like a rock in a rushing torrent, beating off all, whether friend or foe, who tried to break their ranks. The oriflamme had gone, and so had the blue and silver banner, but here were desperate men ready to fight to the death. In their ranks honour was to be reaped. The Prince and his following hurled themselves upon them while the rest of the English horsemen swept onwards to secure the fugitives and to win their ransoms. But the nobler spirits —Audley, Chandos, and the others—would have thought it shame to gain money whilst there was work to be done or honour to be won. Furious was the wild attack, desperate the prolonged defence. Men fell from their saddles for very exhaustion. Nigel, still at his place near Chandos's elbow, was hotly attacked by a short, broad-shouldered warrior upon a stout white cob, but Pommers reared with pawing fore-feet and dashed the smaller horse to the ground. The falling rider clutched Nigel's arm and tore him from the saddle, so that the two rolled upon the grass under the stamping hoofs, the English squire on the top, and his shortened sword glimmered before the visor of the gasping, breathless Frenchman.

"Je me rends! je me rends!" he panted.

For a moment a vision of rich ransoms passed through Nigel's brain. That noble palfrey, that gold-flecked armour, meant fortune to the captor. Let others have it! There was work still to be done. How could he desert the Prince and his noble master for the sake of a private gain? Could he lead a prisoner to the rear when honour beckoned him to the van? He staggered to his feet, seized Pommers by the mane, and swung himself into the saddle. An instant later he was by Chandos's side once more and they were bursting together through the last ranks of the gallant group who had fought so bravely to the end. Behind them was one long swathe of the dead and the wounded. In front the whole wide plain

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was covered with the flying French and their pursuers. The Prince reined up his steed and opened his visor, whilst his followers crowded round him with waving weapons and frenzied shouts of victory.

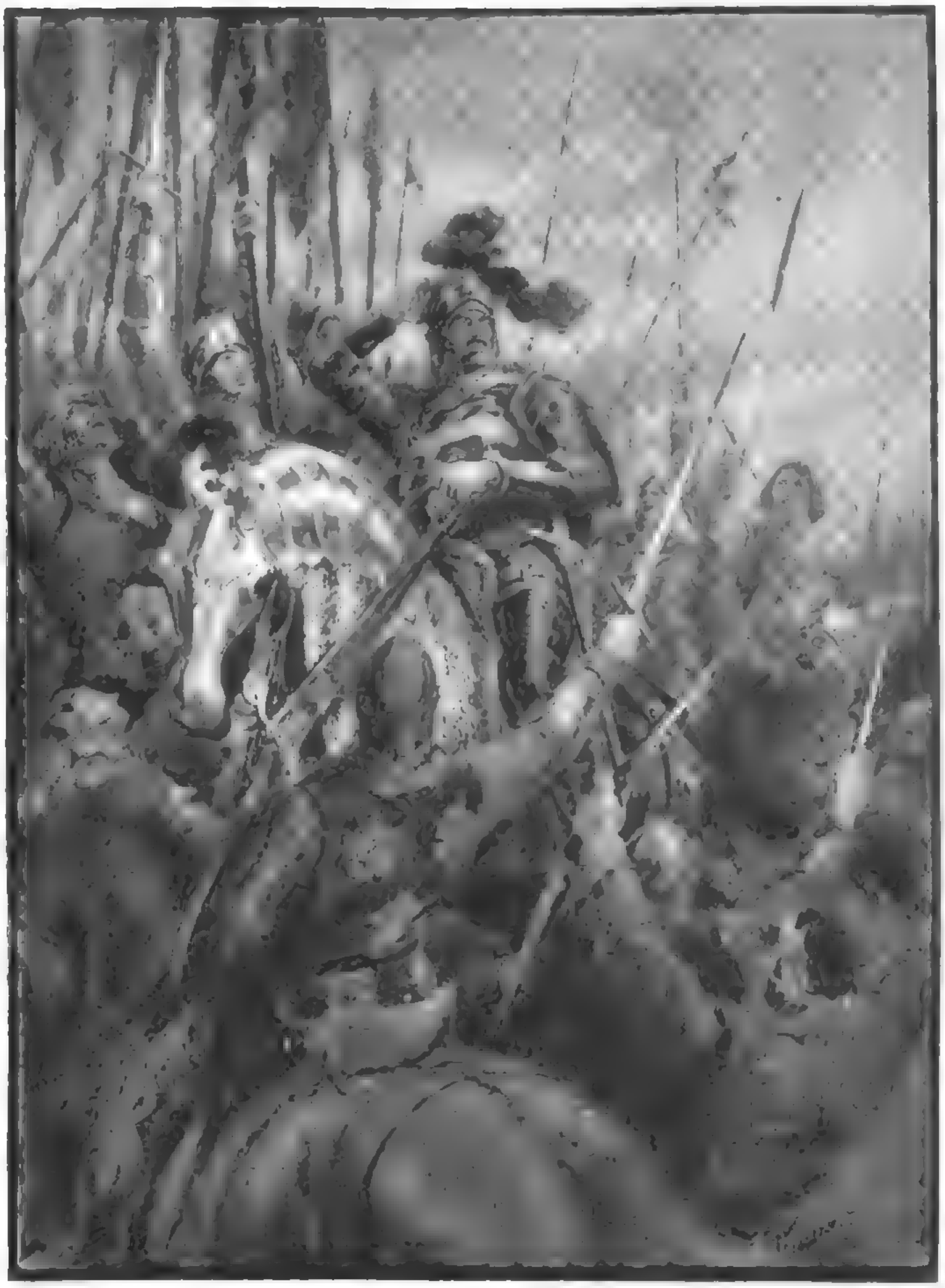
"What now, John?" cried the smiling Prince, wiping his streaming face with his ungauntleted hand. "How fares it, then?"

"I am little hurt, fair lord, save for a crushed hand and a spear-prick in the shoulder. But you, sir? I trust you have no scathe?"

"In truth, John, with you at one elbow and Lord Audley at the other, I know not how I could come to harm. But, alas! I fear that Sir James is sorely stricken."

The gallant Lord Audley had dropped upon the ground and the blood oozed from every crevice of his battered armour. His four brave squires—Dutton of Dutton, Delves of Doddington, Fowlhurst of Crewe, and Hawkstone of Wainhill—wounded and weary themselves, but with no thought save for their master, unlaced his helmet and bathed his pallid, blood-stained face. He looked up at the Prince with burning eyes.

"I thank you, sir, for deigning to consider so poor a knight as myself," said he, in a feeble voice.



"THE PRINCE REINED UP HIS STEED AND OPENED HIS VISOR."

The Prince dismounted and bent over him.

"I am bound to honour you very much, James," said he, "for by your valour this day you have won glory and renown above us all, and your prowess has proved you to be the bravest knight."

"My lord," murmured the wounded man, "you have a right to say what you please, but I wish it were as you say."

"James," said the Prince, "from this time onwards I make you a knight of my own household, and I settle upon you five hundred marks of yearly income from my own estates in England."

"Sir," the knight answered, "God make me worthy of the good fortune you bestow upon me. Your knight I will ever be, and the money I will divide with your leave amongst these four squires, who have brought me whatever glory I have won this day."

So saying, his head fell back, and he lay white and silent upon the grass.

"Bring water," said the Prince. "Let the Royal leech see to him, for I had rather lose many men than the good Sir James. Ha! Chandos, what have we here?"

A knight lay across the path with his helmet beaten down upon his shoulders. On his surcoat and shield were the arms of a red griffen.

"It is Robert de Duras, the spy," said Chandos.

"Well for him that he has met his end," said the angry Prince. "Put him on his shield, Hubert, and let four archers bear him

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to the monastery. Lay him at the feet of the Cardinal, and say that by this sign I greet him. Place my flag on yonder high bush, Walter, and let my tent be raised there, that my friends may know where to seek me."

The flight and pursuit had thundered far away and the field was deserted save for the numerous groups of weary horsemen who were making their way back, driving their prisoners before them. The archers were scattered over the whole plain, rifling the saddle-bags and gathering the armour of those who had fallen, or searching for their own scattered arrows. Suddenly, however, as the Prince was turning towards the bush which he had chosen for his head-quarters, there broke out from behind him an extraordinary uproar, and a group of knights and squires came pouring towards him, all arguing, swearing, and abusing each other in French and English at the tops of their voices. In the midst of them limped a stout little man in gold-spangled armour, who appeared to be the object of the contention, for one would drag him one way, and one another, as though they would pull him limb from limb.

"Nay, fair sirs, gently, gently, I pray you!" he pleaded. "There is enough for all, and no need to treat me so rudely."

But ever the hubbub broke out again, and swords gleamed as the angry disputants glared furiously at each other. The Prince's eyes fell upon the small prisoner, and he staggered back with a gasp of astonishment.

"King John!" he cried.

A shout of joy rose from the warriors around him.

"The King of France! The King of France a prisoner!" they cried, in an ecstasy.

"Nay, nay, fair sirs, let him not hear that we rejoice. Let no word bring pain to his soul!" Running forward, the Prince clasped the French King by the two hands.

"Most welcome, sire!" he cried. "Indeed, it is good for us that so gallant a knight should stay with us for some short time, since the chance of war has so ordered it. Wine there! Bring wine for the King!"

But John was flushed and angry. His helmet had been roughly torn off, and blood was smeared upon his cheek. His noisy captors stood around him in a circle, eyeing him hungrily, like dogs who have been beaten from their quarry. There were Gascons and English—knights, squires, and archers—all pushing and straining.

"I pray you, fair Prince, to get rid of these rude fellows," said King John, "for indeed they have plagued me sorely. By St. Denis! my arm has been well-nigh pulled from its socket."

"What wish you, then?" asked the Prince, turning angrily upon the noisy swarm of his followers.

"We took him, fair lord. He is ours!" cried a score of voices. They closed in, all yelping together like a pack of wolves. "It was I, fair lord!" "Nay, it was I!" "You lie, you rascal; it was I!" Again their fierce eyes glared and their blood-stained hands sought the hilts of their weapons.

"Nay, this must be settled here and now," said the Prince. "I crave your patience, fair and honoured sir, for a few brief minutes, since indeed much ill-will may spring from this if it be not set at rest. Who is this tall knight who can scarce keep his hands from the King's shoulder?"

"It is Dennis de Morbecque, my lord, a knight of St. Omer, who is in our service, being an outlaw from France."

"I call him to mind. How then, Sir Dennis? What say you in this matter?"

"He gave himself to me, fair lord. He had fallen in the press, and I came upon him and seized him. I told him that I was a knight from Artois, and he gave me his glove. See here, I bear it in my hand."

"It is true, fair lord! It is true!" cried a dozen French voices.

"Nay, sir, judge not too soon!" shouted an English squire, pushing his way to the front. "It was I who had him at my mercy and he is my prisoner, for he spoke to this man only because he could tell by his tongue that he was his own countryman. I took him, and here are a score to prove it."

"It is true, fair lord. We saw it and it was even so," cried a chorus of Englishmen.

At all times there was growling and snapping betwixt the English and their allies of France. The Prince saw how easily this might set a light to such a flame as could not readily be quenched. It must be stamped out now, ere it had time to mount.

"Fair and honoured lord," he said to the King, "again I pray you for a moment of patience. It is your word, and only yours, which can tell us what is just and right. To whom were you graciously pleased to commit your Royal person?"

King John looked up from the flagon which had been brought to him and wiped his lips, with the dawnings of a smile upon his ruddy face.

"It was not this Englishman," he said, and a cheer burst from the Gascons. "Nor was

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it this bastard Frenchman," he added. "To neither of them did I surrender."

There was a hush of surprise.

"To whom, then, sire?" asked the Prince.

The King looked slowly round.

"There was a devil of a yellow horse," said he. "My poor palfrey went over like a skittle-pin before a ball. Of the rider I know nothing save that he bore red roses on a silver shield. Ah! by St. Denis, there is the man himself, and there his thrice-accursed horse!"

His head swimming, and moving as if in a dream, Nigel found himself the centre of the circle of armed and angry men. The Prince laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Nay, fair lord, I did not receive it."

"Did you hear him give it?"

"I heard, sir, but I did not know that it was the King. My master, Lord Chandos, had gone on, and I followed after."

"And left him lying. Then the surrender was not complete, and by the laws of war the ransom goes to Dennis de Morbecque, if his story be true."

"It is true," said the King. "He was the second."

"Then the ransom is yours, Dennis. But for my part I swear by my father's soul that I had rather have the honour this squire has gathered than the richest ransoms of France."



"RISE UP, SIR NIGEL!"

"It is the little cock of Tilford Bridge," said he. "On my father's soul, I have ever said that you would win your way. Did you receive the King's surrender?"

At these words, spoken before that circle of noble warriors, Nigel's heart gave one great throb, and he dropped upon his knee before the Prince.

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"Fair lord, how can I thank you?" he murmured. "These words at least are more than any ransom."

"Rise up!" said the smiling Prince, and he smote with his sword upon his shoulder. "England has lost a brave squire and has gained a gallant knight. Nay, linger not, I pray. Rise up, Sir Nigel!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW THE THIRD MESSENGER CAME TO COSFORD.

Two months have passed, and the long slopes of Hindhead are russet with the faded ferns—the fuzzy brown pelt which wraps the chilling earth. With whoop and scream the wild November wind sweeps over the great rolling downs, tossing the branches of the Cosford beeches and rattling at the rude latticed windows. The stout old Knight of Dupplin, grown even a little stouter, with whiter beard to fringe an ever redder face, sits as of yore at the head of his own board. A well-heaped platter, flanked by a foaming tankard, stands before him. At his right sits the Lady Mary, her dark, plain, queenly face marked deep with those years of weary waiting, but bearing the gentle grace and dignity which only sorrow and restraint can give. On his left is Mathew, the old priest. Long ago the golden-haired beauty had passed from Cosford to Fernhurst, where the young and beautiful Lady Edith Brocas is the belle of all Sussex, a sunbeam of smiles and merriment, save perhaps when her thoughts for an instant fly back to that dread night when she was plucked from under the very talons of the foul hawk of Shalford.

The old knight looked up as a fresh gust of wind with a dash of rain beat against the window behind him.

"By St. Hubert, it is a wild night!" said he. "I had hoped to-morrow to have a flight at a heron of the pool or a mallard in the brook. How fares it with little Katherine the peregrine, Mary?"

"I have joined the wing, father, and I have imped the feathers, but I fear it will be Christmas ere she can fly again."

"This is a hard saying," said Sir John, "for indeed I have seen no bolder, better bird. Her wing was broken by a heron's beak last Sabbath sennight, holy father, and Mary has the mending of it."

"I trust, my son, that you had heard mass ere you turned to worldly pleasure upon God's holy day?" Father Mathew answered.

"Tut, tut!" said the old knight, laughing. "Shall I make confession at the head of my own table? I can worship the good God amongst His own works, the woods and the fields, better than in yon pile of stone and wood. But I call to mind a charm for a wounded hawk which was taught me by the fowler of Gaston de Foix. How did it run? 'The Lion of the Tribe of Judah, the root of David, has conquered.' Yes, those were the words to be said three times as you walk round the perch where the bird is mewed."

The old priest shook his head.

"Nay, these charms are tricks of the devil," said he. "Holy Church lends them no countenance, for they are neither good nor fair. But how is it now with your tapestry, Lady Mary? When last I was beneath this roof you had half done in five fair colours the story of Theseus and Ariadne."

"It is half done still, holy father."

"How is this, my daughter? Have you, then, so many calls?"

"Nay, holy father, her thoughts are otherwhere," Sir John answered. "She will sit an hour at a time, the needle in her hand and her soul a hundred leagues from Cosford House. Ever since the Prince's battle——"

"Good father, I beg you——"

"Nay, Mary, none can hear me save your own confessor, Father Mathew. Ever since the Prince's battle, I say, when we heard that young Nigel had won such honour, she is brain-wode, and sits ever—well, even as you see her now."

An intent look had come into Mary's eyes; her gaze was fixed upon the dark, rain-splashed window. It was a face carved from ivory, white-lipped and rigid, on which the old priest looked.

"What is it, my daughter? What do you see?"

"I see nothing, father."

"What is it, then, that disturbs you?"

"I hear, father."

"What do you hear?"

"There are horsemen on the road."

The old knight laughed.

"So it goes on, father. What day is there that a hundred horsemen do not pass our gate, and yet every clink of hoofs sets her poor heart a-trembling. So strong and steadfast she has ever been, my Mary, and now no sound too slight to shake her to the soul! Nay, daughter, nay, I pray you!"

She had half risen from her chair, her hands clenched and her dark, startled eyes still fixed upon the window.

"I hear them, father! I hear them amid the wind and the rain! Yes, yes, they are

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turning—they have turned! My God, they are at our very door!"

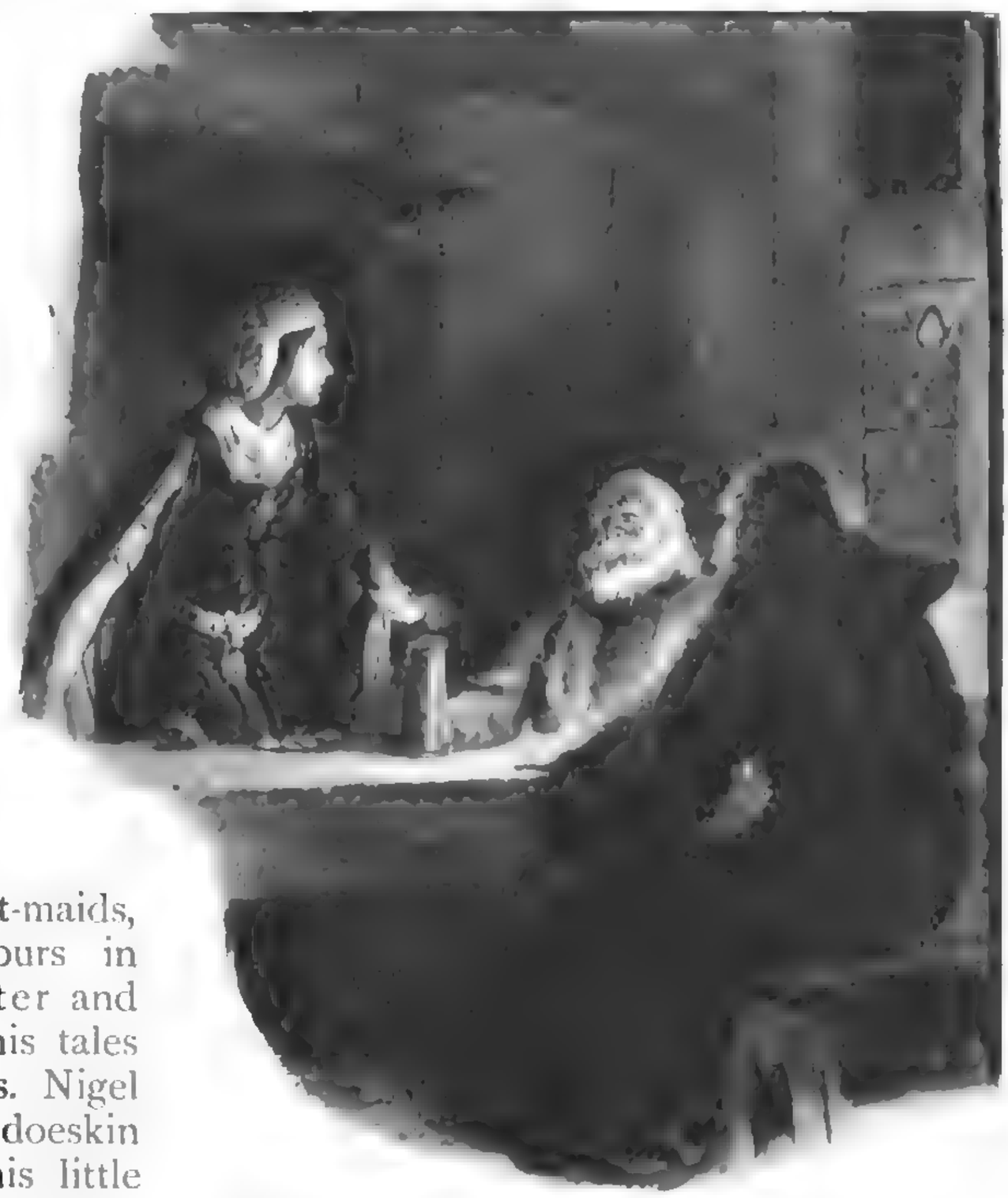
"By St. Hubert, the girl is right!" cried old Sir John, beating his fist upon the board. "Ho, varlets, out with you to the yard! Set the mulled wine on the blaze once more. There are travellers at the gate, and it is no night to keep a dog waiting at our door. Hurry, Hannekin, hurry, I say, or I will haste you with my cudgel!"

Plainly to the ears of all men could be heard the stamping of the horses. Mary had stood up, quivering in every limb. An eager step at the threshold, the door was flung wide, and there in the opening stood Nigel, the rain gleaming upon his smiling face, his cheeks flushed with the beating of the wind, his blue eyes shining with tenderness and love. Something held her by the throat, the light of the torches danced up and down, but her strong spirit rose at the thought that others should see that inner holy of holies of her soul. There is a heroism of women to which no valour of man can attain. Her eyes only carried him her message as she held out her hand.

"Welcome, Nigel!" said she.

He stooped and kissed it.

"St. Catherine has brought me home," said he.



"MARY HAD STOOD UP, QUIVERING IN EVERY LIMB."

A merry supper it was at Cosford Manor that night, with Nigel at the head betwixt the jovial old knight and the Lady Mary, whilst at the farther end Samkin Aylward, wedged between two servant-maids, kept his neighbours in alternate laughter and terror as he told his tales of the French Wars. Nigel had to turn his doeskin heels and show his little golden spurs. As he spoke of what was past Sir John clapped him on the shoulder, while Mary took his strong right hand in hers, and the good old priest, smiling, blessed them both. Nigel had drawn a little golden ring from his pocket, and it twinkled in the torchlight. "Did you say that you must go on your way to-morrow, father?" he asked the priest.

"Indeed, fair son, the matter presses."

"But you may bide the morning?'

"It will suffice if I start at noon."

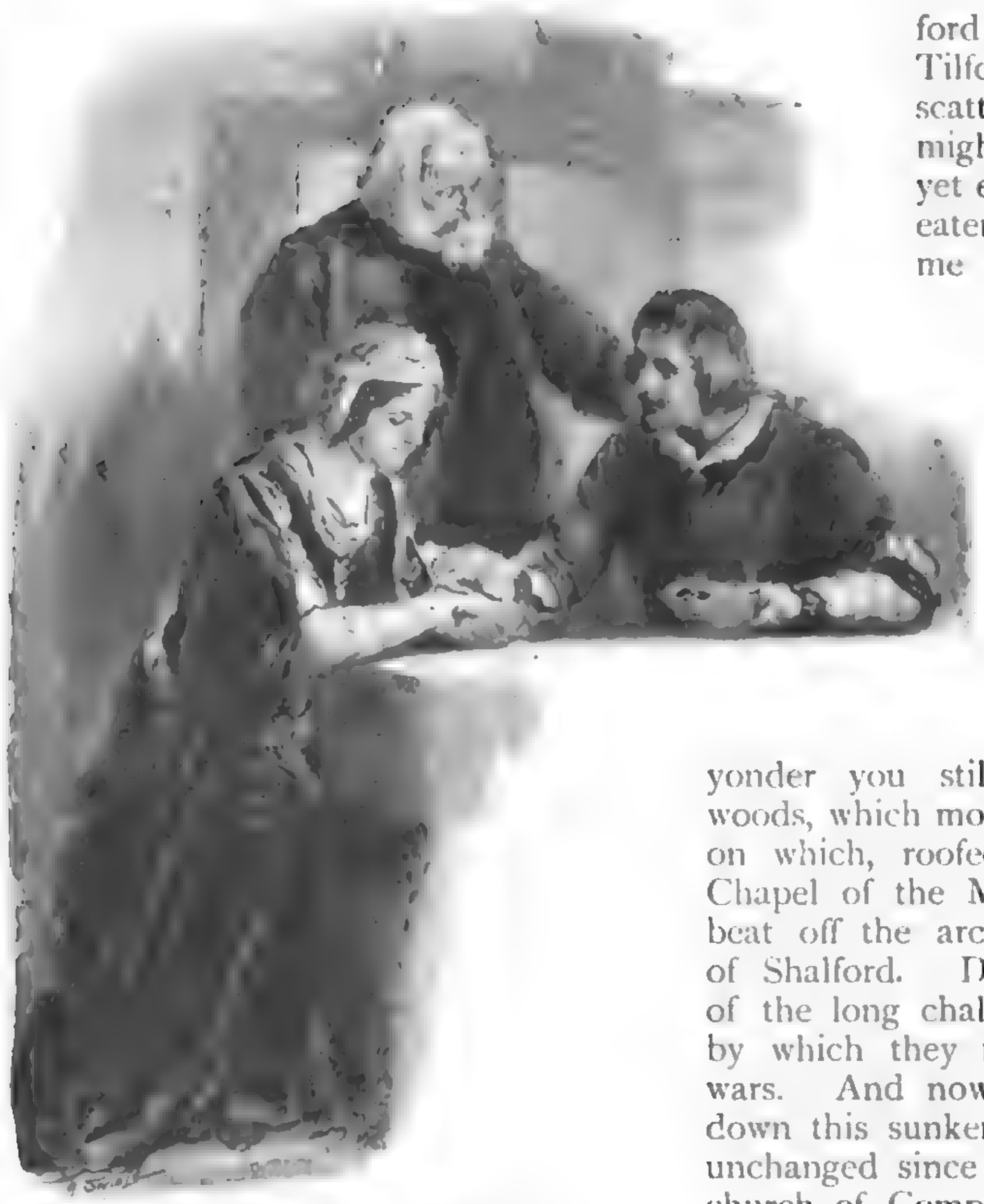
"Much may be done in a morning." He looked at Mary, who blushed and smiled. "By St. Paul, I have waited long enough!"

"Good! good!" chuckled the old knight, with wheezy laughter. "Even so I wooed your mother, Mary. Wooers were brisk in the olden time. To-morrow is Tuesday, and Tuesday is ever a lucky day. Alas, that the good Dame Ermyntrude is no longer with us to see it done! The old Hound must run us down, Nigel, and I hear its bay upon my own heels, but my heart will rejoice that before the end I may call you son. Give me your hand, Mary—and yours, Nigel. Now take an old man's blessing, and may God keep and guard you both, and give you your desert, for I believe on my soul that in all this broad land there dwells no nobler man, nor any woman more fitted to be his mate."

There let us leave them, their hearts full of gentle joy, the golden future of hope and promise stretching out before their youthful eyes. Alas for those green spring dreamings! How often do they fade and wither until they fall and rot, a dreary sight, by the wayside of life! But here, by God's blessing, it was not so, for they burgeoned and they grew, ever fairer and more noble, until the whole wide world might marvel at the beauty of it. It has been told elsewhere how, as the years passed, Nigel's name rose higher in honour, but still Mary's would keep pace with it, each helping and sustaining the other upon an ever higher path. In many

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"NOW TAKE AN OLD MAN'S BLESSING, AND MAY GOD KEEP AND GUARD YOU BOTH."

lands did Nigel carve his fame, and ever as he returned spent and weary from his work he drank fresh strength and fire and craving for honour from her who glorified his home. At Twynham Castle they dwelled for many years, beloved and honoured by all. Then in the fullness of time they came back to the Tilford manor-house and spent their happy, healthy age amid those heather downs where Nigel had passed his first lusty youth, ere ever he turned his face to the wars. Thither also came Aylward when he had left the Pied Merlin, where for many a year he sold ale to the men of the forest.

But the years pass; the old wheel turns and ever the thread runs out. The wise and the good, the noble and the brave, they come from the darkness, and into the darkness they go, whence, whither, and why who may say? Here is the slope of Hindhead. The fern still glows russet in November, the heather still burns red in July; but where now is the manor of Cosford? Where is the old house of Tilford? Where, but for a few scattered grey stones, is the mighty pile of Waverley? And yet even gnawing Time has not eaten all things away. Walk with me towards Guildford, reader, upon the busy highway. Here, where the high green mound rises before us, mark yonder roofless shrine which still stands four-square to the winds. It is St. Catherine's, where Nigel and Mary plighted their faith. Below lies the winding river, and over yonder you still see the dark Chantry woods, which mount up to the bare summit on which, roofed and whole, stands that Chapel of the Martyr where the comrades beat off the archers of the crooked Lord of Shalford. Down yonder on the flanks of the long chalk hills one traces the road by which they made their journey to the wars. And now turn hither to the north, down this sunken, winding path! It is all unchanged since Nigel's day. Here is the church of Compton. Pass under the aged and crumbling arch. Before the steps of that ancient altar, unrecorded and unbrassed, lies the dust of Nigel and of Mary. Near them is that of Maude, their daughter, and of Alleyne Edricson, whose spouse she was; their children and children's children are lying by their side. Here, too, near the old yew in the churchyard, is the little mound which marks where Samkin Aylward went back to that good soil from which he sprang. So lie the dead leaves; but they and such as they nourish for ever that great old trunk of England, which still sheds forth another crop and another, each as strong and as fair as the last. The body may lie in mouldering chancel or in crumbling vault, but the rumour of noble lives, the record of valour and truth, can never die, but lives on in the soul of the people. Our own work lies ready to our own hands, and yet our strength may be the greater and our faith the firmer if we spare an hour from present toils to look back upon the women who were gentle and strong, or the men who loved honour more than life, on this green stage of England where for a few short years we play our little part.

THE END.

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From an] ONE MILE FROM GRETNA. *[Old Print.*

SOME FAMOUS ELOPEMENTS.

WITH REPRODUCTIONS FOR THE FIRST TIME OF THE MARRIAGE REGISTERS OF GRETNA GREEN.

By Adrian Margaux.

AS the scene of some thousands of runaway marriages, to which time is giving all the halo of romance, the village of Gretna Green possesses quite a unique charm to the tourist and excursionist.

Some of the more reflective visitors make inquiry as to documentary evidence of the marriages. From 1754, when the Act was passed which put an end to irregular marriages in England, until 1856, the date of the amending statute, which required all persons of English domicile to reside for three weeks in Scotland before they could be legally married there, some thousands of these contracts were entered into at Gretna Green. Upon them are based the legitimacy of many families and the inheritance of a large amount of property. But at the village itself nothing in the nature of documentary evidence—registers or certificates—can now be seen. In point of fact, however, all the "priests" officiating there did keep registers and issue certificates, some of which at various times have been produced in law courts and admitted as evidence in probate and other cases.

It has been a matter of considerable difficulty to discover the present whereabouts of these documents. They have got scattered about with the "priests'" descendants, who have regarded them as heirlooms. Some of the earlier registers have entirely disappeared; one set kept by David Lang, a weaver, who occupies an important place in the annals of Gretna Green, was burnt by an imbecile girl. This contained, there is reason to believe, the record of the marriage of Lord Dundonald, the naval hero, to Miss Katherine Barnes, of Romford, in 1812, and also of the marriage of Lord Westmorland and Miss Sarah Child, the great banker's daughter, by Joseph Paisley, the first Gretna Green "priest" of any note.

As the result of diligent inquiry the present writer has succeeded in locating the more important registers covering the latter half of the long period during which Gretna Green flourished as the goal of eloping lovers. The toll-house registers have passed into the hands of a firm of Carlisle solicitors,

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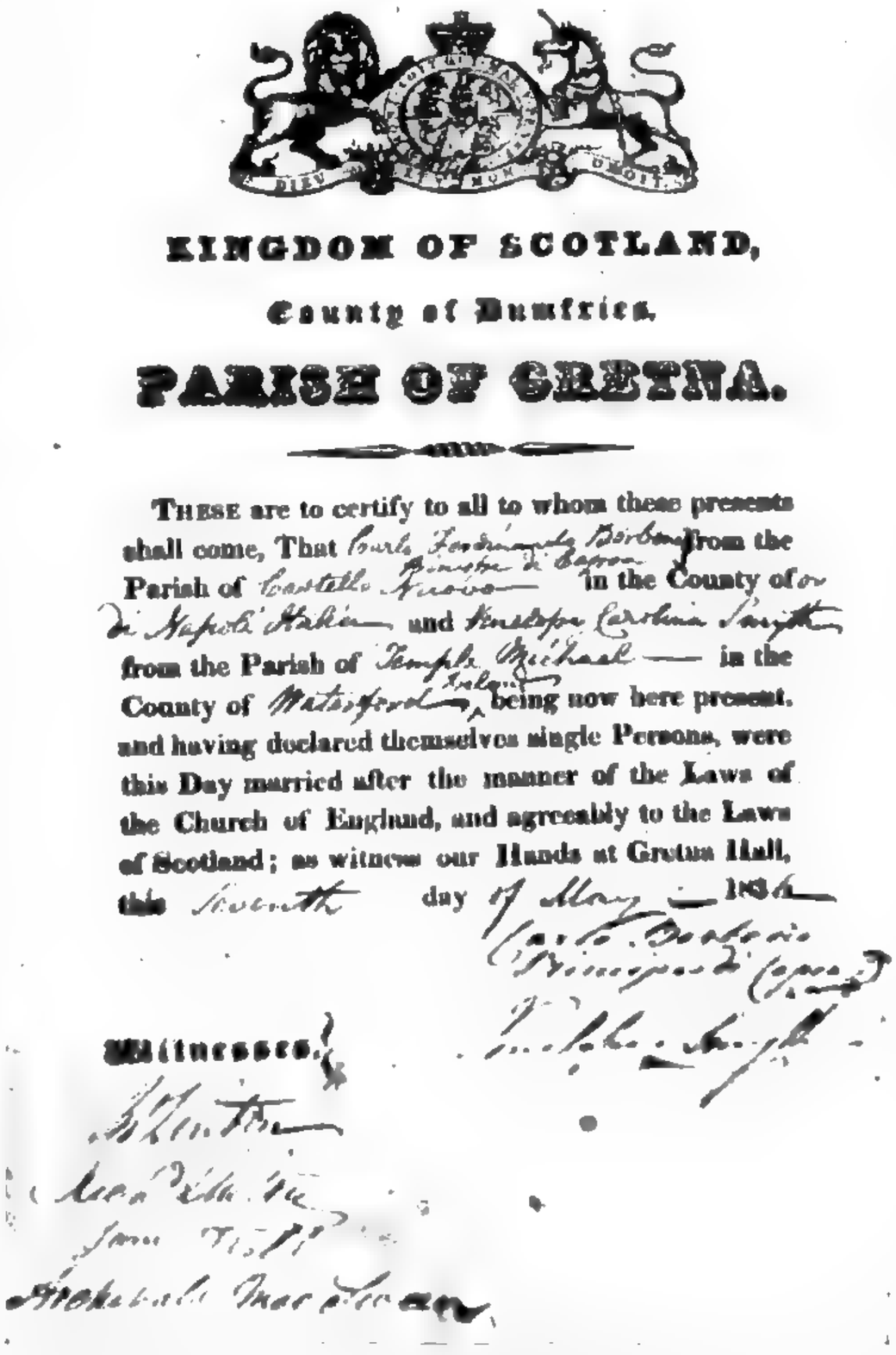
who have more than once found them useful in their professional work, but they apparently contain no celebrated names. In Carlisle also is to be found another set of registers in the possession of a poor old woman, a "priest's" daughter, whose little living-room in a small cottage can scarcely be regarded as affording safe storage for documents of some historic interest, to say nothing of potential legal importance. A grocer of Felling-on-Tyne has inherited some of the records kept by his ancestor, David Lang, whose marriages included that of Lord Erskine, the eminent judge. The registers of Gretna Hall (1825–51) were bequeathed by John Linton to his granddaughter, who has placed them for safe keeping in the custody of her banker at Annan.

Of all the Gretna Green "priests" Linton boasted the best education and manners. He had been confidential servant to Sir James Graham, of Netherby Hall, and after leaving his service invested his savings in a lease of Gretna Hall, which he converted into an inn for the purpose of providing more comfortable accommodation for the runaway couples than they had hitherto been able to obtain. At first Linton seems to have confined himself to his duties as host, and to have delegated the performance of the marriage ceremonies to one or other of the "priests" already in the business, but after a time any scruples he may have had in this respect were overcome. As already indicated, Linton succeeded in making Gretna Hall the fashionable marriage-house, and it is from his registers that all our facsimiles are reproduced, with the exception of that relating to Lord Erskine. To each of them is attached a story of more or less romantic and dramatic interest.



THE MARRIAGE-HOUSE AT GRETNA GREEN.
From an Old Print.

The marriage certificate bearing the signature of "Penelope Smyth" illustrates a narrative proving once again how much stranger truth can be than fiction. Miss Penelope Smyth on this date (May 7th, 1836) was young and beautiful, but more than this little or nothing can be positively affirmed of her. According to one version she was of American birth; according to another, Ireland was her native country. A third chronicler will have it that Miss Smyth's beauty was Devonian, and that she was brought up in Exeter, the second daughter of a middle-class family. Whatever her origin, she succeeded in winning a Prince as her husband—Charles Ferdinand Bourbon, Prince of the Two Sicilies and Capua, younger brother of Ferdinand II., reigning monarch of the kingdom of Naples, who subsequently became notorious under the nickname of "Bomba," as the result of his cruel bombardment of Messina. How Miss Smyth came to be in Naples, and under what circumstances she fascinated the Prince, a young man of twenty-two, can only be imagined. According to the gossip of the day, the King tolerated his brother's affection for the beautiful foreign nobody until he



KINGDOM OF SCOTLAND,

County of Dumfries.

PARISH OF GRETNA.

THESE are to certify to all to whom these presents shall come, That Charles Ferdinando Borbone from the Parish of Castello Reale in the County of Napoli Italia and Penelope Caroline Smyth from the Parish of Temple Michael — in the County of Waterford Ireland being now here present, and having declared themselves single Persons, were this Day married after the manner of the Laws of the Church of England, and agreeably to the Laws of Scotland; as witness our Hands at Gretna Hall, this Seventh day of May — 1836

Witnesses.

A REDUCED FACSIMILE OF THE REGISTER OF THE RUNAWAY MARRIAGE OF PRINCE CHARLES FERDINAND BOURBON AND MISS PENELOPE SMYTH.

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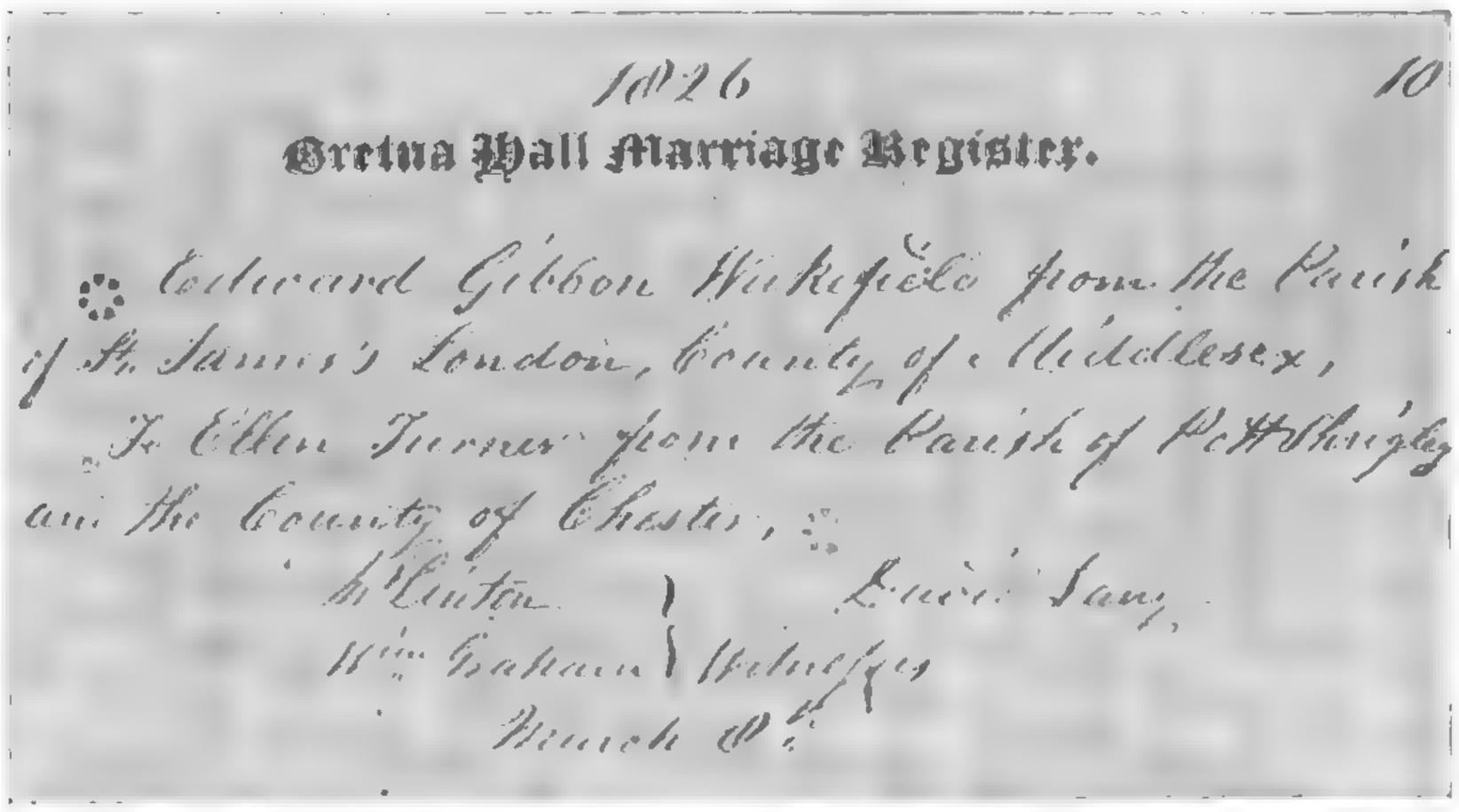
learned that it was to have its proper sequel in marriage. The Royal wrath then exploded, the marriage was prohibited, and the two lovers fled from Naples.

But not to proceed at once to Gretna Green. They went and got married at Rome, under assumed names probably. From Rome they journeyed to Madrid, where the Prince's sister was Queen-Regent. But Her Majesty refused to receive the bride, and a second wedding ceremony by a Spanish priest did nothing to appease her anger. In despair the Prince and Princess then went to Paris, intending to stay there awhile and consider their position. But on arrival in Paris some English friend of the Princess would appear to have persuaded them that if they wished to give their union a legality which would not be questioned anywhere they must go through the rites of Gretna Green—such was the fame of the little village. Thereupon they set out once more on their long journey to Gretna Green, as is partly confirmed by a paragraph in the Paris newspaper, *Galignani's Messenger*, of April 3rd, 1836, announcing their departure for Scotland.

As the certificate informs us, the marriage was duly performed at Gretna Green on May 7th, 1836, John Linton, the "priest," doubtless little suspecting that this was the third time in less than six months that the parties had gone through the nuptial ceremony with each other. After passing the night at Gretna Hall the Prince and Princess returned to London, where they decided to stay for the season. But friends looked askance at this decision. The foreign marriages were probably not legal in England; that at Gretna Green was certainly legal, but it was—well, hardly respectable. To ensure their reception in London society the Prince and Princess must be properly married at St. George's, Hanover Square, and at this head-centre of fashionable matrimony the romantic couple proved their devotion to each other by going through the ordeal for the fourth time, notwithstanding the protests of the Neapolitan Ambassador.

Of the subsequent life of the Prince and Princess little is known. The national movement in Italy swept away the Neapolitan throne, and the question of Prince Charles's succession never arose.

The name of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, which appears on the second facsimile, is almost forgotten, I suppose, in the United Kingdom, but in Australasia, and particularly in New Zealand, it is honoured as that of a statesman who rendered splendid service to the early development of the Colonies. It is a far cry from the Parliament House at Wellington to Gretna Green, and the New Zealand admirers of Wakefield were glad to forget the little they ever knew concerning the exploit of which—as this piece of paper testifies—he was the hero. And yet—ignoble, criminal as it was—it was indirectly the means of leading him to the career which proved so serviceable to British colonization.



1826 10

Gretna Hall Marriage Register.

Edward Gibbon Wakefield from the Parish of St. James's London, County of Middlesex,

& Ellen Turner from the Parish of Wetherby in the County of Chester,

John Linton } Present,
Wm Graham } Witnesses
Francis Ph.

THE REGISTER OF THE MARRIAGE OF EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD WITH THE ABDUCTED HEIRESS, ELLEN TURNER.

At the time of his visit to Gretna Green Wakefield was a widower of thirty, a man of excellent intellectual qualities and the most engaging manners. Educated at Westminster School and following for a time his father's profession as a land surveyor, he had eloped at the age of twenty with the orphan daughter of an Indian Civil servant. Her family forgave him, and by their influence procured for him an appointment in the British Legation at Turin. This post he resigned on the death of his wife four years later, and for some time he lived a Bohemian kind of life in Paris, making a precarious income as best he could. In Paris he met with an English lady on a visit to France, who happened to speak to him about the daughter of a neighbour of hers in Cheshire, a girl of great beauty and heiress to a large property. Her glowing

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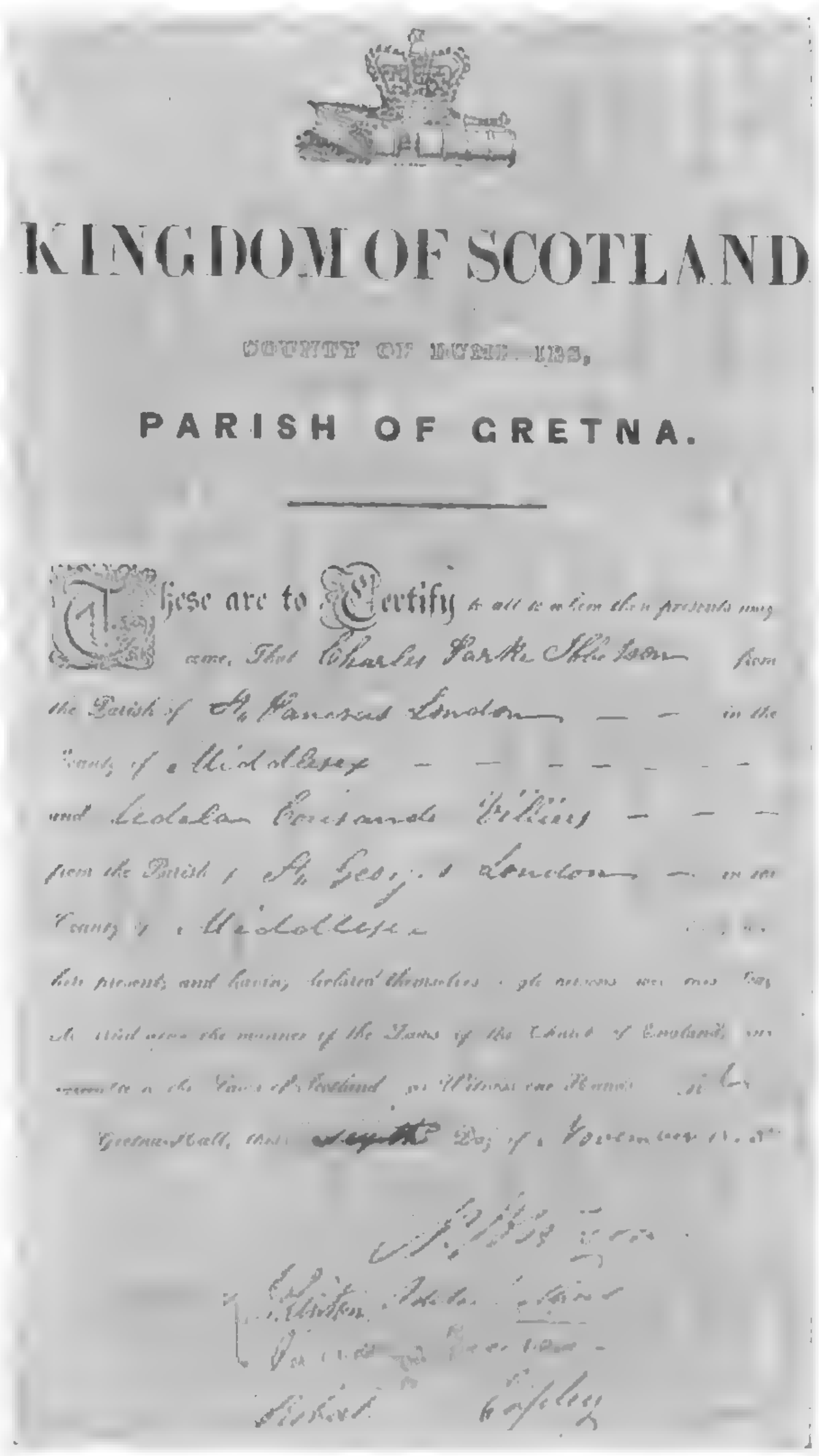
account of both attractions inspired Wakefield with the determination to win for himself so desirable a prize by fair means or foul.

Wakefield did not try fair means, but at once resorted to foul. He came to England and took up his residence in the neighbourhood of Shrigley Hall, the home of the heiress's family, concerning whose circumstances and habits he contrived soon to acquaint himself fully. Miss Ellen Turner, who was only sixteen years old, was at a boarding-school at Liverpool, where he presented himself one day with a letter which he had forged in Mr. Turner's handwriting. This purported to explain that Ellen's father was very ill (he had actually been ailing for some time), and she was to come home at once in charge of the bearer, a business friend who happened to be on a visit to Shrigley Hall. This letter, coupled with the stranger's bearing and address, overcame any scruple theschoolmistress might have had, and Wakefieldwas allowed to take her pupil away with him in his post-chaise.

Once alone with Miss Turner the clever and unscrupulous adventurer made the most of his opportunity. In the course of an hour or two's driving he had persuaded her that her father's business was ruined, that he was fleeing to Scotland from the sheriffs' officers, and they were to join him at Carlisle. By the time Carlisle was reached Wakefield's glib tongue and plausible manner had so worked upon the young girl's ignorance, credulity, and fear as to convince her that if she would only consent to an immediate marriage with him his fortune would save her father from jail and her family from beggary. Mr. Turner's absence from the Carlisle inn was easily explained, and she was induced to go on with him to Scotland. When the post-boy drew rein at Gretna Hall Miss Turner's resistance to so sudden and strange a wooing had been vanquished, and she willingly went through the marriage service, as performed by David Lang, a "priest" whose original occupation was that of a weaver.

As recorded in the Gretna Hall register (the original certificate has been lost), the marriage took place on March 8th, 1826. The next day Wakefield hurried back to London with his unfortunate dupe, and from there to Calais, where he fancied that he was in a position of security from which to negotiate with the outraged family of his bride. In this belief, however, he was happily mistaken. Mr. Turner, with his solicitor, went over to Calais and promptly sought the aid of the French police. It was given with unexpected readiness, and in a few hours Mr. Turner brought his daughter back to her home.

In the course of the following summer, Wakefield, together with his brother, who had given him assistance in his cruel enterprise, was tried at the Lancaster



KINGDOM OF SCOTLAND

COUNTY OF DUMFRIES,

PARISH OF GRETNA.

These are to Certify to all to whom these presents may come, That Charles Parke Ibbetson from the Parish of St Pancras London — — in the County of Middlesex — — — — — — — and Lady Adela Corisande Villiers — — — from the Parish of St George London — in the County of Middlesex — — — — — — —

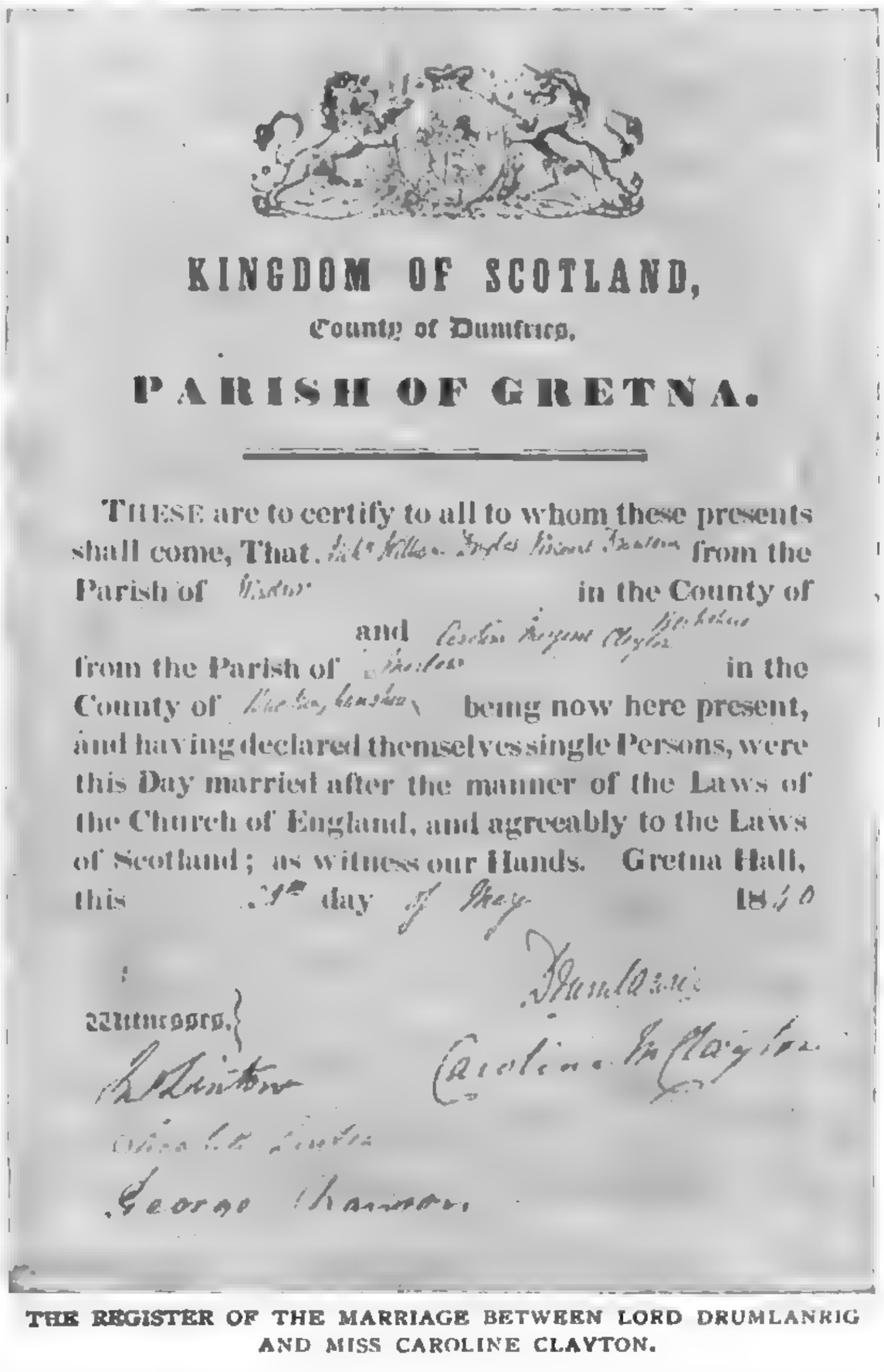
Assizes on the charge of abduction. Both Lang and Linton were called as witnesses, and explained all that had happened at Gretna Hall, including the champagne supper with which Wakefield had celebrated the accomplishment of the marriage. They both declared that as far as they could tell Miss Turner had shown affectionate feeling for the bridegroom; but when the poor girl herself gave evidence it became clear that throughout she had acted in helpless submission to Wakefield's strong will. In the result both brothers were convicted and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. But this trial did not affect the legality of the marriage brought about by such heartless means, and a special Act of Parliament had to be obtained for its annulment. Whether Miss Turner, thus freed, made a happier and more lasting union cannot be said. In prison Wakefield formed the intention of emigrating to Australia on his release; and this intention, although not fulfilled for some years, was followed by plans for the development of the Colonies, which in their eventual realization completely redeemed his life and made it one of great usefulness to his country.

By far the most celebrated of all the Gretna Green marriages was that of Lord Westmorland to Miss Sarah Child, the daughter of the wealthy founder of Child's Bank. Everyone has read the story of the banker's exciting pursuit of the young couple, a pursuit which would have been successful but for the Earl's daring and resource at the critical moment in shooting one of the horses in the angry father's coach. Two generations later a granddaughter of Lord and Lady Westmorland emulated the example of her ancestress. This was Lady Adela Corisande Maud Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Jersey. At the early age of seventeen she was wooed, with the approval of her parents, by a rich but elderly suitor. She had already given her heart, however, to a handsome young officer in the 11th Hussars, whose acquaintance she had first made in the nursery of her father's house, Middleton Park, Bicester.

It is not to be supposed that any actual coercion was exerted against her in favour of the elderly suitor and that she resorted to an elopement as the only alternative to a loveless marriage. It is the more likely that the girl's imagination was fired by the romance of her grandmother's runaway match, which, on the whole, had not had unhappy consequences. Captain Ibbetson, on the other hand, could hardly be expected in the circumstances to shrink from the bold example set him by Lord Westmorland, confronted as he was by a dangerous rival who had everything but youth in his favour.

At all events, on a dark night in November, 1845, they set out together from the young lady's ancestral home on the long journey to Gretna Green. Their drive had none of the excitement of Lord Westmorland's elopement; they had presumably such a long start as to outdistance any possible pursuers. Gretna Hall was reached in good time without untoward incident of any kind, and here on November 6th—as the certificate records—they were united in wedlock by Mr. Linton. Lady Adela, however, died at the early age of thirty-two, her husband surviving her as a widower for many years, dying as recently as 1898, I believe, with the rank of colonel on the retired list.

It can scarcely have been parental objection to disparity in social position which led to the runaway match of Clayton—Drumlanrig.



KINGDOM OF SCOTLAND,

County of Dumfries,

PARISH OF GRETNA.

THESE are to certify to all to whom these presents shall come, That. [illegible] from the Parish of [illegible] in the County of [illegible] and [illegible] from the Parish of [illegible] in the County of [illegible] being now here present, and having declared themselves single Persons, were this Day married after the manner of the Laws of the Church of England, and agreeably to the Laws of Scotland; as witness our Hands. Gretna Hall, this [illegible] day of [illegible] 18[illegible]

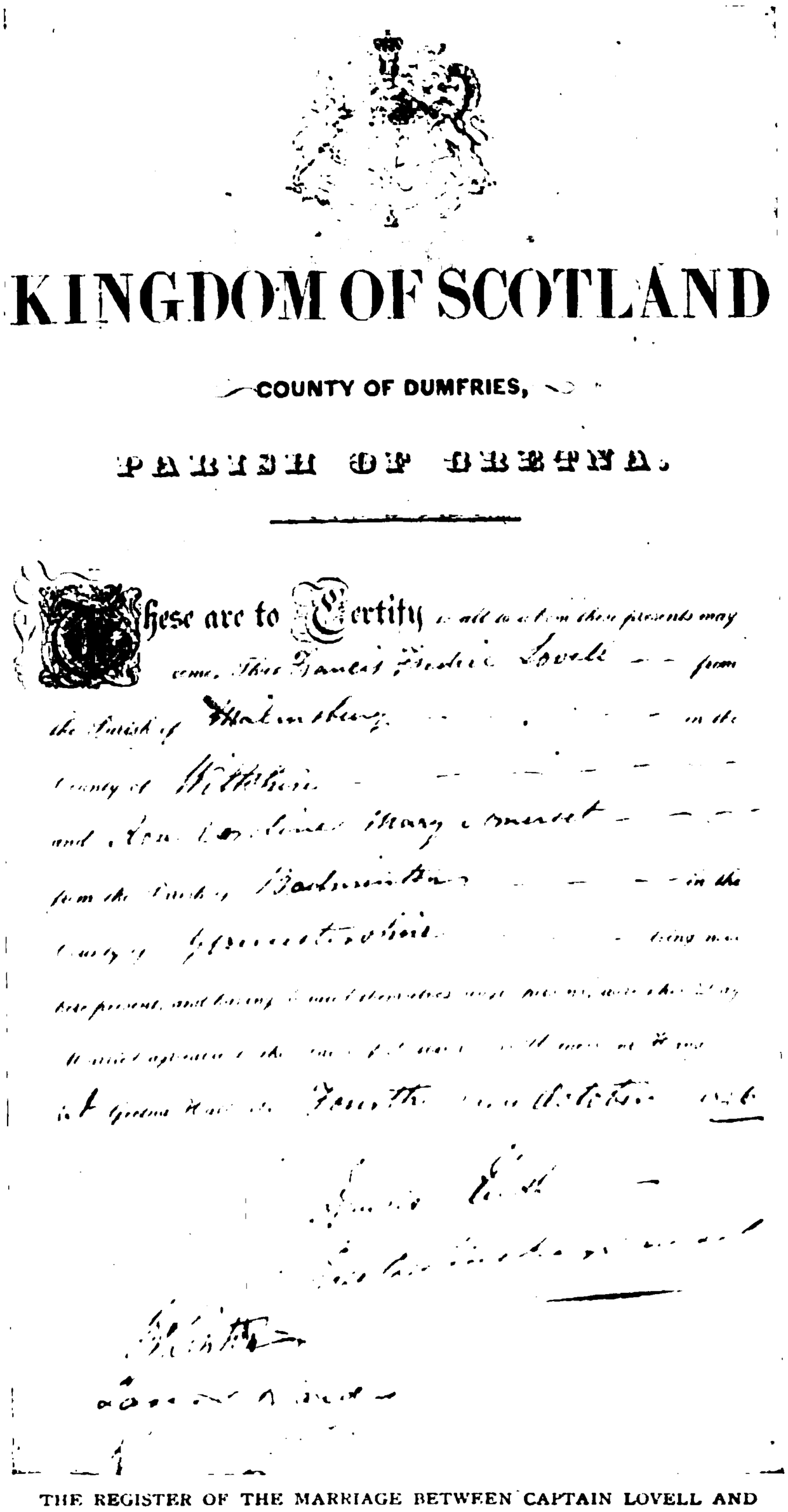
Witnesses, [illegible]

THE REGISTER OF THE MARRIAGE BETWEEN LORD DRUMLANRIG AND MISS CAROLINE CLAYTON.

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Miss Caroline Clayton was the daughter of General Sir W. R. Clayton, of Marden Park, Surrey, whilst Lord Drumlanrig was son and heir of the sixth Marquess of Queensberry. It was rather the extreme youth of his daughter which led General Clayton to refuse his consent to a match so advantageous from the worldly point of view. Lord Drumlanrig came of proud stock; the Douglases who had fought at Otterburn were not accustomed to have their wills thwarted; and in his impetuosity, brooking no delay in making Caroline Clayton his bride, he bethought himself of the elastic marriage law of his native Scotland, and resolved to carry her off to Gretna Green. The post-chaise had been the traditional means of conveyance, but Lord Drumlanrig resolved upon a new departure. He had often admired Miss Clayton's prowess in the saddle, he himself being an excellent horseman, and it was accordingly agreed between them that they should make the journey on horseback.



KINGDOM OF SCOTLAND

COUNTY OF DUMFRIES,

PARISH OF GRETNA.

These are to Certify [illegible] from the Parish of Hackney [illegible]

THE REGISTER OF THE MARRIAGE BETWEEN CAPTAIN LOVELL AND LADY ROSE SOMERSET.

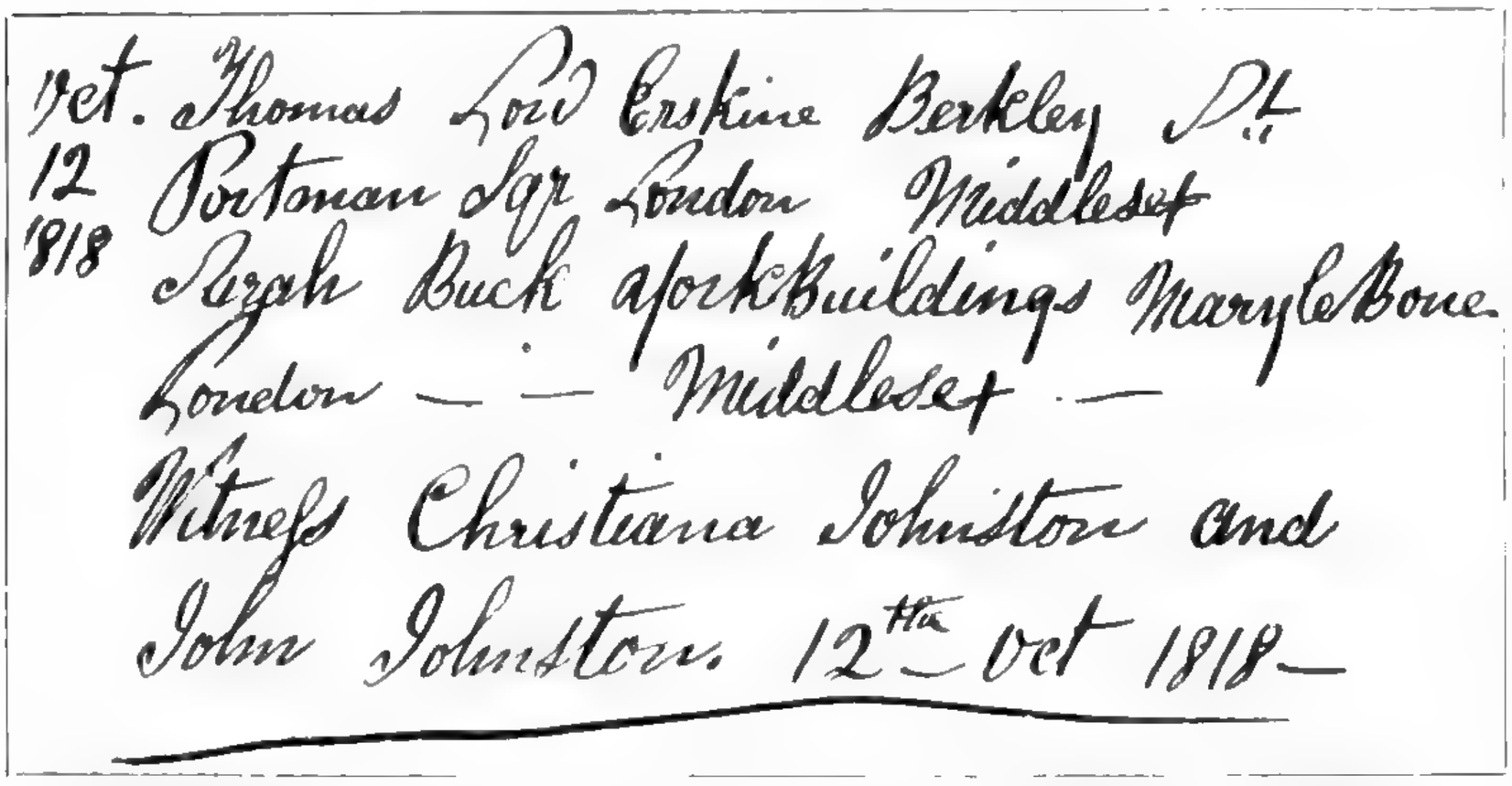
It was an agreeable season of the year for this method of travelling, and on May 25th, 1840, they reached Gretna Hall without mishap, having scarcely left their saddles, except for necessary refreshment and change of horses, it may be supposed. Lord Drumlanrig was twenty-two at the date of this marriage. A few years later he succeeded to the peerage, and for some time held office in the Government as Comptroller of the Household. He died in August, 1858, as the result of a shooting accident, leaving several children, including a daughter who became well known as Lady Florence Dixie. Lady Queensberry survived him until 1904.

Six years later than the Clayton-Drumlanrig marriage Mr. Linton had the honour of performing the nuptials of a Duke's daughter. This was Rose Caroline Mary Somerset, a daughter of the seventh Duke of Beaufort, who eloped to Gretna Green with Captain Francis Lovell, the son of a Hampshire squire. In this case the reason for the clandestine marriage may be inferred from the fact that the young lady's sisters were provided with husbands in the peerage, one becoming the Countess of Londesborough, a second the Countess of Kinnoull, and a third Lady Ormathwaite. The Lovells of Hinchelsea, Brockenhurst, have an honourable lineage extending over several centuries, but no commoner, it may be supposed, would satisfy the ducal pride.

Lady Rose Somerset, it is said, first met the fascinating young officer at a county dance near the garrison town in which his regiment was stationed, and the acquaintance quickly ripened into a love which defied social conventions. It is not known from

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which of the Beaufort houses the elopement took place; either Badminton, in Gloucestershire, or Llangattock, in Wales, would be a long journey from Gretna Green. But by 1846 several railways had been constructed which facilitated travelling to Scotland, and, as Captain Lovell's bride was over age, they could have had little fear of pursuit. Lady Rose, let us hope, lived "happily ever afterwards" with the husband for whom, in taking this daring step, she surrendered her high rank. At any rate, she was blessed with several children before she died in 1885.



Oct. Thomas Lord Erskine Berkley S.t
12 Portman Sqr London Middlesex
1818 Sarah Buck a Spark Buildings Marylebone
London — — Middlesex —
Witness Christiana Johnston and
John Johnston. 12th Oct 1818—

THE REGISTER OF THE MARRIAGE OF LORD ERSKINE TO HIS HOUSEKEEPER, SARAH BUCK.

There is, perhaps, little romance in the interest which attaches to the last facsimile—the reproduction of the entry in David Lang's register recording the marriage of the Right Hon. Baron Erskine to Sarah Buck. Sarah Buck had been housekeeper to the ex-Lord Chancellor, and he married her some years after the death of his first wife, an Irish lady of excellent parts, when both mind and body were failing. He took the long journey to Gretna Green in order to avoid any possible interference on the part of his family, who would doubtless have done all they could to prevent such marriage.

It is a tradition of Gretna Green that the great advocate arrived there in the disguise of a woman. The ceremony was performed by Lang in the parlour of the Queen's Head Inn, twenty pounds being paid to the "priest" for his services. Twelve months later, yielding to the persuasion of his sons, he made some attempt to get the marriage annulled, but found that the Scotch law on the subject left no loophole for a successful suit, and after a brief separation Lord Erskine lived with this second wife until his death in 1823.

Since that time I believe that no attempt has been made to question the legality of any of these Gretna Green marriages, and for all practical purposes, therefore, these registers have the same importance as the documents stored in Somerset House. This being so, it is not a little surprising that the State ere this has not taken steps to secure their safe keeping and preservation.

[Some of our readers may like to know that the Gretna Green registers (1825–51) and relative certificates are for sale privately. Application should be made to Mr. A. Macdougall, Bank Agent, Annan, Scotland.]



THE LADY ADELA IBBETSON. COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND (SARAH ANN CHILD).

TWO GRETNA GREEN BRIDES.

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THE MASTER OF THE "STYX."

A STORY OF A SUBMARINE.

By Max Pemberton.

[A brief outline of this story and of the daring attempt by the Swedish officer, Gustavos, to reach the shores of America in a submarine were referred to very recently in the columns of a prominent French newspaper. It has since been my privilege to interview Mr. John Adamson, the English co-partner in the venture, and to relate in his own words a full account of one of the most amazing exploits in the history of submarine navigation.—M. P.]

I.

YES, it is perfectly true. I set sail from the port of Le Havre on the third day of May, and was fifteen days at sea in the Swedish submarine, to which the inventor has given the name *Styx*. Call me any name you please for going, say that I was as mad as a March hare, and madder, and you shall find me silent. The thing was Folly crowned, imbecility made glorious. I have never attempted to deny it, and shall not do so now.

Then, how came it that I went at all? Why did I desert my comfortable chambers in Clement Danes, forget I was to be married to the dearest girl in London in six weeks, sacrifice my business prospects, my happiness, my future—why did I do this while reason remained to me and some glimmering of common sense was still among my possessions? Sirs, I will tell you in a word. That word shall be "Gustavos."

You do not know Gustavos, perhaps, though certainly you will have heard of his boat. I was in your happy position twelve months ago; would to Heaven I had remained there! A free man in a free country, contented, prosperous, hopeful, I will not attempt to divine those whims of destiny which brought Gustavos (and a letter of introduction) to my office. Let it suffice to say that he came. Let it be enough that he fixed his eyes upon me, and that eight months of skilful manœuvring on the part of office-boys and clerks did not suffice to remove the tentacles of his optimism from me. Gustavos came and saw and conquered. I was up to my shoulders in his schemes before a year had passed. The very fortunes of the Rothschilds threatened to pale before the riches which were to become ours.

Imagine a man of medium height, ridiculously thin, with shining black eyes and an umbrella as glossy to match them perfectly. Say that he wore a light brown dust-coat whatever the state of the weather. Give him very big boots, a pointed beard, a mass of curly black hair, and a voice like the whisper of a dove. Say that he had a pocket-book—"big as that"—packed to bursting-point with the schemes which were to make our fortunes. Do this and you have Gustavos in your mind's eye. His other name need not concern you. I myself did not know for many months that he had another name at all. He was just Gustavos, and that was enough for me.

There were many schemes, I remember, which, as Gustavos said, were to "make the Rothschilds feel the draught"; but the particular scheme that chained my interest was that of the "cabin" submarine, so small that it could be carried aboard the least important Government warship, so wonderful in its capacities for endurance that Gustavos invariably maintained his ability to cross the Atlantic in it whenever such a feat should be required of him.

"My vessel is by petrol driven," he would declare, "but more I shall not say to you. I have engine of hundred horse-power, and yet I shall carry of the essence sufficient to cross the Atlantic Ocean when to that the mind is given. The Governments, attracted by the minuteness of my ship, shall contract freely for his supply. I am to be inspected by all the world. Nothing do I fear neither of the expert nor of the 'know-littles.' I, Gustavos, say that the boat is good. I fear no contradiction."

Let me admit graciously that this was not all bunkum, as the casual reader might infer. I went down to Plymouth, at Gustavos's invitation, and there witnessed a demonstration which convinced me of the justness of many of his claims. His boat, the *Styx*, though Heaven knows why he gave the name of an unpleasant river to a very bright-looking little ship—the boat, I say, was handy to a degree, exceedingly ingenious in her mechanical design, and full of the promise of commercial success. Three of us had lunch in her cabin and descended afterwards to the bottom of the dock. She rose to the surface like a cork, was capable of the neatest handling, and certainly seemed to satisfy all

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"I, GUSTAVOS, SAY THAT THE BOAT IS GOOD."

Government requirements. In the end I got up a little syndicate of five thousand pounds—and, woe is me, I made Gustavos a friend for life.

Now, was there ever such a man to write letters, to call, to send telegrams? I used to be kept busy all day merely reading the magnificent effusions which Gustavos poured out. Had his boat been a sick child, he could not have displayed a more tender interest in her welfare. Day by day, almost hour by hour, came some report of her bodily condition, the state of her behaviour, and a new promise of her success. Our efforts in Throgmorton Street were all too slow for Gustavos. We could do nothing to satisfy him.

"The Governments of the world shall buy this ship," he would write, "but first the British Government. I beg you, my dear comrade, that this matter be raised in Parliament as soon as with convenience it may be done. Let the Prime Minister be spoken to, and the First Lord also if it shall be wise. We have merits, but why do we hide ourselves under the bushel? Be up and doing, *en avant*—we are in sight of the fortress and the golden city has called us to enter therein."

To this amazing rigmarole I wrote an answer that the Admiralty was considering the matter, but that there were so many submarines in the market that a striking demonstration of the capabilities of ours would be necessary if we were to compel the authorities to hear us. The answer to this was a triumph even for Gustavos. I think it filled five sheets of note-paper in a hand-writing almost indecipherable. A demonstration was needed! Then the world should have a demonstration! The universe should ring with it. He thanked me for my candour.

"The die is thrown to Fortune," he wrote. "I go to America in my boat. Be at Le Havre on Tuesday next without fail. Wednesday morning shall find me on the Atlantic."

II.

I MUST tell you that I was very busy at the moment, and naturally so, in view of the fact that I was to be married in six weeks' time. The routine work at the office had been unusually exacting that month, and, one way or the other, I came to the conclusion that it was absolutely impossible to go to Le Havre. So I wrote to Gustavos and told him as much. Unhappy day that sent the letter! His retort was altogether worthy of him. It consisted, I think, of eight telegrams in the space of four-and-twenty hours. There were two letters by most posts and more by others. The telephone went all day. Do you wonder that I succumbed? Are you surprised that I ransacked my mental dictionary for all those terms which might fittingly describe Gustavos and his ship? The *Styx!* He would have gone there speedily if my wish could have made the deed. In the end I went to Le Havre like a lamb—by the night boat from Southampton. Twenty-four hours later Gustavos was to sail.

I must be candid enough to admit that directly the annoyance this persistency caused me had passed away I found myself enormously interested in so daring a venture. The idea of reaching the shores of America in a submarine has dazzled the engineers of

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many countries. They have talked of it, pooh-poohed it, invited it, alike vainly. I alone had found an inventor plucky enough to put his claims to the test and to risk his own life in their achievement.

It must be granted that the boat to be used was somewhat larger than the one we were trying to sell to the British Government. She had a cabin worthy of such a man and his schemes. Her engines, six-cylinder petrol—of one hundred and twenty-five horse-power, to be accurate—looked neat and workmanlike enough for anything. A great admirer of the late Jules Verne, I could not but praise this twentieth-century conception of his *Nautilus* and the realistic achievement of the amazing Gustavos. For the man was above all things an artist. The cigar-like shape of his vessel was a triumph of sweet curves and graceful outline. There was even a small deck, on which, as he told me, "there shall be a cigar smoked after dinner."

As to the petrol necessary to carry him across the Atlantic, the storage of that remained his secret. I am sure that he employed every square inch of room for the purpose. Seats and tables, bunks and cupboards, there was a petrol tank hidden away in every one of them. And, as he added, triumphantly, "I do not propose that there shall be undue rapidity—it is my purpose to cross the Atlantic. What shall forbid me to hoist a sail when the wind blow therein?"

I said that nothing forbade, and pledged him in a bottle of villainously sweet champagne. We had dined together at the Hôtel de France, and I had promised him to sleep on the *Styx* afterwards and to leave for London by the midnight train. How it came to be I do not know, but my company seemed to be almost indispensable to this man of undoubted genius. We had not two ideas in common—I the man of markets, he the dreamer—and yet he clung to me as though I had been the very fount of all his inspiration.

"You shall come to the ship and afterwards to London, Mr. Adamson," he said. "I have great resolution while you remain. Sir, I make your fortune and that of your friends, but it is more to me to have your personal esteem. If we fail—I admit the possibility—if we fail, it will be enough that they say of me, 'He did his best for Mr. John Adamson.'"

He was not a little affected, and I said what I could to put him at his ease. It would have been about eight o'clock at night when we quitted the hotel, and a quarter of an hour later when we arrived at the quay off which the *Styx* was moored. Comparatively late as the hour was, a small gathering of spectators testified to the interest this seafaring community felt in our venture, and perhaps a general wonder at its madness. I have always thought that, in spite of the French newspaper the *Echo de France*, no one took us very seriously. There have been many sensational accounts of intended voyages in submarines; the conquest of the Atlantic is the earliest thought of many an inventor who has yet to put his boat into the sea. Who can blame the good people of Le Havre, then, if they exclaimed, "Ah, this brave Gustavos! He is like the others—but we will believe when he has done it"?

For myself I hardly knew what to think. There was this cigar-shaped vessel lying in the estuary—here was my friend Gustavos, as solemn a man as ever I have seen in all my life. Everything, he told me, was ready to the last bolt and the smallest nut. His crew was not less determined, certainly no less voluble than he. A giant nigger, christened Caleb; a mite of a Frenchman, by name Revel, served him with stanch devotion. These two good fellows squatted upon the steel deck as I went aboard. They were ready, they told me, to sail when and where Gustavos wished. I asked them no questions, nor did their presence convince me that this daring voyage would ever be embarked upon seriously.

I shall never forget that scene in the port of Le Havre, or the remarkable hours that followed upon it. The night was one of summer twilight, which lingered upon the spreading waters; but with it there mingled the red and green lights of ships, and the twinkling stars which denoted anchorage. Behind us the great seaport of Le Havre lay half in shadow, a splendid outline, suggesting untold mysteries of a city's life and the beginning of those nocturnal gaieties which are so much more amusing in conception than realization. Gustavos himself was at the very zenith of hope and enthusiasm. A hundred times he narrated to me the exact sequence of his plans, the daily routine he would follow, and the course he would pursue upon his arrival in America. I listened patiently and with wonder that grew from hour to hour. How if this mighty attempt were crowned with success, I asked myself! What, indeed, if this splendid man did really make the shores of America as he had promised to do! Would not the whole world ring with the story of his achievement? Would not every official tongue hasten to

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cry, "Great is Gustavos and his boat"? Truly it appeared so, and, the financial aspect of such an achievement presenting itself suddenly to the eye of my greed, I dreamed for an instant of a fortune so great that the Rothschilds should be as children before me.

I say that I dreamed, and the statement is not wholly a figurative one. Few men could have long resisted the soporific influences of the worthy Gustavos's tongue; he had not been talking (without a break) for more than one hour and a half when I fell fast asleep upon the bunk he had allotted to me, and knew no more until a fierce ray of sunlight fell blindly upon my eyes, and I awoke with a start to discover that a new day had dawned. This by itself was no disquieting fact, but turning upon my bed and raising myself suddenly upon my elbow I was conscious that the lamp in the cabin no longer preserved a sober perpendicularity and that the yacht rolled horribly to the music of swishing seas. But half awake and wholly failing to understand the situation, I climbed from my bunk to the floor, and thence through the manhole to the small steel deck which had been Gustavos's greatest boast. And there I learned the truth—that the *Styx* had sailed, and that the port of Le Havre lay already far behind us.

III.

I SHALL not here dilate upon the scene which passed between Gustavos and myself when I discovered in what manner he had tricked me. I am a strong man and he is a weak one. If there be any argument which can unnerve me, it is that of tears. And these the worthy fellow shed abundantly.

"Mr. Adamson, sir," he protested, "how shall you be angry with me? Are you not my mascot? Will we come to America for the fortune of the Vanderfellers if you are not go with me? Sir, you are a brave man and will forgive me. Yonder is the great Atlantic Ocean. We shall cross him together—we shall dare all, as Columbus have dared him. And then the peoples shall cry, 'Here is Mr. Adamson, who have crossed the ocean to come to us.' Ah, sir, you will not be angry with me?"

It is impossible to be long angry with a man whose every word brings a smile to your lips. The whole adventure had been so cunningly planned, the prospects were so dazzling, my own situation so odd, that I did what ninety-nine of every hundred Britishers would have done under the circumstances, and boldly took my chances with Gustavos. Sink or swim, it should be America now, I said. For good or ill, I would throw in my lot with him. If I needed a spur, vanity



"THERE I LEARNED THE TRUTH—THAT THE 'STYX' HAD SAILED."

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supplied it. Let this voyage succeed, and the whole world would ring with the story. So much it was impossible to deny. Even my love at home must delight in such a triumph The monetary rewards would atone a thousand times for all my seeming neglect of her.

In this mood I could but shrug my shoulders and remain silent when Gustavos pleaded with me. Here we were, far out in the Channel. The wide sea about us showed neither the shores of England nor of France. A glorious day of sunshine, a delicious breeze from the open ocean, stimulated a man's courage and brought the good colour to his cheeks. America—why not? Had Gustavos named the Poles I would as cheerfully have set out with him.

Now, all this was a good enough beginning, and the days that immediately succeeded did not belie the promise of the outset. The puny Frenchman, Revel, was our navigating officer, I discovered, and made himself responsible for the course and all pertaining to it. The nigger Caleb served for cook and steward and deck-hand in turn—a merry, grinning rogue, whose "Yaas, sar," was a delight to hear. We had good food in a way and a plentiful supply of excellent Scotch whisky. It had not been Gustavos's claim to sail all the way to America beneath the water, nor did he attempt anything so foolish. From time to time, indeed, we dropped below the surface—and just to show me how easily it could be done he ran right under the keel of the German liner *Bremerhaven*, with which we fell in when off the Scilly light.

The weather, I should tell you, held fair enough for five days after we left the Scilly light; and when, upon the sixth day, a heavy sea rolled up from westward we made no bones at all about it, but sank at once to a depth of thirty or forty feet, and were immediately in a region of the profoundest calms. At this time more than any other the miracle of the submarine boat made its sure appeal even to the unimaginative mind of a London stockbroker. I had grown accustomed at last to the unpleasant sensation of being boxed up in this shell of steel; and although there were moments of absolute cowardice—moments when I felt that I must escape my imprisonment or go mad—these nervous ebullitions gradually passed and, my confidence in the boat returning, I could stand in the conning-tower with Gustavos and watch those depths of the Atlantic as no other but he and I had ever watched them since the story of the world began.

How sublimely green the water was! How strange to see great fish butting at the glass, or to remember that up there above us the mighty Atlantic rollers were washing the decks of brave ships—it might even be were battering them to fragments! This I tried to realize, and yet I do not think that the mind could understand it wholly. The very stillness of the scene inspired an awe which no words can truly depict. We four would squat in that cabin, knowing that the most trifling accident might hold us prisoners to the end of time. The very peril of our situation forbade us to speak of it. Gustavos alone had courage entirely at his command. The ship was as his own child. She would not betray him.

So the hours of storm went until forty-eight were numbered; and then the wind veered southward. There was still a heavy swell running; but all aboard had a terrible craving for the good fresh air, and we came to the surface and breathed at the open hatch in turn as men who are drinking in a very draught of life itself. The long imprisonment had not been without its effect upon the nigger and the Frenchman; and the latter, I thought, developed a fit of sullen silence very foreign to his accustomed manner.

"There shall be trouble with the men," Gustavos said to me, when we returned to the cabin together; "it is the airs that we cannot give them, my friend. That make the violence and the glooms—even the best shall suffer so. Let us pray for the *beaux temps* that shall bring the smile to the cheek. We all go mad if we keep down here long enough."

I asked him if he were serious, and he assured me that he was.

"Too much of the compression spoil the head," he said, quite simply. "I do not joke with you, Mr. Adamson. The storm is our enemy. Let that pass, and I will bring you to America. If it remain—then in frankness I shall say I do not like him."

Let it be confessed that we would have been ashamed of such reflections ashore. But we were not ashore, and for the most part the time was spent in the close atmosphere of that heated cabin. Had the weather been kinder there would have been little opportunity for pessimism, but the swell still rolled heavily above us, our hatches were constantly closed, and we lay as long as three days together, afraid to call heavily upon our store of petrol, yet unable to employ the sail of which Gustavos had spoken so proudly. Such a state of things could not but be provocative of temper and unrest. The

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nigger now began to surpass the Frenchman in sullen incivility; both were plainly on the brink of open mutiny and only waiting their opportunity. If Gustavos remained unconscious of the fact, his zeal alone blinded him. For my part, I hardly dared to sleep at all when ten days had passed. The eyes of the nigger were upon me perpetually. I seemed to hear his "Yaas, sar," wherever I turned, but it was a "Yaas, sar," uttered by a man who had an iron grip upon my throat.

This crisis came to a head on the third day after I had first become aware of its existence. We had tried to face the open sea in the early hours of the afternoon, but had speedily abandoned the attempt in face of the great seas that were running. Very tired with long and self-imposed vigils during the watches of the night, I took a blanket after our midday meal, and, the boat being sunk again to the depth of some thirty feet below the surface, I rolled myself up in a corner and quickly fell into a heavy sleep. Somehow or other men are less timorous by day, however unjustifiable their morning confidence may be. I could hardly shut my eyes after ten o'clock at night, and yet now, at two o'clock of the afternoon, I slept like a moujik. If dreams came to me, they were dreams to which my fears had grown accustomed. I saw the Frenchman with his dancing eyes and his odd, distressing manners; I heard the nigger's "Yaas, sar," and did not start because I heard it. So sound, indeed, was my sleep that a man set a heavy foot almost upon my chest before I actually awoke—and that man was Gustavos, my little friend, fighting for his very life.

It needed no second glance of mine to take in the situation or to understand how it had come about. Clearly the nigger had been overtaken by a sudden fit of frenzy, resulting from his long confinement in that vicious atmosphere; and, being unable to persuade Gustavos to send the boat to the surface, he had attacked him then and there with a heavy spanner he had just been using upon the engine. Not to be behindhand, what must the little Frenchman do but whip up a hammer and join in the fray as one who had been long determined upon it. No doubt these poor wretches were but half responsible for their deeds. Confinement and rank air had robbed them of their reason—an excuse, but no consolation to those who must either master them or forfeit their own lives in the endeavour.



"CLEARLY THE NIGGER HAD BEEN OVERTAKEN BY A FIT OF FRENZY."

On my side, when I started up from sleep and beheld my puny friend Gustavos reeling backward from the burly nigger's threatened attack, I did not believe he had the half of a minute to live. The heavy spanner poised in mid-air, the ruffian's grinning, distorted face, the horrible sounds he uttered, were as a nightmare which might well have paralyzed my faculties. If it did not do so, let me

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claim nothing of the circumstance. I acted upon an impulse coming to me neither by reason nor reflection—just the flash of an instant, a wild and desperate resource which pulled Gustavos's legs from under him and let the great spanner fall crash upon the steel wall of the cabin with a blow that might very well have sent the whole of us to our doom. An instant later I had dived between the nigger's legs and thrown him headlong over my shoulders. His head struck the corner of the wooden box in which our accumulators were stored, and he lay senseless on the floor, a black, huddled shape in an atmosphere of night.

It had all happened while a man might have counted five — the nigger's terrific blow at space, his violent fall, the succeeding silence, and the tense moment of the truce. There were three of us left to continue it, and of these one had plainly lost his reason. I had hardly got upon my feet when the little Frenchman, Revel, sprang upon me with the ferocity of a beast upon his prey.



"I HAD THE MAN'S THROAT IN MY FINGERS AND THREATENED TO CHOKE HIM."

Biting, scratching, kicking, he had the strength of a baboon and the tenacity of an octopus, and when he got his arms about my body it seemed to me that the very life must be choked out of me where I stood. I have been through the ju-jitsu school, and used fondly to imagine that I could take good care of myself in any such encounter as this; but all the doctrine of non-resistance, the trick of "holds," and the science of the "counter-grip" were gone in an instant before this rabid attack, which would give way to no pain that I could inflict, and persisted even when I had the man's throat in my fingers and threatened to choke him. As for Gustavos, I know not to this day what effort he made to free me or what were his acts before the great coup came. I heard gurgling sounds coming from his throat; I saw him for an instant dancing about us as a Red Indian about a funeral pyre--but of help from him there was none. I must face this human tiger alone—and, God knows, I never believed that I might escape from him alive.

It is a curious fact that we are unconscious of fear in such moments as these. Fully aware as I was that, if no hand snatched those mad arms from me, I should be a dead man before many minutes had passed, I could yet survey my adversary quite calmly, remark the fearful pallor of his face, the madness in his eyes, and the unutterable anger which possessed him. My strength ebbing every instant, I had no desire now to contend with him, but only to have done with it quickly and fall inanimate from those terrible arms. All the dread of the scene, of the dark, rank cabin, all memory of our situation and of the still waters which surrounded us, passed from my mind. I seemed to be sinking down to the very depths, to be falling into an insensibility which was that of a

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soothing sleep. Sight and sound and hearing—these plainly were passing from me. And then, in an instant, and as inexplicably, the whole equipment of my faculties returned to me. I lay free of Revel's grip—the hatch above us was open; fresh air streamed into the cabin; a bright ray of sunshine flashed upon our faces; the submarine rolled to the open swell of the ocean, and Revel, the man who would have killed me, stood sobbing like a child because he had not succeeded.

Such was the truth of it. Gustavos—my poor Gustavos—driven to his wits' end by terror of the scene, had cast off the great safety weight from the bottom of the *Styx* and sent us to the surface as a balloon to the skies. We should sink below the waves no more—but what mattered it? There lay the land, clear to our view. We had crossed the ocean and the American shore was ours.

IV.

I HAD got many a bruise in the rough-and-tumble, and for many minutes I lay upon the steel deck, scarce able to utter a single word—even a question—to the man who had saved me. That he had let go the great mass of iron attached, against perilous emergency, to the bottom of his boat, I already understood. Nor did it need a brilliant intelligence to see that the shock of our sudden rising had thrown my adversary off his balance and unloosed his mad grip from me. The sudden coming of the light, the inrush of the sweet fresh air, above all the master's frantic cry, "America! America!" were sufficient, Heaven knows, to account for the reaction which followed. I hardly blame the men; I would bring no public charge against them. Black hours of darkness had robbed them of their reason—the sight of a friendly shore restored it to them.

And so we had succeeded! And so to-day the world would know that a little submarine had crossed the Atlantic safely and made the vast continent of America. Be sure that we said all this many times, turning our eyes fondly to the distant land and imagining already the great reception that awaited us. No one aboard except the nigger had visited America previously, and he still lacked the clear brain to do anything but nurse his head and implore Gustavos to forgive him. Our navigating officer—as hitherto we had called him—the little madman, Revel, had no more idea than the man in the moon as to what part of the American coast we had thus tragically discovered, and he could but surmise that it lay in the vicinity of New Jersey.

Ignorant of America as I am, nevertheless I doubted this assumption. My geography had taught me that the New Jersey shore is exceedingly flat, while here was a coast-



"THERE LAY THE LAND, CLEAR TO OUR VIEW."

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line of surpassing beauty—vast cliffs of stern rock rising to great height and sandy bays bewitching in their charm and solitude. The sea itself was fresh and tumbling and almost destitute of ships; but we espied a fishing-boat, distant some two miles from us, and made for her at once, that she might pilot us to the haven so ardently desired. After all, what did it matter where we stood or by what port we should first make the great news known? Did not success go with us now wherever we turned—had not our wildest dreams been realized? No one on earth could rob us of that splendid victory—none deprive us of its fruits. And I do believe that we moved as men on tiptoe, our hearts dancing for very gladness, the joy of victory lifting our ambitions to the very skies.

I say that we steered for the fishing-boat, but her reception of us was not a little peculiar. Gustavos had appointed me to be spokesman, for he knew that I was the only man aboard whose English the American people were likely to understand. This I doubted, but I took the task upon me very willingly; and, the *Styx* drawing alongside the smack, I boldly asked her captain if that were the New Jersey coast, and what course we should steer to make New York. To this he responded by staring at me full in the face and then uttering some remark to his mate, which amused that impudent fellow and others aboard considerably. I heard a great shout of laughter, and the captain, coming to the taffrail, had the impertinence to suggest that I was not in full possession of my faculties.

"You'm be from Silly Land, bain't you?"

"That," I said to Gustavos—"that is his American humour. Of course, he cannot understand that a submarine has crossed the Atlantic, and he thinks we are chaffing him."

Gustavos was rather indignant than angry.

"But he shall understand now presently," he exclaimed, defiantly; "his ear shall be filled with the shout and the cheer. Try him once yet again, Mr. Adamson. Say that we from Le Havre have been come, and would into the haven anchor. Of course he have surprise; who would not?"

I tried the burly skipper once more, taking my hat off to him and uttering honeyed words. We had come from Europe, I said, and evidently had lost our bearings. If he had read the papers lately he would understand that the *Styx* left the port of Le Havre some fortnight ago, and that all the world knew of our intended voyage. In conclusion, I begged him to give me what friendly help he could and to pilot us to the nearest



"I TRIED THE BURLY SKIPPER ONCE MORE, TAKING MY HAT OFF TO HIM."

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harbour, for which service, I assured him, he should be generously rewarded. Judge then of my disgust—nay, of my anger—when, turning about as a man thoroughly alarmed, he gave some order to his crew and the smack stood right away from us as though we had the plague aboard.

"Well," said I to Gustavos, "the Americans may be a democratic people, but these are the oddest notions of hospitality I ever heard of. What in Heaven's name are we to do now?"

This question Gustavos could not answer. No less surprised than I, he continued to stare after the smack as though her departure had been a jest and she would presently return. The only one among us who discovered his wit was the nigger, greatly revived by the sea air, and as anxious to show his repentance as erstwhile his temper.

"Sar," he suddenly exclaimed, "Caleb very sorry, but, sar, he see the shore and the land, and there is a lilly port over there, sar, by where the smoke am rising."

I looked away to the shore and discovered that he spoke the truth. Clearly this rugged coast-line was cut by an inlet, and some fishing village lay at the head of it. Our impatience to get ashore compelled us immediately to dare the risks of this harbourage, whatever they might be. We started our petrol engines and raced to the land, forgetful of our very triumphs, and desirous only of setting our feet upon the continent of America. Let the felicitations, the whirling messages, the banquets, the plaudits, come afterwards. We had had enough of the *Styx* to last us many a long day, and would quit her with a thankfulness no words could express. So we made for that inlet, regardless of shoals and shallows, of tides and currents. It was a feast for the eyes to see a pretty little town taking shape before us; a joy as of dreams to discern the figures of men and women upon the quay, and to know that they had seen and had signalled us from the headland. Americans though they might be, some of them surely would understand our language. Nor had I any doubt at all of the reception which must await us in that land of superabundant hospitality.

"You see," I said to Gustavos, "they build their villages in the English fashion, and many of them have the look of our own fishing people. Yonder, too, is a church; and as for their houses—why, the man who says that the Americans do not cultivate flowers is just a born liar. Admit that we could give them no points in the picturesque. Admit that they are own cousins and that their coast-line is as beautiful as our own."

I would willingly have continued this discussion upon the manners and the habits of the two people, but, to my complete amazement, a horrible look had come across Gustavos's face while I spoke, a pallor indescribable, the haunting expression of a man who has lost all that he possesses in the world and never may recover it. Astonished beyond measure, I put out a hand to steady my poor old friend, and asked him earnestly if he were ill.

"Mr. Adamson," he said, with pathetic solemnity, "I shall not deceive you—I read him on the little ships. That is the town of Fowey, in Cornwall, and our voyage to fail have been entirely."

V.

Of course, it was all the fault of that little rascal, our navigating officer, the crack-brained Frenchman, Revel. And just like my poor Gustavos to take the fellow on trust and never to test his seamanship at all! I doubt not that we had lost our bearings from the very start of it, and for fifteen days had cruised round and about within a day's sail of the Lizard all the time.

Upon the aftermath of this disastrous undertaking I intend to say but little. My fellow-countrymen have laughed; France has not forgotten to be merry; it would be hard to say that our American cousins have remained entirely serious. And yet, who may blame that worthy Gustavos—who will point the finger at him? Has he not already prepared his ship for a second attempt? Do not his telegrams still litter my desk? All honour to genius — all honour to that masterly imagination which would compass the worlds and make naught of them.

I lost two thousand by the *Styx*, and a quiet wedding must be the consequence. I shall welcome it with gratitude. Let gentle arms shield me from the unjust mockery of a ribald city. Let me find rest where the telephone does not ring and the voice of Gustavos is not heard in the land.

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The Best Trick for Amateur Conjurers.

A SYMPOSIUM OF EMINENT PERFORMERS.

THAT the man who is able to entertain is invariably in request is a statement the truth of which will be admitted upon all hands. Especially at Christmas-time, when children's parties and merry social gatherings are the order of the day, the amateur conjurer is, therefore, in such particular request that there is not enough of him to go round; and since a conjuring entertainment is appreciated beyond all else upon such festive occasions as have been referred to, no apology is needed for having collected from a number of the most eminent conjurers of the day their opinions as to the best tricks for amateurs to attempt.

Before embarking, however, upon the descriptions of the various tricks that may be performed, it will be as well, perhaps, to call the attention of the would-be wizard to a few simple points, the importance of which is insisted upon by all those who contribute to this symposium.

The most important of these points seems to be that the amateur conjurer should, as far as possible, endeavour to juggle only with the ordinary commonplace articles that are invariably at hand. Cards are to be found in almost every house; hats, handkerchiefs, glasses, coins, and paper are always handy; and the man who conjures with these with no apparent preparation will both please and mystify his audience much more than he who brings along a bagful of prepared tricks and spends half an hour behind a screen.

The second point which the amateur must remember is that one of the chief secrets of the successful conjurer rests in the ability to lead the onlookers off the track. Above all he should carefully avoid telling his audience beforehand what he is going to do, for "forewarned is forearmed," and they may detect the secret if they know what to look out for. Nor should he ever do the same trick a second time. If pressed to do so he can politely consent and proceed to do a somewhat similar trick. Not knowing how it is done is more than half the attraction of a conjuring entertainment, and the wizard's popularity will soon begin to wane if he allows his audience to see how easily they are deceived.

MR. DAVID DEVANT.

Thought-reading tricks always go down so well with a drawing-room audience, and are in many cases so exceedingly easy to perform, that I have no hesitation in choosing the following trick as being one of the most effective for amateurs to attempt. The performer asks someone to write down three questions on three pieces of paper, which he has torn off from his note-book for this purpose, and he requests that each piece may be folded into four when the question has been written upon it. When this has been done, the member of the audience who has written the questions is asked to hold one paper in one hand and one in the other, while the conjurer places the third in front of him so as to form a kind of triangle with invisible sides. After creating a good deal of mystery by talking about this invisible triangle, the conjurer announces that he will first of all read the question which the person who is holding the two papers has in his right hand. He takes this paper and holds it to his forehead for a moment or two, after which he announces the question which has been written on it, and opens the paper to show that he is correct. The same process is gone through with the second and third papers.



MR. DEVANT'S THOUGHT-READING TRICK.

To perform this trick properly the amateur should remember not to hurry over it. The conjurer puts the first two papers into the hands of whoever is selected to hold them, and then asks quite carelessly where he shall put the third paper. He is about to put it down in front of him, but suddenly turns to the man who is holding the papers and corrects him for holding them wrongly.

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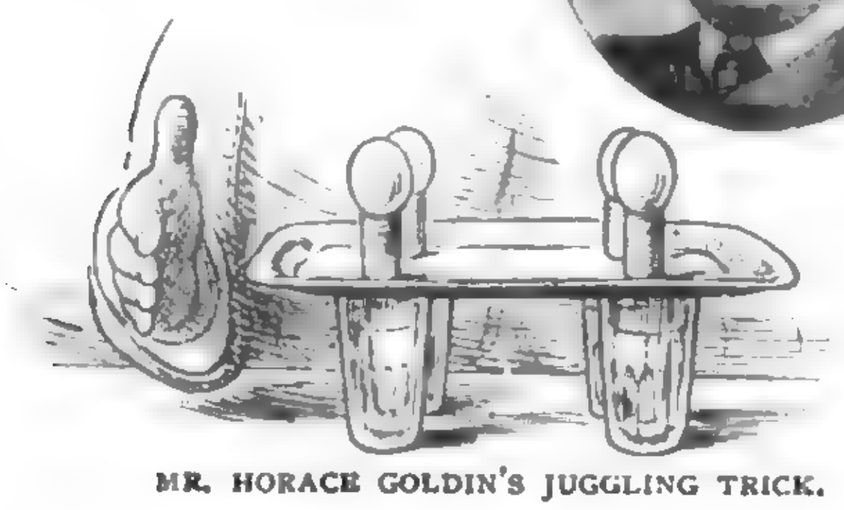
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Having explained exactly how he wishes them held, he places the third paper down on the table in front of him. But while he called attention to the fact that the papers were being held wrongly his hand went for a moment behind the note-book he had been holding ever since he tore the papers from it. During the instant that his fingers are under the cover of the book he exchanges the paper on which is the third question for a blank piece of paper folded in the same way which was prepared beforehand, and which has been gripped under cover of the book by his thumb. The performer must on no account look down at his hands while making this change, or the secret will be given away. It is the blank paper that is then placed on the table in front of him, and while talking to the audience of what he is about to do he unfolds the paper under cover of the book and snatches some opportunity of seeing what is written upon it. He then announces that that is the question written upon the paper which is held in the right hand of the man in front of him, and when that paper is handed to him he unfolds it and, announcing that he is quite correct, hands round for examination not that paper, but the piece with the question written on it which he already had behind the note-book. The same operation is gone through with the other papers.

MR. HORACE GOLDIN.

Probably most readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE know that my method of conjuring differs from that of many other wizards in that I do all my tricks in silence, and do not attempt





MR. HORACE GOLDIN'S JUGGLING TRICK.

by patter to put my audience off the scent. To the ordinary amateur, however, a rapid succession of tricks such as I perform is out of the question, so I will describe a very simple little feat which, though more in the nature of juggling than conjuring, makes a very good feature for a private entertainment.

Take four tumblers or large wine-glasses and place them one at each corner of an imaginary square whose sides are about six inches long. On top of the glasses place a flat tray, and on the tray place four corks, each cork exactly over the centre of a tumbler. The top end of each cork should be slightly hollowed out, so that an egg or a small orange may be rested there. When the corks, each with an egg upon it, are in position the performer strikes the edge of the tray a sharp blow with the flat of his right hand, which has the effect of knocking away both the tray and the corks, so that the eggs fall into the tumblers, the latter being three parts full of water.

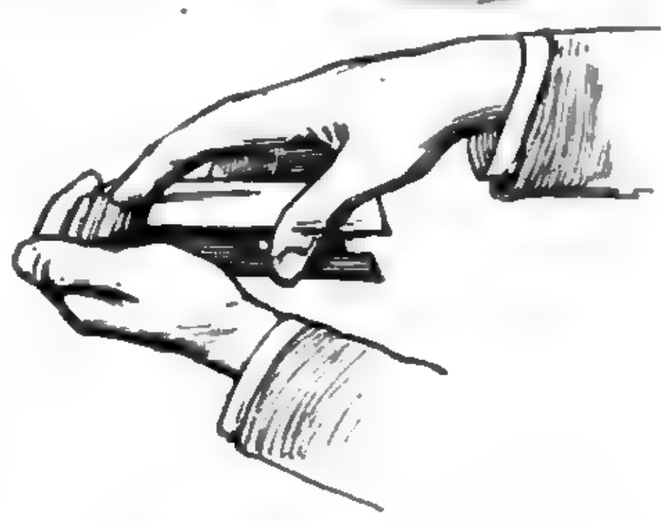
The feat is by no means an easy one, and requires a considerable amount of practice, and I should recommend every amateur, before attempting it, to practise it little by little. Thus he may begin by trying experiments first with one glass, one cork, and one egg, then with two glasses, and finally with all four. He will do well, however, to practise with oranges or small, hard india-rubber balls, since if an accident were to happen when eggs were being used the result might be awkward. Indeed, he would be well advised always to use india-rubber balls for this reason.

MR. CHARLES BERTRAM.

If you announce to a circle of friends that you will burn a card and make it reappear again they are pretty sure to make you prove your words, which you can easily do as follows:—



Take a pack of cards, and holding them in the left hand so that they lie face downwards upon the palm and are gripped by the thumb on one side and fingers on the other, cover them with the right hand



MR. CHARLES BERTRAM'S CARD TRICK.

in such a position that the cards can be drawn back one by one by the first finger. Proceed to draw them back,

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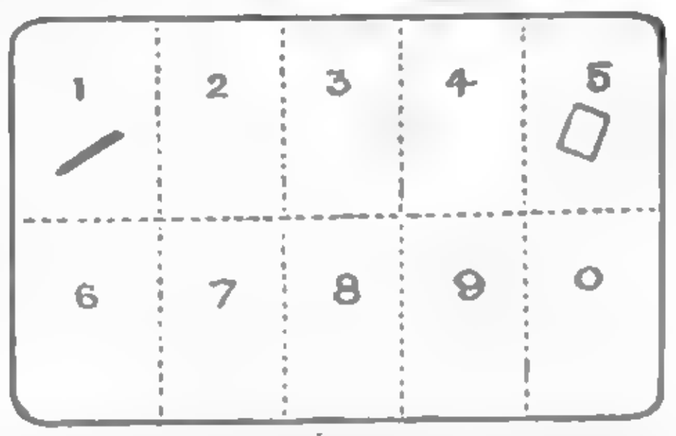
telling the audience to bid you to stop whenever you come to a card they would like to choose. As soon as you are stopped pull back the chosen card so that it is the bottom card of those already pulled back, and hold these up to the audience so that they can see what that card is. You then hand the pack to be shuffled, and on getting it back again you straightaway place it upon the carpet, face upwards, and announce that you will stand upon it and press the chosen card to the top of the pack. As you have previously shown that the top card was not the chosen one, the audience will be very surprised to find, when you pick up the pack and show the face of the top card, that it is the correct one. Keeping the face of the card towards them so that they can see you do not change it, you advance to the fire and place the card in it, with the face still to the audience so that they can watch it burn. You next announce that you will conjure the burnt card back into the pack again, and, picking up the pack with the face towards yourself, you proceed to shuffle the cards and to count out little packs of ten or a dozen, which you place face downwards upon the table. You then ask the audience to say which pack they think the chosen card is in, and when they have named one, you take away three of the other packs with the remark, "Well, it cannot be among these, then." You next divide the packs remaining upon the table into smaller packs, and proceed, taking some of them away until only two or three cards remain. Opinions will probably now be divided as to which is the chosen card, and at least one person present proves to be correct.

To do this trick you must first of all provide yourself with a card from a second pack. Let us say this is the ace of clubs. You place this in a convenient pocket, and then shuffle the pack you are going to conjure with until the ace of clubs belonging to that pack is at the bottom, but be careful that nobody else sees it is there. When you place the pack in your left hand and cover it with your right, preparatory to a card being chosen, you draw the ace of clubs out from the pack behind about an inch, and when your right hand covers the pack the thumb and little finger will grip the edges of this card. When the audience tell you to stop, and you draw away the cards that have been pulled back, you also draw away the ace of clubs so that it becomes the bottom card of that part of the pack held up to the audience, and they think they have voluntarily chosen the ace of clubs. Before they hand the pack back let them make certain that the ace of clubs is not on top, and while they are doing this drop your right hand into the pocket where the duplicate ace is and get this into your hand face upwards. By keeping all your fingers close together and by gripping the card between the first joints of the fingers and the ball of the thumb, the card may be palmed quite invisibly and the hand bent in the most natural way—in fact, the more it is bent the better. Upon receiving the pack into your left hand you place your right over it, leaving the duplicate ace there, but hide the fact that it belongs to another pack by keeping the face of the card towards the audience as you place them upon the carpet. You must also be careful not to let them see the back of the card when you draw it from the pack and when you burn it. Upon reshuffling the pack get the ace of clubs to the bottom and keep your eye upon the position it occupies, so that it is one of the three cards left. Someone is sure to choose it, and even if they don't you can pretend to back your opinion against theirs and turn it up.

MR. NATE LEIPSIC.

Here is a trick that any amateur and an intelligent assistant can perform very readily with a little practice, but it should not be attempted without a few careful rehearsals beforehand. The conjurer and his assistant —who should preferably be a lady, since, for some reason, audiences do not seem to associate deception so much with the fair sex (!)—announce that they can read each other's thoughts from practically any distance, and in order to prove this statement the assistant is conducted from the room and elaborately locked up or kept under observation in some other room, while the conjurer asks his audience to name any number up to ninety-nine. Having written the selected number upon a sheet of paper, which he folds in two, he presses this to his forehead and announces that he will convey the knowledge of that number to his assistant.





MR. NATE LEIPSIC'S THOUGHT-READING TRICK.

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After a few seconds he announces that he has been successful, and he puts down the paper and pencil and retires to any part of the room indicated by the audience, perhaps behind a screen, where he cannot make signs to his confederate when she is escorted back into the room. To the intense surprise of everybody, however, the assistant, after a few moments' thought, announces the correct number; indeed, it is found impossible to puzzle her, whatever number is chosen.

The audience, when they made the conjurer take up a position from which he could not signal to his assistant, were shutting the stable door after the horse was stolen, for when he placed his paper and pencil upon the table he clearly indicated the number chosen. By an arrangement between conjurer and assistant the table was theoretically divided into ten squares. Thus No. 1 square would be at the top left-hand corner, No. 2 square would be next to No. 1 on the right, No. 5 square would be the top right-hand corner, No. 6 square would be the bottom left-hand corner, and at the bottom right-hand corner would be the square representing nought. The piece of folded paper would then be carelessly dropped into the square representing the tens of the number named, and the pencil in the square representing the units. To give an example: if fifty-two were chosen, the paper would be placed in the top right-hand corner and the pencil in the second square from the left along the bottom row. Where the need for rehearsals comes in is to practise with various-shaped tables. The performers must be able to do the trick with any table, or, in fact, on any flat surface, like the top of a piano, since, if they make it apparent that they wish to use any particular table, the audience will naturally jump to the conclusion that it is the table that does the trick. Nor is it necessary to move anything upon the table, as this again would excite suspicion. In fact, the principal beauty of the trick lies in the entire lack of preparation.

MR. CARL HERTZ.

The trick that I shall describe for the benefit of THE STRAND MAGAZINE readers is called "Ting-a-ling." The effect of it is as follows. A small red silk handkerchief is shown to the audience, also a large tumbler and a large silk handkerchief and an egg. The egg is placed in the tumbler and covered with the large handkerchief and given to one of the audience to hold, the performer continually saying "Ting-a-ling," which means that the person holding the tumbler should shake it to prove that the egg is still in it. The performer now takes the small red silk handkerchief in his hands and rolls it together, when it is seen to change to the egg, and the large handkerchief is now taken off the tumbler and the red silk handkerchief is found in the tumbler in place of the egg. The explanation is as follows:—

1. There are two small red silk handkerchiefs alike.

2. There is an egg that has been blown out so that only the shell remains, and which has a small hole at the side about the size of a shilling.

3. There is another blown egg to which a piece of black thread three inches long is fastened with wax and then tied to the large handkerchief in the centre.

One of the red silk handkerchiefs is folded up and concealed in the folds of the large handkerchief just behind the egg, while the other egg with the large hole in is concealed under the waistcoat or in the pocket. The performer now shows the tumbler empty, picks up the large handkerchief with the egg attached to it, and in putting the egg in the glass drops the small silk handkerchief in at the same time, and, covering all with the large handkerchief, gives the tumbler to someone to hold, asking him to shake it to prove the egg is still there.

The performer now gets the other small red silk handkerchief and shows it to the audience (at the same time secretly getting into his hand the egg with the large hole in it), and, in waving the small handkerchief about, gradually pushes it into the egg, which is now shown to the audience. The performer then takes hold of one end of the large handkerchief and removes it from the tumbler, and, of course, the egg being attached to it, it comes out of the tumbler and leaves the small handkerchief remaining. Thus the two articles have apparently changed places, to the great astonishment of the spectators, who, simple as the trick seems when explained, are invariably mystified.



MR. CARL HERTZ'S TRICK "TING-A-LING."

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MR. H. G. CLARENCE.

A very simple, easy trick that almost anyone with little or no practice can perform, and which I have been astonished to find puzzle many people, is this. Supposing there are six, ten, or twelve persons in a room — more or less makes very little difference — first borrow a hat, and, placing it on a chair, request each one present to drop a penny into it. Take up the hat, shake it well so as to mix the money, and say it is your desire that one of the company should pick out a coin and carefully note any marks and so on upon it which will enable it to be recognised again. When the penny has been selected insist upon its being passed round so that everyone may see it, in order that there shall be no dispute as to the chosen coin, and when all have made the examination ask the last one who has it to place it back in the hat and mix it well up with the rest of the coins. Meanwhile the performer keeps his back turned to the audience, or even goes outside the room, with the object of making it perfectly clear that he has no opportunity whatever of seeing the coin.



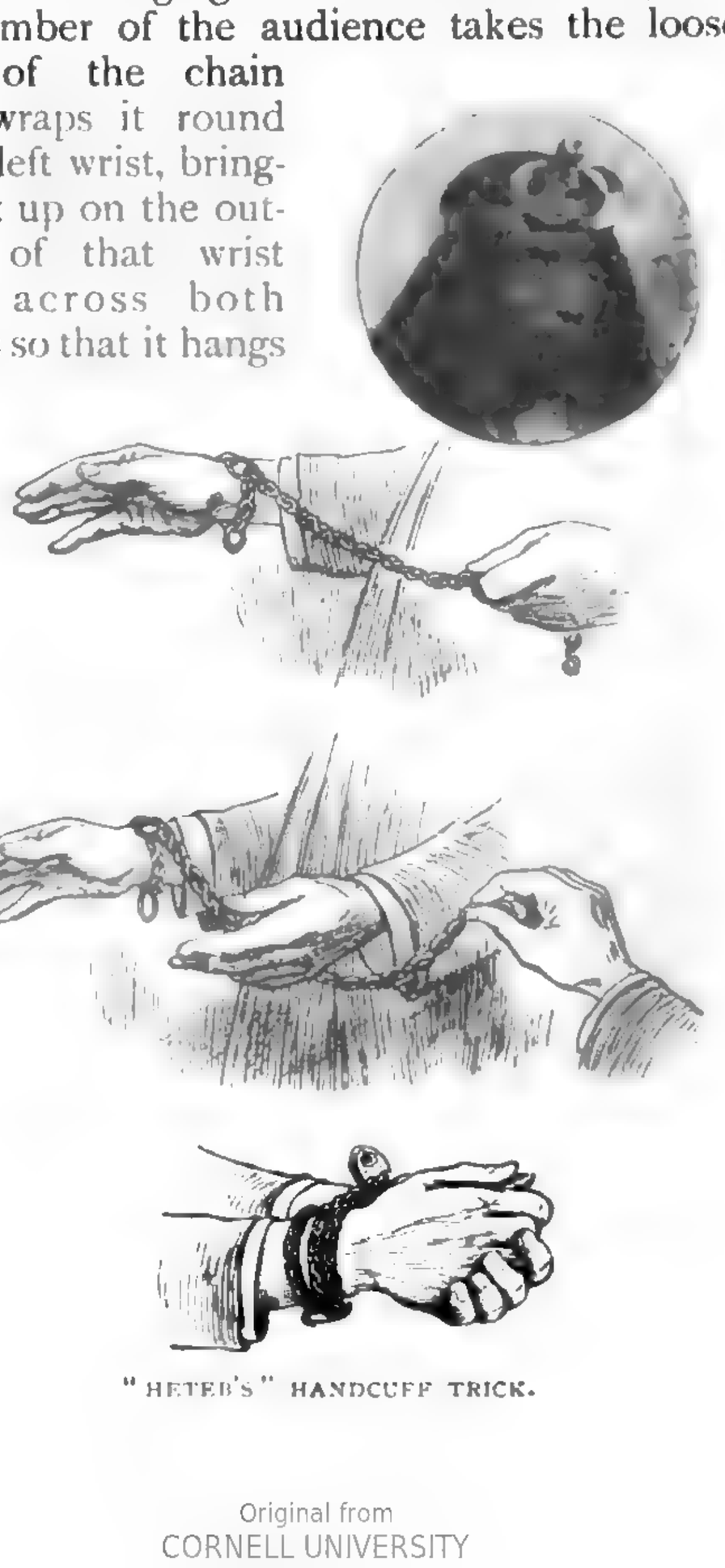
MR. H. G. CLARENCE'S HAT TRICK.

When the coin has been mixed with the rest again he picks up the hat and pretends to count the money until he comes to one coin which is quite warm through having been handled. This he extracts without allowing anyone to see that he does so, and emptying the hat on to a plate he stands the empty hat on the chair again, crown downwards. While so doing he places the coin that he has removed on the chair under the hat. He next takes up the plate containing the money and announces that he will once more empty it into the hat and will cause the chosen coin to pass through the hat on to the chair. No sooner has he emptied the money into the hat and made a few mystic passes over it than it is discovered that he has accomplished the feat, for when a member of the audience lifts the hat the penny is found upon the chair.

MR. P. T. SELBIT ("HETEB").

Since handcuff tricks of every description are invariably exceedingly interesting and attractive, I cannot, I think, do better than recommend amateur conjurers to bewilder their friends in the following manner. Obtain a piece of stout chain—the links should be about half an inch wide—and attach through the last link at one end an ordinary key ring of about an inch in diameter. Attach another key ring of the same size through a link of the chain so that it is about six inches from the top ring. Finally, provide yourself with a small padlock and key.

Your accessories are now complete, and, having passed the chain and the padlock around for inspection, you announce that you will allow yourself to be firmly handcuffed by any member of the audience, and that you will then undertake to free your hands without unlocking the padlock. Thread the end of the chain through the top ring so that a slip-knot is formed and place your right wrist through the noose, pulling it tight so that the loose end of the chain hangs downwards on the left-hand side. You now place your left wrist against your right, with the chain hanging down between them, and a member of the audience takes the loose end of the chain and wraps it round your left wrist, bringing it up on the outside of that wrist and across both wrists so that it hangs



"HETEB'S" HANDCUFF TRICK.

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down on the right. The chain is then pulled tight and the end brought back again over the right wrist, so that the last link of the chain will reach, roughly, to about on top of the left wrist. The padlock is then threaded through the last link and a link of that part of the chain which wraps the wrist, your hands being thus so tightly chained together that marks are left upon them by the chain, which, by the way, you should insist upon having pulled tight, so that the audience may be quite satisfied that your hands are firmly held.

To everyone's astonishment you are now able to get your hands out of the chain by merely shaking them! The whole secret of the trick lies in the fact that, when the slip-knot has been pulled tight over your right wrist, your left wrist is placed against it with the chain *hanging down between them.* When the slip-knot is pulled tight on the right wrist the ring at the end of the chain should occupy a position exactly on the wrist-bone; thus, when the left wrist is placed against it, and the chain taken round, there is about two inches of chain that is in reality slack. By pressing the left wrist very tightly against the chain that is round the right, all the time the binding is being done, this piece of slack is kept in position; but there is danger of it being lost when the end of the chain is brought through the second ring and pulled tight; and it is at this point that the performer must keep his wrists pressed particularly tightly together. When the padlock has been fixed it is only necessary to move the left wrist upwards, and it will be found quite easy to remove first this hand and then the right hand from the chain.

MR. MAURICE VICTOR.

An ordinary pack of cards is handed to a member of the audience, who is requested to pick out any sixteen cards from different parts of the pack. When this has been done the sixteen cards are placed on the back of the performer's left hand, and one card is selected from the heap by a lady, and is casually shown to the audience and returned to the heap, which is immediately shuffled by one of the spectators. The performer then receives the sixteen cards back and lays them in four rows of four cards each face downwards on the table. After a few remarks concerning the wonders of the divining-rod, the conjurer takes, say, a cigar or lead-pencil, and, holding it horizontally, passes it over each card in succession, until when over one of the cards the point of the cigar dips down and touches the card which, on being turned over, proves to be the selected one.



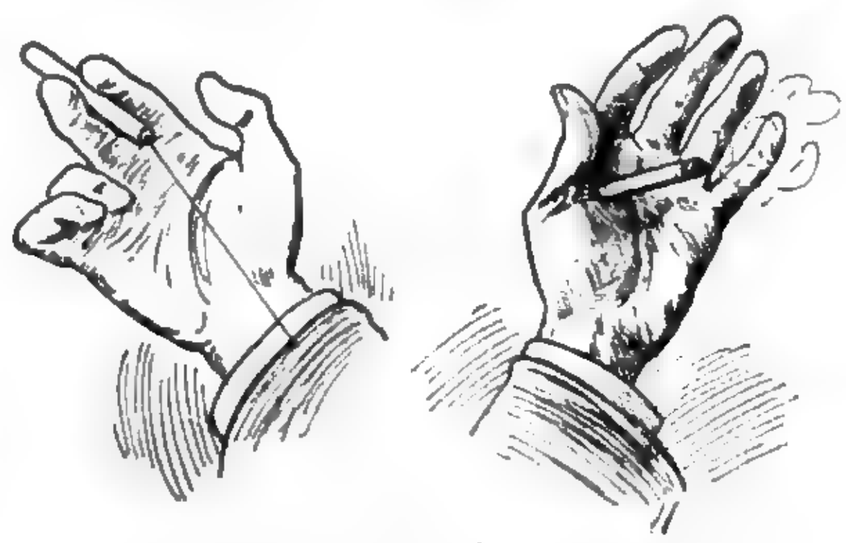
MR. MAURICE VICTOR'S CARD TRICK.

The secret is very simple. When the performer is showing the selected card to the audience, the back of the card of course being towards him, he draws the nail of the right-hand forefinger down the edge of the card, this producing a "wire edge" which can easily be felt when the cards are being arranged in the rows. The rest is obvious; the performer notes the position of the card, and works the "divining-rod" accordingly.

MR. OSWALD WILLIAMS.

Here is a trick that with a little practice may be performed with most astonishing results. Procure a piece of brass tube the size of a cigarette and in one end of it bore a small hole. Cover the tube with a cigarette-paper and plug the opposite end to that with the hole in with a piece of blacked cotton-wool. Take a piece of white cord elastic and fasten one end of it into the hole and the other to the back of your waistcoat in such a manner that the elastic with the cigarette at the end hangs down inside the sleeve of your coat. The elastic should be just long enough to let the cigarette hang about three or four inches up the sleeve, where it can be easily reached with the fingers. To perform the trick, pull the dummy cigarette down and hold it in





MR. OSWALD WILLIAMS'S CIGARETTE TRICK.

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the fingers in the orthodox manner, seizing some opportunity to fill the mouth with smoke from a real cigarette, which, perhaps, you have been smoking just recently and have put down behind a book on the table. You now place the dummy cigarette in your mouth and let a little smoke escape through it as though it were alight, and you continue to take it out of your mouth and puff smoke as long as the supply lasts. You then make a motion as though throwing the cigarette into the air, and at the same time release the fingers so that it vanishes up the sleeve, and has apparently disappeared in space.

A better, but somewhat more difficult, way of performing this feat is as follows: Have the dummy cigarette in the right hand as before, and a real one alight in the mouth. The right hand should be behind the back, or, if sitting, under the table. After puffing the real cigarette, take it from the mouth with the first and second fingers of the left hand, leaving the mouth full of smoke, and apparently place it in the right hand, but in reality close the left hand, so that the unlighted end of the cigarette comes between the root of the first finger and the ball of the thumb, where it can be gripped. If the audience only see the back of your left hand it will then look empty. At the same moment when you conceal the cigarette there bring the right hand towards the left and disclose the dummy cigarette. You will then seem to have transferred the real cigarette from the left hand to the right. With your mouth full of smoke you can then proceed with the trick as before, and when the cigarette has been vanished it can be made to reappear again in the left hand.

MR. OWEN CLARK.

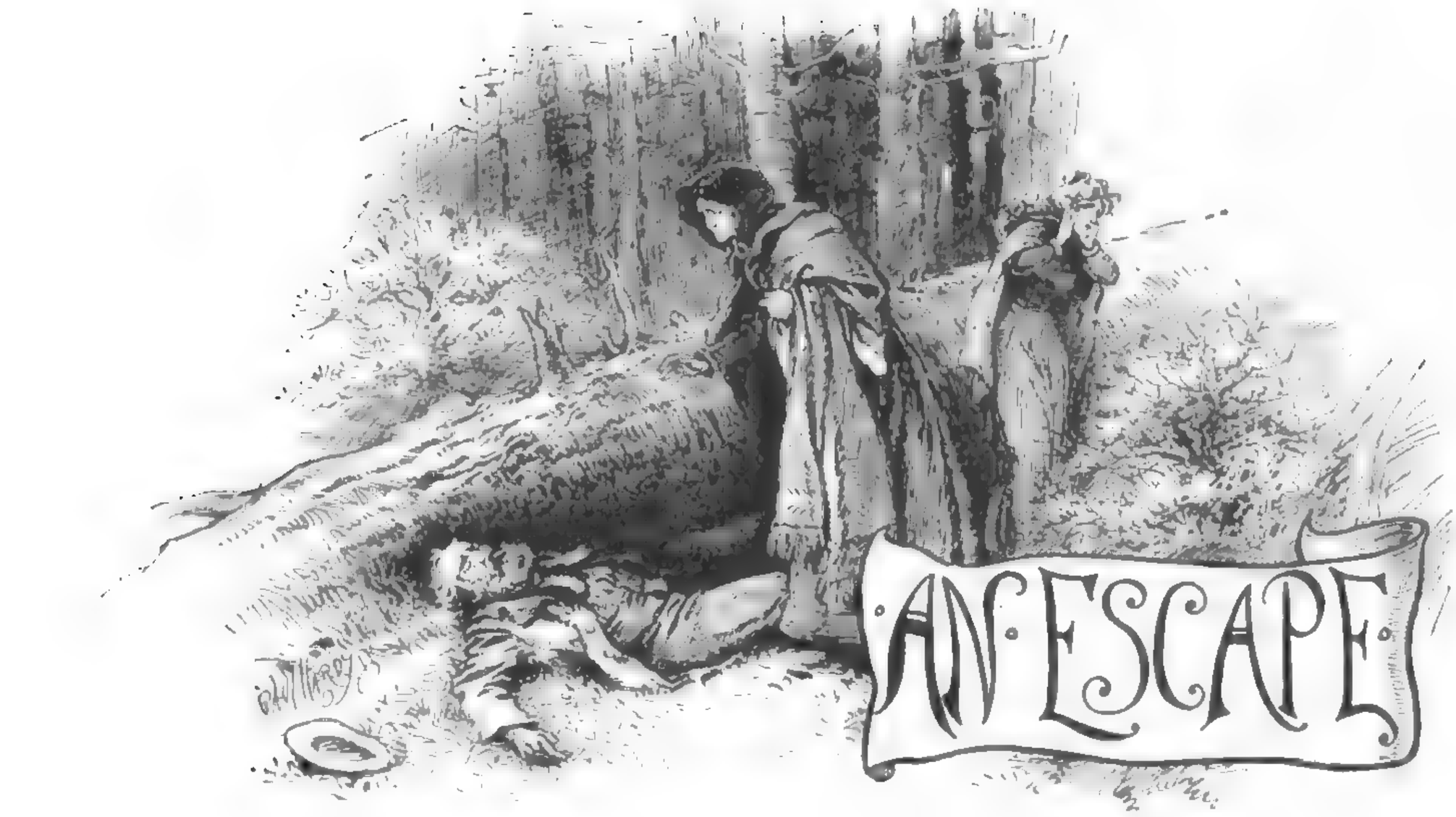
The following, if neatly performed, will cause great astonishment. The best effect is obtained by gas or other artificial light. Two ends of a piece of thin black silk two yards long are tied together, and the loop thus made hung round the shoulders, hanging in front of the body. This preparation is, of course, made unknown to the company, and the thread will be quite invisible at a short distance, especially against dark clothes. Hook your left thumb through the loop and borrow a tall hat, which receive in the right hand crown upwards and place in left hand. This will bring the hat into the loop, and if the right hand is now pressed against the crown of the hat it can be waved about at arm's length apparently sticking to the hand, the left hand not being near it. Two fingers of the right hand can be placed on the top of the hat, and it can be moved about apparently hanging to the fingers. In fact, it will be found by a few experiments that the hat will cling to the fingers in most impossible positions. The hat is returned for examination. Now borrow a walking-stick, get it into the loop in the same way, first the ferrule end, and place the right thumb against the ferrule, when the stick will hang from the thumb apparently in a most unnatural way. Allow the cotton to slide down the stick and repeat the pressing. Allow the stick to hang in front of you horizontally, the loop being in the centre of the stick, and place two fingers of each hand on both ends, when it will apparently be hanging from the fingers. Numerous other positions can be found by experiment, but be careful to keep the stick on the move all the time, and don't perform the trick against a white background, or the thread *may* show. The best effect is obtained when the conjurer wears a dark frock-coat and stands in front of a dark screen. The effect of the trick is very weird, and will puzzle the most astute, but it will be as well for the amateur to practise in front of a looking-glass before including it in his performance.



MR. OWEN CLARK'S HAT TRICK.

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By C. C. Andrews.

SNOW was certainly coming—the leaden clouds were curiously low; it was absolutely windless and most bitterly cold. Mrs. Fanshawe, drawing the heavy buffalo-robe more closely round her, gave the reins an involuntary jerk that quickened the smart trot of the fine brown horse which drew the buggy. Besides the ring of his hoofs upon the frost-hardened road, the only sound that broke the iron-grey silence came from the forest which it skirted—now and then an ice-bound tree cracked with a report like a rifle-shot. Mrs. Fanshawe, turning her hooded head to listen, hoped that the snow would at least hold up until she reached home. For her way presently lay through the forest, and the road was not very good. Letty, she reflected, would be uneasy if it should begin. She had remonstrated in her pretty, half-pettish, wholly-petted fashion against her riding over to Mrs. Lawson's at all. But the report of her neighbour's illness—in spite of the eight miles lying between their homesteads she was still a neighbour, according to the reckoning of that sparsely-peopled settlement—had left her, she considered, no alternative; no duty was ever knowingly shirked by Charlotte Fanshawe. She had found the helpless young father and mother of helpless young babies in a piteous state of fright and bewilderment, had put them and things straight with the readiness and capacity that belonged to her, and had promptly decided to leave behind her special factotum, the stout-armed, flaxen-headed German Minna, who, from long drilling, was almost as capable as herself.

But as she turned into the forest road and drove into the shadow of the ranks of sombre pines she reflected that it was nevertheless awkward, since it meant hindrance over the preparation of Letty's wedding-clothes. And there was not much time to spare, as the wedding was to be on New Year's Day. The wedding-gown itself was not her concern; Miss Eloise Merritt, the squire's sister, had graciously begged permission to present that, magnanimously overcoming her conviction that her nephew should have made a far better match than with Letty Fanshawe. But there would be a heap of sewing to get through, and Letty's fingers, though willing, were not specially skilful and were apt to tire. Altogether—— Her thoughts scattered and flew like a flock of scared birds; her involuntary drag at the reins brought the horse to a stand. At that point a footpath forked from the road, leading through a clearing; from that direction the cry had come—a shrill, panting scream of terror and horror. It came again, with a patter of wildly-running feet; a figure dashed out from between the pine-trunks. At the sight of it, with a cry almost as loud, she sprang out of the buggy.

"Letty!" she cried. "Why, Letty!"

Her daughter was in her arms and holding to her, shaking, shuddering, breathless. Her coquettish little hood, with its puckered lining of pale blue silk, had dropped back; her pretty, rosy face was blank and wild with fear; the latent likeness to her

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mother, rarely perceptible, was visible in it for once. People, looking from the sallow skin and harsh features of the woman to the pink tints and soft roundness which made up the dainty beauty of the girl, were wont to decide that Letty must be like her English father, though whether this was or was not so Charlotte Fanshawe had never been known to say. She was no taller than her daughter, but she seemed to tower above as she clasped her. The attitude was oddly significant of their mutual relationship—from her babyhood a very passion of maternal love, almost fierce in its protective tenderness, had environed the girl.

"I—I—was coming——" she gasped. "Oh, mother—oh, mother! It—it's there!"

"There?" Mrs. Fanshawe followed the excited gesture of the little hand—it bore young Willard Merritt's engagement-ring—towards the trees. "Why, what's scared you this way, honey?" she questioned, soothingly. "What's in there?"

"The—the man!" gasped Letty.

"The man? What man?"

"I don't know—I didn't dare go near to look." She pulled herself away, trying to steady her voice, though still clutching her mother's hand. "I got tired of my sewing, so I put on my cloak and hood and guessed I'd come a piece to meet you, by the foot-path through the clearing. I was just on the other side of it—in among the trees—when I heard a shot. It sort of scared me, because it was real quiet in there, but not much, because I guessed it was only just somebody out with his gun. But I ran, and I just saw him—oh, mother, I'll never get it out of my head!—I just saw him fall."

"Him?" cried Mrs. Fanshawe.

"The man," shuddered the girl. "There was another man with a revolver, and he fired again—I saw him. And I screamed and ran out."

"And he saw you, child?"

"I don't know. But I guess he heard me, anyway, because he threw down the revolver and rushed across and in among the trees. Maybe he didn't see me—I didn't see him look. I didn't dare go near the other, but there was blood on the ground and he was quite still—I know he's dead. I just screamed and ran."

She began to sob.

Mrs. Fanshawe, hitching the horse to a tree-trunk with steady, deft hands, turned to her in a moment.

"Do you reckon you'd rather stay in the buggy, honey, or will you come with me?"

"With you? There? But he's dead," cried the girl, shrinking.

"Maybe he isn't dead, and, anyhow, I've got to see whether he is or not. Perhaps you had best come with me. You sha'n't need to come too near."

Letty nodded dumbly; a sweet, docile obedience was natural to her. She only spoke once as she followed her mother's erect, confidently-treading figure. "Mother, he—the man that did it—may be there!"

"Not much fear of that, deary—he's most likely a way off by this time. He heard you, if he didn't see you." She paused. "You'd know him, wouldn't you, Letty, if you saw him again?"

"His face? I guess I would. I'd know the way he was dressed. He looked pretty poor."

Mrs. Fanshawe nodded. A few minutes brought them to the clearing—an irregular circle of perhaps an acre, flanked by the gaunt black pines. One huge felled trunk lay across it like a fallen mast, and close by it a dark figure no less still. Letty lagged back, shivering and growing whiter; her mother advanced and looked down at it. It had been her lot to see death in more forms than one, and that this man was in truth dead her first glance assured her. Blood had flowed copiously from a bullet-wound in the throat and reddened the carpet of pine-needles with a ghastly patch; the upturned face, grey-bearded, middle-aged, and quite undisfigured, was totally strange to her. She stooped mechanically and felt the heart, growing only a shade paler. Under no circumstances could Charlotte Fanshawe have been a weak woman, given to excitement, hysteria, outcry; the whole conditions and experiences of her life, her years of solitary self-reliance, had tempered her nerves.

"You were right; he's dead, sure enough, honey," she said, soberly.

"It was murder!" ejaculated the girl, in a tone of horror. "Oh, mother, don't you think it was?"

"I guess so, deary. Couldn't be anything else, seems to me. Maybe they quarrelled first; though he's a real pleasant-looking man, poor fellow. Did you say he—the other one—threw his shooter down? Where?"

The girl pointed, not looking at the dead man—indeed, she had not once done so. For a few moments Mrs. Fanshawe searched—as she expected, fruitlessly.

"I didn't much reckon I'd find it," she said, quietly. "It isn't likely he'd leave it around to be picked up, you see, honey. I guess he waited till you'd run, and then came

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back for it." She glanced at the still figure. "And for more than that, most likely," she added. "I miss my guess if we'd find much in his pockets. It was robbery, I expect; you say he looked poor. Well, we'll go now, dear—we mustn't touch him—and we've got to get the sheriff here. I'll send Abner Frost into town right away."

Letty did not answer. She almost ran out of the clearing, keeping well ahead of her mother now, and sprang into the buggy, cowering down under the buffalo-robe. Great rigorous tremors were shaking her slender body from head to foot. When the house was reached she hurried straight into the sitting-room and crouched down beside the stove. Old Abner Frost, called from his work in an adjacent barn, received his instructions with phlegmatic nods and tramped off to the stable, stolidly obedient, leading the horse and buggy. Mrs. Fanshawe turned into the sitting-room.

"If it was you or me that was shot I guess it wouldn't upset Abner any," she said, dryly. "Now I'll get you a cup of tea, deary, and you'd best take off your cloak and lie down. If you can get a nap it won't do you any hurt; you look all done up."

Letty obeyed with her usual sweetness. That her mother should wait upon her was a thing she was so used to that she accepted the loving service without any thought of selfishness. She was half asleep on the lounge, her yellow hair streaming over the gaudy velvet cushion, by the time the tea was brought. Mrs. Fanshawe watched her while she drank it—watched her until her regular breathing told that she slept. Then she tucked the blanket round her and stole out, shutting the door. Crossing the hall-way and entering the kitchen, she paused by a window, looking out. The light of the short winter afternoon was beginning to fade, the grey sky looked more leaden and more low, the snow was nearer. Glancing towards the forest—this solitary farmhouse lay almost in its shadow—she shivered a little, recalling the figure which lay in the clearing, its ghastly face of death upturned. Involuntarily she wondered who the man might be. Strangers were rare in the neighbourhood.

She made ready her own meal and sat down to it, eating and drinking with her usual practical appetite, and that done went out to feed her poultry—generally Minna's task.

Returning, she heard a stir of movement in the kitchen, and entering quickly, stopped short. A darker shadow turned to her from among the shadows; she found herself face to face with a man.

To most women the sight would have been startling, even terrifying; to her it was simply unexpected and no more. She had given shelter and food to too many footsore pedlars and hungry tramps to feel alarm at the appearance of either. "She guessed they wouldn't hurt her any," she said, with some contempt for the suggestion that thus to harbour strangers might be dangerous. Now she did not even recollect that but for sleeping Letty she was absolutely alone in the house. The man's rough clothing, his aspect of weariness and dishevelment, his slow movements, even the very attitude in which he had been greedily crouching over the fire, were all alike familiar to her—as familiar as the apologetic, hoarse mutter with which he began to speak. She checked it



"YOU!"

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crisply. She disliked to be either entreated or thanked.

"I guess that's all right," she said, tersely. "You're welcome to your supper and to stay the night over if you want to. There's a plenty of good straw in the barn, and I'll give you a couple of rugs—you'll make out comfortably enough. You won't be the first that's slept there by a good many. Draw up to the fire and get warm—it's real cold outside—we'll have snow directly, I guess. Say, you've got hurt, haven't you?"

The man had dropped into a chair, pulling off his hat. The movement showed that a handkerchief was bound round his head, and that there were spots of blood upon it. He nodded.

"Yes. I was running and got a fall. Not much, I think, but it cut my head and pretty well stunned me for a minute. I'll take it off, if you don't mind, ma'am."

"And welcome," said Mrs. Fanshawe.

She turned towards the great open fireplace, stirring and arranging its generous supply of pine-logs; the red flames, leaping up, illuminated her face and figure with a crimson glow. With an ejaculation the man started to his feet. She swung round, and the tongs she held fell clattering on the hearth between them. For perhaps a minute they remained so, staring at each other before her dry lips fell apart in a gasp. "You!"

"Yes; it's me, right enough!" He gave a hoarse sound like a laugh. "I didn't know you, though, any more than you did me. Twenty years, or whatever it is, have altered us both more than a little, I take it." He stopped. "It's deuced queer, our meeting again like this." He stopped again. "I suppose I might have been dead forty times over for all you knew, Charlotte, eh? I'm sure you might have been for all I could tell." He stopped a third time. "Hang it all—can't you speak? You're not dumb, I suppose? You're altered in more ways than one if that's the case!"

At each of his pauses she had fallen back a step; an automaton might have moved as stiffly; a statue might have shown as fixedly blank a face. Her lips parted twice before she spoke, slowly, as though the words were unfamiliar, her voice a husky whisper, thin and dry.

"Where—have you—been?"

"Where?" He repeated the sound of laughter. "In a goodish few places in twenty years. But I'm flourishing, you may be sure—you can tell that by looking at me, I should think!" He glanced round him. "It's a pleasure to a man to find his wife as comfortable as you seem to be, my dear!" He waited; she said nothing. He shrugged his shoulders, letting the blood stained handkerchief fall. "Since I'm half-starved, and you don't seem disposed to ask me, I'll take something to eat, by your leave."

She made a gesture with her hand—all she could do. He swung round to the table and seated himself, beginning to eat voraciously, and she stood staring at him. This man, unkempt, road-worn, weather-soiled, ravenously devouring his food in wolfish gulps, was the husband from whom, with bruised body and torn soul, she had escaped twenty years ago; to look at him was like feeling the snap of fetters on her wrists, the gall of a chain about her throat. He was her husband, she was his wife, and across the entry, behind the shut door, was Letty—Letty!

With a sort of fascination of repulsion she kept her eyes upon him. No one but herself knew what a rage of misery the sight of him recalled. The story of her marriage had been commonplace enough—the story of an obstinate, passionate girl's headstrong infatuation for a handsome face. The tragedy of her life had been compressed into a few weeks of agony. Then he had beaten her. To remember it was to burn again with the tempest of fury and bewildered humiliation with which she had cowered under the blows. That had been the end. She had never known clearly what she had said or done, but she knew she had frightened him. If, presently, when he made an end of his meal, he should strike her again—there was something locked in the drawer there, if he should threaten that! With her eyes warily upon him she crossed over to the drawer stealthily and took it out, slipping it into her bosom. Then she moved to the door and shut it—it seemed an added barrier to keep Letty away. She was standing with her back to it when he looked up presently. Something in her face stopped him as he rose to his feet; he stood and stared at her. She took one step forward.

"You've got to go," she said.

"Have I?" He laughed. "Do you think I'm fool enough to turn out of a place like this and leave my wife snug in it on this sort of night?"

"This place is mine—my father left it me. I was born in it, I've lived and worked in it, and I guess I'll die in it. It's got naught to do with you, George Fanshawe, and it won't have. I'm no wife of yours, and I won't be. You've got to go!"

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Her every repetition of the words came with an added weight of resolution ; she did not raise her voice, but they had the force of blows. As, scowling, he made a step towards her, she slipped her hand into her breast —it was with such a look and gesture that he had struck her. But in making it he stopped.

"What's that? There's someone in the house. Who is it?"

She caught him by the arm, hearing, as he had done, the click of the parlour latch. In a moment Letty would come—would see! The door of a great cupboard stood open—she thrust him towards it ; she was not a powerful woman, but, even had he resisted, her strength just then would have borne him back. As she closed it upon him, the girl appeared on the threshold. The fire-light showed her fair hair hanging in curly disorder on her shoulders, her little face all rosy with sleep. She stretched her slender arms childishly, yawning, and advanced.

"I believe I've been asleep quite a while," she said. "I feel as if I had. Have you had your tea, too, mother? Oh, yes, I see you have. I guess we won't wash the dishes, though ; we'll wait till after supper—I'll help you then. Why don't you have a light?—it's 'most dark. I'm going to light the parlour lamp and fill up the stove—it's a real cold night. Come and sit there with me, won't you? I want to get on with my sewing."



"'I BELIEVE I'VE BEEN ASLEEP QUITE A WHILE,' SHE SAID."

"Presently, deary. There's something I must do first. You—you'd best go and put your hair up, hadn't you? Somebody may come."

"Oh, I forgot!" There was only one somebody in Letty's little world. She laughed with soft consciousness, putting up a hand to her head. "Yes, I'd best go and prink a little, I guess. Don't be long, mother. I—I don't want to be by myself."

Mrs. Fanshawe's voice had been perfectly steady. As the girl went out she crossed to the door and shut it after her with a firm hand. Then she faced about, and met her husband's eyes as he emerged from his concealment. The moment's silence was broken by the sound of Letty's feet as she ran lightly up the stairs.

"So," Fanshawe said, slowly, "I have a daughter, it seems?"

"Yes."

Her teeth opened for the word and closed again ; her whole body was braced and tense, her face grey. He half laughed.

"And you didn't intend giving me the pleasure of knowing it, eh?"

"No." She started forward suddenly. "No," she burst out, vehemently. "I didn't mean you to know! And she sha'n't know —she sha'n't. I—I haven't told her the truth about you—I've always made things soft to her as well as I could. She thinks you died before she was born. I've told her you were a real good man and a gentleman. She was wonderful pleased to think that about her father—wonderful pleased always, but more than ever since she's going to be married. And the squire, he thinks so, too."

"The squire?"

"Squire Merritt. It's his son Willard she's going to marry—the wedding's New Year's Day. He wasn't pleased about it—I guess he thought Willard ought to do better than Letty. I don't say it isn't so in a way—they're real gentlefolks, as well as rich. She fretted considerable—she hasn't ever been

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strong. It wasn't easy, but I went to him about it. I told him I guessed they wouldn't be troubled by me much after they were married—I said I knew I wasn't the kind that Willard's mother was—I didn't set up to be, but that, anyway, Letty's father was a gentleman. I'd have told a worse lie than that for her. He's real pleasant about it now—he's fond of Letty—but he's proud, and Willard's proud. Maybe, if—oh, I don't ask where you've been or what you've been doing this twenty years—it isn't anything to me. But I can't have Letty hurt—she's loving and she's delicate. If things went wrong with her and Willard—she's wonderful fond of him! Don't you see why you've got to go?"

For all her vehemence her harshly-level voice had never risen; it broke with a note of piteous pathos now—she caught her breath in a dry sob. To save her very life she would not have made for herself the pleading gesture with which she turned to him. The passion of her maternal love and fear had swept this reticent woman out of herself for a moment. The man drew a little away.

"Most things can be bought, Charlotte," he said, deliberately.

"Bought?" Her hands dropped—she stared at him.

"Exactly. You want me to hold my tongue—take myself off—disappear—never to let the girl or her husband know that I'm in the land of the living. Well, I'm agreeable, so far. She's nothing to me—couldn't very well be, recollecting that I didn't even know of her existence ten minutes ago. But that sort of thing has its price, my dear!"

"Price?" Her eyes did not release him. "You—you mean you'd take money from me to—to——"

"Why not? You seem very comfortable here. I should judge you have plenty to spare, or, if not, you can probably get it. Make it worth my while, and, as I said, I'm agreeable. It would be pretty awkward if I turned up on the wedding-day—I advise you to think it over. Take your time—I'm in no hurry!"

With an insolent assumption of indifference he threw himself into a chair. His very attitude, the swaggering spread of his limbs, was abhorrent to her; she seemed to sicken with an absolute physical nausea as she looked at him. And again her hand stole up to her bosom. A wild thought darted into her head, staggering her. If she used what lay there—if, with a spasm of desperate courage—— Why should not one kill a noxious thing? Once, in Letty's babyhood, she had battered to death a snake which she had found coiled near the child's cradle. What would be said or thought but that she had been threatened—attacked, perhaps, by a wandering tramp, and that in self-defence—— She flung out her hands as though to thrust a tangible something away, and as she did so he started to his feet.

"What's that?" he cried, in a hoarse whisper. "Listen! There's somebody coming!"

As he swung round he had caught up a knife from the table; the firelight showed it clutched in his hand. A sound had broken the silence of the gathering twilight—the ring of rapid hoofs upon the frost-bound road. She ran to the window, peering out.

"It's Willard," she said, in a suppressed whisper. "He'll come in—Letty will come—you've got to stay till he's gone. Go in here—quick—quick!"

She flung open a door—it led down a passage into Minna's bedroom—and eagerly motioned him through. She had feared resistance, perhaps a mocking refusal, but he dropped the knife, caught up his hat, and obeyed. She turned to a shelf and lifted a lamp that stood there. As she set it down upon the table Letty ran in from the entry.

"It's Willard, mother. I didn't really expect I'd see him to-night—he guessed he'd be busy. Won't you light the lamp? He'll think it's awful funny if we're in the dark."

Charlotte said nothing; she knew that she could not have commanded her voice to steadiness; her trembling hands clattered the glass as she lighted the lamp. The girl did not notice in her eager little, excited flutter—the coming of her lover absorbed her. She ran over to the kitchen door and threw it open as the wheels stopped outside. But at sight of him she fell back with a cry.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Willard, what is it? What's the matter? You—you look dreadful."

She had reason for her outcry. The young man's handsome, boyish face was white under its wholesome tan; he looked shocked, horrified; he was quite young and showed signs of emotion easily. Charlotte stared at him wide-eyed. Could it be that he—knew? Willard slipped his arm round Letty's waist; although the years between them were not many he had followed her mother's example of petting her almost like a child.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart; I didn't mean to scare you, though I guessed you'd see—and, of course, you must know, any way. I

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thought I'd best come and tell you myself, before——" He broke off. "It happened I was with the sheriff when Abner came, Mrs. Fanshawe, and to save his time I drove him to the clearing. It's as well I did, on my father's account; but how I shall break it to him!—it's given me an awful shock. The man who's been shot—murdered—is my uncle!"

Letty gave a scream; her little face was a picture of white horror. "Willard! No, no!" she gasped.

"Yes—it's so, dear; it's so, Mrs. Fanshawe; you have never seen him, of course. He was coming over to us from New Hampton, I take it, though why he should be walking, and how he came to be set upon, Heaven knows. The sheriff and his men are searching the forest. They have got Indian Jake, the tracker, with them; he was in town, luckily. A bloodhound isn't keener on the scent, once he finds it, so they say. I pray they'll hunt the villain down! I—I could hang him myself! My uncle always thought as much of me as if I had been his son; you've heard me say so. And now——"



"THE MAN WHO'S BEEN SHOT—MURDERED—IS MY UNCLE!"

His voice broke into an irrepressible half-sob. Letty pulled herself free; her eyes and cheeks kindled brightly; she looked taller; all her natural tremors and timidity were lost at the sight of his emotion; in all her life her likeness to her mother had never been so strong.

"They'll find him, Willard," she cried, her voice shrilly clear and loud. "You don't need to be afraid they won't find him. And when they do there won't be any doubt, because, you know, I saw him shoot. I saw his face, and I'd know him anywhere. I thought it was awful then. I said to mother that I'd never forget it, but I'm glad I did now. Yes, I am—I'm real glad!"

She stamped her foot by way of emphasis. Willard nodded, recovering himself.

"I hadn't forgotten that, and, of course, you'll have to say what you saw, though I'd rather you didn't, Letty, dear. Never mind that now. Mrs. Fanshawe, I drove on first to tell you. They're bringing it—him—here. I thought you wouldn't mind, it being the nearest place, and it would give the squire and my aunt too much of a shock if he were taken home before they hear. I'm going on now to break it to them, though how I'm going to do it is more than I know."

Mrs. Fanshawe muttered something; her mind, reeling under the shock already sustained, was too stunned as yet to grasp clearly anything beyond it. At another time her fixed face, her rigid attitude, must have attracted their attention; now they passed unnoticed. As the young man turned towards the door Letty caught his arm, her sudden spirit collapsing.

"Willard, I'm coming with you," she sobbed. "I—I must. I'm frightened."

"Frightened?"

"Yes, if they bring it here. If they do and I see it again I think I shall die. Oh, I just daren't—I daren't! I'll come with you and stay with Miss Eloise. I must go. Mother, mustn't I go?"

"Yes—go," said Mrs. Fanshawe.

If the appeal had roused her from her torpor she caught at the suggestion as she

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might have clutched a rope in a raging sea. To get the girl away—ignorant, safe, unknowing! She ran for her cloak and hood and hurried them on, fetched a huge fur muff and wadded gloves; in a minute or two the wagon rolled out at the gates, Letty's slim figure a mere heap of wraps at her lover's side. She shut the door and for a moment staggered weakly against the table, the retreating beat of hoofs upon the iron-hard road seeming to swell into a roar in her ears. A minute or two went by before she steadied herself sufficiently to cross to the second door and open it.

Her cautious call was gruffly answered, and Fanshawe came out.

"Has he gone?" he demanded.

"Yes, he has gone."

"And for good—he won't come back?"

"No, he won't come back."

"So much the better." His eyes went round the kitchen with a sharp, furtive scrutiny. "Where's the girl?"

"She has gone with him."

"So much the better again. If we are to come to an agreement she's better out of the way while we do it. I suppose you sent her?"

"No; she was—frightened."

"Frightened?"

"A while ago. There's been a man shot—murdered—in the forest a piece from this. She was coming to meet me and saw it done and the man that did it. She's dreadful timid always, and——"

"She saw it? What!—it was she who——"

He caught back the words; he even clapped a frantic hand upon his mouth, but they were spoken. With dilated eyes and ghastly face his wife fell back from him.

"You!" she gasped. "My God—you!"

Her dry whisper seemed to ring like a shriek. Livid, he stood staring at her. His self-betrayal had been so unpremeditated, was so complete, that he realized the futility of denial. He raised his heavy hand with an involuntary gesture of menace, and let it fall again. "It was the old fool's own fault," he muttered, sullenly.

She made no movement and no answer; there was no play of expression in her frozen face; she was like a dead woman upon her feet. At some fancied sound beyond the window he swung round, listening fearfully, and swung back again.

"It was the old fool's own fault," he repeated, in a louder key. "I fell in with him just this side of New Hampton and begged of him—I was about beaten out, and I hadn't a cent. He gave me a pretty name or two, and swore he'd jail me if he saw me anywhere in town. He didn't know I followed him when he struck into the forest—it was easy to keep out of sight among the trees. I only meant to give him a scare when I pulled out the revolver in the clearing—I thought he'd unload quick enough then—but he struck me on the head. Then I fired—twice, to make sure. But the first shot killed him, I think." He stopped. "Then the girl screamed. I didn't see her properly—she rushed off in the other direction, as far as I could make out. I waited a bit, and went back and got the pistol. Then I came on here. What's to be done now?"

He stopped again. As he made a movement of advance she caught blindly at a chair-back, retreating so that it stood between them.



"I ONLY MEANT TO GIVE HIM A SCARE WHEN I PULLED OUT THE REVOLVER."

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"I suppose I'm as safe here as anywhere—until morning, at any rate. I didn't see a creature—afterwards, and you're alone, as luck will have it. Or it may be safer to stay till the search is over—I suppose there will be one, curse it! As to who he was——"

"He is Willard's uncle."

"What?"

"The man you have murdered is Willard Merritt's uncle. He came here to tell me—and Letty. The sheriff and his men are searching the forest now."

"They are?" With a wild look of terror that distorted his face he gripped her shoulder and shook her. "You must hide me!" he said, hoarsely. "Hide me! Do you hear?"

"Hide you?"

"Yes. There must be places enough in the house, and no one but you knows I am here. And who would suspect you? I shall be safer than if I were fifty miles away. Quick! Where shall I go? Show the way!"

He made a movement to snatch the lamp from the table. As though all her faculties were suddenly reawakened she thrust him back.

"No; I can't hide you—it isn't any use. Indian Jake is with them."

"Indian Jake?"

"He's a tracker. He was in town and the sheriff took him along—Willard said so. If he gets on a trail he's surer than dogs. He'll find yours, and come here."

"You can say I'm not here. You can swear it."

"It won't be any use. The sheriff won't believe me. They'll search and find you."

"Curse it, I must go, then! What's that?"

There was nothing. He turned from his frightened stare at the window and clutched her shoulder again.

"Listen!" he whispered, fiercely. "Pull yourself together—you must help me. If I'm caught it sha'n't be like a rat in a hole; by the Lord I'll have a run for it! They'll come here, I suppose, but if I double on my tracks I may dodge them. It's my best chance—anyway, I'll risk it. I shall try to get back to New Hampton; I can take the cars from there. But I must have money."

"Money?" she echoed, mechanically.

"Yes. He—the old man—had only a few dollars in cash; I wasn't fool enough to risk taking bills. Have you money here?"

She made a gesture of assent, unlocked a drawer, took out a little bag, and gave it to him, shuddering as their hands approached. He nodded, slipping it into his pocket, took up his hat and stick, and glanced at the window.

"Look out," he whispered, hoarsely. "See that all's clear. I thought I heard something twice. Open the door; you can see better, and you can listen too."

She obeyed and threw it open. Doing so she uttered a cry, and darting back caught him by the arm.

"It's too late!" she gasped. "You can't go!"

"Can't go?" With an oath he flung her off. "What do you mean?" he demanded, savagely. "Is anyone there?"

"No."

"No? You're mad, woman! What is it?"

She pointed to the door. He swung round towards it, and uttered a sound that was like a half-stifled shriek of despair. The air was a whirl of softly-falling flakes; the path to the gates spread an unbroken, glittering sheet of white—the snow had come, and the snow had trapped him! He stood with a face fixed in a ghastly stare of comprehension and horror. Charlotte moved forward a step. Her hand was at her bosom.

"Where is your pistol?" she asked.

He stared at her. She pointed to the open door.

"You can't go now. There's no use in doubling back on your tracks—there's the snow to tell whichever way you turn. They'll be here directly—the sheriff and his men. I can't hide you; Indian Jake will know you're here. Where is your pistol?"

"I threw it away—afterwards—in the forest. Good God!—Charlotte!"

He sprang back from her. There was a very panic of terror in his livid face, for he saw what her withdrawn hand grasped. She held it out to him.

"Take it!" she said, eagerly. "Quick! It's loaded, and it's the only way! Oh, man, because you were husband to me once—and Heaven knows I'd have died for you before you broke my heart!—because of that I'd have helped you while there was a chance, but there's no chance now. You can't escape any other way, and you mustn't be taken, for Letty's sake. They'll find out who you are and how it is—everything. It's Willard's uncle you've killed; could he ever marry her if he knew? And she'll never live when she's been forced to help hang her own father. Do it, and they'll never know anything—she'll never know! I'll say you happened in here and did it when you heard them coming—they'll believe me. Quick!"

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"You—want me to shoot myself!" he gasped.

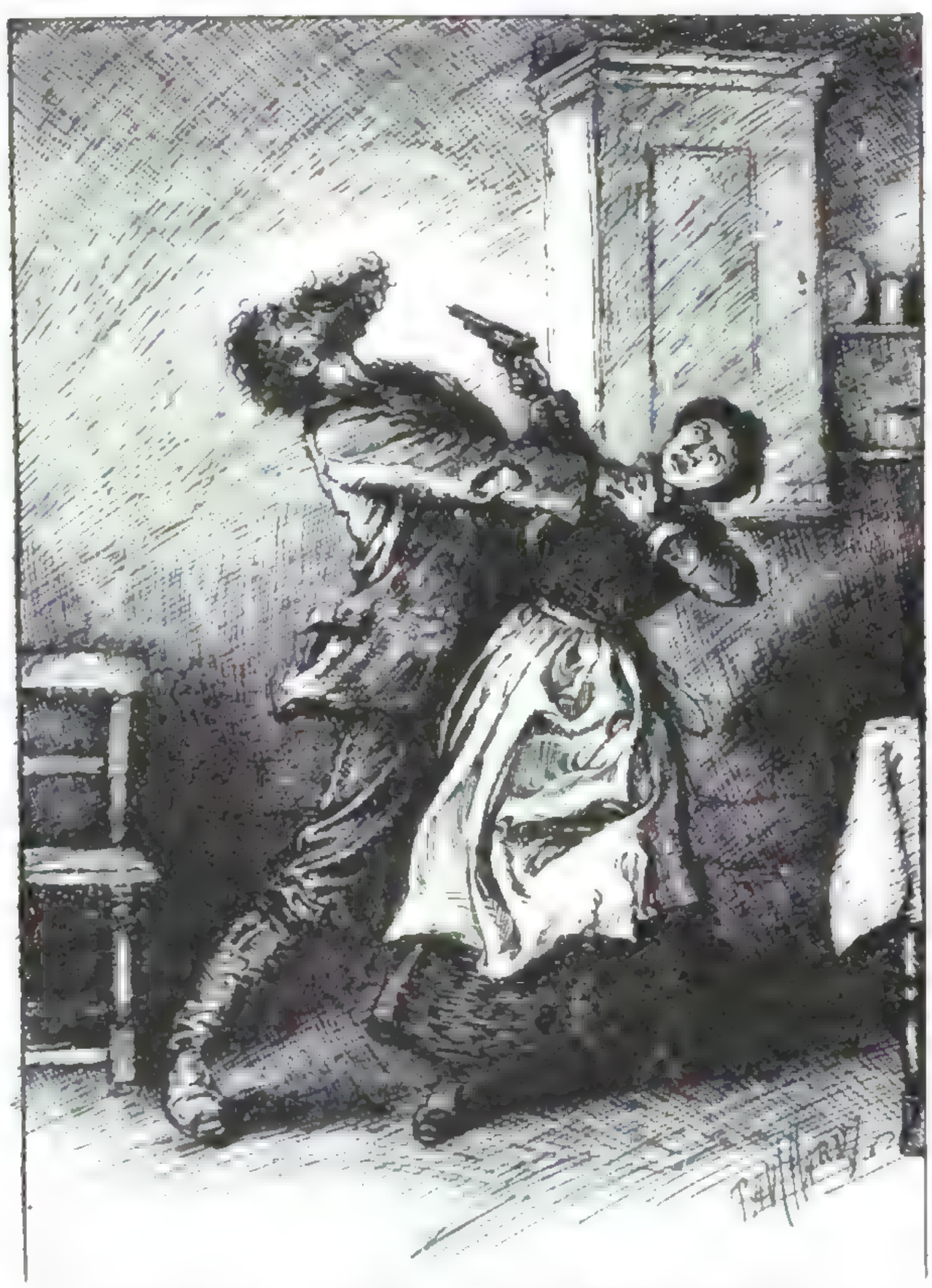
"You must. It's the only way to save her—to save Letty. Take it—they'll be here! What's that? They are coming!"

A sudden distant swell of sound had broken the frozen silence. She sprang to the door and listened. The voices of men shouted and called to each other—the sheriff and his search-party had reached the edge of the forest. Fanshawe heard too; his grey face was all sweat-bedabbled; he fell back shuddering from her again-extended hand.

"I—I can't!" he muttered, hoarsely. "I'd sooner be taken—I'd sooner hang. And it mayn't come to that—I may get off; the girl must swear she doesn't recognise me; you must tell her who I am—she'll hold her tongue fast enough then. I—I won't do it—I daren't; I—ah, you murderess! Give it to me—I'll have it. Give it to me!"

He saw the tightening of her hand upon the revolver, read the desperate resolution in her eyes, and with a scream of rage and fear flung himself upon her. One hand gripped her wrist; the other, fast upon her throat, bore her backwards; there was a moment's frantic struggle, a flash and a report as the revolver dropped between them, and she reeled gasping against the table, while he, shot through the head, fell heavily to the floor at her feet. Her breath came back, and with a cry she sank on her knees at his side. For one frenzied moment it seemed to her that the dead could hear.

"I didn't do it!" she panted, wildly—"I didn't do it! Oh, I would have done it—I guess I would—for Letty's sake, but I didn't shoot! It was you—you, man—you did it; you've killed yourself! Oh, it's the way I wanted it—it's best for you, and she's safe—no one but me will ever see that she's got a look of this face of yours—but I didn't do it! You've killed yourself, and I pray there's mercy for you where you're gone!"



"ONE HAND GRIPPED HER WRIST; THE OTHER, FAST UPON HER THROAT, BORE HER BACKWARDS."

She rose to her feet. She was on a sudden absolutely calm. Even as she mechanically straightened her dress her thoughts were busy with the story she must tell—the story which, she felt, would be received without cavil or comment. The man had threatened and set upon her; the revolver, drawn in self-defence, had been fired as he struggled with her for its possession. She heard her steady voice giving the details, and knew they were coherent and convincing. She glanced about the room. Its air of peace, neatness, order, was incongruous—she disarranged a rug upon the floor, wrenched aside the table-cover, overturned a chair. Then she stood quiet, her eyes upon the open door—the snow-flakes were drifting in as softly as feathers. She had not moved when presently the gates were flung open and the sheriff and his men came tramping up the path.

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MY OPERATIC HEROINES.

BY

ADELINA PATTI

(THE BARONESS ROLF CEDERSTRÖM).

[The following extremely interesting reminiscences by the world's most celebrated cantatrice were suggested by a series of photographs taken of Mlle. Adelina Patti (as she was then) by M. Silvy in London during her first triumphant season at Covent Garden in the summer of 1861.]

MY operatic heroines! I am afraid there never was any proper and formal introduction between Amina, Zerlina, Violetta, Rosina, and myself. To begin with, it was not with me as with other singers who, showing talent in girlhood, are sent abroad to study under a singing-master, and afterwards laboriously become mistress of a *rôle* in opera. No; I was born and brought up in an atmosphere of music. My father and mother were both singers, and in the course of our travels we frequently met the greatest operatic artistes of the day. I never went to school, but was taught at home, nor can I say that I truly studied a part, so I have no tale to tell the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE of hard work and difficulties painfully surmounted. At six years of age I was a *prima donna* of the nursery. When I had been put to bed, on my return home with my father and mother from the opera, I used to make sure that they and the rest of the family were asleep, and then I would hop out from beneath the counterpane and fancy myself a great cantatrice, bowing before the plaudits of a huge audience. I admit my audience was a little apathetic; but, after all, that is not to be wondered at, for they were only a row of dolls which I had ranged on chairs before me. I think my earliest recollection is of "Norma," which was then my favourite. Once, in her absence, I decked myself out in one of my mother's stage dresses, and sang and danced with all my heart. When I had, as I thought, executed a most beautiful aria, trill and all, I cried, "Brava, Adelina!" and threw magnificent bouquets and wreaths at myself until my little bare feet were hidden. When I had bowed and kissed my hands until I was weary the door suddenly opened, and my mother and the famous singers Sontag and Alboni entered. You may judge if they laughed at my magnificent bouquets, which were only made of old newspapers, after all. Alboni, having heard me sing, clapped her hands, and told my mother I would one day become a great singer, and then and there offered to undertake the training of my voice. But my parents would not agree to a parting.

I was only seven years old when I made my first appearance in public. The necessity of providing for a numerous family obliged my father thus early to turn my talents to account. Artistes, you see, were not then paid so well as now, and when the crisis came I remember begging my father to let me appear as Amina in "La Sonnambula." At first he put me aside, saying, "No, little one. What you ask is impossible." But I gave them all no peace until they had granted my request. And so it came about that little Adelina, the daughter of Signor Patti, was duly announced to sing "Una Voce," and in "La Sonnambula," at Niblo's Garden Theatre, New York. How everybody must have laughed at the idea of a *prima donna* of seven summers! I can still see myself dressed for the part on the fateful evening, gazing into the mirror and waiting for the curtain to go up. The house was crowded. When the curtain went down I can still see a great number of men and women clapping and waving their hands and crying, "Brava, brava!" and afterwards my father catching me up in his arms and kissing me, and my mother and all the members of the company petting me as if I had done something wonderful indeed. I wasn't at all nervous or overwhelmed. Child as I was, I felt sure that Heaven was with me and was blessing me.

And so it came about that I regarded the *rôle* of Amina as my lucky *rôle*, and that is

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As Violetta in "Traviata."



As Amina in "La Sonnambula."



As Martha in "Martha."

why years later I chose it for my first appearance when I had to face audiences in the great capitals of Europe. From my seventh to my twelfth year I travelled as an Infant Prodigy with my father throughout North America, to Mexico, Cuba, and Porto Rico. The well-known pianist, Gottschalk, took part for several years in our concerts.

In those days I would never consent to go on the stage without a doll, which was occasionally embarrassing to the managers, especially if I happened to notice any children of my own age in front! Even at that early age I sang the leading operatic airs, conquering the most difficult passages, including the prolonged "shakes" and staccati, with perfect ease, and learning to identify myself with Leonora, Ninetta, Adina, Zerlina, Rosina, and Violetta, as I had already done in public with Amina. Contrary to the endless and seemingly authoritative assertions made about me at this time and later, I may say that I never studied with anybody except Signor Ettore Barili, my half-brother, who knew the right method, and who did everything necessary in the way of training my voice and ensuring the best style of production. After a time my mother wanted to send me to Italy, that I might take an engagement there, but my voice already began to tremble, and to avoid ruining it I passed two years without uttering a note. While I was suffering this enforced

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AS NORINA IN "DON PASQUALE."



AS LEONORA IN "IL TROVATORE."

but necessary silence I used to go often to the theatre and meet my operatic heroines there in other forms.

Once Martha was being sung by the celebrated Grisi to the Lionel of Mario. I was profoundly impressed by their singing. After the opera was over I hurried behind the scenes, and, approaching Grisi, in my childish admiration offered her a few simple flowers. But to my infinite mortification the cantatrice, with the deafening applause of the audience in her ears, brushed me aside. The tears welled up in my eyes, and I turned and proffered the poor little blossoms listlessly to Mario. He at once took them graciously and fastened them to his coat. Then, lifting me in his arms, he kissed my cheek and said: "I shall keep these always, little one, in memory of you."

Years later, on the 13th of July, 1861, I myself came to play Martha at Covent Garden Theatre, London. Mario was again the Lionel, and I shyly asked him if he remembered the incident of the flowers. "Remember it!" he cried. "I shall never forget it. I have the flowers yet." It was a few days after this that the photograph of myself as Martha was taken. I still love Mario's memory because of that incident in my childhood long ago.

My next heroine before the footlights was Lucia di Lammermoor, in which opera I



AS MARGHERITA IN "FAUST."

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As Zerlina in "Don Giovanni."



As Juliette in "Romeo et Juliette."



As Adina in "Elisir d'Amore."

made my appearance at the Academy of Music, New York, on the 24th of November, 1859, being then nearly sixteen years of age, and which I think should be regarded as the real beginning of my career in opera. When I read Walter Scott's novel I loved Lucia more than ever, and being, as I need hardly tell you, a romantic little girl, I often gazed at myself in the mirror and admired my bridal array. I have sung Lucia hundreds of times. In my first season in London Signor Giuglini was the Edgardo. By some mischance his spur pierced my dress and wounded me, and I suffered great pain; but I resolved the audience should not know, and sang on as if nothing had happened. When the curtain fell, however, my white satin shoe was dripping with poor Lucy's blood.

As to Violetta—ah, dear Violetta!—you may be interested to know that she is my favourite, and "Traviata" my favourite opera. When Verdi heard me in the part he sent me a little token bearing the words: "To the only Violetta," which, as you can imagine, made me very proud. It was as Violetta—who is, of course, the Marguerite of Dumas's famous drama—that His Majesty King Edward (then Prince of Wales) first heard me sing. The Prince was then visiting America as Lord Renfrew, and visited Philadelphia, where a gala performance was

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As Dinorah in "Dinorah."



As Ninetta in "La Gazza Ladra."

arranged. Soon afterwards the great Civil War broke out in America and we went to Havana, where I sang. I may perhaps mention that my brother Carlo was wounded in that war, and never recovered from the effects of the wound. It was from the Cuban capital that we—my father, my brother-in-law, and myself—sailed for England, where we arrived in April, 1861.

The next month—the 14th of May, to be exact—I appeared at Covent Garden Theatre, then under Mr. Gye's management. The opera decided upon was again "La Sonnambula," so I should again be Amina. I need not tell you of my success that first night before an English audience. With me appeared Signor Tiberini as Elvino, who, they said, was old enough to be my father, or I young enough to be his daughter. You have heard how a friend, Georgio Ronconi, cried out from a box, "*Adesso abbiamo trovato la nostra prima donna!*" ("Now, indeed, we have found our *prima donna!*")

So far, however, from feeling any sense of triumph or elation, I returned to our little hotel in Norfolk Street in the Strand and burst into tears.

Twice more did I appear as Amina before it was decided that I should appear as Donna Lucia in Donizetti's opera. I remember in the mad scene I put forth all my power, and the house appreciated it.



As Lucia in "Lucia di Lammermoor."

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One thing I always tried to do in an Italian opera, and that was to *be* Italian—Italian in accent, in delivery, in execution. In this piece Tiberini was the Edgardo.

As to Zerlina, in "Don Giovanni," I think my proudest memory of Zerlina was when I first sang it in Paris, just forty-four years ago. At the conclusion of the second act the Emperor and Empress summoned me to their box. The Empress greeted me in Spanish, calling me her countrywoman, and then, taking out a splendid bracelet of diamonds and emeralds, fastened it on my wrist. You may imagine if Zerlina was happy! Yet, although born in Madrid, I am not Spanish, but Italian—Italian to the core. My paternal family takes its name from the ancient Italian commune of Patti. A season or two later at Madrid it was as Amina that Queen Isabella of Spain sent for me and greeted me as her compatriot. And Amina had to confess that she was Spanish only in regard to the place of her birth.

I forgot to mention that it was as Martha that I first introduced "The Last Rose of Summer"; while it was as Rosina in the lesson scene of "The Barber of Seville" that I sang the "Home, Sweet Home" which English-speaking audiences love so dearly. It was Rosina who, in 1863, sang at Frankfort, where an Imperial Diet was in progress, literally before an audience of crowned heads, all the German princes, with one exception, being present. Another memory connected with Rosina is the riots in Madrid in 1863, when poor Queen Isabella appeared in the box and the house hissed her, and many thought the opera would not be allowed to proceed. The finishing touches to my Marguerite were administered in Paris, when I studied the part with M. Gounod himself.

Some day, perhaps, I shall write my autobiography, and then I can relate all the incidents of that wonderful first summer in London, of the people I met, and the kindness that was shown me—a kindness that has continued down to the present day, when I am taking leave of English audiences, and which has, indeed, been shown to me all the world over. I think I may also refer with pardonable pride to the splendid fees which have been paid to me in England and America, the highest of which being a guaranteed amount of twelve hundred pounds for each concert, with a half share of the receipts after they reached two thousand four hundred pounds; and, as this was frequently the case during the tour in question, my fee at the end of it was a very pleasant one.

But until that day arrives I can only say —"Wait"!



AS ROSINA IN "THE BARBER OF SEVILLE."

From an Engraving.

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UNCLE JAP'S LILY.

By Horace Annesley Vachell.

I.

JASPAR PANEL owned a section of rough, hilly land to the north-east of our cattle ranch in California. Everybody called him Uncle Jap. He was very tall, very thin, with a face burnt a brick-red by exposure to sun and wind. Born in Massachusetts, he had marched as a youth with Sherman to the sea. After the war he married, crossed the plains in a "prairie schooner," and, eventually, took up six hundred and forty acres of Government land in San Lorenzo County. With incredible labour, inspired and sustained by his natural acuteness, he wrought a miracle upon a singularly arid and sterile soil. I have been told that he was the first of the foothill settlers to irrigate abundantly, the first to plant out an orchard and vineyard; the first, certainly, to create a tiny Paradise out of a sage-brush desert. Teamsters hauling wheat from the Carisa plains used to stop to shake the white alkaline dust from their overalls under Uncle Jap's fig trees. They and the cowboys were always made welcome. To such guests Uncle Jap would offer figs, watermelons, peaches, a square meal at noon, and exact nothing in return except appreciation. If a man failed to praise Uncle Jap's fruit, or his wife's sweet pickles, he was not pressed to "call again." The old fellow was inordinately proud of his colts, his Poland-China pigs, his "graded" bull, his fountain in the garden.

"Nice place you have, Mr. Panel," a stranger might say.

"Yas; we call it Sunny Bushes. Uster be nothin' but sun an' bushes onst. It's nice, yas: and it's paid for."

"What a good-looking mare!"

"Yas; she's paid for, too."

Everything on the ranch—animal, vegetable, and mineral—was "paid for." To understand this story you must grasp the fact that Uncle Jap lived with credit and not on it.

His wife, also of New England parentage, had a righteous horror of debt bred in her bone. Uncle Jap adored her. If he set an extravagant value upon his other possessions, what price above rubies did he place upon the meek, silent, angular woman who had been his partner, companion, and friend for more than a quarter of a century? Sun and wind had burnt her face also to the exact tint of her husband's. Her name was Lily.

"And, doggone it! she looks like a lily," Uncle Jap would say, in moments of expansion. "Tall an' slim, yas; an' with a droop of her head. I'd ought ter be grateful to God fer givin' me sech a flower out er heaven—an' I am, I am. Look at her now! What a mover!"

Uncle Jap's Lily, chasing a hen, certainly exhibited an activity surprising in one of her years. By a hair's breadth she missed perfection. Uncle Jap had been known to hint, nothing more, that he would have liked a dozen or so of babies. The hint took concrete form in: "I think a heap o' young things, colts, kittens, puppies—an' the like." Then he would sigh.

We came to California in the eighties, and in about '93, if my memory serve me, Uncle Jap discovered bituminous rock in a corner of his ranch. He became very excited over this find, and used to carry samples of the ore in his pocket, which he showed to his neighbours.

"There's petroleum whar that ore is—*sure*. An' ef I could strike it, boys, why, why I'd jest hang my Lily with di'monds from her head to her feet, I would."

This, mind you, was before the discovery of the now famous oil-fields. Even in those early days experts were of opinion that petroleum might be found below the croppings of bituminous rock by any pioneer enterprising enough to bore for it.

About this time we began to notice that Uncle Jap was losing interest in his ranch. Cattle strayed through the fence because he neglected to mend it, calves escaping were caught and branded by unscrupulous neighbours, a colt was found dead, cast in a deep gulch.

Shortly afterwards we heard that Uncle Jap was frequenting saloons, hanging about the hotels in the county town; hunting, of course, for a capitalist who would bore for oil on shares, seeking the "angel" with the dollars who would transport him and his Lily into the empyrean of millionaires. When he confided as much to us, my brother Ajax remarked:—

"Hang it all, Uncle Jap, you've got all you want."

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"That's so. I hev. But Lily — I dessay you, bein' a bachelor, think that my Lily kind o' wallers in washin' my ole duds, an' cookin' the beans and bacon when the thermometer's up to a hundred in the shade, and doin' chores around the hog pens an' chicken yards. Wal, she don't. She pretends, for my sake ; but bein' a lady born an' bred her mind's naterally set on silks an' satins, gems, a pianner—an' statooary."

With that he rode away on his old pinto horse, smiling softly and nodding his grizzled head.

Later he travelled to San Francisco, where he interviewed presidents of banks and other magnates. All and sundry were civil to Uncle Jap, but they refused to look for a needle in a haystack. Uncle Jap confessed later that he was beginning to get "cold feet," as he expressed it, when he happened to meet an out-of-elbows individual who claimed positively that he could discover water, gold, or oil with no tools or instruments other than a hazel twig. Uncle Jap, who forgot to ask why this silver-tongued vagabond had failed to discover gold for himself, returned in triumph to his ranch, bringing with him the wizard, pledged to consecrate his gifts to the "locating" of the lake of oil. In return for his services Uncle Jap agreed to pay him fifty dollars a week, board and lodging included. When he told us of the bargain he had made his face shone with satisfaction and confidence. He chuckled as he added, slyly :—

"I peeked in to some o' them high-toned joolery stores on Montgomery and Kearney Streets. Yas, I did. An' I priced what they call a ti — airy, sort o' di'mond crown. They run up into the thousands o' dollars. Think o' Mis' Panel in a *ti*—airy, boys! but shush-h-h-h! Not a word to her—eh?"

We pledged ourselves to secrecy, but when Uncle Jap's back was turned Ajax cursed the wizard, as the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims cursed the jackdaw. When we saw Mrs. Panel she seemed to be thinner and more angular, but her lips were firmly compressed, as if she feared that something better left unsaid might leak from them. An old sun-bonnet flapped about her red, wrinkled face ; her hands, red and wrinkled also, trembled when we inquired after the wizard and his works.

"He's located the lake," she replied. Suppressed wrath boiled over as she added, fiercely : "I wish 'twas a lake o' fire an' brimstone an' him a-bilin' in the middle of it." Then, reading the sympathy in our eyes, she continued, quickly : "I ain't denyin' that Jaspar has a right to do what he pleases with what lies out o' doors. He never interfered with me in my kitchen, never! Would you gen'lemen fancy a cup custard an' a glass o' lemonade? No? Wal—I'm glad you called in, fer I hev been feelin' kind o' lonesome lately."

What Uncle Jap's Lily suffered when he mortgaged all his cattle to sink a well nobody knows but herself, and she never told. The wizard indicated a certain spot below the croppings of bituminous rock ; a big derrick was built ; iron casing was hauled over the Coast Range ; the well was bored.

Then, after boring some two thousand feet, operations had to be suspended because Uncle Jap's dollars were exhausted, and his patience. The wizard swore stoutly that the lake was there — millions and millions of barrels of oil—but he deemed it expedient to leave the country in a hurry, because Uncle Jap intimated to him in the most convincing manner that there was not room in it for so colossal a fraud. The wizard might have argued the question, but the sight of Uncle



"THE SIGHT OF UNCLE JAP'S OLD NAVY SIX-SHOOTER SEEMED TO PARALYZE HIS TONGUE."

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Jap's old Navy six-shooter seemed to paralyze his tongue.

After this incident Uncle Jap ranched with feverish energy, and Mrs. Fullalove said that the old man had gotten over a real bad dose of swelled head.

II.

FIVE years later came the oil boom.

Everybody knows now that it flowed in prodigious quantities into the vats of one man, whom we shall speak of, with the respect which the billionaire inspires, as the Autocrat of Petroleum. Let us hasten to add that we shall approach Him in the person of His agent, who, so far as Uncle Jap was concerned, doubtless acted in defiance of the will of the greatest church-builder and philanthropist in the world.

In Kern County oil was struck in pints, quarts, gallons, buckets, and finally in thousands and tens of thousands of barrels. It flowed copiously in our cow-county; it greased, so to speak, the wheels--and how ramshackle some of them were!--of a score of enterprises; it saturated all things and persons.

Now, conceive, if you can, the triumphant, I-told-you-so-boys expression of Uncle Jap. He swelled again visibly: head first, then body and soul. The county kotowed to him. Speculators tried to buy his ranch, entreated him to name a price.

"I'll take half a million dollars, in cold cash," said Uncle Jap.

The speculators offered him instead champagne and fat cigars. Uncle Jap refused both. He was not going to be "flim-flammed," no, sir! Not twice in his life, *no, Siree Bob!* He, by the Jumping Frog of Calaveras, proposed to paddle his own canoe into and over the lake of oil. If the boys wished him to forego the delight of that voyage, let 'em pungle up half a million—or get.

They got.

Presently, after due consultation with a famous mining engineer, Uncle Jap mortgaged his cattle for the second time, and sank another well. He discovered oil sand, not a lake. Then he mortgaged his land, every stick and stone on it, and sunk three more wells. It was a case of Bernard Palissy. Was Bernard a married man? I forget. If so, did he consult his wife before he burnt the one and only bed? Did she protest? It is a fact that Uncle Jap's Lily did not protest. She looked on, the picture of misery, and her mouth was a thin line of silence across her wrinkled, impassive countenance.

When every available cent had been raised and sunk, the oil spouted out. Who looked at the fountain in the patch of lawn by the old fig trees? Possibly Mrs. Panel. Not Uncle Jap. He, the most temperate of men, became furiously drunk on petroleum. He exuded it from every pore. Of course, he was acclaimed by the county and the State (the Sunday editions published his portrait) as the star-spangled epitome of Yankee grit and get-there.

At this point we must present, with apologies, the Agent of the Autocrat, *the* Agent, the High-muck-a-muck of the Pacific Slope, with a salary of a hundred thousand a year and *perks!* In his youth Nat Croucher smelt of onions, and he changed his lodgings more often than he changed his linen. Now you meet him as Nathaniel Croucher, Esquire, who travelled in his private car; who assumed the God when the God was elsewhere; who owned a palace on Nob Hill, and some of the worst, and therefore the most paying, rookeries in Chinatown; who never refused to give a cheque for charitable purposes when it was demanded in a becomingly public manner; who, like the Autocrat, had endowed Christian churches, and had successfully eliminated out of his life everything which smacked of the Bowery, except his prejudice against soap and water.

Nathaniel Croucher visited our county, opened an office, and began to lay his pulpy white hands upon everything which directly or indirectly might produce petroleum. In due season he invited Uncle Jap to dine with him at the Paloma Hotel, in San Lorenzo. The old man, with the hay-seed in his hair and the stains of bitumen upon his gnarled hands, ate and drank of the best, seeing a glorified vision of his Lily crowned with diamonds at last. The vision faded somewhat when Nathaniel began to talk dollars and cents. Even to Uncle Jap, unversed in such high matters as finance, it seemed plain that the Amalgamated Oil Company was to have the dollars, and that to him, the star-spangled epitome of Yankee grit and get-there, were to be apportioned the cents.

"Lemme see," he said, with the slow, puzzled intonation of the man who does not understand. "I own this yere oil——"

"Subject to a mortgage, Mr. Panel, I believe?"

"That don't amount to shucks," said Uncle Jap.

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"Quite so. Forgive me for interrupting you."

"I own this yere oil-field—lake, I call it—and, bar the mortgage, it's bin paid for with the sweat of my—soul."

He brought out the word with such startling emphasis that Nathaniel nearly upset the glass of fine old Cognac which he was raising to his lips.

"Yas, my soul," continued Uncle Jap, meditatively. "I risked everything I'd got. Man"—he leant across the gaily-decorated table, with its crystal, its pink shades, its pretty flowers, and compelled his host to meet his flaming eyes—"man, I risked my wife's love an' respect. And," he drew a deep breath," "by Heaven, I was justified. I got there. If I hadn't"—the fire died down in his mild blue eyes, and the thin body seemed to wither and shrink—"if I hadn't struck it, it would hev killed her, the finest lady in the land, an' me too. It was nip an' tuck with both of us. And now"—his voice warmed into life again—"and now you offer me fifty thousand dollars."

"I am anxious to treat you right, Mr. Panel. Another glass of brandy? No. Between ourselves, the market is getting weaker every day. Fifty thousand profit, perhaps, may seem a small sum to you, but I cannot offer more. You are at perfect liberty to refuse my cheque; others, perhaps, may——"

Uncle Jap rose up grim and gaunt.

"I've ate dinner with you," he murmured, "so I'll say nothing more than 'Thank you' and 'Good-bye.'"

"Good-bye, Mr. Panel. At any time, if you have reason to change your mind, I shall be glad to talk business with you."

Uncle Jap returned to his own hotel to pass a restless night. Next day he sought a certain rich man who had a huge ranch in our county. The rich man—let us call him Dives—had eaten Uncle Jap's figs, and taken his advice, more than once, about cattle.

"Who's a-buyin' oil lakes?" demanded Uncle Jap.

"Nathaniel Croucher."

"Who else?"

Dives eyed Uncle Jap keenly. Rich men don't tell all they know, otherwise they would not be rich. Still, those figs and that watermelon on that broiling July afternoon had tasted uncommonly good!

"Look here, Mr. Panel, I think I can guess what has happened. Somebody has tried to squeeze you—eh?"

"That's so."

"Um! You're not the first."

"I wa'n't squeezed."

"Not yet; but—Mr. Panel, I should like to do you a service, and I know you to be an intelligent man. Do you see this sheet of blotting-paper?"

The blotting-paper lay immaculate upon the desk. Dives took a clean quill, dipped it into ink, and held it poised over the white pad. Uncle Jap watched him with interest.

"This," continued Dives, thoughtfully, "represents you and your ranch, Sunny Bushes." He made a small dot upon the blotting-paper. "This"—he made a much larger dot—"represents me and all I have. Now Croucher represents—*this*."

With a violent motion, quite contrary to his usual gentle, courteous manner, Dives plunged the quill to the bottom of the ink-pot, withdrew it quickly, and jerked its contents upon the blotting-paper. A huge purple blot spread and spread till the other small blots were incorporated.



"NOW CROUCHER REPRESENTS—THIS."

"Drat him!" sputtered Uncle Jap.

Dives shrugged his shoulders, and smiled.

"My advice is—take what Croucher offers."

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"Fifty thousand in the hand for millions in them brush hills of mine?"

"Can you touch them, if Omnipotence forbids?"

Dives stared moodily at the big purple blot; then picking up the sheet of blotting-paper he tore it to pieces with his nervous, finely-formed fingers, and dropped it into the waste-paper basket. When he looked up, he saw that Uncle Jap's mild blue eyes were curiously congested.

"You might see So-and-So." Dives named a banker. "I'll write a note of introduction." Then he added, with a faint inflection of derision, "I fear it will be of no service to you, because few business men care to buy trouble even at a bargain."

All this and more Ajax and I heard from Uncle Jap, after he returned from San Lorenzo without selling Sunny Bushes to So-and-So. None the less, he brought back a pair of small diamond ear-rings.

"Lily's ears ain't pierced," he explained; "but she'll hev a reel splendid time lookin' at 'em, jest as I uster hev with my nightie."

"Your—*nightie?*"

Uncle Jap chuckled and rubbed together his bony hands, cracking the joints.

"Yas, my nightie. Never tole you boys about that, did I? Wal, about a month before Lily an' me was fixin' up to git merried, she made me a nightie. It was a'mos' too dressy fer a lady to wear, let alone a critter like me who'd slep' in his pants an' day shirt. 'Twas of fine linen, pleated, and fixed with ribbons—yaller ribbons. I chose the colour. Lily was kinder struck on pale blue, but I liked yaller best. Lily knew what I'd do with that nightie, an' I done it. I put it away in the tissoo paper 'twas wrapped in, an' I hev it still. I've got more solid satisfaction out of lookin' at it than I ever hev out o' my bank-book. An'," he concluded, warmly, "Lily's goin' ter feel jest that-a-way about these yere sollytaires."

What followed immediately afterwards is county history. Uncle Jap decided to borrow money to develop his bonanza. The Autocrat, with tentacles stretching to the uttermost ends of the earth, may—I dare not affirm that He did—have issued instructions that such money as Jaspar Panel asked for was to be paid. Jaspar Panel asked for a good deal, and got it. He sunk more wells and capped them; he built reservoirs, he laid down pipe line. The day of triumph dawned when an English company offered to take all the oil Uncle Jap could supply, provided it were delivered free on board their vessels. Then came the crushing blow that the railroad would not transport Mr. Panel's petroleum. If they did—this was not the reason given by the shipping agents—the Autocrat might be *displeased.*

Meantime the banks politely requested Jaspar Panel to meet his obligations.

Hitherto Uncle Jap had been a man of simple and primitive beliefs. He had held, for instance, that a beneficent Providence will uphold Right against Might; he had pinned his faith to the flag under which he fought and bled when a boy; he had told his Lily (who believed him) that American citizenship is a greater thing than a Roman's in Rome's palmiest days—a phrase taken whole from the mouth of a Fourth of July orator. Last of all, he had believed devoutly in his own strong hands and will, the partnership of mind and muscle which confronts seemingly insuperable obstacles confident that it can remove them.

And now, hour by hour, day by day, conviction settled upon his soul that in this world one only reigned supreme: the Autocrat of Oil, whose high priest was Nathaniel Croucher. After heartrending months of humiliation, upon the eve of foreclosure by the banks, Uncle Jap wrote a forlorn letter to Nathaniel, accepting his offer of fifty thousand dollars for the lake of oil. Mr. Croucher, so a subordinate replied, *was not buying oil properties!* For the moment he was interested in other matters. . . . Uncle Jap happened to read next day in the local paper that Croucher, treading in the footsteps of his Master, was about to present a splendid church to the people of Lorenzo. Uncle Jap stared at the paper till it turned white, till he saw in the middle of it a huge purple blot ever-increasing in size.

That evening he cleaned his old six-shooter, which had made the climate of the county so particularly pestilential for the wizard with the hazel twig. "Pore critter," he muttered, as he wiped the barrel, "he was down to his uppers, but this feller——"

Mrs. Panel, putting away the supper things, heard her husband swearing softly to himself. She hesitated a moment; then she came in, and seeing the pistol a gasp escaped her.

"What air you doin' with that, Jaspar Panel?"

Uncle Jap coughed.

"There's bin a skunk around," he said. "I've kind o' smelled him fer weeks past, hain't you?"

"I never knowed you to shoot a skunk with anything but a shot-gun."

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"That's so. I'd disremembered. Wonder if I kin shoot as straight as I used ter?"

For answer his wife, usually so undemonstrative, bent down, took the pistol from his hand, put it back into the drawer, and, slightly blushing, kissed the old man's cheek.

"Why, Lily, what ails ye?"

His surprise at this unwonted caress brought a faint smile to her thin lips.

"Nothing."

"Ye ain't tuk a notion that yer goin' ter die?"

"Nothing ails me, Jaspar." Her voice was strong and steady. "I'm strong as I was twenty year ago, or nearly so. I kin begin life over agen, ef I hev to."

"Who said you hed to?" inquired her husband, fiercely. "Who said you hed to?" he repeated. "One o' yer friends? I'd like ter wring her neck. Oh, it wa'n't, eh? Wal, you take it from me that you ain't a-goin' to begin life agen onless it's in a marble hall sech as you've dreamed about ever sence you was short-coated. Let me hear no more sech talk. D'ye hear?"

"I hear," she answered, meekly, and went back to her kitchen.



"WHY, LILY, WHAT AILS YE?"

III.

NEXT day she came to us across the cow-pasture as we were smoking our pipes after the midday meal. We guessed that no light matter had brought her afoot, with such distress upon her face.

"I'm in trouble," she said, nervously.

"We are your friends," said Ajax, gravely.

"Jaspar's gone to town," she gasped.

Uncle Jap, since the striking of the oil, had been in the habit of going to town so often that this statement aroused no surprise. We waited for more information.

"I'm scared plum ter death," Mrs. Panel continued. "I want ter foller him at onst. Jaspar's taken the team. I thought maybe you'd hitch up and drive me in this after- ... on—*now*."

The last word left her lips with a violence that was positively imperative.

"Certainly," said Ajax. He turned to leave the room. We neither of us asked a question. Upon the threshold he addressed me:—

"I'll bring the buggy round while you change."

I reflected that it was considerate of Ajax, knowing as he did my inordinate curiosity, to allow me to drive Mrs. Panel the twenty odd miles between our ranch and San Lorenzo. I nodded and went into my bedroom.

For the first ten miles Mrs. Panel never opened her lips. I glanced occasionally at her impassive face, wondering when she would speak. Somehow I knew that she would speak, and she did. It was like her to compress all she had left unsaid into the first sentence:—

"Jaspar's gone plum crazy with trouble; he took his six-shooter with him."

She said no more till we descended from the buggy in the livery stable where Jaspar was in the habit of putting up his horses.

"You ain't seen Mr. Panel, hev you?" she asked the ostler.

"He's around somewheres," the man replied.

With this information we started out to look for him. Away from the familiar brush hills, confronted by strange faces, confused, possibly, by the traffic, my companion seemed so nervous and helpless that I dared not leave her. Almost unconsciously we directed our steps towards the Amalgamated Oil Company's office.

Here we learned that Croucher was in town, and that Uncle Jap had called to see him.

"Did he see him?" Mrs. Panel's voice quavered.

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"No," the clerk answered, curtly; then he added, "Nobody sees the boss without an appointment. We told Mr. Panel to call to-morrow."

We walked on down the street. Suddenly Mrs. Panel staggered, and might have fallen had I not firmly grasped her arm.

"I dunno' what ails me," she muttered.

"Did you eat any breakfast this morning?"

"I dunno' as I did," she admitted, with reluctance.

"Did you eat any dinner?"

"Mebbee I didn't." Her innate truthfulness compelled her to add, with a pathetic defiance: "I couldn't hev swallered a mossel to save my life."

I took her to a restaurant and prescribed a plate of soup and a glass of wine. Then I said, with emphasis:—

"Now, look here, Mrs. Panel; I want you to rest while I hunt up Mr. Panel. When I find him I'll bring him to you."

"An' s'pose he won't come?"

"He will come."

"No, he won't; not till he's done what he's set his mind to do. Was you aimin' to hunt fer Jaspar up an' down this town?"

"Certainly. It's not as big as you think."

"'Pears to me it'd be a better plan to keep an eye on the other feller."

With a woman's instinct she had hit the mark.

"Perhaps it would," I admitted.

"I noticed one or two things," she continued, earnestly. "Near the office is an empty lot, with trees and bushes. I'd as lief rest there as here, if it's the same to you. Then you kin look around for Jaspar, if ye've a mind to."

"And if I find him?"

"Watch him, as I shall watch the other feller."

"And then——"

"The rest is in the dear Lord's hands."

Together we returned to the office, and, passing the door, I could hear the typewriters clicking. Mrs. Panel sat down under a tree in the empty lot, and for the first time since we had met that day spoke in her natural tones.

"Mercy! I came away without feeding the chickens," she said.

I looked at my watch; it was nearly six. One hour of daylight remained. Croucher, I happened to know, was in the habit of dining about half-past six. He often returned to the office after dinner. Between the Hotel Paloma, which lay just outside the town, and the office ran a regular service of street cars. Croucher was the last man in the world to walk when he could drive. It seemed reasonably certain that Jaspar, failing to see him at the office, would try to speak to him at the hotel. From my knowledge of Uncle Jap's temperament and character I was certain that he would not shoot down his enemy without warning. So I walked up to the hotel feeling easier in my mind. The clerk, whom I knew well, assigned me a room. I saw several men in the hall, but not Uncle Jap.

"Does Mr. Croucher dine about half-past six?" I asked.

The clerk raised his brows.

"That's queer," he said. "You're the second man to ask that question within an hour. Old man Panel asked the same thing."

"And what did you tell him?"

"Mr. Croucher don't dine till seven. He goes to the church first."

If the man had said that Croucher ascended to heaven I could not have been more surprised. Then I remembered what I had read in the local papers. I had not seen the church yet. I had not wished to see it, knowing that every stone in it was paid for with the sweat—as Uncle Jap had put it—of other men's souls.

"Where is this church?"

"You don't know? Third turning to the left after passing the Olive Branch Saloon."

"Croucher owns that too, doesn't he?"

The clerk yawned. "I dare say. He owns most of the earth around here, and most of the people on it."

I walked quickly back towards the town, wondering what took Croucher to the church. No doubt he wanted to see if he were getting his money's worth, to note the day's work, perhaps to give the lie to the published statement that he built churches and never entered them. Nearly half an hour had passed since I left Mrs. Panel.

When I reached the third turning to the left I saw the church, certainly the handsomest in San Lorenzo. It stood in a large lot, littered with builders' materials. The workmen had left it at six. The building had an indescribably lifeless aspect. An hour before men had been busy within and without it; now not a soul was to be seen. I had time to walk round it, to note that the doors were locked, to note also, quite idly, that the window of the vestry was open. I could see no signs of Uncle Jap.

Coming round to the front I saw in the distance a portly figure approaching, followed by a thin, dust-coloured wraith of a woman.

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"'MERCY! I CAME AWAY WITHOUT FEEDING THE CHICKENS,' SHE SAID."

I slipped behind a tree and waited. Croucher strolled up, bland and imposing. He stood for a moment, staring intently at the outside of his church, now completed. Then, taking a key from his pocket, he opened the vestry door and entered the building, closing the door behind him. I went to meet Mrs. Panel.

"Seen Jaspar?"

"I hav'n't."

"What's that feller"—she always spoke of Croucher as a "feller" — "doin' in a church?"

"It's his church. He built it."

"Good land o' Peter! What's he doin' in thar, anyway?"

"Not praying, I think."

"Shush-h-h-h."

Mrs. Panel touched my arm, thrusting out her lean face in an attitude of intense attention. I strained my own ears, fairly good ones, but heard nothing.

"Jaspar's in there," said his wife. "I hear his voice."

She trembled with excitement. Obviously, Jaspar had concealed himself somewhere in the vestry. No time was to be lost.

Turning the north-east corner of the building, where the vestry is situated, I crawled under the window, followed by Mrs. Panel. The two men were within a few feet of us. Uncle Jap's slightly high-pitched tones fell sharply upon the silence.

"This is a leetle surprise party, ain't it?" he was saying.

Croucher answered thickly, "What are you doing here, sir?"

Although I risked discovery at an inopportune moment, I could not resist the temptation to raise my eyes level with the sill of the window. So did Uncle Jap's Lily. We both peered in. Uncle Jap was facing Croucher; in his hand he held the long-barrelled six-shooter; in his eyes were tiny pin-point flashes of light such as you see in an opal on a frosty morning. Terror had spread a grim mask upon the other; his complexion was the colour of oatmeal, his pendulous lips were quivering, his huge body seemed of a sudden to be deflated. He might have been an empty gas-bag, not a man.

"I'm goin' to tell ye that," continued Uncle Jap, mildly, "I come here to hev a leetle talk with you. Sence I've bin in San Lorenzo County two men hev tried to ruin me: one left the county in a hurry; you're the other."

"I give you my word of honour, Mr. Panel——"

"That's about all *you* would give, an' it ain't wuth takin'."

"Do you mean to kill me?"

"Ef I hev to, 'twon't keep me awake nights."

In my ear I heard his Lily's attenuated whisper, "Nor me neither, if Jaspar ain't caught."

And I had thought that solicitude for Jaspar's soul had sent his Lily hot-foot to prevent the crime of—murder! I learnt something about women then which I shall not forget.

"You propose to blackmail me, I suppose?"

"Ugly word that, but it's yours, not mine. I put it this way. I propose to consecrate this yere church with an act o' justice."

"Go on!"

"This county wa'n't big enough for the other feller an' me, so he had to go; it ain't big enough to-day for you an' me, but this time I'm a-goin', whether you stay in it or *under* it."

At the word "under" Uncle Jap's Lily nudged me. I looked at her. Her face was radiant. Her delight in her husband at such a moment, her conviction that he was master of the situation, that he had regained by this

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audacious move all the prestige which in her estimation he had lost—these things rejuvenated her.

"It's a question of dollars, of course?"

"That's it. Before you ask for credit with the angel Gabriel you've got to squar' up with Jaspar Panel."

"With the dear Lord's help Jaspar *has* found a way," whispered the joyful voice in my ear.

"How much?" demanded Croucher. His colour was coming back.

"We've got to figger on that. Take a pencil an' paper an' sit down."

"This is ridiculous."

"Sit down, or——"

Nathaniel sat down. The vestry had been used by the contractor as an office; the plain deal table was littered with scraps of paper. Croucher took out a gold pencil-case.

"Married man, ain't ye?" said Uncle Jap, with seeming irrelevance.

"Yes."

"Ever give your wife a ti—airy; diamond crown, sorter?"

"What the——"

"Answer—*quick!*"

"Yes."

"What did you pay for it? *Quick!*"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Put that down first."

The joy and gladness had entirely melted out of Mrs. Panel's thin voice as she whispered dolefully to me:—

"Jasper *is* crazy, after all."

"No, he isn't," I whispered back.

Jasper continued in a mild voice: "What does a way-up outfit o' lady's clothes cost—sealskin sacque, satins, the best of everything outside and in?"

"I don't know."

"You've got to figger it out—*quick!*"

"Say ten thousand, more or less."

"Put down fifteen; I'd just as lief it was more'n less. Put down a hundred dollars for me; I mean to hev a good suit o' clothes myself. What does that come to?"

"Twenty-five thousand one hundred dollars. Aren't you wasting time, Mr. Panel?"

"Nit. Of course, if we happened to be interrupted it might be awkward for you. If somebody should call, ye'll say, of course, that yer very particlerly engaged, eh?"

"Yes," said Nathaniel. "To oblige me, Mr. Panel, take your finger from that trigger."

"Ah! I'd oughter hev done that before. I'd disremembered 'twas a hair trigger. Now, then, put down Sunny Bushes, includin' the oil lake, at yer own figger, fifty thousand. Got it? Yas. Now, then, for wear an' tear of two precious souls an' bodies—put it all down!—two precious souls an' bodies—that's it!—fifty thousand more. Got it? Yas. How much now?"

"One hundred and twenty-five thousand one hundred dollars."

"Right! What does a marble hall cost?"

"A marble——"

"You heard what I said plain enough. You live in one yerself. What did that leetle shebang on Nob Hill cost ye?"

"Four hundred thousand dollars."

"Jiminy Christmas! Marble halls come high—but you've a large fam'ly, more's the pity. Me an' Lily—— Say, put down seventy-five thousand. Got it? Yas. Now, then, about statooary——"

"Good Lord!"

"Don't call on the Lord so loud. I reckon He's nearer than you give Him credit fer. Statooary comes high, too, but one don't want overly much of it. A leetle gives a tone to a parlour; put down five thousand. Got it? Yas. Furniture an' fixin's—lemme see. Wal, when it comes to buyin' fixin's, Mis' Panel beats the world. Put down ten thousand more. Total, please?"

"Two hundred and fifteen thousand and one hundred dollars."

"Make out yer personal note to me an' Mis' Panel fer that amount; one day after date. An' consideration—Sunny Bushes, oil, mortgage, an' all—but *not* the stock. I wouldn't sell any livin' critter to sech as you. There's pen an' ink handy."

We heard the scratching of pen on paper.

"Ye look mighty pleased," said Uncle Jap, "an' it's not because yer gittin' a property wuth a million for a quarter its value, nor because late in the day ye've squared an ugly account, but because yer thinkin' that this yere note ain't wuth the paper it's written on. An' it ain't—yit."

Again Mrs. Panel nudged me. Her beatific expression told me more eloquently than words that her Jaspar was the greatest man on earth.

"Notes of hand given by onreliable parties must be secured," said Uncle Jap, slowly. "This yere is goin' to be secured by a confession, dictated by me, written out an' signed by you. When the note is paid I hand over the confession—see? If the note ain't paid prompt, the confession goes to the noospapers of this enlightened land. I shall git something from them for sech a remarkable doccyment. But, first of all, here an'

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now, you can make a small payment on the note. Give me that thar di'mond ring, an' the di'mond pin. *Quick!*"

A moment later these coruscating gems were swept into Uncle Jap's hand.

"What did they cost ye?"

"Twenty-seven hundred dollars."

"Suffering Moses! Endorse that as paid on the back of the note. Got it down? Yas." Uncle Jap folded up the note and placed it carefully in a large pocket-book. "Now write out, good an' plain, what I tell ye. Ready? Date an' address first. That's right. Now——"

Obviously he was pulling himself together for a tremendous literary effort. Mrs. Panel had hold of my arm, and was squeezing it hard. Uncle Jap began:—

"'*This is to certify that I, Nathaniel Croucher, the undersigned, have been fooling with the wrong end of a mule, viz., Jaspar Panel, who's as self-opinionated a critter as ever marched with Sherman to the sea——*' What air you doing?"

Croucher had laid down his pen.

"This is farce," he said, sharply.

"We'll hev your criticism after the play is over," retorted Uncle Jap, derisively. "I'm talkin' now. Pick up that thar pen, and don't lay it down agen till I tell ye, or"—the muzzle of the Colt almost touched the perspiring forehead of the Colossus—"or else, by Golly, thar'll be a terr'ble muss to clean up in here to-morrer mornin'. That's better. Lemme see, whar was I? '*Sherman to the sea*'—yas. Now: '*I tried to down Jaspar Panel, and he's downed me. I'm a nateral born hog, and I eat with all four feet in the trough.*' Underline that, it's good. '*I'm big, an' sassy, an' full o' meanness, but what sand I've got ain't to be seen with a double-barrelled microscope. I'm as false as Judas; an' Ananias wouldn't be seen walkin' arm in arm with me in the place whar I'd oughter be to-night. I'd steal milk from a blind kitten an' sell it as cream to my own mother five minutes after.*' Underline that—it's straight goods. Now, then, for the finish. '*I wouldn't offer a fair price fer Sunny Bushes, because I aimed ter git it fer nothing. I wouldn't allow others to buy it fer the same reason. I used the power that the devil give me to prevent a railroad, which I own, furnishin' cars to J. Panel, so as to git him completely under my heel. Also I built a church in San Lorenzy, an' I write these yere lines in the vestry of it as a sorter penance. I swear solemn that this is the first time in my life that I ever tole the truth, an' I'll never do it agen, ef I know myself.*'



"THE MUZZLE OF THE COLT ALMOST TOUCHED THE PERSPIRING FOREHEAD OF THE COLOSSUS."

"Sign that an' give it ter me," said Uncle Jap.

Croucher, purple with rage and humiliation, signed it.

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IV.

AT this psychological moment we made our presence known.

"Uncle Jap," said I, "don't you think that document ought to be witnessed?"

"Jee—whillikins! Ef it ain't you. Who's that a-peekin' behind ye?"

"It's me, Jaspar," said Mrs. Panel, meekly.

Uncle Jap unlocked the door of the vestry and let us in. Croucher sat huddled up in his chair. Uncle Jap prodded him with the ancient pistol which he still held in his hand.

"Can't you offer a lady a chair?" he said, testily.

Croucher offered his chair, upon the extreme edge of which Mrs. Panel deprecatingly seated herself. Uncle Jap eyed her with wrinkled interrogation.

"What in thunder brought you to San Lorenzy?"

Mrs. Panel twisted her fingers.

"I looked in the drawer, an' I see that *that*"—she indicated the weapon—"was missin'."

"Did ye? Now, Lily Panel, you don't mean to tell me that you thought I was goin' ter murder this feller?"

Mrs. Panel looked at Nathaniel with an expression which I have seen in the eyes of foothill mothers whose children run barefoot, when they have found a rattlesnake. Then she drawled out, "Wal, I hoped you might, but——"

"Why, Lily, you hoped I *might?*"

"Yas; but I feared you'd git murdered first. Oh, Jaspar, I didn't know you was sech a man." She stood up; her eyes were shining, her face radiant. "Fergive me, but I reckoned you—was—petered—out."

"Petered out—*me?*"

"Yas; I'm a silly, fulish woman."

"No, you ain't. Petered out—*me?* Wal"—he glanced at Croucher—"somebody *is* petered out, but it ain't me. Did ye ever see a man scairt worse'n him? I scairt the wizard some—yas, I did, but he could run; this feller can't crawl, I reckon. An' this yere Colt wa'n't loaded then, an' it ain't loaded—now. Look! What an appetite I hev! Who says supper? Now, mister"—he addressed Croucher—"seein' as the starch is outer you, I'll give ye my arm as fur as the Paloma."

"Leave me," gurgled Nathaniel.

"I'm too good a Christian. In the state yer in it'd kill ye stone-dead to meet somebody else ye've robbed. It's too risky."

"Go, you scoundrel!" Authority was returning to his voice; the old arrogance gleamed in his eyes.

"Scoundrel—hay?" Uncle Jap's voice became savage. "You come along with me—quick an' quiet. This old Colt ain't loaded, but ef I hit you over the head with the butt of it ye'll think it is. Come!"

In silence the four of us marched up to the Paloma and into the big hall, where a dozen men were smoking. Uncle Jap addressed the clerk in a loud, clear voice.

"Mr. Croucher," he said, "has just concluded a leetle deal with me. He's bought Sunny Bushes an' the lake of ile for two hundred and fifteen thousand and one hundred dollars. Here is his note. Put it in the safe for me till to-morrer."

The chatter in the big room had ceased long before Uncle Jap had finished. More than one man present divined that something quite out of the ordinary had taken place. Nathaniel moistened his lips with his tongue. His chance had come. Had he chosen to repudiate the note, had he denounced Uncle Jap as obtaining at the pistol point what could be obtained in no other way, the law of the land would have released him from his bond. But Uncle Jap had read him aright—he was a coward.

"Yes," he said, "I've bought Sunny Bushes."

"An' dirt cheap, too," said Uncle Jap. He spoke to the clerk in his usual mild voice: "Can you give Mis' Panel an' me suitable accommodation?"

"Certainly, Mr. Panel. What sort of accommodation, sir?"

Uncle Jap looked fondly at his wife. I doubt if she had ever crossed the threshold of the Paloma before. I could see her blinking at the marble columns and the electric lights just turned on.

"What sorter accommodation?" repeated Uncle Jap. "Why, anything'd do fer me, but Mis' Panel is mighty particler. We'll take the bridal suit, ef it ain't engaged."

"Certainly; sitting-room, bedroom, and bathroom upon the first floor," said the clerk, striking a bell for the hall porter.

"Come, Lily," said Uncle Jap.

She raised her head, as if she were about to protest; then she smiled contentedly and followed her lord and master out of the old life into the new.

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PHIL MAY:

Illustrated by Some Unpublished Sketches.

By Arthur Morrison.

THE average man, as well as many persons who should know better, does the late Mr. Phil May a great injustice. To him this very great artist remains no more than a funny draughtsman—a joker, like a score of others of his time, and his pictures more or less interesting as the jokes printed below them chance to amuse the reader. That May was a great humorist as well as a great draughtsman is, of course, a fact, but it is none the less a fact that, just as his humour lay inherent in his pictures, wholly independent of whatever letterpress might be tacked to them, so his pictures were important works of art wholly independent of their inherent humour. Indeed, some of the finest of his drawings that I have seen were not what the reader of a comic paper would call "humorous" at all; that is to say, that fun merely was not their intention. In some the dominant human note was that of pathos; though in all, pathetic or not, there was ever to be discerned that subtle tone of humour that can never be absent from a complete presentation of common life in terms of art. But humour, pathos—all such qualities apart, May's drawing, *as* drawing, is always that of a master, his line extraordinarily expressive, and of a distinguished quality that no imitator has ever approached. And it has always seemed to me that many of his sketches and studies, a few of which from among those he left are here reproduced, are even more interesting than his finished drawings. These sketches were done in all sorts of circumstances; often as memoranda for future use, frequently as preliminary studies for drawings intended for publication, sometimes as notes of curious types seen or remembered, and at other times merely as half-idle exercises—the expression of a passing fancy, an experiment in the expression of form, or even the trial of a new pen or pencil. But whatever the occasion of these vagrant notes, they were always spontaneous and direct, and they were not executed with an eye to the exigencies of block-making and printing. For that reason they often bring us a more intimate view of the artist's thought and methods than do the completed pictures more familiar to the public.



DAN LENO.

As illustrations of the accuracy wherewith the character of a face may be expressed by

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"THE HOWLING CHILD."

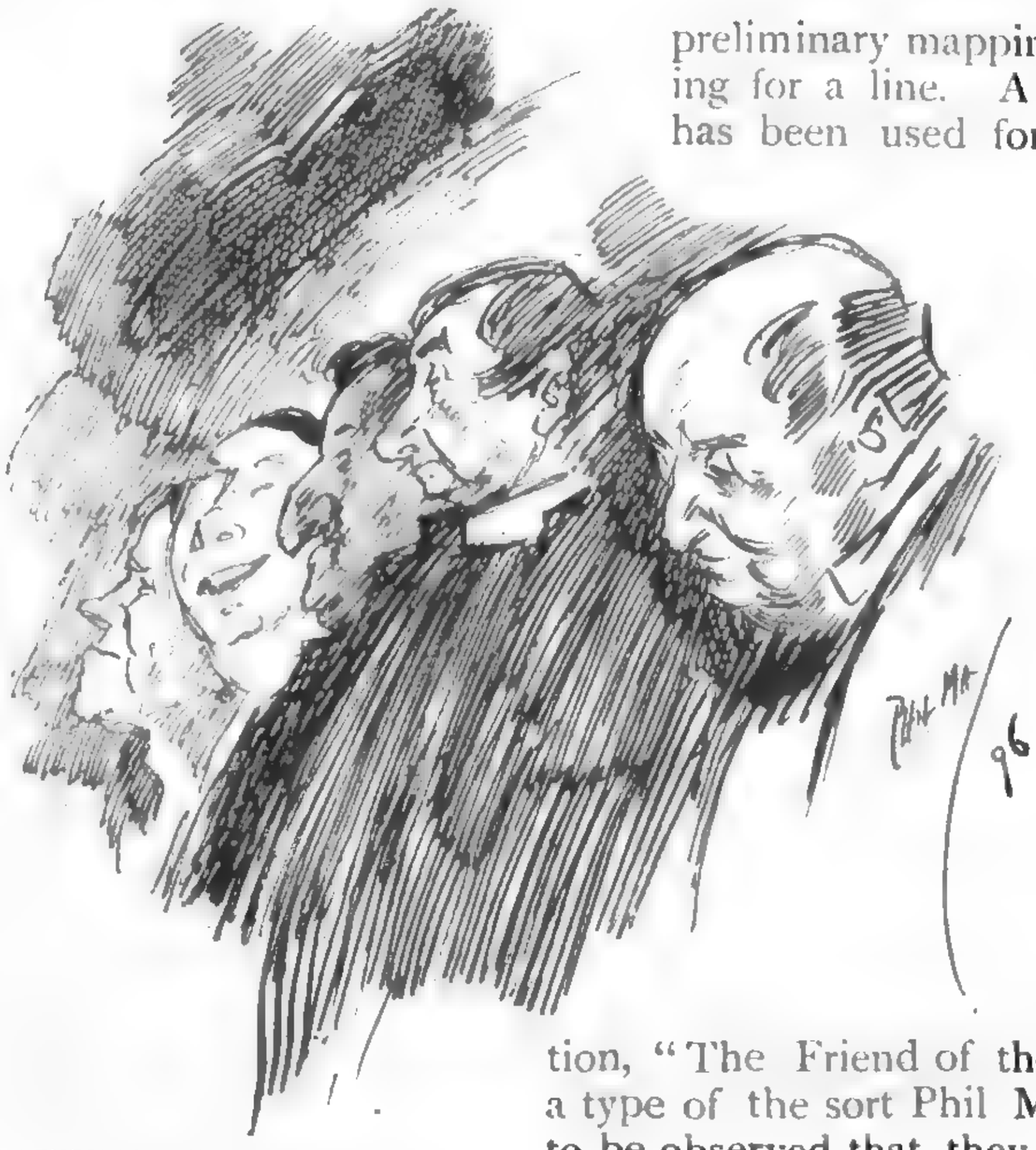
a few lines and touches placed with the perfect judgment of a great draughtsman, any of the sketches here reproduced will serve; but a beginning may well be made with the sketch of our old friend Dan Leno, contemporary and peer of Phil May himself, whom he survived by little more than a year. Not one who saw the garrulous, restless little figure of poor Dan in his get-up as the Fireman but will see him afresh in this little sketch, and laugh again. The face is admirable in its dozen or so touches; but you may cover the head completely and still recognise Dan Leno in the lift of the foot, the bend of the knee, and the astonishingly characteristic gesture of the right arm and hand.

The howling child in the sun-bonnet—how it does howl aloud from the very paper!—is in the original an extraordinarily bold and vigorous sketch almost of life size, the paper being nearly fourteen inches wide. The whole is flung out direct, every touch at the first effort, without anything in the shape of



"THE FRIEND OF THE CLERGY."

preliminary mapping or tentative groping for a line. A broad-pointed pen has been used for the blacker lines, helped by a brush of paler ink, and nothing but the most rapid and certain execution could have accomplished the effect.



A STUDY OF CONTRASTED TYPES.

To follow with a contrast of subject see the sketch of the thick-eared gentleman—pugilist or cabman or what?—who smokes his cigar over against the door-post with the happy inscription, "The Friend of the Clergy." Here is a type of the sort Phil May loved; and it is to be observed that they were ever types that

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he drew rather than individuals. If Phil May drew a knife-grinder it was not some individual knife-grinder, who probably would not have carried the signs of his trade very noticeably about him, but the essence of all the knife-grinders he had ever seen, and therefore unmistakable. In the present case the type is obvious, whatever may be our doubts as to the gentleman's present occupation in life. The accidental inscriptions often introduced into May's compositions are commonly of a very apt character, just as is the one last referred to. It is one of the artist's small tricks that remind one of Hogarth.

The chance mention of Hogarth turns one's attention to another in the little pile of sketches—a pen-and-ink drawing on an odd scrap of paper, with no inscription beyond the signature and the date, 96. I took the subject at first for a county court jury, since the number of heads is five, till I remembered that clergymen do not serve on juries, so that the second head from the near end would be out of place. But wherever the subject may have been found—in an audience at a political meeting or a lecture—the row of contrasted faces is in many ways comparable, in its soberer mood, to Hogarth's "Laughing Audience." Without going beyond the restricted range of middle-aged or elderly middle-class men brought together, no doubt, by a common object, a row of subtly-contrasted types, each complete and recognisable, is presented with very striking effect.

The reticence observable in his work was a habit of May's mind, and just as he kept needless lines from his work, so he avoided needless chatter in his intercourse with others. I knew him very well for the last ten years of his life, but, although we have talked frequently enough on matters of artistic interest, I can only remember one occasion on which he spoke at any length or in any detail of his own work and his view of it.

The largest sketch in our little collection —the original is more than eighteen inches high—is that of the pretty little girl petting a



"POOR LIKKLE DOGGIE; HASN'T GOT ANY FEAVERS ON!"

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"IN A GARRISON TOWN."

poodle. "Poor likkle doggie," runs the legend scribbled beneath; "hasn't got any feavers on!" This is a strong but a very elegant study, brightened with faint washes of colour, and it is one of the many evidences that Phil May was more than a draughtsman of the grotesque and comic merely. The drawing gives us another of the many innocent and pleasant faces of children that one remembers to have met scattered about in May's published drawings. Altogether a very simple, though charming, composition.

I have an idea that a finished drawing based on the study, "In a garrison town," has been printed somewhere, but I am not sure of it. All four of the figures are admirable, but the little clown in the ulster, walking beside the "strong man" of the circus, is an especial delight, and the heads of the confabulating loafers in the background are touched with wonderful truth.

A sheet of Bristol board carries sketches from life of Johannes Wolff, the violinist, of which the standing figure is perhaps the most striking, offering a fine study in pose and gesture of a violoncello player. A less serious study of another musician, an "entertainer" at the piano, catches him on the very turn of his joke, with fingers poised ready to strike the chords that emphasize it, and lead into the instrumental passage that gives the audience time to get their laugh over.

The beautiful pencil drawing of a man in a smock frock seated on an inn settle is another portrait, not of a farm labourer, despite the costume and accessories, but of a very well-known and very able painter, whose name need not be mentioned. For, indeed, the incongruity of the model and his costume



JOHANNES WOLFF.

is one of the best of Phil May's jokes, as any who can recognise the portrait will testify. It is the pictorial parallel—rather the superior, indeed—of the Parliamentary whimsey, "Sir, I am not an agricultural labourer!" to which



"AN ENTERTAINER."

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A FANCY PORTRAIT IN PENCIL.

complete reference is unnecessary. Joke or none, however, makes no difference to the drawing, which remains a particularly fine one.

But perhaps the most interesting of the score or so sheets before me is a card of ten or eleven inches square, which is covered on both sides with pen-and-ink notes of all sorts, though chiefly of heads, to the number of eighty or thereabout. Each side of this card is like a page of the *Mangwa* of the great Japanese, Hokusai. Not two of the faces or figures are even remotely alike, and all, scratched in just wherever they found room — upright, sideways, upside down — are alive with spirit, motion, and truth. One pensive, bony head is barely three-sixteenths of an inch across, yet as accurately modelled and as humorously expressed as any of them. There is a ballet-girl two inches high, who springs across the sheet with more than the dash and fire of the living subject; there is the head of a pretty woman singing, with her mouth at its widest and her voice at its topmost, but a pretty woman still; there is a suave ventriloquist, with his three dolls at the crisis of their drama: these three subjects are reproduced on this page. On the next page is shown a portion of the sheet; there are a grinning boy, a

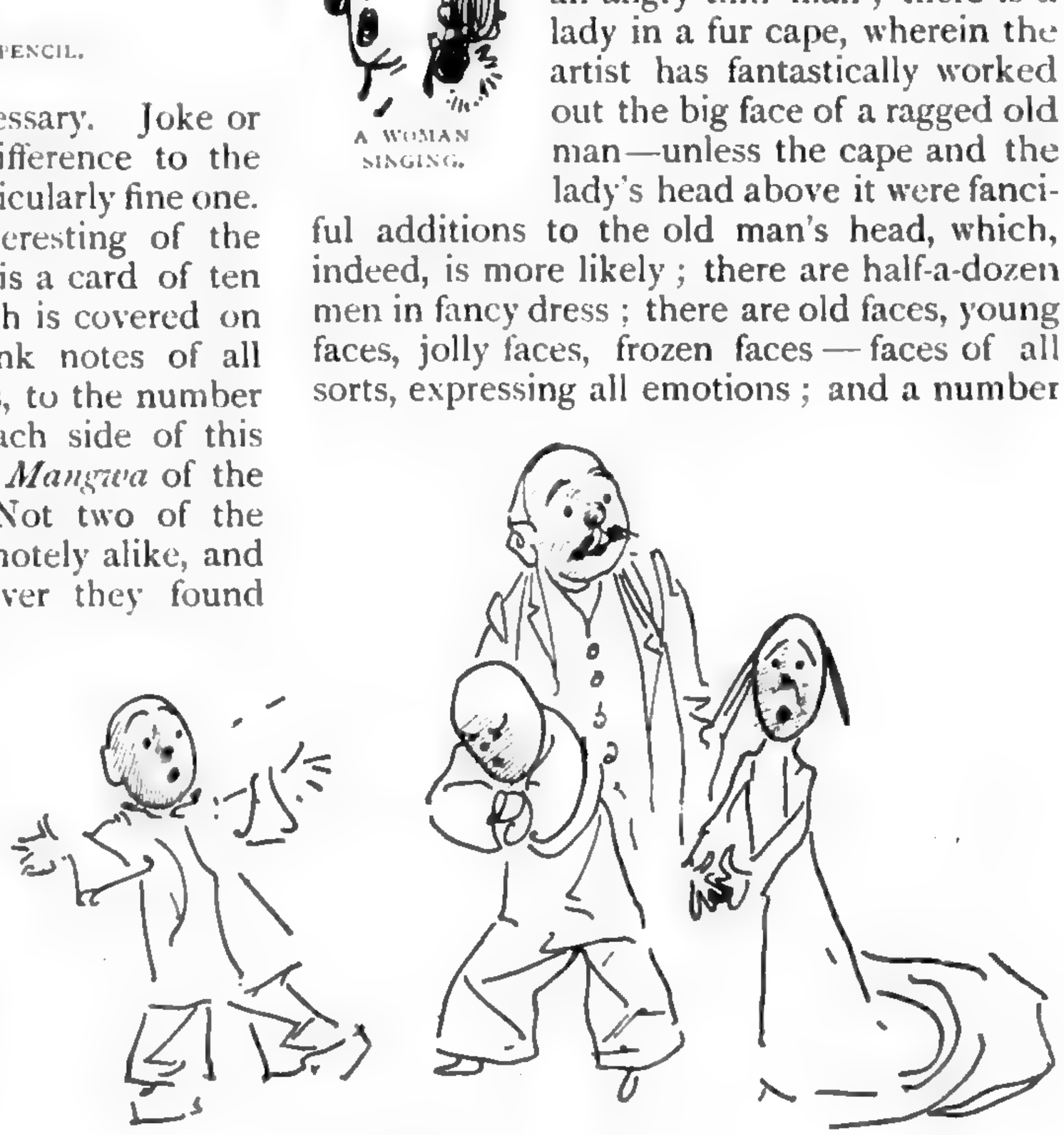


A BALLET-GIRL.



A WOMAN SINGING.

startled boy, a placid fat man, an angry thin man; there is a lady in a fur cape, wherein the artist has fantastically worked out the big face of a ragged old man—unless the cape and the lady's head above it were fanciful additions to the old man's head, which, indeed, is more likely; there are half-a-dozen men in fancy dress; there are old faces, young faces, jolly faces, frozen faces — faces of all sorts, expressing all emotions; and a number



A VENTRILOQUIST WITH HIS DOLLS.

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of the little sketches have been photographed to embellish this article. Any intelligent person could amuse himself for an hour with that crowded card, and if he were a lover of fine drawing it would interest him for weeks.

There is another card, less crowded and with larger figures, on which are noted some of the humours of an election, whereat it would seem that many enthusiastic partisans celebrated the day with fluid assistance. One unsteady gentleman in a white waistcoat, enlivening his progress along the street with a public speech and appropriate action, genially proceeds in complete disregard of an angry elector whom he has capsized in the mud.

A study of a farmer in gaiters is a very neat and precise sketch, carried much farther than most of these drawings. Again the type is unmistakable, and though the figure stands alone in the midst of white paper the rest of the scene is obvious. It is an agricultural show, and this connoisseur is well pleased with the pig before him. Nobody could read it otherwise. But I fear that no available process will preserve the wonderful subtlety and finish of the drawing in the face.

Just before his death May made quite a number of costume studies —cavaliers, swashbucklers, men-at-arms, and the like, mostly from one model. These drawings were indeed the last of his work, and the fact gives an interest of its own to the exquisite little study of a cavalier's head, next reproduced from an odd scrap of paper, which was one of the last scraps Phil May used.

There is a melancholy interest, also, in the wildly funny though admirably-modelled head of poor Phil himself as, in his days of health,

A PORTION OF A CARD OF SKETCHES.

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A CAVALIER'S HEAD.

he professed to conjecture he would appear in old age. "That's me when I'm old" he has inscribed above, but, alas! the toothless, hairless grotesque was to remain a figure of fancy, for Phil May's life-work — and it was a good life's work in quantity as well as in quality—was cut short when he was barely thirty-nine. There have been few indeed who, having done half as much as he with the chances so adverse, could leave behind the personal reputation of Phil May—namely, that his only faults were a too ready generosity and a too easy good nature.

Perhaps this may be a suitable place in which to offer the warning that a great number of forged drawings purporting to be the work of Phil May got on the market a year or two ago, and are probably still in existence. They were bought in perfect good faith by booksellers and other dealers, though, indeed, they should not have deceived anybody with a sense of quality. Those which came under my notice were all copies,

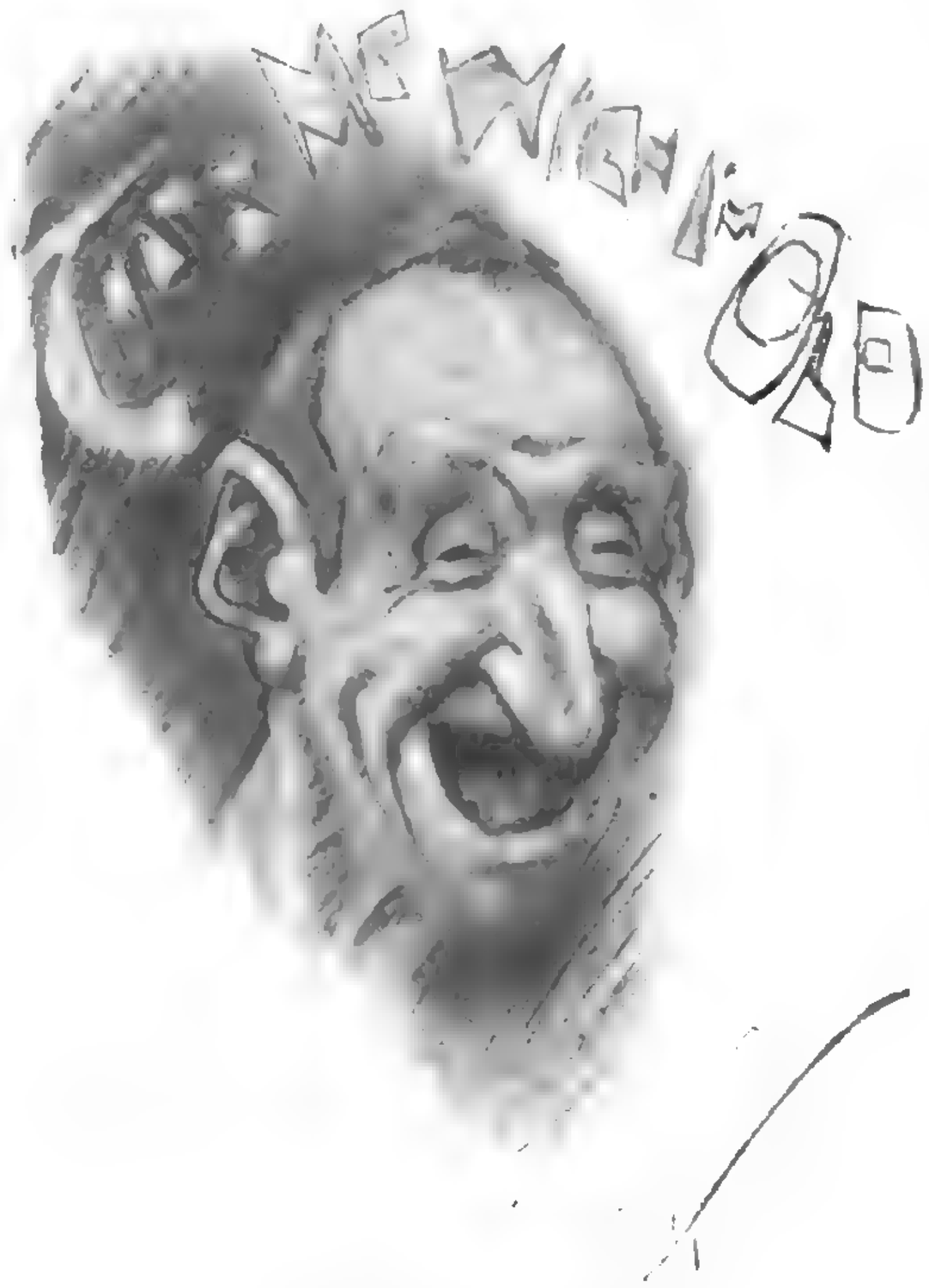


CELEBRATING THE ELECTION.



A STUDY OF A FARMER.

mostly of single figures taken from well-known groups in his published works, and very poor copies too; the only passable imitation, in fact, being that of the signature.



"THAT'S ME WHEN I'M OLD."

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OUR "100-PICTURE" GALLERY.

Every article in this entirely novel series contains at least one hundred illustrations!

No. III.—A CENTURY OF BEAUTY.

IS beauty in woman really a fixed standard, or is it a fashion, a caprice in public taste, changing from century to century, even from decade to decade? In spite of the theory of the learned German that the lovely Cleopatra was only four feet high, had red hair and a snub nose, yet in modern times, at least, the beauty of 1907 is only a modification of the beauty of 1807. Beauties may die, but beauty still remains. The style of features, like the fashion of coiffure, jewellery, or corsage, may alter. Undoubtedly it does alter. Blondes give way to brunettes, tall women replace short women, the Leech girl yields to the Gibson girl, but whosoever traverses our long gallery of leading beauties of the nineteenth century can have no doubt that English beauty is really perennial.

The reigning beauty of the year! Looking back over Court and society memoirs for the year 1807 one finds that she was then the Duchess of St. Albans. Following her Grace two other duchesses, of

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1815
Lady Catherine Howard


1828
Countess Blessington.


1827
Marchioness of Londonderry.

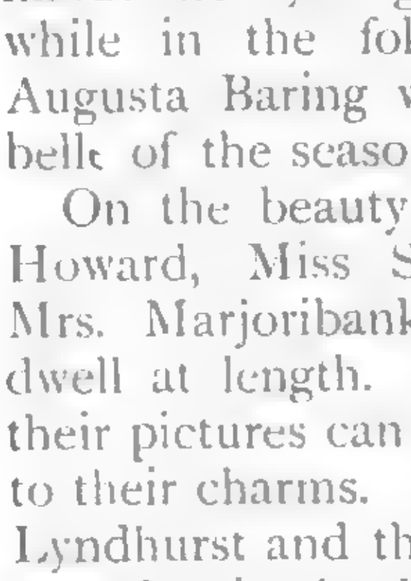

1826
Miss Croker.

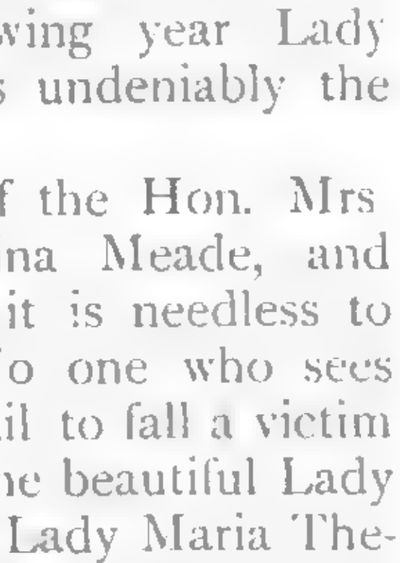
1816
Miss Barton

1817
Lady Augusta Baring.

1818
The Hon. Mrs Howard.

1819
Miss Selina Meade.


1820
Mrs. Marjoribanks.


1821
Lady Lyndhurst.


1825
Countess of Rosebery.


1824
Miss Wilson.


1823
Lady Maria Theresa Lewis.

1822
The Lady of Ilkdale.

Richmond and of Rutland, enjoyed an almost regal pre-eminence. One reads in the fashion journals of the day—*Le Beau Monde* and *La Belle Assemblée*—of the charms of Lady Langham, Countess Cowper, and the Countess of Euston. In those days, indeed, beauty was almost a patrician privilege, although now and then, as at all times, extreme perfection of form and feature raised the most lowly-born into high places.

On the fair Lady Charlotte Campbell, on the Countess of Tankerville, and on Lady Catherine Howard many encomiums were passed by noted connoisseurs in female beauty. In 1816 Miss Barton was considered the handsomest young woman of the day, while in the following year Lady Augusta Baring was undeniably the belle of the season.

On the beauty of the Hon. Mrs Howard, Miss Selina Meade, and Mrs. Marjoribanks it is needless to dwell at length. No one who sees their pictures can fail to fall a victim to their charms. The beautiful Lady Lyndhurst and the Lady Maria Theresa Lewis, the latter a sister of the fourth Earl of Clarendon, inspired Sir Thomas Lawrence with two of his most striking portraits; while in the

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1829
Lady Suffield.



1842
Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope.



1841
Mrs. Lister.



1840
Viscountess Folkestone.



1830
Lady Agnes Byng



1831
Marchioness of Clanricarde



1839
Lady F. Cowper.



1838
Hon. Letitia Vivian.

year 1825 the stately Countess of Rosebery, grandmother of the present Earl, shone unrivalled in a firmament of stars.

Few who read of the recent death of Lady Barrow will be able to recall to their minds the year 1826, when, known as the beautiful Miss Croker, she was, without exception, acknowledged to be the most lovely woman of her day.

Beauty continued to follow beauty in rapid succession, until in 1835 we find another Countess Cowper occupying the place of honour. Lady Frances Cowper, daughter of the fifth Earl, and the Viscountess Folkestone were among the eight lovely train-bearers at the Coronation of Queen Victoria, while the accomplished Mrs. Anderson held at that time the position of pianist to her late Majesty.

Mrs. Lister was the acknowledged belle of the '41 season, while the next year Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, one of Queen Victoria's bridesmaids and the mother of the present Lord Rosebery, won all hearts by her youthful charm.

The Hon. Charlotte Augusta Flower, a daughter of the fourth Viscount Ashbrook, was the reigning beauty of the year 1844, while in the following season Lady Victoria Talbot, one of a family noted for



1832
Viscountess Barrington



1837
Mrs. Anderson.



1833
Baroness le Despencer.



1834
Lady Ernest Bruce.



1835
Countess Cowper.



1836
Lady Frances Fletcher.

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1843
Lady Caroline Capel


1846
Miss Vyner.


1855
Mrs. Ffyshe.


1854
Duchess of Wellington.


1844
The Hon. Charlotte Augusta Flower.


1845
Lady Victoria Talbot.


1840
Lady Ashley.


1847
Miss Craven.


1848
Mrs. Rose.


1849
Mrs. Verschoyle.


1860
The Countess Rossil.


1862
Marchioness of Ailesbury


1852
Anna Maria Porter.


1851
Countess of Surrey.

the beauty of its womenkind, had all London at her feet. Lady Ashley, Miss Craven, and Mrs. Rose were among the next to captivate society, until in 1849 the beautiful Mrs. Verschoyle eclipsed all others by her exquisite perfection of form and features. The Countess Rossil, with her dark, almost Spanish, type of beauty, was the next to compel the admiration of the connoisseur, while in 1853 the celebrated Marchioness of Ailesbury was undoubtedly the most lovely woman of the day.

In these days, when it is apparently the fashion to belittle and decry anything and everything English; when a section of the Press takes delight in opening its columns to those who would point the finger of scorn at our national heritage of comeliness of form and feature, nor hesitate to draw invidious comparisons between this and other nationalities, invariably to the advantage of the latter, it is a welcome relief to the patriot to gaze upon the portraits of the beautiful

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1857
Lady Louisa Hamilton.



1870
Mrs. Wheeler.



1869
Mrs. Berens.



1868
Miss Adelaide Neilson



1858
Countess of Malmesbury.



1867
Mrs. Gore.



1859
Lady Peel.



1866
Lady Borthwick.



1860
Lady Dufferin.



1865
Countess of Dudley



1861
Miss Goodlake.



1862
Lady Poltmore.



1863
Lady Slade.



1864
Lady Tenterden.

women and lovely damsels who flourished but a generation or two ago, and to reflect that, so long as England maintains the high standard of beauty reached by the belles of the fifties and sixties, she never need fear the rivalry of other nations in this respect.

What country, for example, could produce fairer women than Lady Caroline Capel, than Lady Louisa Hamilton, the Countess of Malmesbury, or than Miss Goodlake?

Even in the seventies and early eighties, when the cult of ugliness was at its zenith, the ugliness was not of Nature's making, and Englishwomen still continued to maintain their high reputation for beauty—a beauty sadly handicapped, however, by the hideous fashions of dress and of coiffure which were then in vogue.

In the year 1868 that great tragedienne, Adelaide Neilson, although barely twenty years of age, had already established her claim to rank with the leading actresses of the last century. Her Juliet, according to the eminent critic, Joseph Knight, was perfect, while her Julia has never been surpassed. Although of humble birth, the daughter of an obscure actress, she nevertheless achieved

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1871
Miss Kate Vaughan.



1884
Miss Violet Cameron.



1883
Mrs. Coleridge Kennard.



1882
Mrs Robert Webster



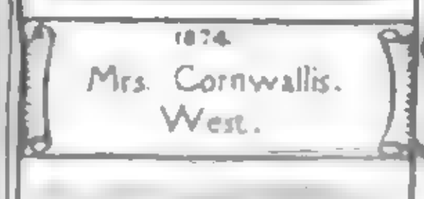
1872
Mrs. Moncrieff.



1873
Miss Kate Santley.



1874
Mrs. Cornwallis. West.



1876
Mrs. Bolton



1878
Lady Lamb



1877
Viscountess Gormanston



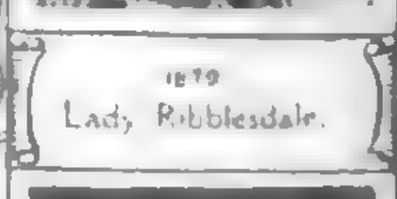
1881
Mrs Langtry.



1880
Mrs. Plowden.



1879
Lady Ribblesdale.



1878
Maude Branscombe.

many brilliant successes in society, where her striking beauty and rare charm of manner rendered her an ever-welcome guest.

Two other actresses, Kate Vaughan and Kate Santley, were among the next to swell the ranks of beauty, while in 1874 Mrs. Cornwallis West was undeniably the most beautiful woman of the season. The gráceful Mrs. Bolton, who was the belle of 1875, was succeeded in turn by Lady Lamb and Lady Gormanston — two ladies of a very similar type of beauty; and they in their turn had to yield place to the charming young actress, Maude Branscombe, whose histrionic talents must still be familiar to the majority of present-day playgoers. In 1881 Mrs. Langtry, the "Jersey Lily," and the pampered pet of society, made her first bow to the public from the stage of the Haymarket Theatre. Mention of Miss Violet Cameron, who in 1884 was considered the most beautiful woman of the year, must inevitably remind us of the palmy days at the old Savoy, where this gifted singer appeared in so many of Gilbert and Sullivan's delightful operas. In 1885 that popular cantatrice, Miss Florence St. John, was at the

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1885
Miss Florence St. John.



1899
Lady Beatrice Butler.



1897
Miss Jessie Bateman.



1896
Miss Eilaline Terriss



1886
Mas Mary Rorke.



1887
Miss Coralie de Vere



1888
Duchess of Leinster.

height of her fame; while a year later the distinguished actress, Miss Mary Rorke, was tasting the sweets of a well-deserved popularity.

There is no need to recapitulate the charms of the Duchess of Leinster or the Countess of Warwick; the fame of their beauty is world-wide. In 1891 the pretty young actress, Miss Mary Ansell, leapt suddenly into public favour, and was shortly afterward wooed and won by the popular author of "The Little Minister."

The beautiful Countess of Dudley has proved one of the most popular Vicereines Ireland has ever had. She is, moreover, an ideal hostess, and Dublin Castle—the scene of many a historic *fête*—has never perhaps entertained such a brilliant company of guests as those whose privilege it is to attend the Viceroy's receptions. The Countess of Annesley, who, as a *débutante*, made quite a sensation, will be familiar to many as a most accomplished and popular leader of Irish society.



1895
Miss Violet Wood.



1894
Miss Marie Studholme.



1893
Countess of Annesley.



1889
Miss Mabel Love.



1890
Countess of Warwick



1891
Miss Mary Ansell



1892
Countess of Dudley.

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1899
Viscountess Castlereagh.



1906
Miss Phyllis Dare.



1900
Miss Ruth Vincent



1905
Miss Zena Dare.



1901
Duchess of Westminster.



1904
Miss Gaynor Rowlands.



1902
Miss Gwladys Wilson.



1903
Miss Gabrielle Ray.

The beauty of Miss Marie Studholme is well known to the present-day theatre-going public. In 1896 Miss Ellaline Terriss appeared with signal success in "The Runaway Girl" and other popular productions. Miss Jessie Bateman is not only a stage beauty; she is, in addition, an accomplished actress, and has scored many successes at the Haymarket and other theatres. The Viscountess Castlereagh, daughter of the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, is still one of the most beautiful women in society. Miss Ruth Vincent succeeded in capturing all hearts in the world of light opera. Both the Duchess of Westminster, the charming daughter of Mrs. Cornwallis West, and Miss Gwladys Wilson are well known as society beauties.

The lamented death of Miss Gaynor Rowlands robbed the stage of a true type of English beauty. Of Miss Gabrielle Ray and those two clever sisters, the Misses Zena and Phyllis Dare, there is little need to speak.

Miss Adelaide Neilson, Mrs. Langtry, Miss Florence St. John, Miss Mabel Love; Photos. London Stereoscopic Co. Miss Kate Vaughan, Miss Kate Santley, Miss Maude Branscombe, Miss Mary Ansell, Miss Violet Cameron, Miss C. de Vere, Miss Mary Rorke; Photos. Elliott & Fry. Duchess of Westminster, Countess of Annesley, Lady Beatrice Butler; Photos. Lafayette. Miss Gabrielle Ray, Miss Marie Studholme; Photos. W. & D. Downey. Miss Violet Wood, Miss Gwladys Wilson; Photos Langfier. Miss Gaynor Rowlands; Photo. Johnston & Hoffmann. Miss Zena Dare; Photo. Foulsham & Banfield. Miss Phyllis Dare, Miss Ellaline Terriss; Photos. Bassano. Miss Jessie Bateman; Photo. Dover Street Studios. Countess of Dudley; Photo Lallie Charles. Duchess of Leinster; Photo. Ellis & Walery. Miss Ruth Vincent; Photo. Sarony. Viscountess Castlereagh, Countess of Warwick; From Paintings by Ellis Roberts.

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MIXED RELATIONS

BY

W·W·JACOBS



THE brig *Elizabeth Barstow* came up the river as though in a hurry to taste again the joys of the Metropolis. The skipper, leaning on the wheel, was in the midst of a hot discussion with the mate, who was placing before him the hygienic, economical, and moral advantages of total abstinence in language of great strength but little variety.

"Teetotallers eat more," said the skipper, finally.

The mate choked, and his eye sought the galley. "Eat more?" he spluttered. "Yesterday the meat was like brick-bats; to-day it tasted like a bit o' dirty sponge. I've lived on biscuits this trip; and the only tater I ate I'm going to see a doctor about direckly I get ashore. It's a sin and a shame to spoil good food the way 'e does."

"The moment I can ship another he goes," said the skipper. "He seems busy, judging by the noise."

"I'm making him clean up everything, ready for the next," explained the mate, grimly. "And he 'ad the cheek to tell me he's improving—im-proving!"

"He'll go as soon as I get another," repeated the skipper, stooping and peering ahead. "I don't like being poisoned any more than you do. He told me he could cook when I shipped him; said his sister had taught him."

The mate grunted and, walking away, relieved his mind by putting his head in at the galley and bidding the cook hold up each separate utensil for his inspection. A hole in the frying-pan the cook attributed to elbow-grease.

The river narrowed, and the brig, picking her way daintily through the traffic, sought her old berth at Buller's Wharf. It was occupied by a deaf sailing-barge, which, moved at last by self-interest, not unconnected with its paint, took up a less desirable position and consoled itself with adjectives.

The men on the wharf had gone for the day, and the crew of the *Elizabeth Barstow*,

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after making fast, went below to prepare themselves for an evening ashore. Standing before the largest saucepan-lid in the galley, the cook was putting the finishing touches to his toilet.

A light, quick step on the wharf attracted the attention of the skipper as he leaned against the side smoking. It stopped just behind him, and turning round he found himself gazing into the soft brown eyes of the prettiest girl he had ever seen.

"Is Mr. Jewell on board, please?" she asked, with a smile.

"Jewell?" repeated the skipper. "Jewell? Don't know the name."

"He was on board," said the girl, somewhat taken aback. "This is the *Elizabeth Barstow*, isn't it?"

"What's his Christian name," inquired the skipper, thoughtfully.

"Albert," replied the girl. "Bert," she added, as the other shook his head.

"Oh, the cook!" said the skipper. "I didn't know his name was Jewell. Yes, he's in the galley."

He stood eyeing her and wondering in a dazed fashion what she could see in a small, white-faced, slab-sided——

The girl broke in upon his meditations. "How does he cook?" she inquired, smiling.

He was about to tell her, when he suddenly remembered the cook's statement as to his instructor. "He's getting on," he said, slowly; "he's getting on. Are you his sister?"

The girl smiled and nodded. "Ye—es," she said, slowly. "Will you tell him I am waiting for him, please?"

The skipper started and drew himself up; then he walked forward and put his head in at the galley.

"Bert," he said, in a friendly voice, "your sister wants to see you."

"*Who?*" inquired Mr. Jewell, in the accents of amazement. He put his head out at the door and nodded, and then, somewhat red in the face with the exercise, drew on his jacket and walked towards her. The skipper followed.

"Thank you," said the girl, with a pleasant smile.

"You're quite welcome," said the skipper.

Mr. Jewell stepped ashore and, after a moment of indecision, shook hands with his visitor.

"If you're down this way again," said the skipper, as they turned away, "perhaps you'd like to see the cabin. We're in rather a pickle just now, but if you should happen to come down for Bert to-morrow night ——"

The girl's eyes grew mirthful and her lips trembled. "Thank you," she said.

"Some people like looking over cabins," said the skipper, confusedly.

He raised his hand to his cap and turned away. The mate, who had just come on deck, stared after the retreating couple and gave vent to a low whistle.

"What a fine gal to pick up with Slushy," he remarked.

"It's his sister," said the skipper, somewhat sharply.

"The one that taught him to cook?" said the other, hastily. "Here! I'd like five minutes alone with her; I'd give 'er a piece o' my mind that 'ud do her good. I'd learn 'er. I'd tell her wot I thought of her."

"That'll do," said the skipper; "that'll do. He's not so bad for a beginner; I've known worse."

"Not so bad?" repeated the mate. "Not so bad? Why"—his voice trembled—"ain't you going to give 'im the chuck, then?"

"I shall try him for another voy'ge, George," said the skipper. "It's hard lines on a youngster if he don't have a chance. I was never one to be severe. Live and let live, that's my motto. Do as you'd be done by."

"You're turning soft-'arted in your old age," grumbled the mate.

"Old age!" said the other, in a startled voice. "Old age! I'm not thirty-seven yet."

"You're getting on," said the mate; "besides, you look old."

The skipper investigated the charge in the cabin looking-glass ten minutes later. He twisted his beard in his hand and tried to imagine how he would look without it. As a compromise he went out and had it cut short and trimmed to a point. The glass smiled approval on his return; the mate smiled too, and, being caught in the act, said it made him look like his own grandson.

It was late when the cook returned, but the skipper was on deck, and, stopping him for a match, entered into a little conversation. Mr. Jewell, surprised at first, soon became at his ease, and, the talk drifting in some unknown fashion to Miss Jewell, discussed her with brotherly frankness.

"You spent the evening together, I s'pose?" said the skipper, carelessly.

Mr. Jewell glanced at him from the corner of his eye. "Cooking," he said, and put his hand over his mouth with some suddenness.

By the time they parted the skipper had his hand in a friendly fashion on the cook's

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"THE MATE SMILED TOO."

shoulder, and was displaying an interest in his welfare as unusual as it was gratifying. So unaccustomed was Mr. Jewell to such consideration that he was fain to pause for a moment or two to regain control of his features before plunging into the lamp-lit fo'c'sle.

The mate made but a poor breakfast next morning, but his superior, who saw the hand of Miss Jewell in the muddy coffee and the cremated bacon, ate his with relish. He was looking forward to the evening, the cook having assured him that his sister had accepted his invitation to inspect the cabin, and indeed had talked of little else. The boy was set to work house-cleaning, and, having gleaned a few particulars, cursed the sex with painstaking thoroughness.

It seemed to the skipper a favourable omen that Miss Jewell descended the companion-ladder as though to the manner born; and her exclamations of delight at the cabin completed his satisfaction. The cook, who had followed them below with some trepidation, became reassured, and seating himself on a locker joined modestly in the conversation.

"It's like a doll's-house," declared the girl, as she finished by examining the space-saving devices in the state-room. "Well, I mustn't take up any more of your time."

"I've got nothing to do," said the skipper, hastily. "I—I was thinking of going for a walk; but it's lonely walking about by yourself."

Miss Jewell agreed. She lowered her eyes and looked under the lashes at the skipper.

"I never had a sister," continued the latter, in melancholy accents.

"I don't suppose you would want to take her out if you had," said the girl.

The skipper protested. "Bert takes you out," he said.

"He isn't like most brothers," said Miss Jewell, shifting along the locker and placing her hand affectionately on the cook's shoulder.

"If I had a sister," continued the skipper, in a somewhat uneven voice, "I should take her out. This evening, for instance, I should take her to a theatre."

Miss Jewell turned upon him the innocent face of a child. "It would be nice to be your sister," she said, calmly.

The skipper attempted to speak, but his voice failed him. "Well, pretend you are my sister," he said, at last, "and we'll go to one."

"Pretend?" said Miss Jewell, as she turned and eyed the cook. "Bert wouldn't like that," she said, decidedly.

"N—no," said the cook, nervously, avoiding the skipper's eye.

"It wouldn't be proper," said Miss Jewell, sitting upright and looking very proper indeed.

"I—I meant Bert to come, too," said the skipper; "of course," he added.

The severity of Miss Jewell's expression relaxed. She stole an amused glance at the cook and, reading her instructions in his eye, began to temporize. Ten minutes later the crew of the *Elizabeth Barstow* in various attitudes of astonishment beheld their commander going ashore with his cook. The mate so far forgot himself as to whistle, but with great presence of mind cuffed the boy's ear as the skipper turned.

For some little distance the three walked

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"THE MATE SO FAR FORGOT HIMSELF AS TO WHISTLE, BUT WITH GREAT PRESENCE OF MIND CUFFED THE BOY'S EAR."

along in silence. The skipper was building castles in the air, the cook was not quite at his ease, and the girl, gazing steadily in front of her, appeared slightly embarrassed.

By the time they reached Aldgate and stood waiting for an omnibus Miss Jewell found herself assailed by doubts. She remembered that she did not want to go to a theatre, and warmly pressed the two men to go together and leave her to go home. The skipper remonstrated in vain, but the cook came to the rescue, and Miss Jewell, still protesting, was pushed on to a 'bus and propelled upstairs. She took a vacant seat in front, and the skipper and Mr. Jewell shared one behind.

The three hours at the theatre passed all too soon, although the girl was so interested in the performance that she paid but slight attention to her companions. During the waits she became interested in her surroundings, and several times called the skipper's attention to smart-looking men in the stalls and boxes. At one man she stared so persistently that an opera-glass was at last levelled in return. "How rude of him," she said, smiling sweetly at the skipper.

She shook her head in disapproval, but the next moment he saw her gazing steadily at the opera-glasses again.

"If you don't look he'll soon get tired of it," he said, between his teeth.

"Yes, perhaps he will," said Miss Jewell, without lowering her eyes in the least.

The skipper sat in torment until the lights were lowered and the curtain went up again. When it fell he began to discuss the play, but Miss Jewell returned such vague replies that it was evident her thoughts were far away.

"I wonder who he is?" she whispered, gazing meditatingly at the box.

"A waiter, I should think," snapped the skipper.

The girl shook her head. "No, he is much too distinguished-looking," she said, seriously. "Well, I suppose he'll know me again."

The skipper felt that he wanted to get up and smash things; beginning with the man in the box. It was his first love episode for nearly ten years, and he had forgotten the pains and penalties which attach to the condition. When the performance was over he darted a threatening glance at the box, and, keeping close to Miss Jewell, looked carefully about him to make sure that they were not followed.

"It was ripping," said the cook, as they emerged into the fresh air.

"Lovely," said the girl, in a voice of gentle melancholy. "I shall come and see it again, perhaps, when you are at sea."

"Not alone?" said the skipper, in a startled voice.

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"I don't mind being alone," said Miss Jewell, gently; "I'm used to it."

The other's reply was lost in the rush for the 'bus, and for the second time that evening the skipper had to find fault with the seating arrangements. And when a vacancy by the side of Miss Jewell did occur, he was promptly forestalled by a young man in a check suit smoking a large cigar.

They got off at Aldgate, and the girl thanked him for a pleasant evening. A hesitating offer to see her home was at once negatived, and the skipper, watching her and the cook until they disappeared in the traffic, walked slowly and thoughtfully to his ship.

The brig sailed the next evening at eight o'clock, and it was not until six that the cook remarked, in the most casual manner, that his sister was coming down to see him off. She arrived half an hour late, and, so far from wanting to see the cabin again, discovered an inconvenient love of fresh air. She came down at last, at the instance of the cook, and, once below, her mood changed, and she treated the skipper with a soft graciousness which raised him to the seventh heaven. "You'll be good to Bert, won't you?" she inquired, with a smile at that young man.

"I'll treat him like my own brother," said the skipper, fervently. "No, better than that; I'll treat him like your brother."

The cook sat erect and, the skipper being occupied with Miss Jewell, winked solemnly at the skylight.

"I know *you* will," said the girl, very softly; "but I don't think the men——"

"The men'll do as I wish," said the skipper, sternly. "I'm the master on this ship—she's half mine, too—and anybody who interferes with him interferes with me. If there's anything you don't like, Bert, you tell me."

Mr. Jewell, his small, black eyes sparkling, promised, and then, muttering something about his work, exchanged glances with the girl and went up on deck.

"It is a nice cabin," said Miss Jewell, shifting an inch and a half nearer to the skipper. "I suppose poor Bert has to have his meals in that stuffy little place at the other end of the ship, doesn't he?"

"The fo'c'sle?" said the skipper, struggling between love and discipline. "Yes."

The girl sighed, and the mate, who was listening at the skylight above, held his breath with anxiety. Miss Jewell sighed again and in an absent-minded fashion increased the distance between herself and companion by six inches.

"It's usual," faltered the skipper.

"Yes, of course," said the girl, coldly.

"But if Bert likes to feed here, he's welcome," said the skipper, desperately, "and he can sleep aft, too. The mate can say what he likes."

The mate rose and, walking forward, raised his clenched fists to heaven and availed himself of the permission to the fullest extent of his vocabulary.

"Do you know what I think you are?" inquired Miss Jewell, bending towards him with a radiant face.

"No," said the other, trembling. "What?"

The girl paused. "It wouldn't do to tell you," she said, in a low voice. "It might make you vain."

"Do you know what I think you are?" inquired the skipper in his turn.

Miss Jewell eyed him composedly, albeit the corners of her mouth trembled. "Yes," she said, unexpectedly.

Steps sounded above and came heavily down the companion-ladder. "Tide's a'most on the turn," said the mate, gruffly, from the door.

The skipper hesitated, but the mate stood aside for the girl to pass, and he followed her up on deck and assisted her to the jetty. For hours afterwards he debated with himself whether she really had allowed her hand to stay in his a second or two longer than necessary, or whether unconscious muscular action on his part was responsible for the phenomenon.

He became despondent as they left London behind, but the necessity of interfering between a goggle-eyed and obtuse mate and a pallid but no less obstinate cook helped to relieve him.

"He says he is going to sleep aft," choked the mate, pointing to the cook's bedding.

"Quite right," said the skipper. "I told him to. He's going to take his meals here, too. Anything to say against it?"

The mate sat down on a locker and fought for breath. The cook, still pale, felt his small, black moustache and eyed him with triumphant malice. "I told 'im they was your orders," he remarked.

"And I told him I didn't believe him," said the mate. "Nobody would. Whoever 'eard of a cook living aft? Why, they'd laugh at the idea."

He laughed himself, but in a strangely mirthless fashion, and, afraid to trust himself, went up on deck and brooded savagely apart. Nor did he come down to breakfast until the skipper and cook had finished.

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Mr. Jewell bore his new honours badly, and the inability to express their dissatisfaction by means of violence had a bad effect on the tempers of the crew. Sarcasm they did try, but at that the cook could more than hold his own, and, although the men doubted his ability at first, he was able to prove to them by actual experiment that he could cook worse than they supposed.

The brig reached her destination — Creekhaven — on the fifth day, and Mr. Jewell found himself an honouredguest at the skipper's cottage. It was a comfortable place, but, as the cook pointed out, too large for one. He also referred, incidentally, to his sister's love of a country life, and, finding himself on a subject of which the other never tired, gave full reins to a somewhat picturesque imagination.

They were back at London within the fortnight, and the skipper learned to his dismay that Miss Jewell was absent on a visit. In these circumstances he would have clung to the cook, but that gentleman, pleading engagements, managed to elude him for two nights out of the three.

On the third day Miss Jewell returned to London, and, making her way to the wharf, was just in time to wave farewells as the brig parted from the wharf.

From the fact that the cook was not visible at the moment the skipper took the salutation to himself. It cheered him for the time, but the next day he was so despondent that the cook, by this time thoroughly in his confidence, offered to write when they got to Creekhaven and fix up an evening.

"And there's really no need for you to come, Bert," said the skipper, cheering up.

Mr. Jewel shook his head. "She wouldn't go without me," he said, gravely. "You've no idea 'ow particular she is. Always was from a child."

"Well, we might lose you," said the skipper, reflecting. "How would that be?"

"We might try it," said the cook, without enthusiasm.

To his dismay the skipper, before they reached London again, had invented at least a score of ways by which he might enjoy Miss Jewell's company without the presence of a third person, some of them so ingenious that the cook, despite his utmost efforts, could see no way of opposing them.

The skipper put his ideas into practice as soon as they reached London. Between Wapping and Charing Cross he lost the cook three times. Miss Jewell found him twice, and the third time she was so difficult that the skipper had to join in the treasure-hunt himself. The cook listened unmoved to a highly-coloured picture of his carelessness from the lips of Miss Jewell, and bestowed a sympathetic glance upon the skipper as she paused for breath.



"SARCASM THEY DID TRY, BUT AT THAT THE COOK COULD MORE THAN HOLD HIS OWN."

"It's as bad as taking a child out," said the latter, with well-affected indignation.

"Worse," said the girl, tightening her lips.

With a perseverance worthy of a better cause the skipper nudged the cook's arm and tried again. This time he was successful beyond his wildest dreams, and, after ten minutes' frantic search, found that he had lost them both. He wandered up and down

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for hours, and it was past eleven when he returned to the ship and found the cook waiting for him.

"We thought something 'ad happened to you," said the cook. "Kate has been in a fine way about it. Five minutes after you lost me she found me, and we've been hunting 'igh and low ever since."

Miss Jewell expressed her relief the next evening, and, stealing a glance at the face of the skipper, experienced a twinge of something which she took to be remorse. Ignoring the cook's hints as to theatres, she elected to go for a long 'bus ride, and, sitting in front with the skipper, left Mr. Jewell to keep a chaperon's eye on them from three seats behind.

Conversation was for some time disjointed; then the brightness and crowded state of the streets led the skipper to sound his companion as to her avowed taste for a country life.

"I should love it," said Miss Jewell, with a sigh. "But there's no chance of it; I've got my living to earn."

"You might — might marry somebody living in the country," said the skipper, in trembling tones.

Miss Jewell shuddered. "Marry!" she said, scornfully.

"Most people do," said the other.

"Sensible people don't," said the girl. "You hav'n't," she added, with a smile.

"I'm very thankful I hav'n't," retorted the skipper, with great meaning.

"There you are!" said the girl, triumphantly.

"I never saw anybody I liked," said the skipper, "be—before."

"If ever I did marry," said Miss Jewell, with remarkable composure, "if ever I was foolish enough to do such a thing, I think I would marry a man a few years younger than myself."

"Younger?" said the dismayed skipper.

Miss Jewell nodded. "They make the best husbands," she said, gravely.

The skipper began to argue the point, and Mr. Jewell, at that moment taking a seat behind, joined in with some heat. A more ardent supporter could not have been found, although his repetition of the phrase "May and December" revealed a want of tact of which the skipper had not thought him capable. What had promised to be a red-letter day in his existence was spoiled, and he went to bed that night with the full conviction that he had better abandon a project so hopeless.

With a fine morning his courage revived, but as voyage succeeded voyage he became more and more perplexed. The devotion of the cook was patent to all men, but Miss Jewell was as changeable as a weather-glass. The skipper would leave her one night convinced that he had better forget her as soon as possible, and the next her manner would be so kind, and her glances so soft, that only the presence of the ever-watchful cook prevented him from proposing on the spot.

The end came one evening in October. The skipper had hurried back from the City, laden with stores, Miss Jewel having, after many refusals, consented to grace the tea-table that afternoon The table, set by the boy, groaned beneath the weight of unusual luxuries, but the girl had not arrived. The cook was also missing, and the only occupant of the cabin was the mate, who, sitting at one corner, was eating with great relish.

"Ain't you going to get your tea?" he inquired.

"No hurry," said the skipper, somewhat incensed at his haste. "It wouldn't have hurt *you* to have waited a bit."

"Waited?" said the other. "What for?"

"For my visitors," was the reply.

The mate bit a piece off a crust and stirred his tea. "No use waiting for them," he said, with a grin. "They ain't coming."

"What do you mean?" demanded the skipper.

"I mean," said the mate, continuing to stir his tea with great enjoyment—"I mean that all that kind'artedness of yours was clean chucked away on that cook. He's got a berth ashore and he's gone for good. He left you 'is love; he left it with Bill Hemp."

"Berth ashore?" said the skipper, staring.

"Ah!" said the mate, taking a large and noisy sip from his cup. "He's been fooling you all along for what he could get out of you. Sleeping aft and feeding aft, nobody to speak a word to 'im, and going out and being treated by the skipper; Bill said he laughed so much when he was telling 'im that the tears was running down 'is face like rain. He said he'd never been treated so much in his life."

"That'll do," said the skipper, quickly.

"You ought to hear Bill tell it," said the mate, regretfully. "I can't do it anything like as well as what he can. Made us all roar, he did. What amused 'em most was you thinking that that gal was cookie's sister."

The skipper with a sharp exclamation leaned forward, staring at him.

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"They're going to be married at Christmas," said the mate, choking in his cup.

The skipper sat upright again, and tried manfully to compose his features. Many things he had not understood before were suddenly made clear, and he remembered now the odd way in which the girl had regarded him as she bade him good-night on the previous evening. The mate eyed him with interest, and was about to supply him with further details when his attention was attracted by footsteps descending the companion-ladder. Then he put down his cup with great care, and stared in stolid amazement at the figure of Miss Jewell in the doorway.

"I'm a bit late," she said, flushing slightly.

She crossed over and shook hands with the skipper, and, in the most natural fashion in the world, took a seat and began to remove her gloves. The mate swung round and regarded her open-mouthed; the skipper, whose ideas were in a whirl, sat regarding her in silence. The mate was the first to move; he left the cabin rubbing his shin, and casting furious glances at the skipper.

"You didn't expect to see me?" said the girl, reddening again.

"No," was the reply.

The girl looked at the tablecloth. "I came to beg your pardon," she said, in a low voice.

"There's nothing to beg my pardon for," said the skipper, clearing his throat. "By rights I ought to beg yours. You did quite right to make fun of me. I can see it now."

"When you asked me whether I was Bert's sister I didn't like to say 'no,'" continued the girl; "and at first I let you come out with me for the fun of the thing, and then Bert said it would be good for him, and then—then——"

"Yes," said the skipper, after a long pause.

The girl broke a biscuit into small pieces, and arranged them on the cloth. "Then I didn't mind your coming so much," she said, in a low voice.

The skipper caught his breath and tried to gaze at the averted face.

The girl swept the crumbs aside and met his gaze squarely. "Not quite so much," she explained.

"I've been a fool," said the skipper. "I've been a fool. I've made myself a laughing-stock all round, but if I could have it all over again I would."

"That can never be," said the girl, shaking her head. "Bert wouldn't come."

"No, of course not," asserted the other.

The girl bit her lip. The skipper thought that he had never seen her eyes so large and shining. There was a long silence.

"Good-bye," said the girl at last, rising.

The skipper rose to follow. "Good-bye," he said, slowly; "and I wish you both every happiness."

"Happiness?" echoed the girl, in a surprised voice. "Why?"

"When you are married."

"I am not going to be married," said the girl. "I told Bert so this afternoon. Good-bye."

The skipper actually let her get nearly to the top of the ladder before he regained his presence of mind. Then, in obedience to a powerful tug at the hem of her skirt, she came down again, and accompanied him meekly back to the cabin.



"'GOOD-BYE,' HE SAID, SLOWLY; 'AND I WISH YOU BOTH EVERY HAPPINESS.'"

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Curiosities of Compensation.

By T. C. Bridges.

THERE is still extant a quaint old table of the penalties recoverable in France in the year 1314 for various personal injuries. For a blow with the fist the assailant had to pay the injured person a halfpenny, but if blood was drawn the amount was increased to fivepence. Spitting in the face cost the offender threepence, which seems a heavy penalty, considering that for throttling a man the fine imposed was only twopence halfpenny. A kick was cheap at fivepence, but to break another person's bones was a serious matter. Seven pounds—a small fortune at that date—was recoverable by a person who had a limb broken by another.

Things have changed since those days. For instance, the limit value at present set by British law upon a finger is £54, which was the sum recently awarded in the Shoreditch County Court to a young laundress who had lost a finger in an accident caused by unguarded machinery. Part of a finger, however, costs considerably less than a whole one. An Andover man who sued his employer for compensation for the loss of the top of one finger received the princely award of a penny a week.

Law is proverbially a matter of chance, but nowhere do its inequalities show up more glaringly than in the widely-varying sums granted in compensation for accidents of exactly similar nature.

For example, a workman in the employ of the British Electric Company, while using a revolving brush, received such injuries that one eye had to be removed. The Court granted £150 compensation. A few months later a Northumberland miner was awarded only £120 for an exactly similar injury. The following December a little Austrian girl was attacked by a gamecock, which pecked her in the face, causing loss of sight in one eye. Her parents sued and recovered over £300. But even this is not a record price. A Paris omnibus conductor got a thrust from a passenger's stick which cost him an eye, and no less a sum than £800 was ordered to be paid him. Eight hundred is more than a British workman would get for losing both eyes. An excavator who, while blasting for a sewer at Leeds, was totally blinded received as compensation eleven shillings a week for life, an annuity purchasable for much less than £800.

With regard to the value of limbs the differences are equally great. A basket-maker was entering a train at Plumstead when it started with a jerk, and he was thrown on to the metals. The wheels crushed his left hand so that it had to be amputated, and he recovered damages to the extent of £319 10s. from the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company. Not long afterwards a Handsworth woman experienced a precisely similar accident on the cable-tram in that town which resulted in the loss of her left arm. In her case the compensation granted was £700—that is, a good deal more than double what the basket-maker received, although in his case the injury put an end to all possibility of his continuing to earn a livelihood by his trade.

In other countries the Courts invariably consider a man's hand worth more than that of a woman. A New Jersey jury recently awarded to a boy of fifteen a sum of 5,000 dollars for the loss of his right hand. The very next day a case came before them of a girl of about the same age who had suffered in precisely similar fashion. To her they granted 3,000 dollars only.

British railways are the safest in the world, yet their bills for compensation for personal injuries run to an average of about £300,000 a year. Compared with the public carriers of other countries our companies may consider themselves fortunate. After the terrible disaster at Castelginbileo, in Italy, the total claims lodged against the Adriatic Railway Company amounted to £960,000. Nor are British companies ever so heavily fined as are occasionally American. Four years ago New York was thrown into a panic by a fearful accident in the tunnel through which the New York Central enters the city. Among the killed was a Mr. William Leys, whose widow, bringing suit against the company, recovered the enormous sum of £20,000.

Some of the claims made against railway companies are most peculiar. A Birmingham clerk was run down by a Midland Railway

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omnibus and sustained an injury to the head which he claimed deprived him entirely of the sense of smell. Medical opinion being that the part of the brain tissue governing the sense of smell had been destroyed, the claimant was awarded £200 damages. This is a good deal more than he would have got in France. A young woman who lost her sense of smell through the upsetting of a cab won her case, but the verdict was only £62. Another somewhat similar case was tried about a year ago at Liverpool. Through an accident to the Liverpool and Southport express a Southport tobacco-broker lost three senses—those of touch, taste, and smell. He received the sum of £1,850 in satisfaction of his claim.

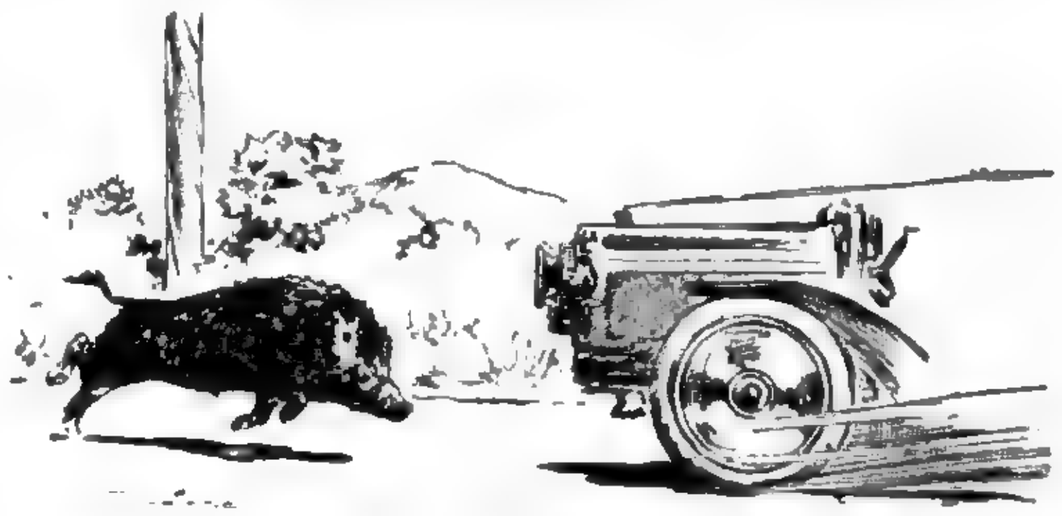


DAMAGES FOR LOSS OF SMELL.

As curious a claim as ever was made against a company was brought at Vienna by a Mme. Kowartz. The plaintiff, it seems, was travelling in the Austrian Alps when the train suddenly entered the tunnel. The carriage was unlighted, and the lady declared that the sudden darkness caused a shock to her nerves from which she had not and could never recover. In vain the company's counsel pleaded that there was no legal obligation to light their carriages unless the tunnel was over two thousand four hundred yards long, and that the tunnel in question was only a quarter of that length. The jury gave judgment for the plaintiff, and ordered the company to pay her £400 in cash and a small annual pension for life.

In deciding the amount of compensation payable to any individual, the eventual result of the injuries received must, of course, be taken into consideration. Still, it must be admitted that the jury which tried the claim of Mlle. Sarkisowa against the Trans-Caucasian Railway Company did not err upon the side of stinginess. The lady is an opera singer, and was travelling upon the line in question when the train ran off the rails. One result was that she had five front teeth knocked out. She claimed that the loss of these teeth prevented her from singing, and that she should, therefore, receive heavy damages. Evidently the Court took her view of the matter, for she was awarded the enormous sum of £10,000. A good deal more than enough to pay her dentist's bill!

Speaking of singers calls to mind a most amusing case of claim and counter-claim. Frau Senger Bettaque, an operatic star, was motoring near Munich, in Bavaria, when, turning a corner suddenly, a wild boar dashed out just in front of the car. It was too late to stop. The car hit poor piggy, killing him on the spot, and then swung across the road and collided with a telegraph-post, which was smashed. The singer herself was thrown out and somewhat injured. She was not out of bed before the telegraph authorities sent a bill for fifteen shillings for the broken telegraph-post, and on top of this came a claim from the Superintendent of Forests for


"A WILD BOAR DASHED OUT JUST IN FRONT OF THE CAR."

£2 10s. for the boar. In return, Frau Senger Bettaque counter-claimed against the Forest Department for her own injuries and also for repairs to the car, on the ground that a wild boar had no business on the public highway. What was the end of it all the writer has not been able to ascertain, for the matter was settled out of court.

Mario, a singer great in every sense of the word, once fell through the floor of an ancient growler and was rescued with much difficulty. An exactly similar accident was not long ago the cause of a suit for damages before Mr. Justice Ridley. Three elderly gentlemen


"MARIO ONCE FELL THROUGH THE FLOOR OF AN ANCIENT GROWLER."

were driving along the Harrow Road in a four-wheeler, when the seat on which one was sitting collapsed, and so did the bottom of the cab. The unfortunate man plunged into the roadway and broke a leg. The cab-man suggested that the accident was caused by his passengers *dancing* in the cab—surely

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a difficult feat in such narrow confines—but the plea failed, and the injured man received £200 compensation.

Fantastic is the only word for some of the claims which come before the Courts. Only a few months ago the children of a journeyman carpenter named Hedland sued three Chicago publicans for having ruined their father by supplying him with drink. Evidence proved that until five years ago Hedland had been a sober, industrious workman, earning five dollars a day. Then he began to drink, with the result that he lost his work, spent all his savings, his home was broken up, and his five children left starving. Through their guardian the children sued the proprietors of the three saloons which Hedland had chiefly frequented. Naturally the publicans fought fiercely, claiming that they could not be held responsible for the man's downfall. But Judge Tuthill, of the Quarter Sessions Court, thought differently. Incredible as it may appear, he decided that they were liable, and his award was £3,500.

It is a pity that this carpenter had not a strong-minded relative of the type of a certain Mrs. Laura Hosier, of Anderson, Indiana. This lady, finding that her brother, by name George Overshiner, had given way to drink, procured a preparation warranted to cure the taker of the taste for alcohol, and mixed it with her brother's food. Apparently it worked to a charm. But will it be believed, the ungrateful man sued his sister for 5,000 dollars damages for lost thirst!

Some little time ago the well-known French artist, M. Gérôme, sold to a firm of art dealers a canvas representing a scene in the gardens at Versailles, where Louis XIV. is accompanying Mme. de Maintenon in her sedan-chair. The chief beauty of the picture was a peculiar effect of light. The last rays of the setting sun glinted upon the palace walls, while a full moon rising in the east threw its pale light upon the waters of a fountain. The art dealers disposed of the picture to a private individual, who hung it in his gallery. M. Gérôme happened to see the picture again shortly afterwards. Imagine his disgust to find that the sky had been repainted, and that the moon and its reflections had disappeared altogether. His signature, however, still remained. He promptly sued the dealers and the owner for 10,000fr. damages, and no one can assert that his claim was altogether unjustifiable.

Can a dancing man be legally declared responsible for the safety of his partner during a dance? That was a question thrashed out not long ago in a Vienna Court. A young lady asked heavy compensation from a young man with whom she had danced at a masked ball, and who, she asserted, had caused her by his clumsiness to fall so heavily that she sustained severe internal injury. The defendant retorted that she was a poor dancer and most difficult to steer in a crowded room. The upshot was that the judge decided that a man could not be held responsible for the safety of his partner, and dismissed the case.

To find at a crowded seaside resort that one's hair has suddenly assumed a bright green colour may be amusing to the spectators, but is hardly pleasant to the sufferer himself. Mr. Harsent T. Copeson, an American, was the plaintiff in this case. Though but a young man, his hair had become quite white. Just before starting for his annual holiday, a hairdresser in his native town, Haggerstown, persuaded him to try a certain hair tonic guaranteed to restore it to its original colour. But there was some chemical in the stuff upon which the salt water acted with startling effect. Emerging from his first bathe, Mr. Copeson found that his locks had assumed a brilliant emerald tint, and an action for damages against the hairdresser was the result.



WAS HE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SAFETY OF HIS PARTNER?

No doubt many readers of THE STRAND have heard of the famous Flat Iron building, the oddest sky-scraper in New York. It stands at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Broadway, and, though two hundred and ninety feet high, is only eleven feet wide at its apex. This remarkable building has recently involved its owners in three costly lawsuits. Its combination of height and narrowness acts in such peculiar fashion upon the currents of air at that corner that shopkeepers on the opposite side of the street are absolutely unable to keep a whole pane of glass in their windows whenever a gale blows. One man vows that the "Flat Iron" has cost him 5,000 dollars yearly in glass. The total claims for compensation amount to more than treble that sum.

The ballooning craze has already led to

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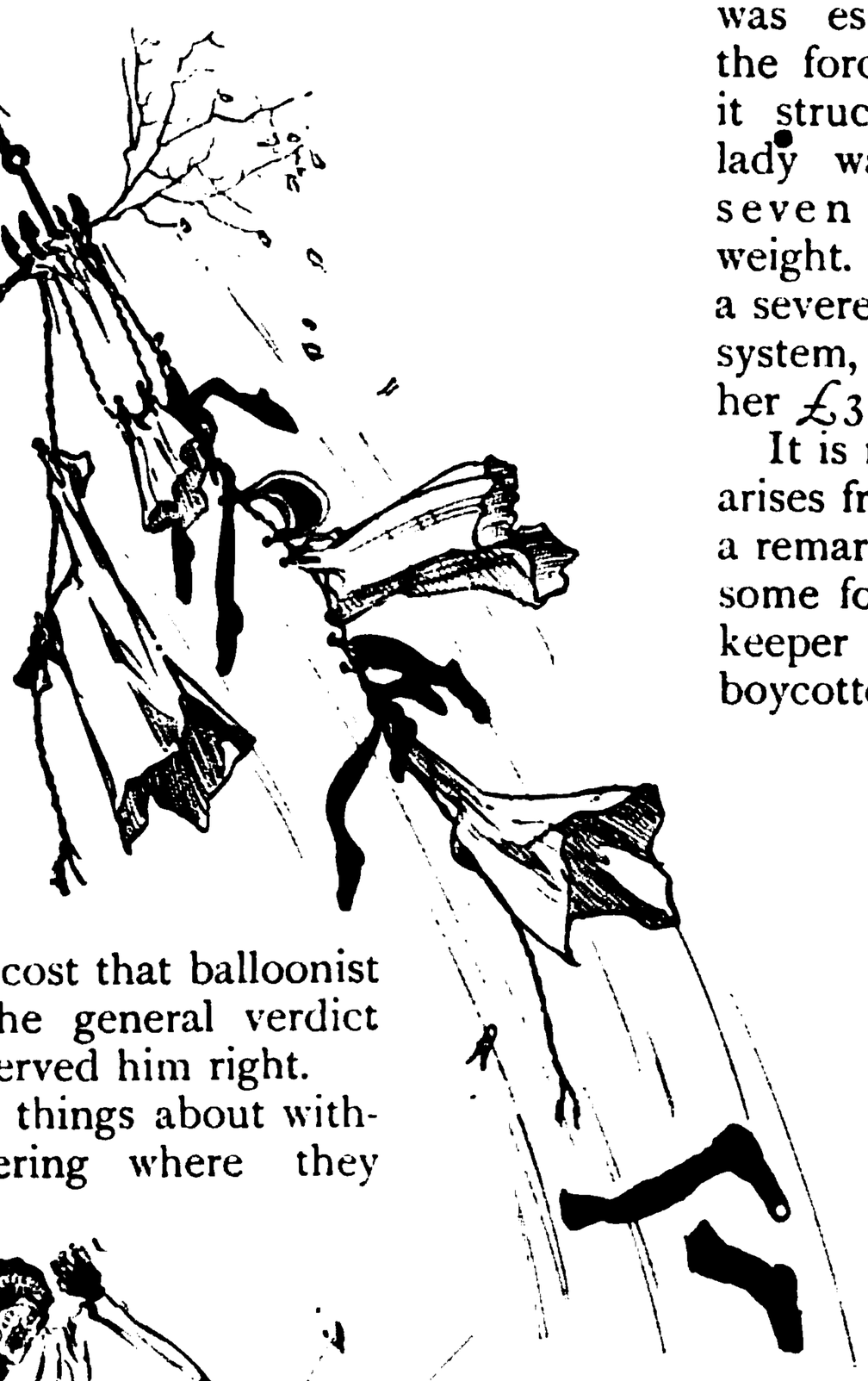
several suits for compensation. Near Poughkeepsie, New York, a dangling anchor carried away the whole of a family wash and scattered it broadcast over the surrounding country. The balloonist had to pay. An aeronaut passing over Liège was foolish enough to throw out a champagne bottle. Falling from a height of nearly half a mile, the missile went through a house roof like a projectile from a gun, struck the floor beneath, and burst like a shell, killing a cat and frightening an old lady literally into a fit. His carelessness cost that balloonist dear, and the general verdict was that it served him right.

Throwing things about without considering where they may land has often had unexpected and, for the guilty party, unpleasant results. A young lady named Day was on the platform at Prestatyn Station, in North Wales, one morning when the Irish mail came thundering through at seventy miles an hour. A man flung something from the train and it struck Miss Day with terrifio force, stretching her unconscious on the platform. The missile was nothing but a bag of oranges, which the man in the train meant for his wife, who was waiting on the platform. The parcel only weighed about ten pounds, but from the speed at which the train was travelling it was estimated that the force with which it struck the young lady was equal to seven hundredweight. It caused a severe shock to her system, to compensate which a jury awarded her £35 damages.



THE CASE OF THE YOUNG LADY AND THE BAG OF ORANGES.

It is not often that an action for damages arises from matters political. But there was a remarkable case of the sort tried in Dublin some four years ago. The plaintiff, a shopkeeper of Tallow, co. Waterford, had been boycotted by the United Irish League for the offence of taking an evicted farm. In the result his business had been simply ruined; the takings of his shop fell from £14 to four shillings a day, and the number of his book customers from seven hundred to four. He therefore sued ten local leaders of the League for £20,000 compensation. No evidence was called for the defence, and the jury assessed the damages at £5,500.



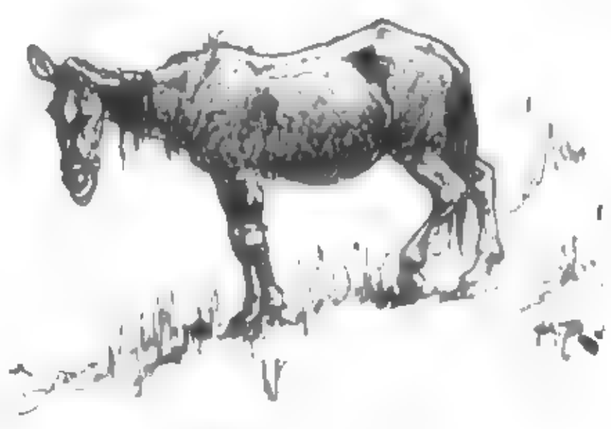
A DANGLING ANCHOR AND A FAMILY WASH.

CARELESSNESS WITH A CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE.

The late Mr. Kruger's claim for £1,000,000 for "moral and intellectual" damage sustained as the result of the Raid is hardly so comic as some of the claims for compensation put in by various burghers since the termination of the South African War. A telegraph clerk who had been in the service of the Boer Government at a very small salary calmly requested £1,600 as compensation for the capitalized rights of his pension. He must have had a very low opinion of the intelligence

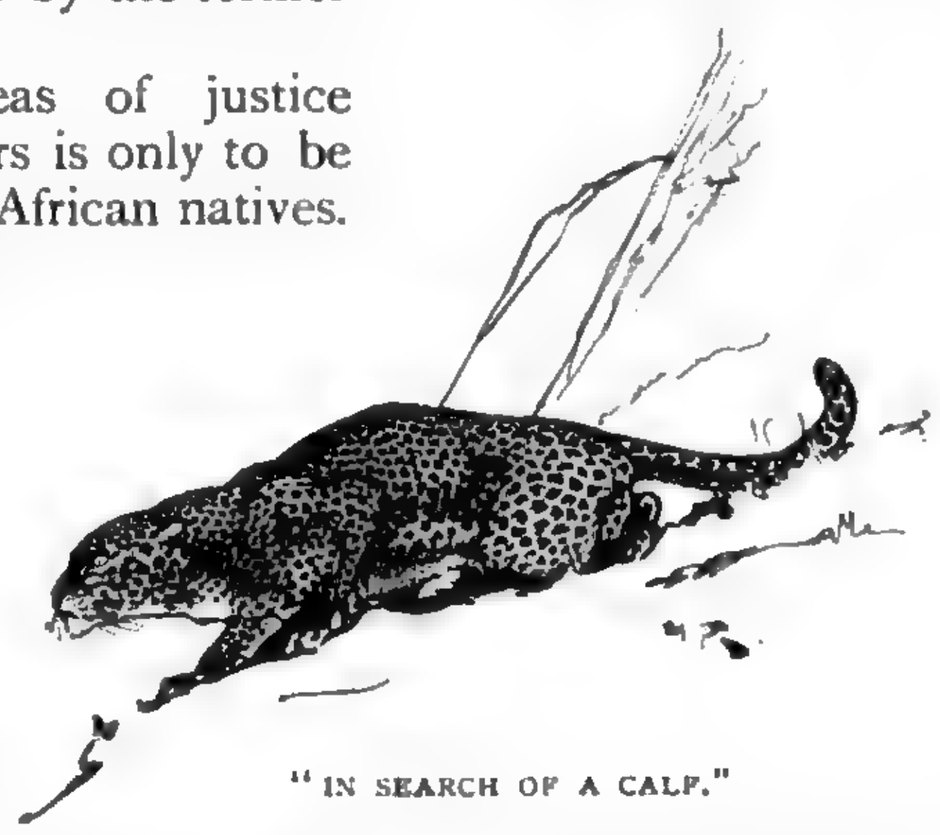
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of the Commissioners. Under the laws of the Boer Republic telegraph clerks had no pension rights at all! A farmer requested payment for certain fowls killed and eaten. Asked their value, he set it down at seven shillings each, and added an item of £45 for eggs which the fowls *might have laid had they not been destroyed!* Six hundred and fifty pounds for loss of live stock was the claim of a woman of German extraction. Inquiry proved her to have once been the owner of one lame horse, which had been commandeered by her *fiancé*, a burgher, in order to ride against the British. Still another Boer required to be paid a large sum for certain property looted from him by British soldiers. It came to light that the articles in question had originally been lifted by him, and that the "looting" had been done by the former owners.



£650 FOR THIS!

The extraordinary ideas of justice entertained by these Boers is only to be matched among the West African natives. Not long ago a case occurred at the American Mission in Gaboon, which exhibits in most interesting fashion the peculiar workings of the native mind. One night the compound of the Rev. William Walker, of the American Mission, was visited by a leopard. The beast was no doubt in search of a calf belonging to the reverend gentleman. But Mr. Walker was on the look-out. He saw the leopard, fired at it, and, though he missed it, drove it away. Next morning a native chief turned up at the mission and demanded payment for his pig, which had been devoured a few hours previously by a leopard. "But what has that to do with me?" questioned Mr. Walker, in surprise. The native explained that if Mr. Walker had not frightened the leopard away the beast would have satiated its appetite with the calf, and, therefore, would not have troubled about the pig. Thus the missionary was directly responsible for the death of the pig, and would he please pay up as quickly as possible!



"IN SEARCH OF A CALF."

Stranger still was a claim made upon the explorer Cameron in the same neighbourhood. Mr. Cameron's guns and equipment were greatly coveted by a certain native, who, afraid to steal them himself, paid a friend to do so. But the explorer was not to be caught napping. He had everything safe under lock and key, and the deputy was forced to regretfully inform his employer that he was unable to accomplish the theft. At the same time, he said, he had done all he could and had earned his pay, and therefore he flatly refused to refund the money which he had received. When pressed to restore it, he cleared out, cash and all. Number One had no intention of losing his money as well as the goods. Next day he turned up at Mr. Cameron's headquarters, told his story, and calmly demanded that the white man should make good his loss. He was dreadfully hurt and disappointed at the mirth which greeted his proposals.

Fire insurance companies frequently receive very strange claims for compensation under general fire policies. Blankets in process of airing are sometimes destroyed by a hot coal shooting out of the fire, and tablecloths by the upsetting of a spirit lamp. A claim which is believed to be unique in the annals of fire insurance was made a year or two ago by a Yarmouth man. One Bank Holiday he was sitting on the sea front with his trousers turned up, smoking, when a little ash from his pipe dropped into the tuck thus formed and, before he noticed it, burnt a hole through the material. The company inspected the trousers and paid for a new pair.



THE CASE OF THE BURNT TROUSERS.

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The Scarlet Runner.

I.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE CAR AND HIS MAJESTY.

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson,

Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "My Friend the Chauffeur," etc.

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IT was such an unusually beautiful and striking car that everyone looked at it, then turned to look again.

This was what Christopher Race had counted upon.

"Good old Scarlet Runner!" he said, as he drove. "Good old girl, you're making your impression."

Slowly the red car moved up Regent Street as far as Oxford Circus, where it turned to roll back, like some great, splendid beast pacing the length of a vast cage.

It was past seven o'clock; but the sky was a blue and silver mosaic of stars, and electric globes pulsed with white lights that struck and glinted on the rich, scarlet panels of the automobile.

The army of workers pouring home from shop and factory, the army of pleasure-seekers pouring into restaurant and theatre, all looked at the car, straining their eyes to make out the crest — gold and dark blue painted on scarlet; and those among the crowds who were women looked also at Christopher Race.

He drove alone, but he was dressed like a gentleman, not in the glorified livery of a chauffeur. He was a thin, dark, eagle-faced young man, with an air of breeding not contradicted by his evident self-consciousness. His mouth—clean-shaven—gave him strength of character, and his eyes a sense of humour and high daring.

The electric globes lit his face with the fierce intensity of theatre footlights, revealing in it not one mean line. But it was not only the good looks of the driver that attracted attention; it was his extraordinary behaviour.

He sharply scanned each passer-by, as if searching the crowd for some lost friend, and whenever he caught the eye of a well-dressed man who might, from his appearance, have a good bank account and a correspondingly good position in society, up went the gloved hand of the motor-driver in evident invitation. At the same time he smiled and



"UP WENT THE GLOVED HAND OF THE MOTOR-DRIVER IN EVIDENT INVITATION."

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slightly lifted his eyebrows, so that his whole face seemed to ask a question.

Those who were thus appealed to took the invitation in varying ways. Some stared, some nodded and smiled nervously, as if wondering where they could have met the brown young man. Others frowned as though vexed with a stranger who dared to play a practical joke. A few half paused, then hurried on again, turning their heads ostentatiously away. A few more grinned foolishly, and continued to take in every detail of the fine automobile, from the fat tyres, which were noticeably new and unsoiled, to the unusually large, luxurious tonneau, with its glassed-in cover, and the glittering bonnet which hid no fewer than six cylinders of latest pattern. But all were equally puzzled by the man's beckoning hand, which must mean either a mistake in identity or a doubtful taste in jokes; and those who saw the car twice, as it passed up Regent Street and down again, probably decided that the driver amused himself while he waited for someone who did not come.

But the scarlet mystery did not repeat its late manœuvres. It hovered as if undecided at Piccadilly Circus; then almost noiselessly threaded through the netted cross-traffic to spin on towards Pall Mall.

The white electric light was full now of silhouettes of men in evening-dress, who darted here and there alertly like small, dark fish in a great globe of sparkling water. Twice in the minute the motorist's hand was raised in invitation to someone whose eyes reached his across the chasm of roadway, but always with disappointing results. No one responded to his agreeable signals, and he arrived at the corner of Charles Street without stopping once.

In this quiet thoroughfare of respectable private hotels and better-class lodging-houses was drawn up an automobile, handsome enough to rival the red car. It was dark green in colour, and it stood silent and sad before a discreet-looking doorway — silent because the motor had ceased to throb; sad because, apparently, there was some malign reason for its silence.

The chauffeur, dressed in a smart but inconspicuous bottle-green livery with brown leather collar, had left his seat, opened one of the side doors of the bonnet, and was anxiously tickling the carburetter with his hand.

Christopher Race had not meant to enter quiet Charles Street, which, apparently, had nothing to offer him; but at sight of the car in distress he paused and gently swung round the corner from Regent Street. As he slowed down to pass the green car, the discreet door opened and a gentleman came out on the pavement.

He was dressed as an English gentleman should be when he is going to dinner on a winter evening in London, but, though he looked above all things a gentleman, he did not look like an English gentleman.

Under the sleek silk hat, and above the thick, white silk handkerchief that filled in the "V" of the black overcoat, was a face which an observant person could hardly have passed without a second glance.

It was pale, but bronzed by exposure, with a soldier's bronze; and one might with safety have laid a wager that this man was a soldier. He had keen, light eyes, with thick brows drawn together in a slight frown, and a fair, turned-up moustache, with long ends waxed to a fine point.

Never before had the young man in the red car beheld that face in the flesh, save once, when as a little boy he had been taken to a grand pageant to gaze in awe at those same clean-cut features (or others exactly like them) under a glittering silver helmet. But, unless he were egregiously mistaken, he had seen the face in a hundred photographs, in as many black-and-white drawings in illustrated journals; he had seen it caricatured in comic sketches, and flashed on to white sheets by biographs at music-halls.

"Could it be the real face?" he asked himself, with a quickening throb of excitement. Then he remembered reading, a day or two ago, that it might presently be expected in England, on an unofficial visit, during which —for all save its distinguished friends—it desired to be *incog.*

For a moment Christopher Race forgot all about his car, his errand with the car, and his interest in the car that was disabled. But the first words spoken by the gentleman with the shining hat and neat overcoat reminded him forcibly of all three.

"No better success?" asked a clear voice, in perfect English, enriched by a slight foreign accent.

"I am very sorry indeed, sir," apologized the chauffeur, "but I haven't been able yet to make out what's the matter. Something wrong with the carburetter or the ignition."

"I'm late already," broke in the gentleman, visibly bolstering up his patience.

It was this moment that the driver of the red car chose for making his habitual gesture,

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which he accompanied with the usual inviting smile and questioning lift of the eyebrows.

Instantly the keen gaze of the man with the waxed moustache fixed his. "Why do you hold up your hand?" inquired the clear tones, with the un-English accent. At the same time the speaker tried to mask his face in shadow, backing away from the blaze of the two cars' acetylene lamps.

"I hold up my hand because I'm plying for hire," answered Christopher Race.

"Eh? Plying for hire with *that* car? You are joking, I suppose." Tone and eyes expressed astonishment, perhaps distrust. But the red automobile had come to a dead stop, and the gentleman in the tall hat had stepped to the edge of the pavement to examine it at close quarters, also to examine, incidentally, its driver.

"Not at all," said Christopher Race, "unless life is a joke. I'm out to gain a livelihood. I have no licence to live, but I have a licence to drive, if you would care to see it."

The other stared, though not offensively. There was even a twinkle in his eye, but a word might have kindled it to a spark of fire.

"You look like a gentleman," he remarked.

"I almost believe I am," replied Christopher, and he let his eyes twinkle a little also, but not too much, for now he was sure who it was with whom he talked, though he did not intend to make it known that he knew.

"Ha!" said the other, "you are a remarkable pair, plying for hire—you and your car. May I ask if you are in the employment of some person who sends you out on this business?"

"I'm my own employer—under Fate. I drive my car; Fate drives me."

"Indeed? I'm inclined to think"—and the keen eyes flashed to the tinkering chauffeur—"that Fate intends you to drive *me*. What do you think about it?"

"I should be delighted to think that you are right," returned Christopher Race.

"Very well," said the other; "I will engage you—for the evening. You can take me where I wish to go, and wait. If my chauffeur can bring my car round later, you can go; but in any case you shall have the same money. What are your charges?"

"For the entire evening, five guineas," said Christopher.

"Good: that is settled." The gentleman stepped forward, and the owner of the red car and the chauffeur of the green one both sprang to open the door for him. But he waved them back.

"I shall sit with the driver," he announced, with the air of one accustomed to quick decisions, and never to have them gainsaid.

"Do you know Desmond House?" he asked, when he was in his place, and Christopher ready to start.

The driver was not surprised in the circumstances to hear the name of an historic place, owned by a man whose ancestors had helped to make not only its history, but the history of nations. He replied quietly that he did know Desmond House.

"Then drive me there, if you please, and as quickly as you can," said his employer. "I am late in keeping an appointment, and yet," he added, "I am not sorry that, with the best driving, we shall be at least twenty minutes in reaching Desmond House. Do you take my meaning?"

"I think so," said Christopher, in the same spirit, and careful not to address his employer as "sir," lest he should guess that his identity was at the mercy of a stranger.

"You are not behind your car in quickness. Then you have divined also why I chose to sit beside the driver?"

"You pay me the compliment of feeling some slight curiosity as to my reasons for touting with my car in the streets for passengers," suggested Christopher.

"You have hit it. I should be pleased if you would tell me how such a strange thing came about. But, of course, if you do not choose——"

"Why not?" laughed the young man. "You shall know the whole story, if it amuses you—and not a penny extra, over the fare. The trouble is that you'll be disappointed, for, except in one particular, it's a very ordinary tale."

"Suppose that you begin with the one particular, since you are so obliging?" said Christopher's passenger.

"It is that if I had failed to earn at least the sum of five guineas before twelve to-night, nothing could prevent me from losing another sum, amounting approximately to one hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds."

"You are right," agreed the other. "That one particular is not ordinary."

"You see now why I named five guineas for the job," said Christopher Race.

"I should be delighted to pay ten for such a car," said the gentleman, holding on his tall hat as the car's speed increased.

"Thank you very much. That is a generous *pourboire*," said Christopher.

The other had not expected him to accept

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it. But he decided that to do so was of a piece with the young man's originality, not the proof of a grasping nature. And he felt that he was buying an evening of very good amusement at not too high a rate.

He invited Christopher to go on with the story, and Christopher did, in a way perfectly frank, simple, and a little humorous.

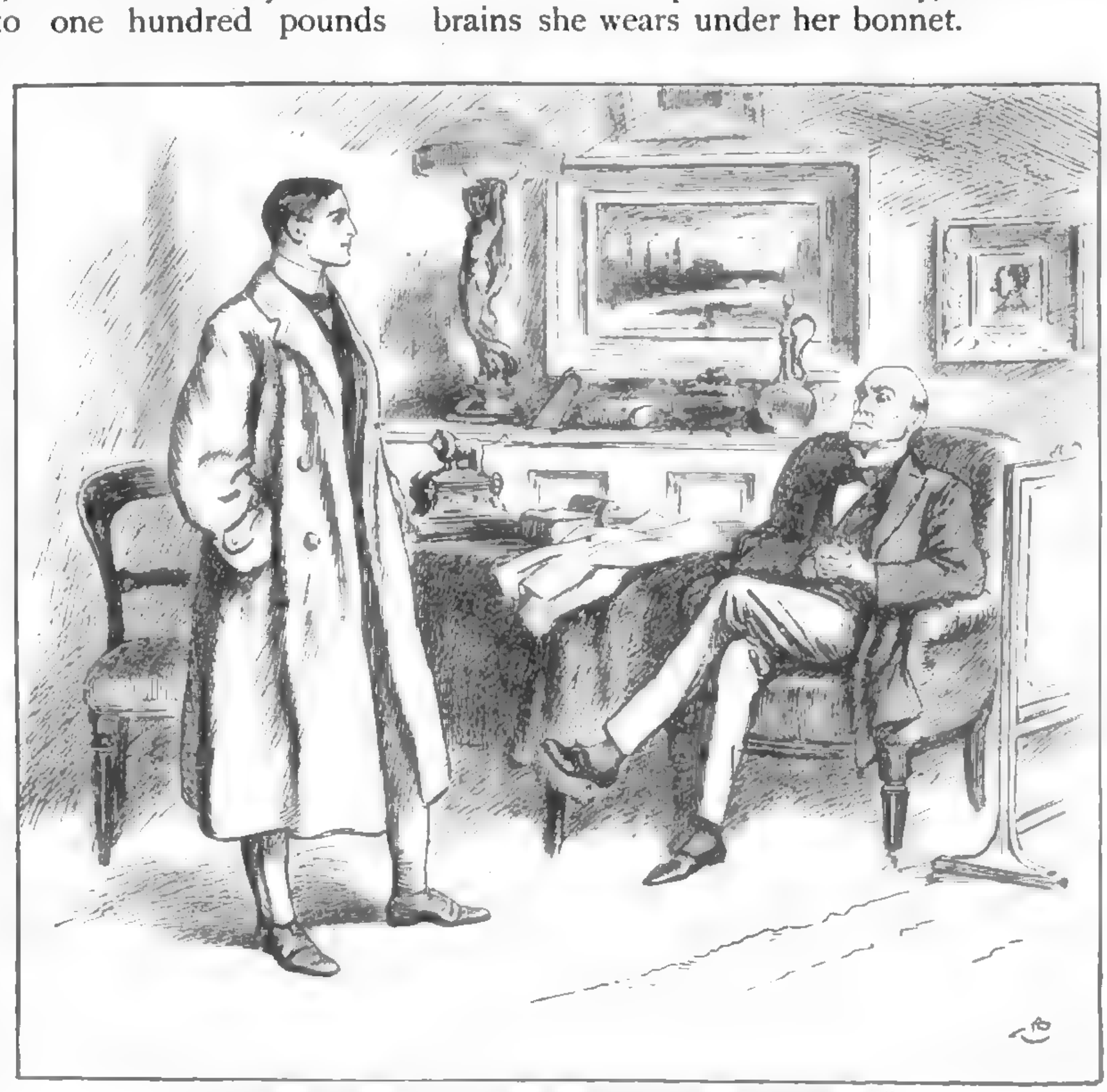
"The hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds—or thereabouts—are my uncle's," said he. "Also a rather nice house in the country, and a few other things which I was brought up to believe would eventually be mine. But my uncle heard stories about my life which didn't please him, and they were all true. He heard that I was lazy and extravagant with the allowance he made me; that I never thought of anyone but myself; that I did exactly as I liked; that I'd forgotten half what I learned at the 'Varsity; that I knew only things I'd better not know; that I was in debt; that I was altogether a worthless fellow. So he sent for me, and all my deceitful meekness and sweetness of manner was of no use. He saw through me, and told me I was an incorrigible young scoundrel. Also, he told me his plan for my future. It was, to cut down my allowance from eight to one hundred pounds a year, just enough to keep me fed, clothed, and housed in decency, which, in his opinion—and in mine, when I came to think of it—was more than I deserved. As for the bulk of his money, my uncle had not quite made up his mind where to leave it. The one thing he thought he had decided upon was, not to leave it to me.

"I heard him through to the end, and then proposed a substitute plan. I admitted the young scoundrel, but denied the incorrigible. I said I thought that he might give me a chance to show that I had a backbone. As proof of its existence I refused the allowance, asking my uncle to keep his money and reserve his judgment. Said I: 'If within a year I'm a reformed character—that is, if I've shown that I'm able not only to make my own way in the world, but to make it like a gentleman—will you reconsider, and not leave the family house and the money away from the last representative of your name?'

"'All right,' said he, 'it's a bargain. But I don't believe you can do it.'

"I believed I could. So I sold the furniture, books, pictures, and ornaments in my chambers and got a tidy enough sum. I also sold my motor-car for what I could get, and bought another—for what I hoped to get. Already I was a fair driver; but I disappeared for months from public life and learned, in a good school for chauffeurs, how to be a first-rate one, and an all-round practical mechanic as well.

"My car was my fortune. She was built to please me, and I confess that I love her as Pygmalion loved Galatea. I don't believe she has her superior in beauty, or in the brains she wears under her bonnet.



"HE TOLD ME I WAS AN INCORRIGIBLE YOUNG SCOUNDREL."

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"When she was ready to make her *début* I advertised largely, pictorially, and expensively for clients who wished to be conducted on tours round England in particular or the world in general. No serious answers were received. The end of the trial year and the end of my money were drawing to a close, when, to pile Pelion on Ossa, I had a letter from my uncle. He wished to know how much I had earned during my probation. 'Nothing yet,' said I, in my answer. Then came a wire. If I could not earn, and prove to him that I had earned, by my own exertions, at least the small sum of five guineas before the year's end, the bargain was off, and he need wait no longer before deciding on what worthy institution he would bestow his money.

"That wire was sent on two days ago from my last lodgings. I nearly missed getting it, but when I did get it I put pride in my pocket, started out, procured a licence, turned my beautiful Scarlet Runner into a conveyance for public convenience, and—had had two hours' bad luck when I ran across you."

"I am glad to be the one who brings you luck," said the young man's passenger. "I believe you must have bewitched my motor."

"I should certainly not have neglected doing so if I had thought of it," said Christopher Race. "I hope I haven't bored you?"

"On the contrary, you have entertained me," replied the other. "But we are in Kensington already, are we not? It seems impossible."

"In three minutes I shall land you at Desmond House," said Christopher.

And hardly as much time had passed before they were at the gates of that fine old place on the farther verge of Kensington.

As they arrived, so also did several cabs, which came in a bunch, and contained faces familiar to Christopher Race. He had seen them on the music-hall stage, where their owners were shining lights; and he deduced that they were to help provide amusement for the distinguished dinner guests. Evidently there was a good reason for making the dinner-hour early, and it was to be a long affair.

"You are at my disposal for the evening, I believe," said Christopher's passenger, as Scarlet Runner entered the drive and slowed down for its approach to the door. "My car may come, or it may not. In any case, I wish you to wait. And—there is a question I should like to ask before going in—a question I could ask only of a gentleman. I have shown some curiosity in regard to you. Do you retaliate?"

"I have no curiosity," said Christopher.

"You mean——"

"I mean—whatever you would prefer me to mean, sir."

"Thank you. I'm sure you are as discreet as you are original. *Au revoir.*"

Christopher stood by the car with his cap in his hand, as two splendid footmen received the gentleman with the waxed moustache, the shining hat, and the neat overcoat. There was also a flashing glimpse of a welcoming host and hostess; but the door closed, and the glowing picture was gone.

It was only just on the stroke of eight, but no doubt all other guests had arrived; for one does not risk keeping Royalty waiting, even when Royalty is *incognito* and the entertainment informal.

One of the footmen came out into the cold to ask the chauffeur of the great personage to drive his car into the coach-house, where he would find a place for it, though there was no garage, and come himself into the house until the time appointed for departure. But Christopher courteously refused. He did not know at what time he might be wanted, and would prefer to wait near the door, out of the way of other vehicles in case any should arrive. He also declined food, though he had begun to be conscious that it was dinner-time.

After all, he thought, when he was left alone seated in his car, this was turning out to be a tolerably commonplace affair, not so interesting as he had expected it to be when it began. To be sure, the fare he had luckily picked up was one of the first celebrities in Europe. But what was that to him, except that he had had an agreeable and sympathetic companion, and had earned the vitally necessary sum of five guineas very pleasantly?

The idea of mystery which he had scented in Charles Street, he abandoned at Desmond House. To be sure it was a little odd that the great man should have come out from a private hotel in a quiet, unfashionable street, when he was staying—or said to be staying—at his own Embassy. But, after all, why not? Perhaps he had been calling upon friends; or perhaps his motor had broken down in front of the hotel, and he had preferred to wait in a warm room rather than endure the winter cold.

Ten minutes passed, maybe, and the thoughts of Christopher Race had glided from

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the affairs of his late passenger to his own. He was wondering when he might expect to get his dinner, when the one thing which of all others he did not expect happened. Close to Scarlet Runner appeared the figure which a few minutes ago had been ceremoniously ushered into the house. There it was—the slim, soldierly form, seeming taller than it was because of its upright bearing. There was the shining hat, shading the clear features; there the folded white handkerchief and the neat overcoat.

Surprised, but hiding surprise at sight of the guest of the evening, unescorted and out of doors when he ought still to have been engaged with his oysters, Christopher sprang from his seat and awaited orders.

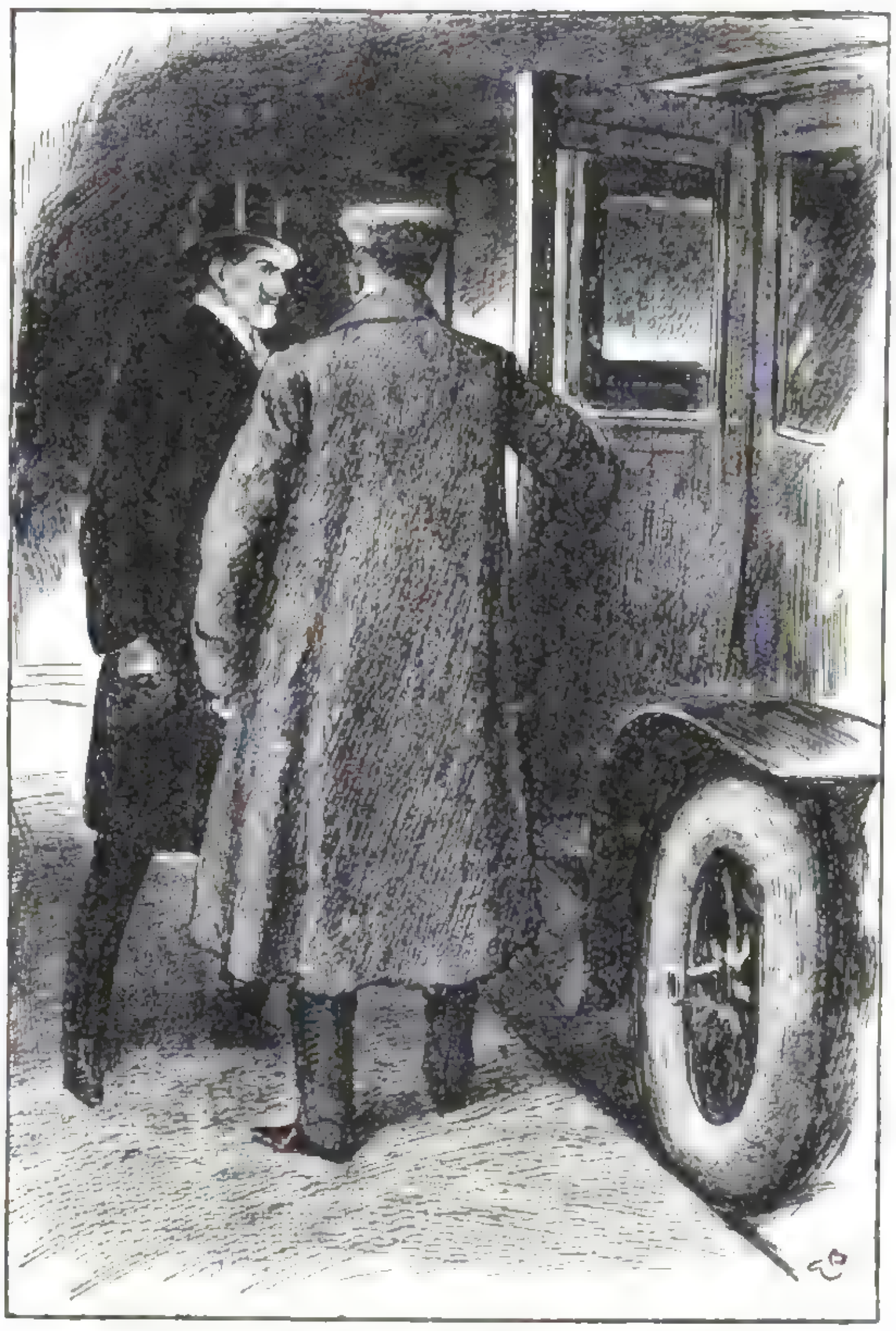
"Saunders's Hotel, Charles Street, Pall Mall—quick!" said the crisp voice with the foreign accent. But it was less crisp than before, and betrayed agitation.

Had his passenger's last question been now repeated, Christopher Race could not have answered it truthfully and at the same time decorously, for he was consumed with curiosity.

One had always heard that this celebrated personage was erratic and addicted to making decisions on impulse; but his latest caprice bade fair, it seemed, to break the record. A Royal gentleman is asked to a friendly dinner; he accepts, goes; and before he has had five minutes at his host's table out he pops, unattended, nervous in manner, and demands to be taken promptly back whence he came!

The one explanation which appeared feasible to Christopher was that a thing of importance had been forgotten in Charles Street—a thing of so much importance that no one else could be sent to fetch it, or even trusted as a companion.

Unconcerned outwardly, but inwardly wondering what must be the state of mind of the host and hostess, to say nothing of their guests, the amateur chauffeur prepared to start. This time the distinguished fare did not contemplate sitting beside the driver. He stood waiting in silence for the door of the tonneau to be opened, and got in without a word. Christopher helped him pull up the handsome fur rug which was not an "extra," and in another moment Scarlet Runner had whizzed between the open gates of Desmond House.



"HE STOOD WAITING IN SILENCE FOR THE DOOR OF THE TONNEAU TO BE OPENED, AND GOT IN WITHOUT A WORD."

He had been told to go fast, and he did go fast. It was the "dead middle" of that quiet interval when restaurants and theatres are full and streets are empty, therefore he ran no risk in spinning from one deserted thoroughfare to another on the way back to Pall Mall. But he had not left Desmond House half a mile behind when his passenger tapped imperatively on the front glass. Slowing down, Christopher glanced round, and saw an upraised finger which motioned "Stop!"

He obeyed instantly, and lowered the glass to hear orders.

"You are driving too fast," said the Royal voice; "much too fast. I don't like it."

"I am sorry," returned Christopher. "I understood that you wished——"

"I don't wish to have my neck broken," was the answer. "Get on again, but no recklessness. Put up the window, please."

Again Scarlet Runner started, but this time with no burst of speed, and her driver was more curious than ever.

This was a new trait for the great personage to develop—timidity in an automobile! One

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"'YOU ARE DRIVING MUCH TOO FAST,' SAID THE ROYAL VOICE."

might almost fancy him an amateur at the game, instead of an old motorist and a thorough sportsman. Of course, he might fear an awkward contretemps if stopped by the police; but there was no possible danger of such a catastrophe, and as an experienced driver he ought to have known it. He ought to be able to judge speed, and to know that theirs was not excessive enough at this hour of the evening to attract police notice.

However, Christopher drove on, in a reflective mood and at a pace to suit it, until he had reached Charles Street. There, at the door which had given him his fare and his adventure, he stopped.

"Go in and inquire if Lord Thanet and Lady Ivy de Lisle have come," the foreign voice directed, brusquely.

Christopher's face made no comment on these instructions, but that was because he had the habits of a man of the world. Within, he was excited and curious, for the Earl of Thanet and his daughter were distant cousins of Christopher Race, and naturally he would have liked to know the why and wherefore of His Majesty's interest in their movements. If the name of Lord Thanet alone had been mentioned it would not have struck him so oddly, for Lord Thanet had at one time been connected with the diplomatic service, and had spent years on the Continent. But why did one of the first gentlemen of Europe leave a dinner-party in the midst to inquire at an hotel for Ivy de Lisle?

His Majesty had a consort to whom he was devoted, and he was not to be tempted to a flirtation even by such a beauty as Lord Thanet's twenty-year-old daughter, who had been one of the successes of last season. But, then, a man highly placed is occasionally unselfish enough to interest himself in a girl for the sake of another man who needs an advocate. And there were two men whose names Christopher had heard coupled with Lady Ivy de Lisle's.

Either might have persuaded this Sovereign to plead his cause with the girl's father, for both could claim his country as the land of their birth. One was Baron von Hess, the enormously rich inventor of the latest quick-firing gun adopted by the Triple Alliance; the other was young Max Lind—whom Christopher had known slightly and admired greatly at Oxford—the son of a notorious Socialist who had adopted England for a country when discarded by his own. A year or two ago there had been a *rapprochement* between Max the elder and an outraged monarch, and a place in the diplomatic service for young Max had been held out as an olive branch.

Baron von Hess was a good match for any girl below Royalty: Max Lind, on the contrary, would have difficulty in making his

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cause good with Lady Ivy's father, unless, indeed, a monarch should turn matchmaker.

As Christopher started to obey orders he hoped that this mysterious visit had to do with Max Lind and Ivy de Lisle. If it had he was glad that he was concerned with it, for Max Lind—all unknown to Max Lind's clever and handsome self—had been the hero of Christopher's two best years at Oxford.

His hand was on the door, when a call from his employer gave him pause. "Stop!" said the great man. "I left a letter here for—let me see—was it for Lord Thanet or his daughter?—one of the two; I really forget to which I addressed it. That letter I want back. I have changed my mind and prefer to write a different one. If Lord Thanet has not arrived, or if he has arrived, but has not yet read the letter, I wish to have it again. Should you learn, on the other hand, that the letter has already been received, I will send a message."

Christopher went in somewhat bewildered, but knowing that somehow he must succeed in accomplishing his errand.

In the entrance-hall stood an old man and a girl, obsequiously attended by all the hotel authorities, from the elderly manager down to the still more elderly head waiter.

The man's back was turned to Christopher, but there was no mistaking the silver sheen of the hair or the soldierly set of the shoulders. The girl, however, faced the front door, and looked up from a bunch of letters which she held in her hand, as the young man entered.

Christopher was only a poor relation, a mere "forty-second cousin," and, moreover, was under the ban of family disapproval. Nevertheless, Lady Ivy gave him a lovely smile of surprised recognition.

She was always more than pretty, and a radiant beauty when she smiled—smiled with grey eyes and pink cheeks, and a pair of dimples that gave new life and meaning to red lips.

"Why, father, it's Christopher!" she said. "Naughty Cousin Kit! Have you come here to see us?"

"I came to see if you were here," he replied, hat in hand for her and for Lord Thanet, who had only the ghost of a smile, with no emphasizing dimples. "I was sent," he added, "by a gentleman who not long ago left a letter to await your arrival."

Lord Thanet's eyes flashed surprise. "Do you mean that His Majesty has asked you——"

"To take him back his letter. He has changed his mind, it seems, and will write another. You have read it?"

"Not yet. We have been in the house scarcely more than five minutes. We have just been given our letters, and on one left by hand this evening recognised His Majesty's handwriting. I didn't know that you had the honour of his acquaintance."

"The story of how I made it would be longer than the acquaintance itself," said Christopher. "But what about the letter—will you give it to me unread? I fancy that is what His Majesty would prefer."

"Oh, no; we *must* see what's in it!" broke in the girl. "I can't wait. Kit, you knew Max Lind at Oxford——"

"Ivy!" warned Lord Thanet.

"Why shouldn't I tell, as Kit's in His Majesty's confidence?" asked the girl, wilfully. "We hope—we think—that Max is to be thanked and honoured for a service—oh, well, I'm not going to say *what*—a secret kind of service, but most important. And if he has succeeded, father's promised that Max and I——"

"Really, Ivy, you are most imprudent—and premature," Lord Thanet cut her short. "As for the letter, of course I take your word for it, Christopher, that you're His Majesty's messenger; but——"

"He's waiting for me in a motor-car," said Christopher Race. He did not think it worth while to add that it was his own motor-car, for that would have meant telling the story. "You can get a glimpse of him if you choose to look through those glass peep-holes in the outer door."

Lord Thanet's proud old face flushed faintly. "Give me the letter, Ivy," he said.

The girl gave it reluctantly. It was the one uppermost in her hand. Evidently father and daughter had just discovered it in their budget when Christopher appeared.

"I will take it to His Majesty myself," suggested Lord Thanet, and went to the door; but in an instant he had returned. There had been no time for him to do more than look through the double squares of glass and learn for himself who sat in the tonneau of the red car. "On second thoughts," he began again, "perhaps it is better not, unless a desire was expressed——" He glanced at Christopher.

"It was not expressed," replied the young man. "But no doubt——"

"You can take him the letter, tell him that my daughter and I have just arrived, that he can guess the errand which has brought us up from the country to town at this time;

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"NAUGHTY COUSIN KIT! HAVE YOU COME HERE TO SEE US?"

that I am completely at his service should he wish to speak with me instead of writing; and we will remain here in the hall awaiting his message."

Sympathetic now as well as puzzled, Christopher took the letter and carried it out to his passenger, who all but snatched it in his eagerness. "Good!" exclaimed His Majesty. "Now let us get away."

"But, sir," said Christopher, "Lord Thanet has come, and——"

The gentleman in the tonneau hastily examined the envelope. "It is still unopened," he muttered.

"Lord Thanet had not yet had time to read the letter. He wishes to know if he may have the honour of coming out to——"

"No," said His Majesty, imperatively. Then, with less abruptness: "Go back, give Lord Thanet my compliments, and say that I regret not having the time to speak with him this evening, as I have an important engagement, for which I am already in danger of being late. My compliments also to Lady Ivy de Lisle, and I am obliged for their courtesy in returning the letter unread. They shall hear from me. That is all; and remember that I am in haste."

The message evidently gave disappointment both to father and daughter, though Christopher guessed that it was for different reasons.

"Oh, Kit, Cousin Kit—you'll be a good and not a naughty Cousin Kit if you will use your influence to make him *kind*," said Ivy, detaining the hand she had taken for good-bye. "Father has brought me to town because we're sure that all will be well—that Max will have succeeded and be in great favour, but—*his* coming and taking back the letter frightens me. How can I wait?"

Lord Thanet frowned and shook his head, but Christopher pressed the girl's hand as he let it go. Once he had come very near falling in love with Ivy, and still he had a tenderness for her. She was an adorable girl, and he felt that he would do anything to serve her interests. But he did not quite like the look on the face of his Royal passenger as he remounted the car. It radiated satisfaction, but it was not genial satisfaction; and Christopher was not sure that he admired the face as much as he had admired it earlier. It was harder and less noble in expression than he had thought it at first.

He did not doubt that the "important engagement" for which his fare had declared himself "in danger of being late" was a continuation of the unfortunate dinner-party at Desmond House; therefore the order

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which came from the tonneau gave him a double surprise:—

"The Wood, No Thoroughfare Street, Hammersmith." The words struck sharply on Christopher's ears.

His Majesty was not going back to the dinner-party. He was going to the house of Max Lind the elder—Max Lind, the long-ago banished Socialist.

Once, years ago, when Christopher was an undergrad at Oxford, he had dined there with young Max, who had invited him on a sudden impulse, and he had never forgotten the circle of brilliant, eccentric men who had been his fellow-guests. Above all, he had not forgotten "Father Max," as young Max affectionately called the black-haired, heavy-browed, star-eyed old man who had been both father and mother to the boy whose English mother died at his birth.

Often Christopher had thought of that night, and of the old Socialist's eyes as he looked at his handsome son; and he had been glad, not long ago, to hear that young Max was in favour with the Government which had banished old Max when he, too, was young.

What did it mean, Chris asked himself—that the autocratic head of that Government was going to pay a secret visit to The Wood to-night?

Max senior was away from home and out of England. Christopher Race had read only a few days ago in the paper that the famous Socialist had gone to America on a lecturing tour. And young Max, so far as Christopher knew, was somewhere in the East on a diplomatic mission for his own forgiving country.

It was not, however, the part of a chauffeur to offer unsolicited information to an employer, especially such an employer as this, and Christopher drove towards Hammersmith, decorously keeping his private knowledge to himself.

Nothing could be more unpromising to visitors than the aspect of The Wood when the red car stopped before the tall iron gates. The house was set back from the road a distance of no more than forty feet, but so screened was it with huge old oaks and beeches that by night, unless the windows were lighted, it was invisible to passers-by. Now, not a single cheering yellow ray gemmed the black network of crowding branches, and the heavy iron lantern suspended over the shut gates was unlighted.

There was no drive leading up to the house, and Scarlet Runner must wait at the kerbstone in the deserted street appropriately named "No Thoroughfare." Christopher got down to open the gates, half expecting to find them locked; but they swung apart with a rusty creak, and His Majesty was instantly swallowed up in shadow.

Christopher did not go back to the car, but paced the pavement. It was cold, and he was restless. Once he had been hungry, but he had forgotten his dinner now. Was he right, he asked himself, in letting such a person go into that dark house unattended? Was not his a great responsibility, and was he not using it ill?

It was well enough to argue that the affair was not his affair, and that, whatever happened, he must not mix himself in it. But there was no getting round the fact that His Majesty, who was famed for reckless daring, might have been lured to this desolate place for some evil purpose.

The Linds, father and son, were above suspicion of treachery; but Max senior was, or had been, notorious for his anti-Royalist ideas, and some firebrand friend might have taken base advantage of his absence.

What if the man had gone into a trap and should never come out alive?

This idea alone was bad enough; but Christopher could not help thinking of himself in connection with it. If His Majesty were murdered in a house to which he—Christopher Race—had brought him in his car, it might be difficult to prove his own innocence. A fine way of finishing his first evening as a professional chauffeur, if he were accused of complicity in an Anarchist plot to assassinate one of the most powerful Sovereigns in Europe!

Christopher could bear inaction no longer. Leaving Scarlet Runner to look after herself, he slipped through the gates and tiptoed up the path towards the hidden house.

The night was clear, and the moon, sailing high, looked down over the tall tree-tops to strike with a bleak, white glint on the panes of a long row of unlighted windows. Gazing up at the dark, repellent façade, Christopher hesitated.

Ten minutes at least had passed since His Majesty was devoured by shadows. If he had knocked and found no one within, there had been more than time for him to return to the automobile. Someone, then, must have received him, but whether in loyalty or treachery Christopher could not hope to discover by blundering to the front door and ringing the bell.

Treading on grass to avoid gravel, he

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skirted the path round the house to the right, and was somewhat relieved to see a sprinkling of light on the frosted lawn. It was thrown from a long French window, which opened to the ground, and as the casements were ajar, the heavy green curtains half drawn back, Christopher could see into the room beyond.

He approached cautiously, absolving his conscience from any less worthy motive than a wish to defend his late passenger if need be, and if all seemed to be well he intended to move away again. But the lighted picture framed by the green curtains arrested him.

His Majesty stood with his back half turned to the window, and facing him was young Max Lind, in travelling dress, his white face carved in stone, his eyes dark with tragedy. The visitor held out to his host a small revolver, and Max was taking it.

"It is the best thing you can do," His Majesty said, and through the open window the words reached ears for which they were not meant. "The only thing left for you to do in honour."

"Very well," Max answered, dully. And he looked at the weapon. But Christopher thrilled as he felt that it was not the revolver which those tragic eyes really saw. "He sees Ivy," Ivy's cousin said to himself.

"You will do it?"

"I will do it, sir. But——"

"There is a 'but'?"

"My God! Yes, sir, there is a 'but'—more than one. There is my father. He was so happy and proud. He believed that I should succeed—that I should be able to satisfy you. And there is—you know well, sir, there is another."

"It is better for them both that you should take this one way of wiping out disgrace."

"Disgrace! It's a hard word. I tried so earnestly. I thought—I was so certain, only a quarter of an hour ago, that I had done well—as well as a man could do."

"And now that I tell you you were utterly fooled, outwitted by men you should never have trusted, don't you see where you stand?"

"I see," said Max. "Perhaps you are right. Why should I go on living when my life's in ruins? And yet—I shall be breaking my father's heart if I do this."

"If I know him, he will thank Heaven for your sake and for his that you are out of the world, beyond criticism. If a man pays for a mistake with his life—he pays."

"I have said that I would pay," answered Max.

"When will you do it?"

"Is it your wish, sir, to see it done?"

Christopher started forward, but checked himself. His Majesty put up a protesting hand.

"No, no. But it should be while your blood is warm for it."

"Or cold for it? I ask only time to write two letters."

"Another mistake, and a fatal one," said His Majesty. "Are you mad, Lind? No one must know."

"You misunderstand me, sir. But you may trust me, at least in this little matter, though you say I have failed you in the big one. I shall say in the two letters—only good-bye; with my love; and that it had to be—



"THE VISITOR HELD OUT TO HIS HOST A SMALL REVOLVER."

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nothing else. The writing of each one will take no longer than five minutes. Then—I promise that I won't fail again."

"You are wise. And, after all, what do you miss? What is life? A series of disillusions. I stay—to face those I have not had already. Good night. I trust you."

"Good night, sir. You will learn to-morrow that this time it wasn't in vain."

His Majesty took a step towards a door opposite the window, but Max reached it before him and opened it.

"I prefer to find my way out alone," said the visitor. His host bowed submissively, and stood at the door until the erect figure in the dark overcoat had passed out of sight. Then, softly, he closed the door, and as he came back to a desk which was placed between door and window Christopher Race threw the casements wide open.

"Lind!" he exclaimed, before the other could move or speak, "it's I—Christopher Race. Don't you remember me? There's no time to apologize and explain, except to say that I drove *him* to the house, and—I've heard some things. I thought you were away, and your father. I followed to protect His Majesty in case of a plot; I've stayed to defend you from one."

"There is no plot," said Max Lind.

"I am not so sure. I've seen Ivy to-night—you remember we're cousins. She loves you. This will break her heart, poor child."

"Don't!" stammered Max.

"I wouldn't, if there were no hope, but, believe me, there is. I want you to wait. I want you to promise——"

"One such promise as I've made to-night is enough," Max cut in, his voice like ice. "You don't know——"

"I don't know what it is you tried to do, and failed in, if you did fail. I suppose you were sent on some mission—perhaps one of those which no Government will acknowledge if it fails, and——"

"You are right there. I, stupid fool, thought I had been a brilliant success, and expected a personal letter of congratulation. Ivy, too, and her father—but I cannot talk of it. It seems that I played into the hands of the enemy all the while I dreamed that they were playing into mine. I don't even now understand, but—one takes the word of Royalty. You overheard something, but I know you won't betray it. You meant well—though it's no use. You must forget this scene—wipe it off the slate. To-morrow—you must be surprised, with the rest of the world, when——"

"Yes, *if*. But it's only 'if.' Lind, I ask you to wait till I come back, with news which may make all the difference in the world to you."

The white face flushed painfully and the tragic eyes dilated. "If you mean to fetch Ivy——"

"I mean only to fetch His Majesty. No one else. I will speak to no one else. Give me an hour, just one hour, and then, if I don't bring him here, not to *forgive* you, mind, but for something better than that, it will be because I've had a mad thought, and have failed. Then, if you must, fulfil the promise I heard you make, but not before. Grant me this favour for auld lang syne, or I shall be sick of life and want to go out of it with you."

Max Lind looked at a clock on the high mantel. "Very well; an hour, then," he said, with a smile which Christopher Race would never forget. "But it will be a long hour. I would sooner have got it over within the next ten minutes. You had better go. If you drove him here, he may come back to look for you."

"He'll not think of my being with you. I know what I shall say to him," answered Christopher. "But I'll go. And you—are you in this house alone?"

"Alone," said Max. "The caretaker, an old soldier, has leave for the night. It's New Year's Eve, you know. I shall see the New Year in——"

"You will see it in here with me and another," broke in Max. "You'll see it in joyously—unless——"

"Yes—unless!" And Max laughed—a laugh that was sad on a young man's lips, and the heart in Christopher Race was stabbed by the sound of it. "I think it will be 'unless.' But I thank you all the same. Good-bye."

They grasped hands, and Christopher went quickly out by the way he had come.

There, by the car, stood the neat figure in the dark overcoat, the keen eyes looking this way and that, under a penthouse frown.

"I beg a thousand pardons for keeping you, sir," said Christopher, as he shot out between the half-open gates, "but something's gone wrong with the motor, and I went inside to look for you, just to say that I must get her to the nearest garage before I can take you on. I won't be long; not many minutes are needed for repairs."

"I could not think what had become of you," exclaimed His Majesty, sharply. "I will go with you to the garage."

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This was what Christopher had expected, but did not desire. His mind flew back to his passenger's surprising betrayal of amateurishness and timidity in traffic, and a wily thought crept into his brain.

"I'm afraid I ought to warn you that it may be—er—not exactly dangerous, perhaps, but risky," said he. "If you would spare me the responsibility by waiting here for a short time, I assure you I should be most awfully grateful."

"The car seemed in perfect condition when we came," said His Majesty. "What has suddenly gone wrong?"

"I'll show you, sir," replied Christopher, stooping beside Scarlet Runner, with his heart in his mouth. For this was to be a great bluff, and if the strange idea in his head were as mad as it might be, all hope for Max Lind and his life and his love was over.

He bent and fumbled, and with a few turns of a spanner loosened the joint of the exhaust-pipe near the silencer. Then quickly he turned the starting handle, and Scarlet Runner broke into a series of sharp explosions, dry as the barking of giant fire-crackers.

His Majesty stepped back with less dignity than haste, and uttered some exclamation in his native tongue, which was lost among the explosions.

"I'll wait for you," he said. And not a word about the silencer.

Christopher Race could have shouted as he flashed away, the car yelping maledictions.

When he had turned two corners and was well out of earshot from No Thoroughfare Street he stopped and screwed up the loosened joint, then darted on again; but not to a garage.

It was well for him and well for Scarlet Runner that traffic had gone to sleep, and policemen had something more engrossing to think of than springing traps upon reckless motorists, for Christopher drove as if for the winning of a cup; and in eight minutes he was at the door of Desmond House.

There, too, was the green car which, by breaking down in Charles Street, had given him his chance. The chauffeur recognised him and grinned, not knowing, perhaps, that his rival was sure of full money in any event.

The man in green and brown had, like Christopher, refused coach-house accommodation, but preferrred to be ready at an instant's notice for any impulsive whim of his master.

The carved oak double doors of Desmond House were closed now, and the superb footmen were no longer in attendance on the porch. All the activities of the mansion were concentrated within, and the many lighted windows were like eyes shining with proud content.

To the extreme surprise of the chauffeur in green and brown, the gentleman chauffeur sounded the big bronze knocker with the self-confidence of a prince.

The door flew open, and a footman stood revealed, staring.

Christopher wrote something on a visiting-card.

"This must be given instantly to the gentleman whose name I have written across the top," he said, pointing at an underscored line.

"Impossible, sir," replied the servant, though not without respect for a man so daring; and, then, Christopher was well dressed. "There is a dinner-party, and——"

"I know that," broke in Christopher. "But the card must be delivered, and without delay."

"It's as much as my place is worth—more, sir," stammered the footman, his respect increasing as the visitor's peremptoriness increased. "I don't see how I could manage it."

"I don't care how you manage it, provided you do manage it; but it will have to be managed," said Christopher. "Give me the card again."

The man gave it, wondering.

Christopher took from his pocket a five-pound note (his last, by the way, but that was a detail) and wrapped it round the card.

"I will wait here," said he, "and I expect an answer in ten minutes at latest."

He got it in six; but it was neither verbal nor in writing. The man to whom he had sent the urgent message appeared himself at the door.

"You are very good," Christopher exclaimed. "But I knew you would come."

"Of course I came. I am not made of stone," said the other. "And you wrote that it was a matter of life and death for a man I valued."

"Do you value young Max Lind, sir?" asked Christopher.

"I do indeed, and intend to show my appreciation. He has just rendered me a great service, in accomplishing a mission tactfully, adroitly, as few other young men could have accomplished it. And I have done my best not only to assure his career,

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but his happiness for the future as a reward. Why do you ask such a question?"

"Because at this moment Max Lind believes that you have doomed him to death, as a ghastly failure who has compromised the Government for which he was working. He believes that you have put into his hand a revolver and told him the only thing to do is to blow out his brains."

"Great heavens! But this is a madness."

"It will be suicide in less than an hour, unless you will consent to come with me, sir."

"Leave my friends who are entertaining me—to go—where?"

"To The Wood, Hammersmith, the house of the Linds, where a man who usurps your dignity and uses it for his own—or some other's—advantage is expecting me back every moment."

"A man who—— Can you mean Gustav Krokesius?"

"If Gustav Krokesius is the living image of you, sir, has cultivated a voice like yours, and wears clothes copied from yours."

"He does, and for the best of reasons — because he is what you English would call my understudy. A man who naturally resembles me remarkably, and is paid to cultivate every detail of that resemblance, taking my place during my visit here whenever I wish it, before the public, that I may enjoy myself as I please and not be spied upon by reporters or—Anarchists. But he is off duty tonight."

"Officially, perhaps. Yet he has been at work. He went to the Charles Street hotel, got back a letter left by you for Lord Thanet, who is my cousin, and drove out to The Wood——"

"How do you know all this?"

"Because I took him for you, and acted as his chauffeur until I began to suspect. Then I came here to get you to save my friend, Max Lind, from misery and disgrace—my cousin, Ivy de Lisle, from a broken heart."

"That lovely girl! Ah, I guess the mystery. He is paid for this business by Von Hess, who loves Lady Ivy and hates Lind. But Von Hess shall pay more. He shall pay me. As for Krokesius—it's a pity. I shall never again find so valuable an understudy. But his engagement is finished, and his punishment is to begin. Did you say we should find him still at The Wood?"

"I said that I left him there—watching. When he sees you coming with me——"

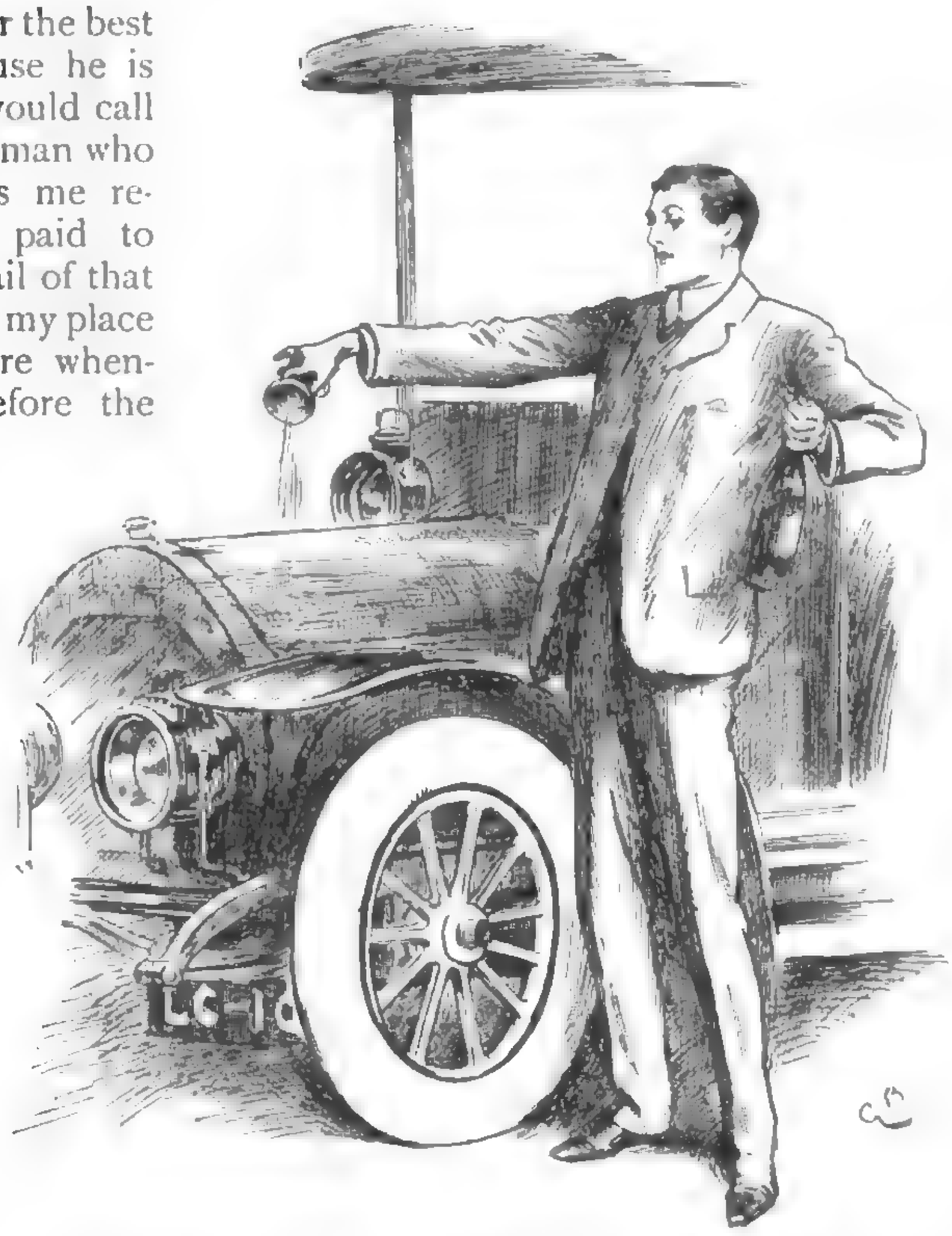
"We will be too quick for him," said His Majesty, looking pleased.

And they were too quick; for he is a man whose prophecies usually come true.

He made several people happy that night; but Gustav Krokesius was not one of them, nor Baron von Hess.

As for Christopher, he was so charmed with himself and his friends, old and new, but more especially with the car by whose aid he had played his great game of bluff, that just as the bells rang in the New Year he poured a glass of champagne over Scarlet Runner's bonnet.

"That's a libation, my beauty," said he. And he paid for it with His Majesty's money.



"HE POURED A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE OVER SCARLET RUNNER'S BONNET."

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I.—THE BEST GAMES EVER PLAYED AT BRIDGE.

By William Dalton.

Author of "Dalton on Bridge," "'Saturday' Bridge," "Bridge at a Glance," etc.

IT is rather difficult to say at a moment's notice what is the best-played hand at bridge that one has ever seen. There are so many different varieties of the game. There is the play of the dealer, with twenty-six cards under his control, and there is the defending game by the adversaries. Then there is bridge with no trumps, and there is bridge with a trump suit, which are really two quite distinct games, although they are both classed under the heading of "bridge."

There seems to be a prevalent idea that the No-Trump game offers greater opportunities for the exercise of skill in playing the cards than the trump-suit game does, but the idea is quite an erroneous one. Sometimes an inferior player, playing with a good partner, will declare no trumps on a passed hand and then say, "I only made it no trumps, partner, because you had to play the hand." This is doubtless intended as a compliment, but it is really rather the reverse, as most hands require more skill to extract the full value from them with a trump declaration than they do at No Trumps. So many No-Trump hands are cut and dried. In these days of advanced bridge there are any number of players who can be trusted to extract the utmost value from an ordinary No-Trump hand as dealer; the result would probably be the same if any one of ten first-class players played the hand. If one of them won or lost more than the others it would rather be owing to the bad or good play of his opponents than to any act of his own. With a suit declaration the situation is not nearly so stereotyped—there is then plenty of scope for the exercise of the dealer's talent, if he has any, and it is in the trump-suit game that the really fine points of play—fine, that is, from the advanced bridge-player's point of view—arise.

The No-Trump game is universally popular, and quite rightly so, as it is the very soul and essence of bridge, but I entirely dissent from the popular idea that it offers greater opportunities to the scientific bridge-player than the trump-suit game does. It is really quite the reverse. Occasionally the dealer in a No-Trump game is able to bring off a coup by counting and placing correctly the cards held by his adversaries, as is illustrated in Hand No. 1; but beyond this he is able to do very little except to make his winning cards in either hand as soon as he gets in, and the result of the game depends much more upon the tactics employed by the adversaries than on anything that the dealer can do. With a suit declaration it is quite different; the adversaries do not necessarily open with their long suit and the attack is generally, from the very first, in the hands of the dealer.

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In order to thoroughly illustrate the different varieties of the game, I propose to describe four hands, played under widely differing conditions:—

1. Good play by the dealer in a No-Trump game.
2. Good defence by the opponents in a No-Trump game.
3. Good play by the dealer with a suit declaration.
4. A well-saved game against a suit declaration.

All four are hands which occurred in actual play, and were correctly played, and I consider them to be, each in its own particular line, the best-played bridge hands which have ever come under my own personal knowledge.

HAND No. 1.

(Good Play by the Dealer.)

The following hand struck me at the time as being the best-played No-Trump hand I had ever seen—that is to say, the hand which involved the closest attention to the fall of the cards, and the drawing of the shrewdest deductions, in order to bring it to a successful termination:—

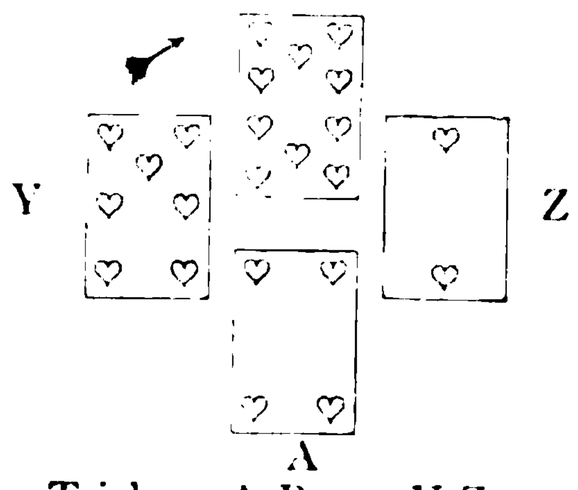
B's Hand (Dummy).
Hearts—Knave, 10.
Diamonds—King, knave, 8, 3.
Clubs—6, 5, 2.
Spades—Knave, 10, 7, 2.

A's Hand (Dealer).
Hearts—King, 4.
Diamonds—Queen, 5, 4.
Clubs—Ace, king, queen, 10, 9, 4.
Spades—Ace, queen.

Score, one game all; A B love, Y Z 28.
A dealt and declared no trumps.
Y led the 7 of hearts.

Directly the dummy hand was exposed A could see a certainty of two by cards, unless the remaining four clubs were all in one hand, which was very improbable; but two by cards was not enough—it was essential to win the game on that hand—and the question was how the ninth trick was to be secured, with the whole heart suit and the ace of diamonds against him.

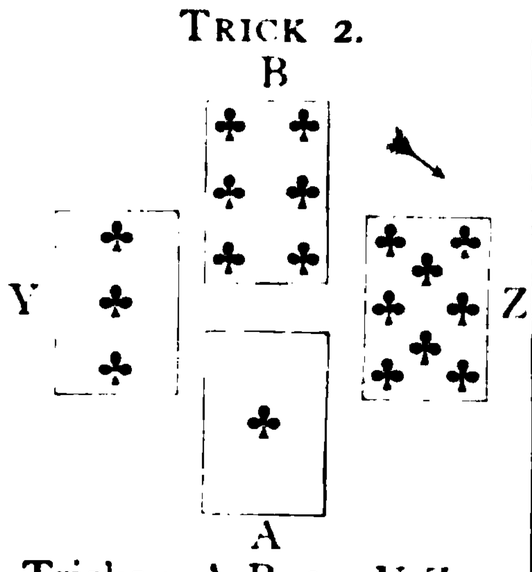
Trick 1.



Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 0.

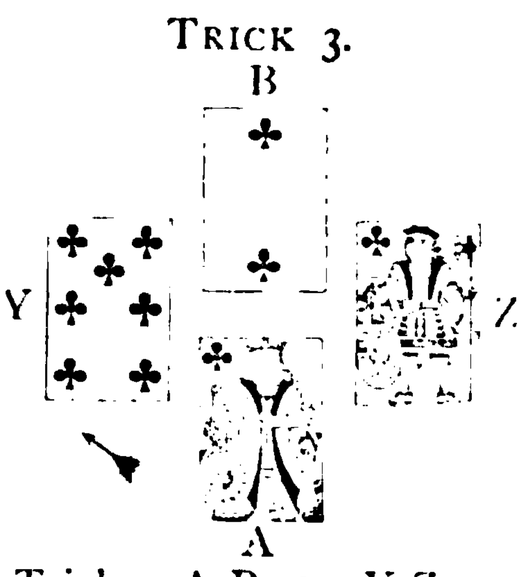
The first trick told A that Y had at least six hearts, headed by the ace and queen. Z followed suit with the 2, and therefore he could not hold more than three of the suit or he would have echoed. Also, by an application of the eleven rule, Z was marked with one heart higher than the 7, either the 8 or 9. Y was therefore marked with either six or seven hearts, and A played out all his clubs, trusting to be able to count Y's hand exactly from the discards.

Trick 2.



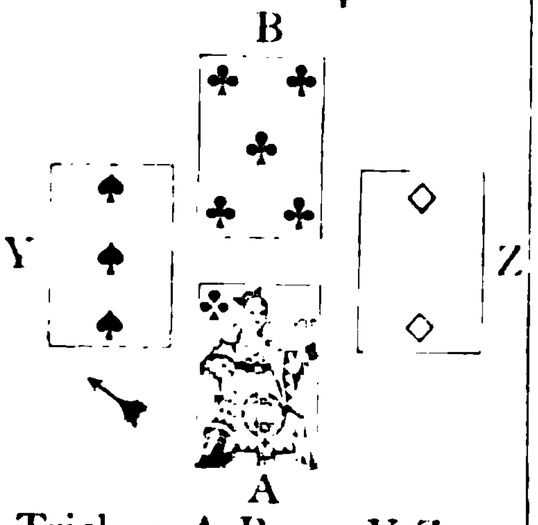
Tricks: A B, 2; Y Z, 0.

Trick 3.



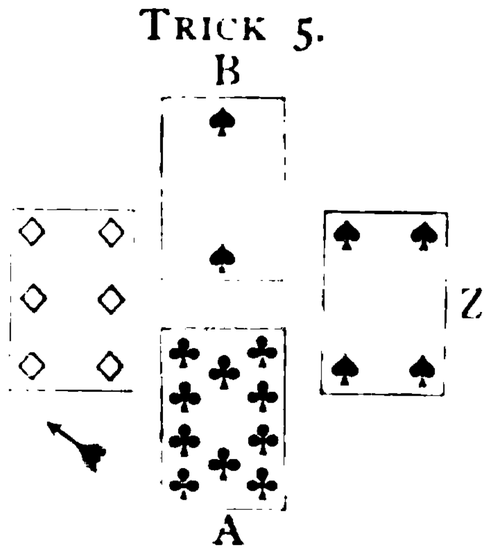
Tricks: A B, 3; Y Z, 0.

Trick 4.



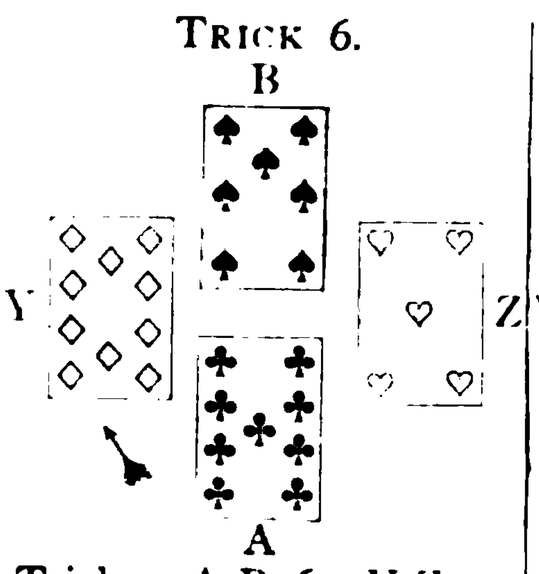
Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 0.

Trick 5.



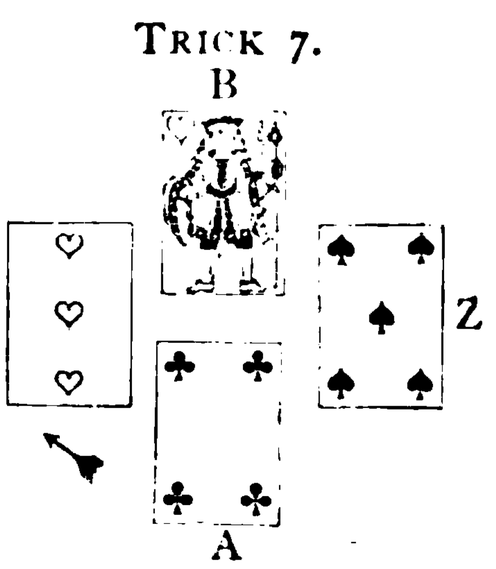
Tricks: A B, 5; Y Z, 0.

Trick 6.



Tricks: A B, 6; Y Z, 0.

Trick 7.



Tricks: A B, 7; Y Z, 0.

Trick 6.—Z's discard of the 5 of hearts showed A that Y had originally six hearts exactly.

Trick 7.—Y discards the 3 of hearts, and Z can now count his hand. He is marked with four hearts and two other cards, which must be either the ace of diamonds and one spade, or two spades. If he had the ace of diamonds he would certainly not have discarded a winning heart at trick 7 to keep a losing spade, therefore his two unknown cards must be two spades, presumably king and another. Z is marked with the 8 or 9 of hearts. A's obvious lead at trick 8 would appear to be the queen of diamonds, so as to clear the suit for B, but if he had done this he would have lost one trick in diamonds and four in hearts, and would not

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have won the game. The actual player of A's hand was clever enough to realize the position and to count Y's hand correctly. He led the king of hearts, thereby allowing Y to make four tricks in hearts, and leaving him no alternative but to lead up to his (A's) ace and queen of spades. The play of the remaining tricks is obvious. A discards his three diamonds on Y's hearts, and takes tricks 12 and 13 with his ace and queen of spades, winning three by cards, game, and rubber. The four hands were:—

Hearts—Knave, 10.
Diamonds—King, knave, 8, 3.
Clubs—6, 5, 2.
Spades—Knave, 10, 7, 2.

Hearts—Ace, queen, 9, 7, 6, 3.
Diamonds—10, 6
Clubs—7, 3.
Spades—King, 8, 3.

B (dummy)
Y Z
(dealer) A

Hearts—8, 5, 2.
Diamonds—Ace, 9, 7, 2.
Clubs—Knave, 8.
Spades—9, 6, 5, 4.

Hearts—King, 4.
Diamonds—Queen, 5, 4.
Clubs—Ace, king, queen, 10, 9, 4.
Spades—Ace, queen.

The above reasoning may seem to be quite easy when it is worked out in black and white, and, no doubt, if the hand were given as a bridge problem, a large number of solvers would solve it correctly, but how many of them would play it correctly at the bridge table? Hardly one. It is quite safe to say that forty-nine bridge-players out of fifty would have led the queen of diamonds at trick 8, and would have said to their partner: "It was not possible to win it." It was the fiftieth who happened to be playing the hand, and who had the sense to realize that the only possible chance of winning the game was by giving away four tricks in the heart suit.

HAND No. 2.

(A GAME WELL SAVED.)

The following is the best instance of a well-defended No-Trump hand which I ever remember to have seen played. It is not an instance of one particular coup, but of a hand very carefully thought out, with the utmost value given to every card and every combination of the cards, and not a chance thrown away.

The score was A B 18, Y Z 12. A dealt and declared no trumps.

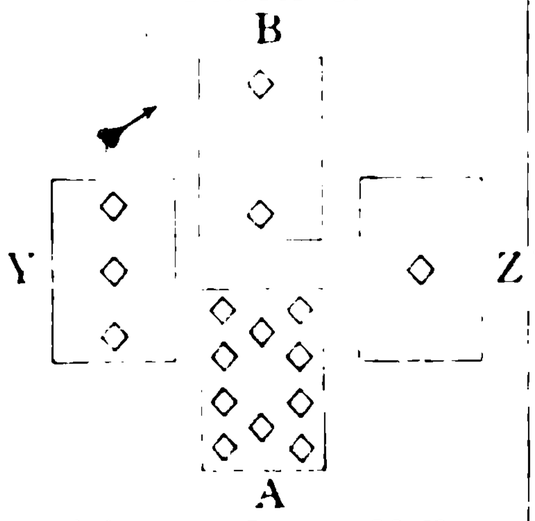
Y led the three of diamonds.

Hearts—Queen, 7.
Diamonds—Knave, 8, 6, 2.
Clubs—10, 8, 2.
Spades—9, 8, 5, 3.

B (dummy)
Y Z
(dealer) A

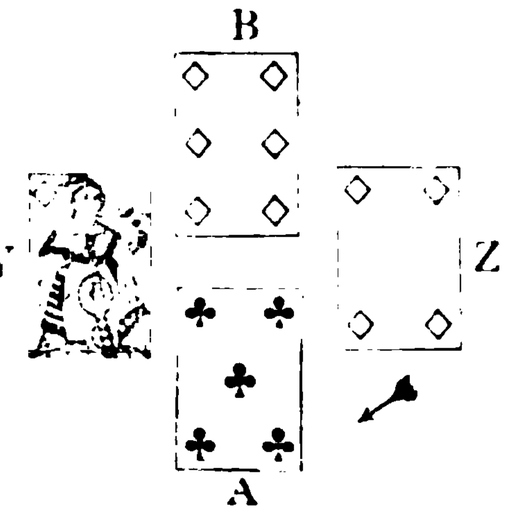
Hearts—King, 8, 3.
Diamonds—Ace, king, 5, 4.
Clubs—Queen, knave, 9.
Spades—Queen, 7, 4.

TRICK 1.



Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 1.

TRICK 2.

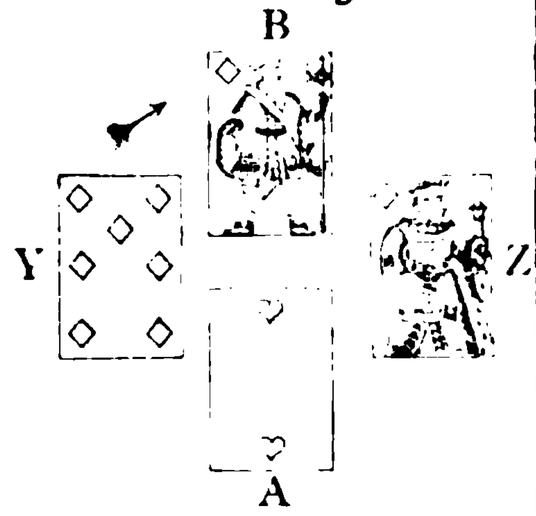


Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 2.

Trick 1.—Z's play of the ace of diamonds was a fine instance of a false card, which was false as against his adversary, but not as against his partner. He knew that his partner had led from four diamonds, and therefore that the dealer (A) had only one, so that the position of the king must be disclosed on the second round to his partner, but not to his opponent. It is an excellent general rule never to play a false card when you have a partner, but the brilliant player is the one who knows when to depart from rule.

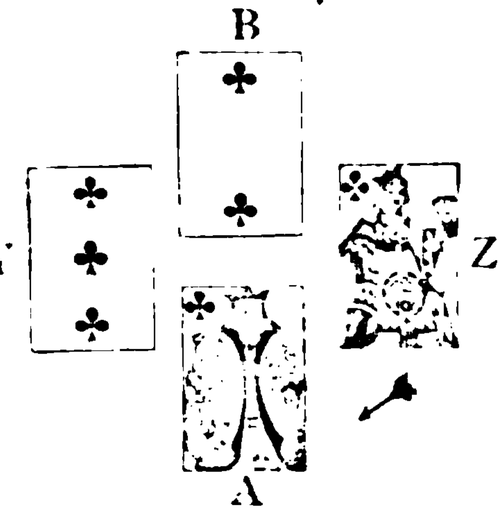
Trick 2.—Z returned the small diamond, not the king, so as to keep the command over dummy's knave.

TRICK 3.



Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 3.

TRICK 4.



Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 3.

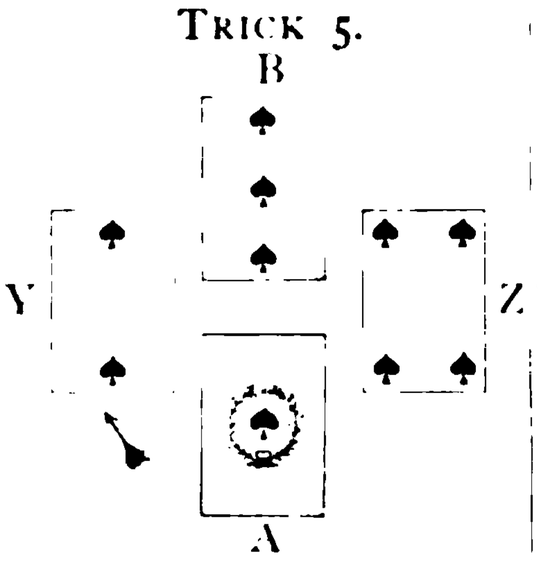
Trick 3.—The dealer knew from the original lead of the 3 that each of his opponents had two more diamonds, and according to the fall of the cards the king was marked in Y's hand; therefore, when the 7 was led, it looked a certainty that Y was trying to underplay him; in fact, in the actual game, the dealer said, as he put up the knave, "That is a little too thin," but he was rather outplayed.

Trick 4.—Mark Z's play at this point. The ordinary player would have led his other diamond and would have lost the game. Not so our friend Z. It is always well to consider, before putting one's partner in with a winning card, what that partner will be likely to lead next. In this case it would almost certainly have been a heart through the singly-guarded queen, which was precisely what Z wanted to avoid, therefore he led the queen of clubs first, so as to show his partner which suit he wanted, he himself

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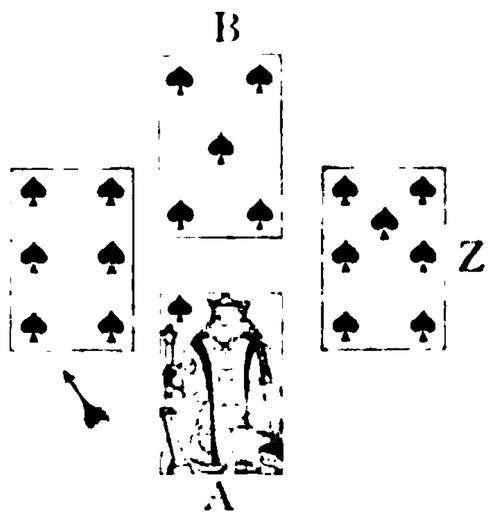
being quite certain to get in again in order to lead the last diamond.

TRICK 5.



Tricks: A B, 2; Y Z, 3.

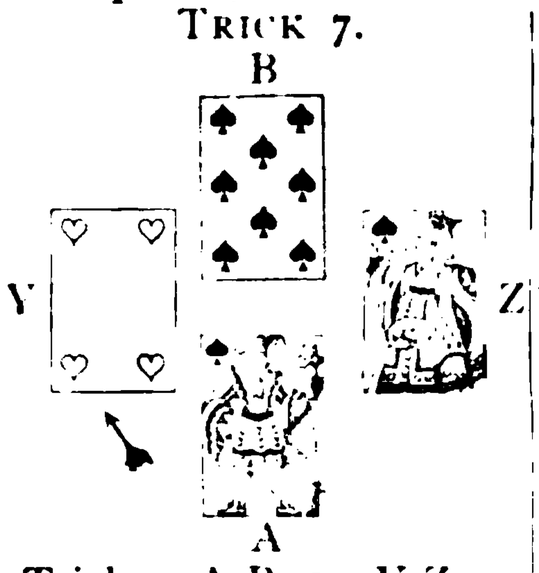
TRICK 6.



Tricks: A B, 3; Y Z, 3.

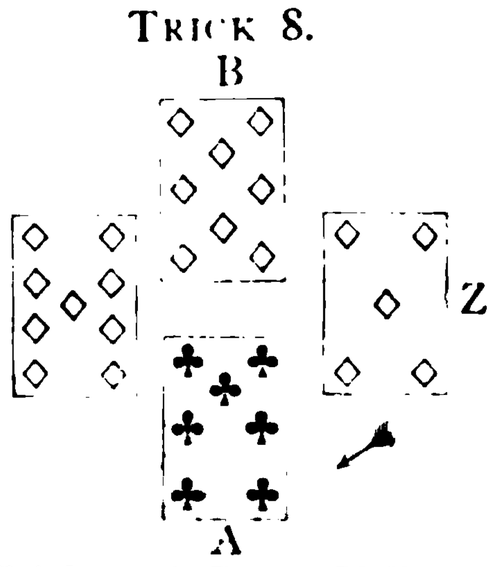
Tricks 5 and 6.—A having four spades in each hand went for the chance of catching the qeeen, but it did not come off.

TRICK 7.



Tricks: A B, 3; Y Z, 4.

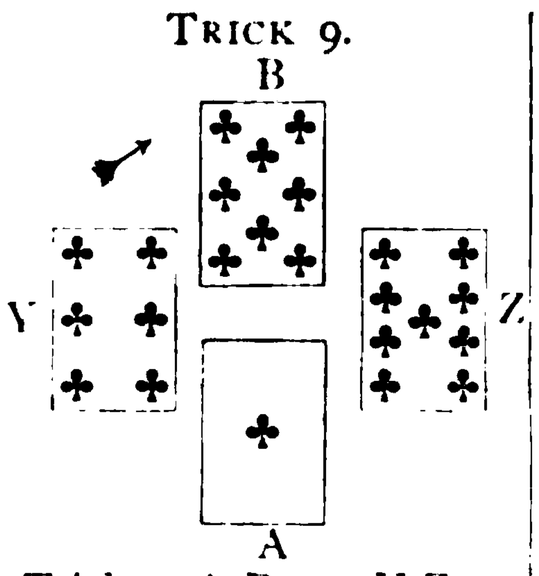
TRICK 8.



Tricks: A B, 3; Y Z, 5.

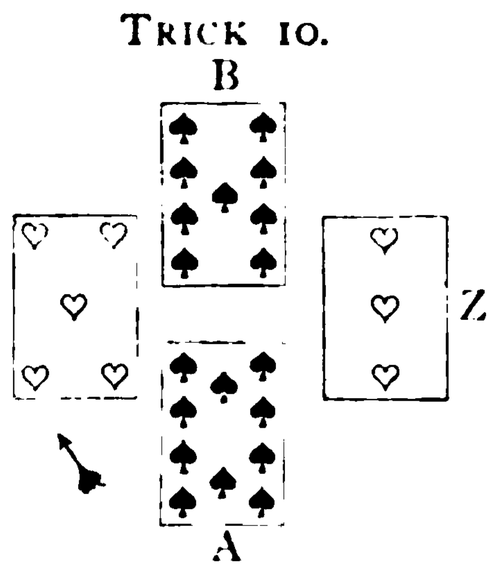
Trick 8.—Z put his partner in with the diamond, having already shown him which suit to lead.

TRICK 9.



Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 5.

TRICK 10.



Tricks: A B, 5; Y Z, 5.

A was then left with no alternative but to lead a heart, and Z make the king of hearts and the queen of clubs, winning the odd trick and saving the game.

Z's play of this hand was exceptionally good all through, and the players who would have saved it as the cards happened to lie are very few and far between.

The four hands were:—

Hearts—Queen, 7.
Diamonds—Knave, 8 6, 2.
Clubs—10, 8, 2.
Spades—9, 8, 5, 3.

Hearts—10, 9, 5, 4. Diamonds—Queen, 9, 7, 3. Clubs 6, 4, 3. Spades—6, 2.	B (dummy) Y Z (dealer) A	Hearts—King, 8, 3. Diamonds—Ace, king, 5, 4. Clubs—Queen, knave, 9. Spades—Queen, 7, 4.

Hearts—Ace, knave, 6, 2.
Diamonds—10.
Clubs—Ace, king, 7, 5.
Spades—Ace, king, knave, 10.

HAND No. 3.

(A HEART HAND WELL PLAYED BY THE DEALER.)

This was a very interesting hand owing to the extraordinary distribution of the cards. Such hands are of very little interest in themselves, apart from questions of play; but in this case the uncommon distribution of the cards led up to some extremely interesting points of play.

The four hands were:—

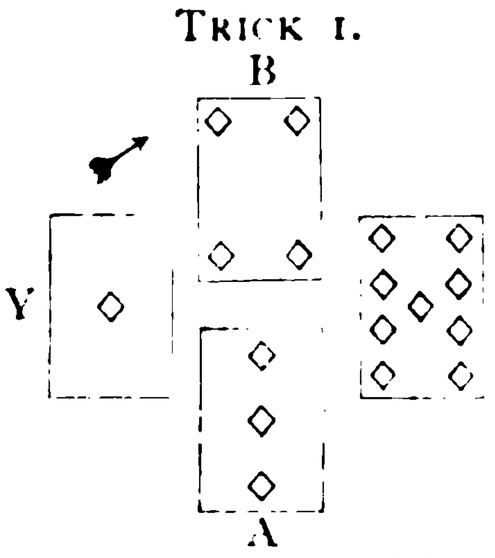
Hearts—None.
Diamonds—Queen, knave, 10, 4.
Clubs—Ace, queen, 9, 3.
Spades—Ace, king, queen, 6, 2.

Hearts—None. Diamonds—Ace, 8, 7, 5, 2. Clubs—King, 8, 5. Spades—9, 8, 7, 4, 3.	B (dummy) Y Z (dealer) A	Hearts—King, queen, knave, 10, 9, 6 Diamonds—King, 9. Clubs—10, 7, 4. Spades—Knave, 10.

Hearts—Ace, 8, 7, 5, 4, 3, 2.
Diamonds—6, 3.
Clubs—Knave, 6, 2.
Spades—5.

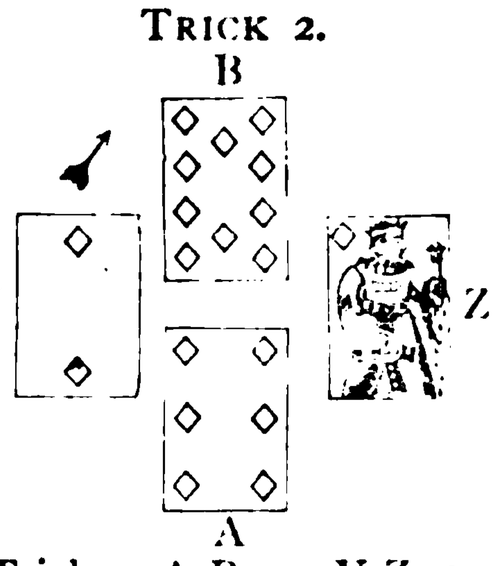
Score, love-all. A dealt and declared hearts, Z doubled, and B redoubled. Z redoubled again, making it 64 a trick, and A took it up to the limit of 100 points per trick. B was quite right to redouble, although he had no trump at all. The trumps were obviously divided between A and Z, and B calculated that the good cards which he held in the other suits would certainly turn the scale in his favour. Z's redouble was not so sound, but A had no hesitation in going on up to the maximum when he knew that his partner was strong in the plain suits.

TRICK 1.



Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 1.

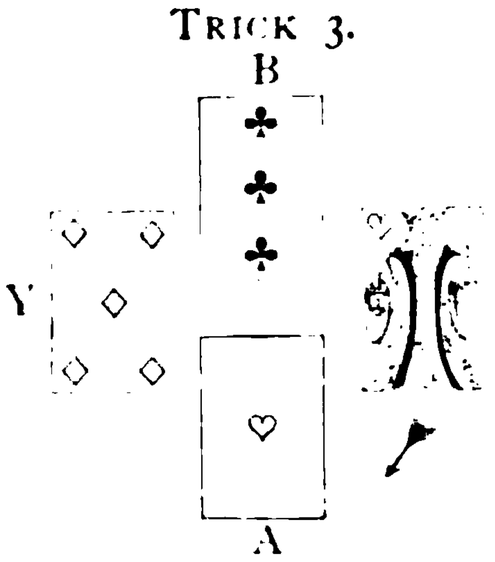
TRICK 2.



Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 2.

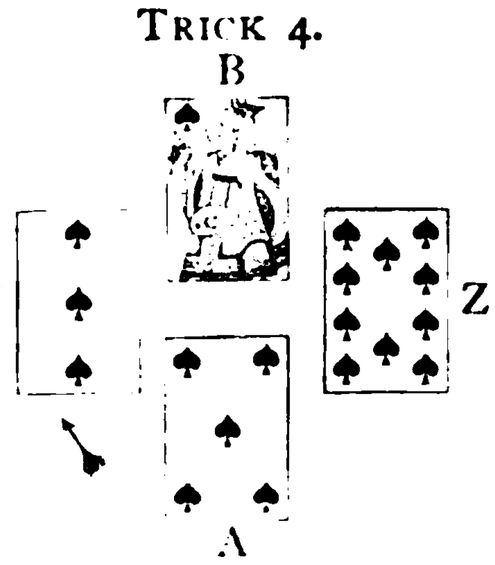
Trick 1.—Y opened his best suit, and continued with it at trick 2, as his partner must have the king or no more.

TRICK 3.



Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 4.

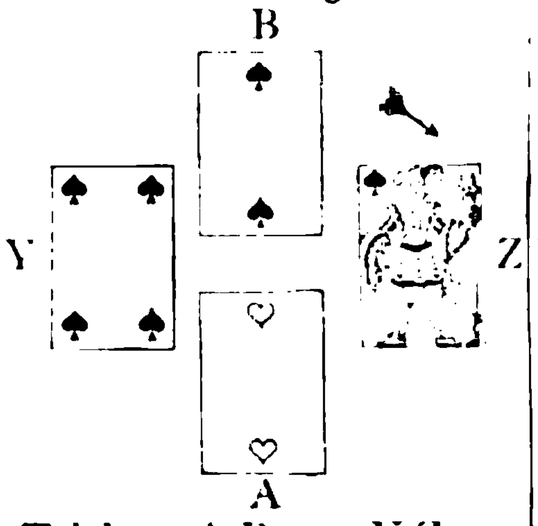


Tricks: A B, 2; Y Z, 2.

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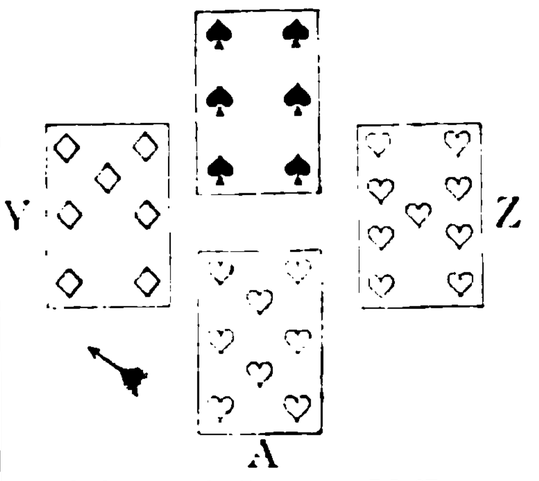
Trick 3.—Z led the king of trumps in the hope of being able to draw all A's trumps. When Y was found to be also void of trumps the situation was perfectly clear to both A and Z, and it became a match between them. A at once realized that he had a trump too many, and would eventually have to lead trumps up to Z unless he got rid of his superfluous one.

TRICK 5.



Tricks: A B, 3; Y Z, 2.

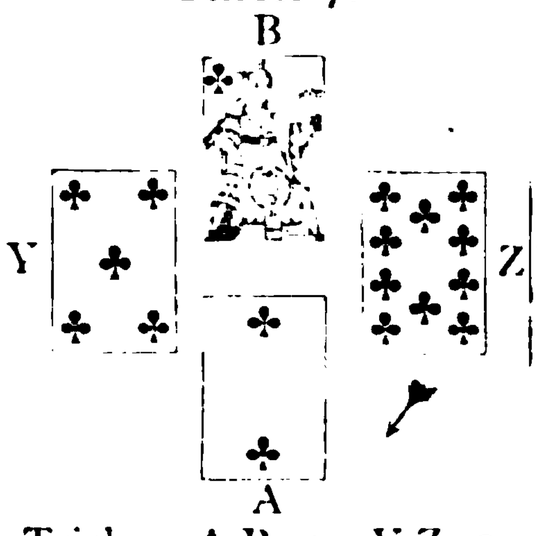
TRICK 6.



Tricks: A B, 3: Y Z, 3.

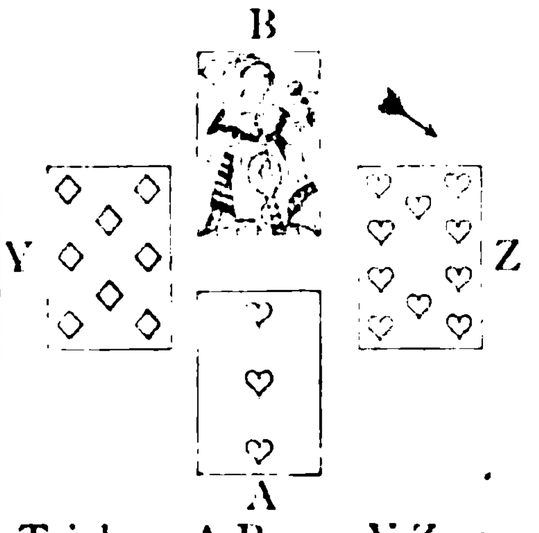
Trick 5.—A proceeded to get rid of his superfluous trump, and then, at trick 6, put Z in again to force him to lead clubs up to B.

TRICK 7.



Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 3.

TRICK 8.

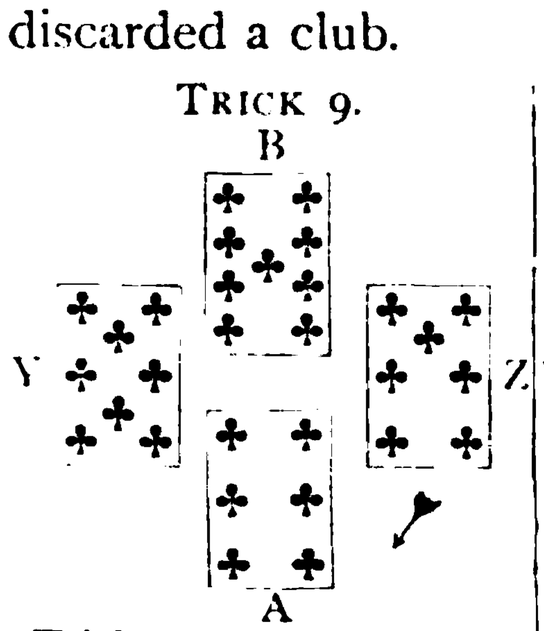


Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 4.

Trick 7.—Z's only hope now was that his partner held the king and knave of clubs. He would be obliged to lead a club sooner or later, so he might as well do it at once.

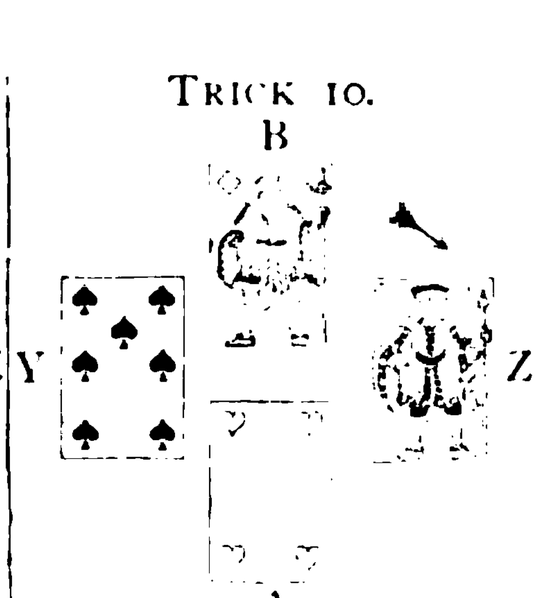
Trick 8.—Z trumped with the 10, hoping that A would discard a club and so leave himself again with a trump too many, but A was too wary. He had an absolute certainty of the game as long as he kept himself with the same number of trumps as Z, and therefore he threw a small trump under Z's 10. If Z had discarded a club, A would also have discarded a club.

TRICK 9.



Tricks: A B, 5; Y Z, 4.

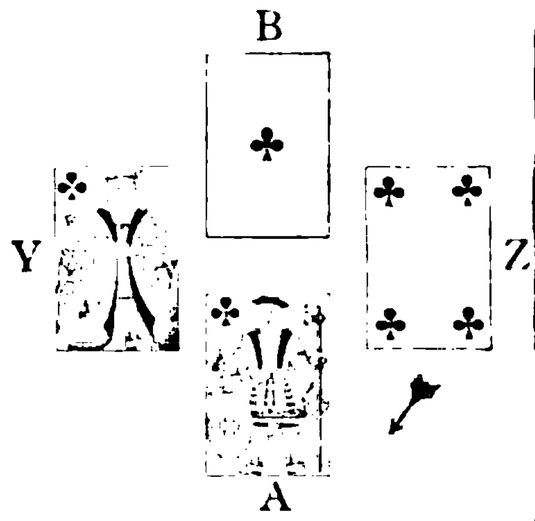
TRICK 10.



Tricks: A B, 5; Y Z, 5.

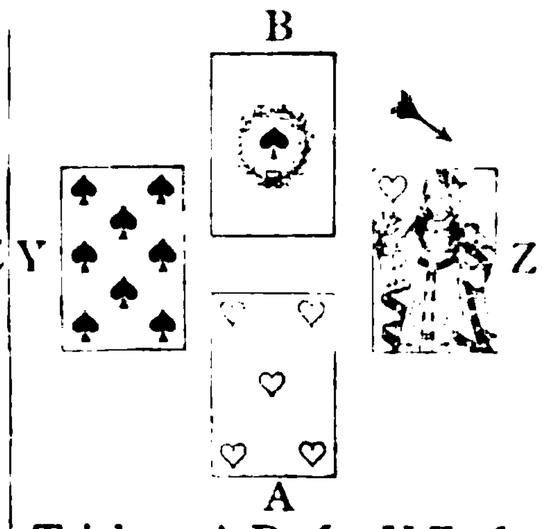
Tricks 9 and 10.—History repeated itself, and again A threw away a superfluous trump.

TRICK 11.



Tricks: A B, 6; Y Z, 5.

TRICK 12.



Tricks: A B, 6; Y Z, 6.

A was left with the best trump, and won the odd trick. If he had once made a mistake and discarded a club to keep a trump he would have lost the odd trick and the game. Trumping a winning card of one's partner, or throwing away a trump under a higher one, is known as the *grand coup* and is supposed to be a great effort of genius, but in this hand A had to play the *grand coup* not once but three times. It was a very high trial for any bridge-player, but the player of the hand was equal to the occasion and brought it off with success.

HAND No. 4.

The following instance of defending the game against a suit declaration is probably the best instance on record of a well-played hand at bridge. All the four players were quite first-class, and every card in the hand was played to the greatest possible advantage.

Score, one game all; A B 18, Y Z 24. A dealt and left it to B, who declared diamonds. Y led the knave of clubs, and B put down:—

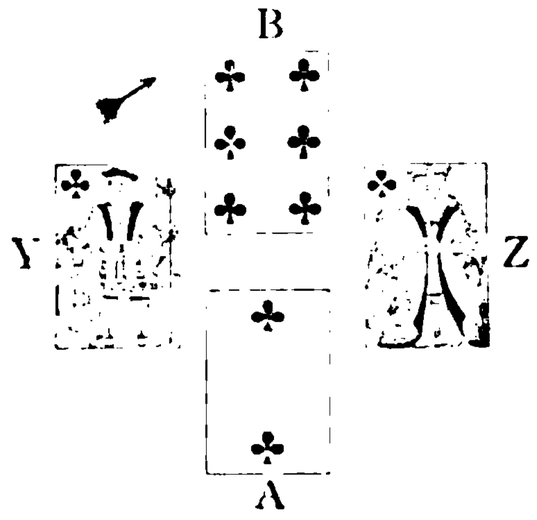
Hearts—King, 8, 4.
Diamonds—Ace, king, queen, 10, 8, 3.
Clubs—6.
Spades—Ace, 8, 6.

—a very good hand indeed, which looked like a certainty of at least two by cards.

Z's hand was:—

Hearts—Ace, 9, 7.
Diamonds—Knave, 9.
Clubs—Ace, king, 5.
Spades—King, queen, 7, 5, 4.

TRICK 1.

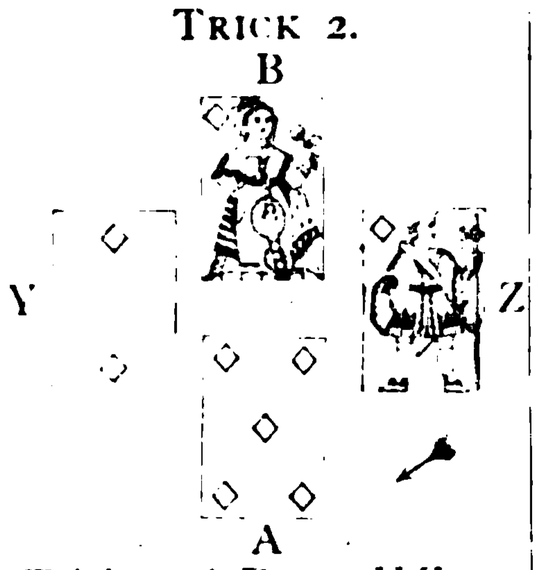


Z had to consider whether it was possible to save the game, and, if so, how it was to be

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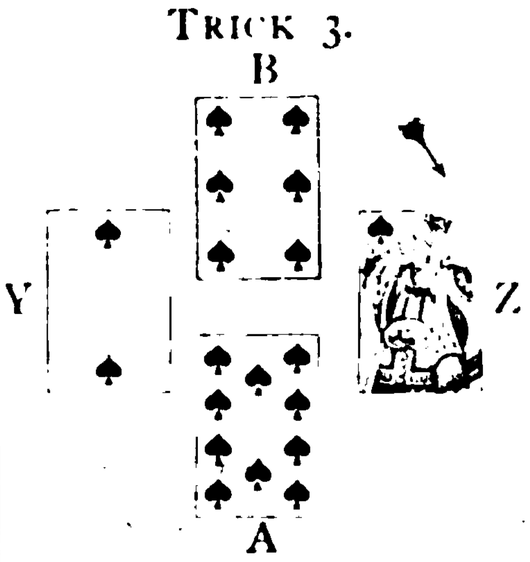
done. He could see seven absolutely certain tricks in B's hand, six trumps and the ace of spades; therefore it was necessary for him and his partner to win every other trick. A B obviously could not win the extra trick in either clubs or spades, and in order to save the game his partner Y must hold the queen and knave of hearts, therefore Z at once placed those cards in his partner's hand. Also there was no possible chance of Y trumping anything; his knave of clubs could not well be a singleton, and if he had had a single spade he would have led it. It was of supreme importance to prevent the weak hand A from making a ruff, and the strong hand was too strong to be weakened by forcing, therefore Z decided to depart from all rule and to lead trumps right up to the strong hand.

TRICK 2.



Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 1.

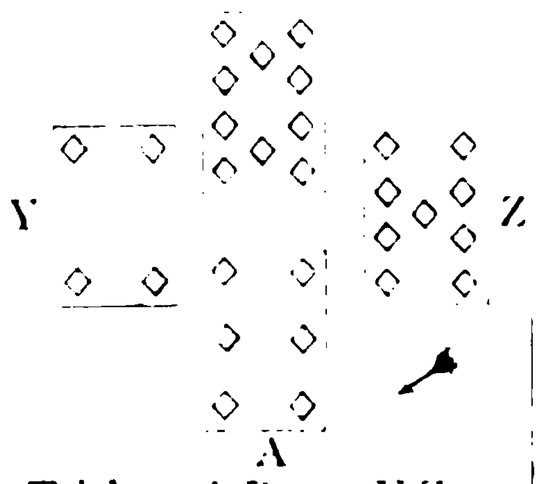
TRICK 3.



Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 2.

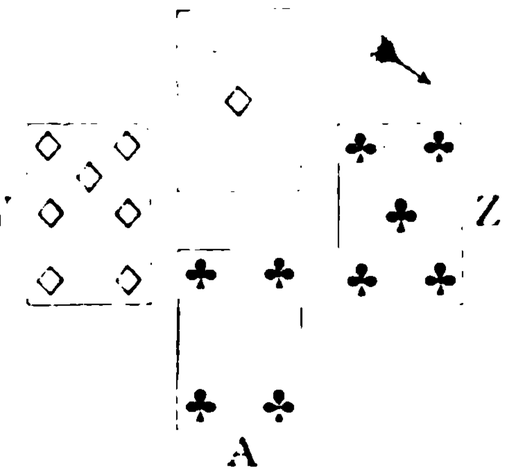
Trick 3.—B's lead showed Z that A had only two spades and was trying to make a ruff on the third round. If A had three trumps originally this could not be stopped, but if he had only two it could be stopped, therefore Z again led trumps up to B.

TRICK 4.



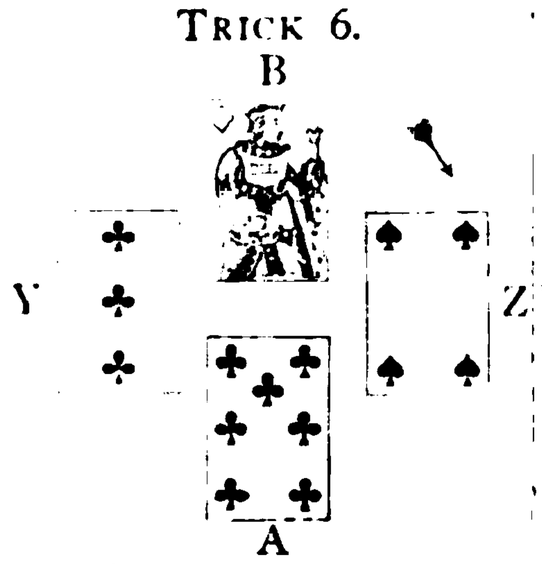
Tricks: A B, 2; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 5.



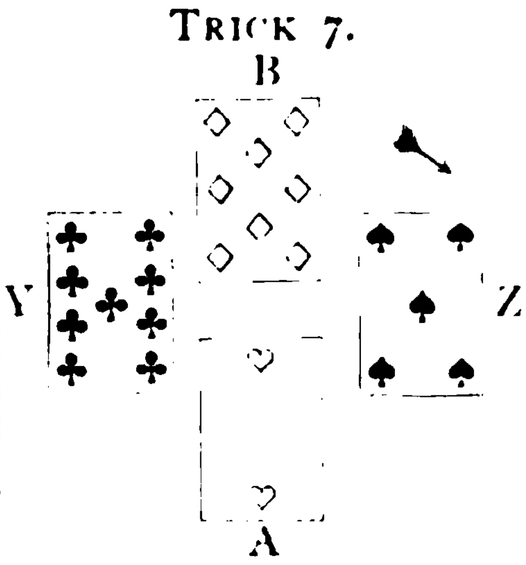
Tricks: A B, 3; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 6.



Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 7.

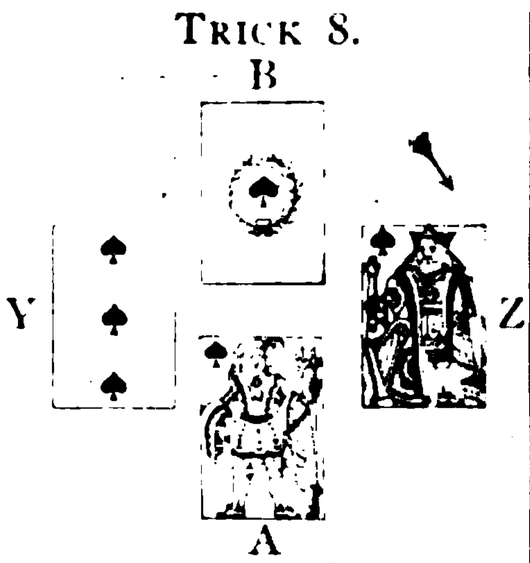


Tricks: A B, 5; Y Z, 2.

The dealer led out two extra rounds of trumps in order to force discards and to find out a little how the land lay. Z was rather taken aback at having to make three discards. He could not throw his ace of clubs, and he must on no account part with a heart, therefore he was obliged to discard two spades. Y's discards were easy.

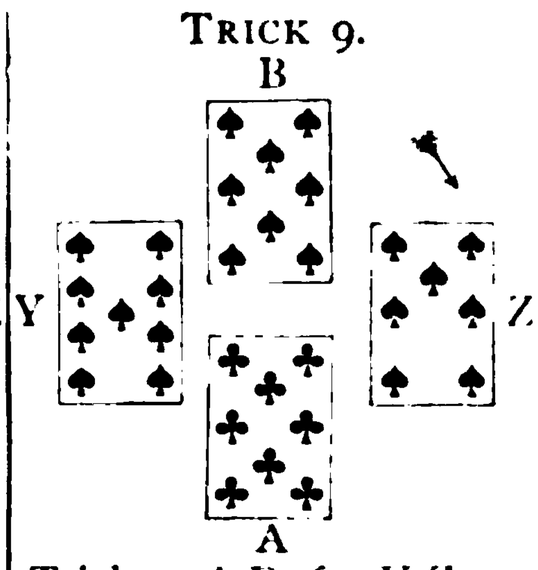
The dealer could now count Z's hand—king and one other spade, the ace of clubs, and three hearts—so he led the ace and another spade, thinking that Z would have to win the second round and would then be obliged to lead up to B's guarded king of hearts.

TRICK 8.



Tricks: A B, 6; Y Z, 2.

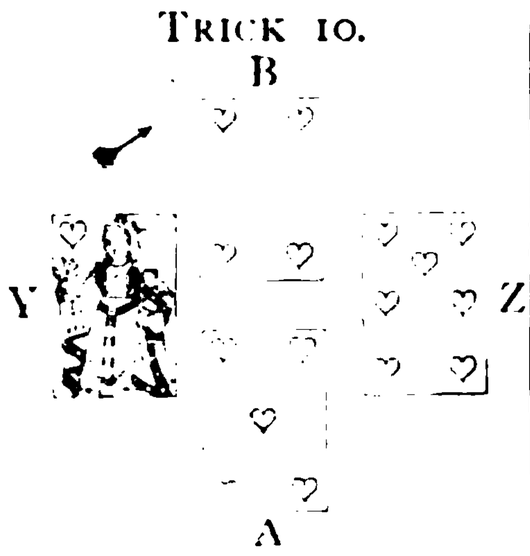
TRICK 9.



Tricks: A B, 6; Y Z, 3.

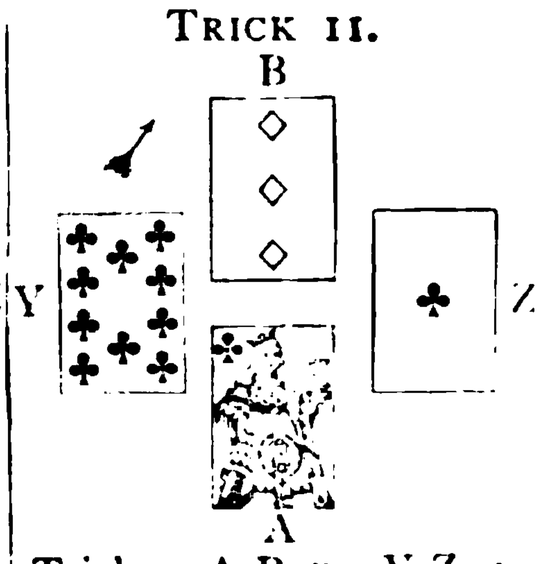
Trick 8.—Z was in trouble. If he played his small diamond he would have to win the next trick with his king, and he could then lead the ace of clubs, but he knew the dealer's play well enough to be sure that the force would not be taken, and he would then be obliged to lead up to B's guarded king of hearts. He was sure that A had only one more spade, and, therefore, Y must have either the knave or 9, so he threw away his king of spades to avoid getting the lead at the next trick.

TRICK 10.



Tricks: A B, 6; Y Z, 4.

TRICK 11.

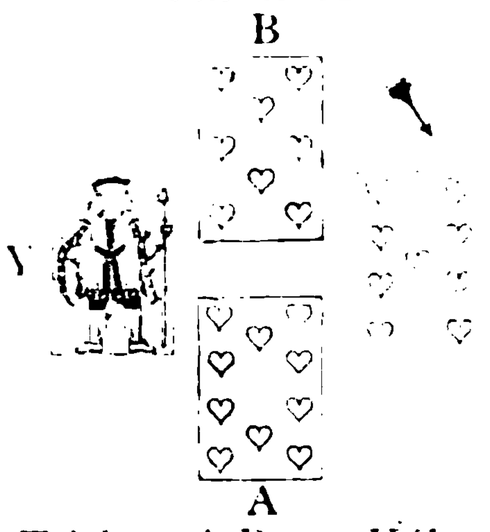


Tricks: A B, 7; Y Z, 4.

Trick 10.—B did not cover the queen of hearts as he could gain nothing by so doing; but if the knave had been led at trick 11 he would have covered that and would have won the game. Y, however, played too well, and led a club, which B was obliged to trump, and Y Z won six tricks and saved the game.

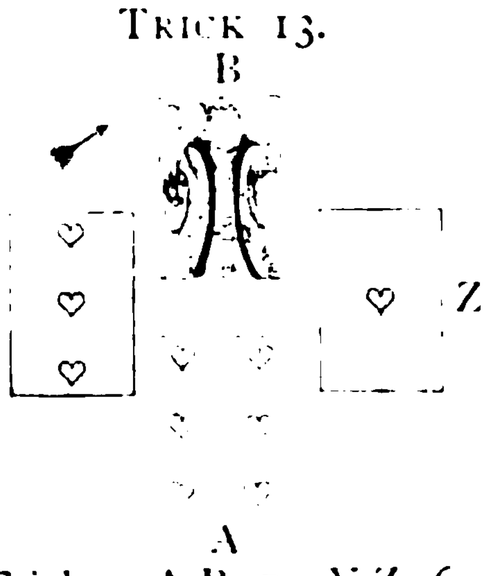
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TRICK 12.



Tricks: A B, 7; Y Z, 5.

TRICK 13.



Tricks: A B, 7; Y Z, 6.

The four hands were:—

Hearts—King, 8, 4.
Diamonds—Ace, king, queen, 10, 8, 3.
Clubs—6.
Spades—Ace, 8, 6.

Hearts—Queen, knave, 3.
Diamonds—7, 4, 2.
Clubs—Knave, 10, 9, 3.
Spades—9, 3, 2.

B (dummy)
Y Z
(dealer) A

Hearts—Ace, 9, 7.
Diamonds—Knave, 9.
Clubs—Ace, king, 5.
Spades—King, queen, 7, 5, 4.

Hearts—10, 6, 5, 2.
Diamonds—6, 5.
Clubs—Queen, 8, 7, 4, 2.
Spades—Knave, 10.

The above is quite the best instance that I ever saw of an intelligent reading of the cards and of taking the only possible chance of saving the game. Two really fine points of play were required of *Z*, first leading trumps at once up to the strong hand, and secondly throwing away the best spade in order to avoid getting the lead, and there are very few players alive who would have saved the game under such circumstances. In discussing the hand afterwards it was suggested that *Z* might have discarded the ace of clubs instead of a second spade, but if he had done so he would have lost the game. When he led the fourth spade B would not have taken the force, and he would then have been obliged to lead the hearts up to B's king. A study of the four hands will show that the cards were played in the only possible way to save the game, and that, even at double dummy, with the position of every card known, it could not have been saved in any other way; and that is the highest praise which can be given to the play of any hand.

It will be noticed that in all the above hands the result turns on the correct placing of the unknown cards. That is the whole secret of good play at bridge, and it is a faculty which everyone who aspires to become a good player ought to cultivate assiduously. It is no heaven-born gift. It is a matter of practice, of knowledge of the recognised leads, of a close observation of the fall of the cards, and of ordinary common-sense reasoning. It is astonishing how easily this faculty can be acquired by steady practice. It is well within the reach of anybody, whether or not he possesses what is called a good card memory, and no one will ever become a first-class bridge-player who does not accustom himself to place missing cards as the game progresses, and then and there to make a mental note of them and to remember them for future use.

II.—THE BEST GAMES EVER PLAYED AT CHESS.

By J. H. Blackburne, British Chess Champion

BRILLIANCY in chess is a rarity. It is like the sparkling of a multi-faceted diamond, which can illume darkness and shine best under provocation. Electricians would say it is the bright spark that signalizes the overcoming of resistance. It is not a very common or ordinary experience. It would cease to be a wonder if it were. It would fail to command the great admiration usually bestowed on things of rarity.

The best quality of brilliancy occurs between great contending forces—the powers of antagonistic minds. And so it is that, generally speaking, the highest products issue from conflict wherein very great players are engaged—players accustomed to exert very strong powers of mind against their adversaries. There is then the pressure of strong and skilful opposition provoking strong display, until at length out flashes the brilliancy which thrills the spectators as well as the producer, and sometimes has almost a benumbing effect upon the vanquished player.

Brilliancy in actual play very often prevails in spite of a flaw—the dazzling effect, as it were, rendering the flaw invisible.

Sound or flawless brilliancy in chess is *the* brilliancy that deserves the fullest consideration. The production of it sheds lustre on the happy producer, while it also serves a high educational function in giving us something to admire and study.

The alternation of stroke or "move," combined with the necessity of parrying as well as delivering the stroke, has

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brought about in chess a practice of adopting aggresso-defensive tactics. It has developed an even higher ideal. It has led to the adoption, wherever possible, of a doubly attacking move—such as that of a knight forking two of the adverse pieces, or that of a bishop attacking or pinning on the one diagonal two or more of the opposing pieces. And, better still, it has led to the adoption, wherever possible, of such forking or raking moves as will include a check, or double check, to the adverse king; and, higher still, a move which, under every conceivable circumstance, will enable the player next moving to adopt one of these many-purpose moves.

It is chiefly in pursuit of some of these advantageous moves that brilliancy occurs. It may occur as a means of withdrawing, or paralyzing, or obstructing some of the hostile pieces, so as to get them out of the way or nullify their action, or make them embarrass their own king's mobility. Design is the prolific source of ingenious brilliancy; yet, in a minor degree, luck contributes to the production. Some of these observations can be tested in examining the sample games appended.

Meanwhile a few words as to famous exponents of brilliancy in the past.

First and foremost comes the immortal Morphy, who in 1858 came over from America and overwhelmed all the European masters, or, at least, those who cared to oppose him. His games were splendid specimens of brilliancy; and probably many of his sparkling gems will be reproduced, studied, and admired when the efforts of the so-called "position player" and the "accumulator of minute advantages" school have been forgotten. Then there was Labourdonnais, the renowned French expert, who also vanquished all-comers; and what chess-player has not received pleasure and instruction in playing over the games of Professor Anderssen and his illustrious pupil, Dr. Zukertort?

Then, again, there was Captain Mackenzie, a Scot by birth, an enthusiastic disciple of Morphy, and who became champion of America after that master's retirement.

De Vere, at one time British chess champion; the two Macdonnells, both Irishmen; Pillsbury, and Baron Kolisch were all worthy exemplars of brilliancy.

And last, though not least, the young Hungarian, Charousek, who a few years ago startled the chess world by his aggressive and hazardous play against older and more experienced masters, and justly earned the title of the "New Morphy"; and, considering his short chess career, has left us wondering what he might not have attained had he lived.

To living masters like Bird, Maroczy, Marshall, Janowski, and Tchigorin, it is hard to do justice without seeming to indulge in flattery; yet it is not possible to omit them and give anything like a true account of chess brilliancy. We have in England for nearly two-thirds of a century enjoyed the splendid style of Mr. H. E. Bird, especially notable for his originality. He may by his devotion to brilliancy have several times missed the chess crown. He has always apparently set less value on that than on the achievement of some brilliant mate. The same may be said of Tchigorin, the famous Russian player. Marshall and Janowski have given us many pieces of rich brilliancy, and Maroczy for his time has pretty well earned a title to brilliancy. But for him the future has still much in store.

Brilliancy does not appear to be on the wane. The new school (as a fresher one than the "modern") is distinctly endued with love of adventure and brilliancy. The younger players, under its healthy influence, are able, when taking part in tournament play, to infuse life and brilliancy into their games and suffer nothing as a penalty for rashness. It is a good sign, and possibly portends further improvement in this direction.

I will now proceed to consider three games which stand on record as perhaps the most brilliant in the annals of chess.

The following game was played in 1851 at the Grand Cigar Divan, Strand. It is known among chess-players as the "Immortal Game":—

KING'S BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

WHITE (ANDERSSEN).	BLACK (KIESERITZKY).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P
3. B to B 4th	Q to R 5th (ch)
4. K to B sq	P to Q Kt 4

This move was invariably adopted by Kieseritzky and became known as his defence, although originally suggested and played by a well-known American amateur. It has, however, been discarded for many years as unsatisfactory. The usual continuation at the present day is P to Q 4th.

5. B takes Kt P	Kt to K B 3rd
6. Kt to K B 3rd	Q to R 3rd
7. P to Q 3rd	Kt to R 4th
8. Kt to R 4th	Q to Kt 4th
9. Kt to B 5th	P to Q B 3rd
10. P to K Kt 4th	Kt to B 3rd
11. R to Kt sq	P takes B

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12.	P to K R 4th	Q to Kt 3rd
13.	P to R 5th	Q to Kt 4th
14.	Q to B 3rd	Kt to Kt sq
15.	B takes P	Q to B 3rd
16.	Kt to B 3rd	B to B 4th
17.	Kt to Q 5th	

No Fabian tactics here. No believer in the old writer on chess, who recommends the player to "occasionally count the pieces, and if he finds he has lost one or more, then to carefully rally his remaining forces and thereby win."

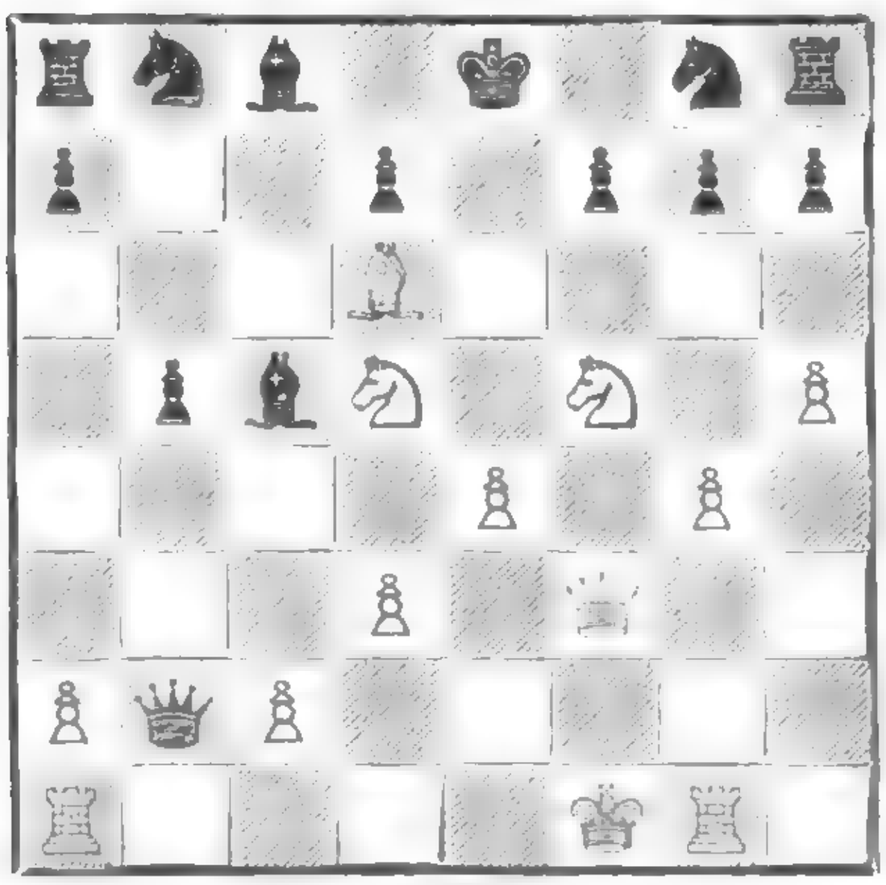
White, although a piece minus, elects to continue the attack, and carries it on with unflagging brilliancy and force to the end.

17.		Q takes P
18.	B to Q 6th	

A beautiful continuation, to which there is no satisfactory defence; for if B takes B, then 19. Kt takes B (ch), K to Q sq; 20. Kt takes P (ch), K to K sq; 21. Kt to Q 6th (ch), followed by 22. Q to B 8th (mate).

Position after White's 18th move.

BLACK.



WHITE.

18.		B takes R
19.	P to K 5th	Q takes R (ch)
20.	K to K 2nd	Kt to Q R 3rd
21.	Kt takes P (ch)	K to Q sq
22.	Q to B 6th (ch)	Kt takes Q
23.	B to K 7 (mate)	

This is considered by many to be the most beautiful ending ever played.

Game played in the London International Tournament, 1883:—

ENGLISH OPENING.

WHITE. (DR. ZUKERTORT.)		BLACK. (J. H. BLACKBURNE.)
1.	P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd
2.	P to K 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
3.	Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd
4.	B to K 2nd	B to Kt 2nd
5.	Castles	P to Q 4th
6.	P to Q 4th	B to Q 3rd
7.	Kt to B 3rd	Castles
8.	P to Q Kt 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd
9.	B to Kt 2nd	Q to K 2nd

Better to have continued with P to Q B 4th, the usual move in all forms of the close openings.

10.	Kt to Q Kt 5th	Kt to K 5th
11.	Kt takes B	P takes Kt
12.	Kt to Q 2nd	Q Kt to B 3rd

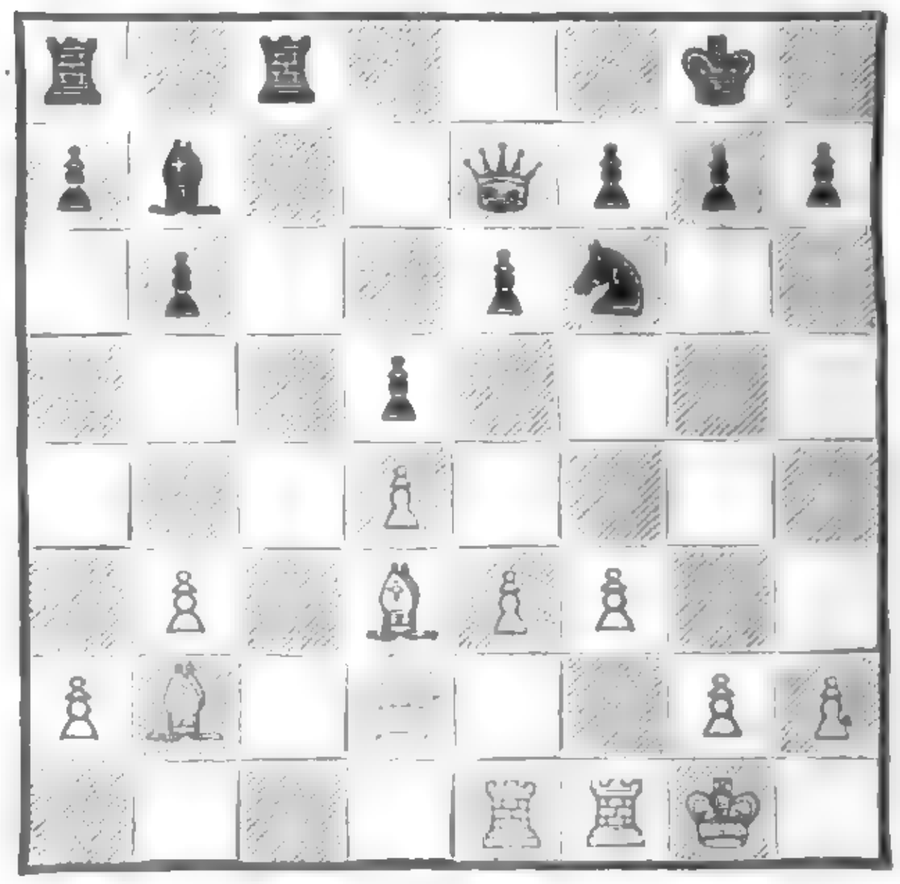
The stronger move was P to B 4th, preventing the advance of the king's pawn later on. The play up to now has been somewhat tame and uninteresting.

13.	P to B 3rd	Kt takes Kt
14.	Q takes Kt	P takes P
15.	B takes P	P to Q 4th
16.	B to Q 3rd	K R to B sq

Black certainly underrated the strength of the coming attack, otherwise he would have adopted more defensive tactics. His scheme was to double the rooks on Q B file, and so try to divert White's intended assault on the king's quarters. White's next move, 17. Q R to K sq, is very deep and subtle. A diagram of the position is given. White evidently had in his mind's eye the subsequent beautiful sacrifices, otherwise he would have disputed Black's command of the Q B file.

Position after White's 17th move.

BLACK.



WHITE.

17.	Q R to K sq	R to B 2nd
18.	P to K 4th	Q R to Q B sq
19.	P to K 5th	Kt to K sq
20.	P to B 4th	P to Kt 3rd
21.	R to K 3rd	P to B 4th
22.	P tks P (*en passant*)	Kt takes P
23.	P to B 5th	Kt to K 5th
24.	B takes Kt	P takes B
25.	P takes Kt P	R to B 7th

Black has now attained his object, and at first sight looks as if he must win a piece.

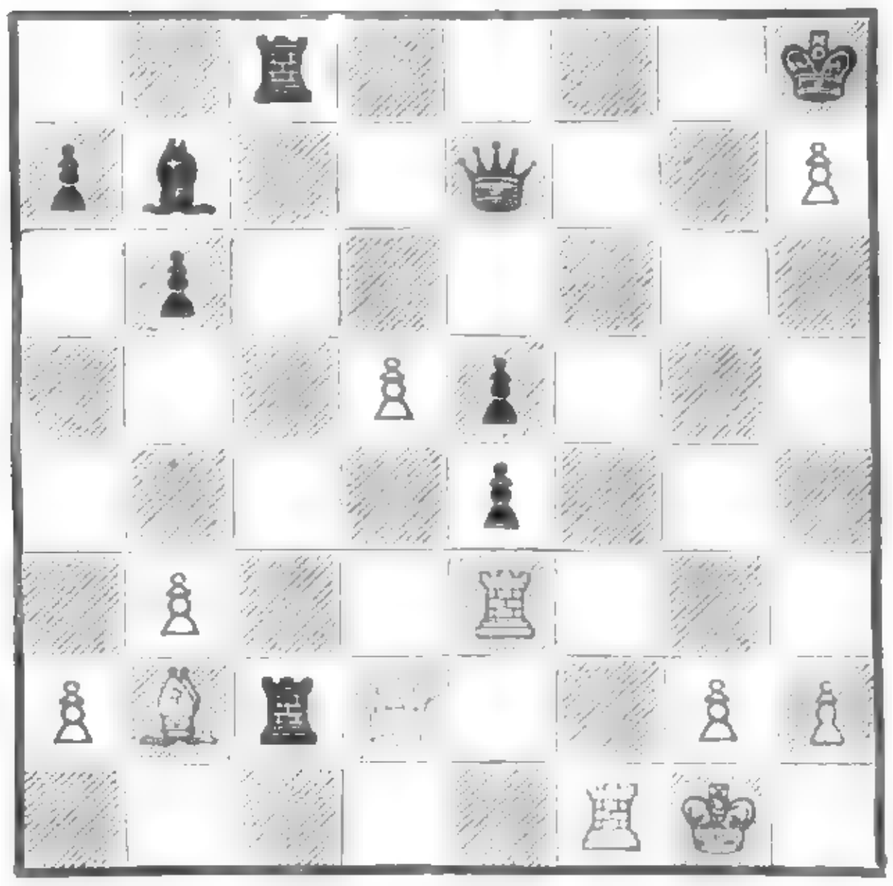
26.	P takes P (ch)	K to R sq
27.	P to Q 5th (dis ch)	P to K 4th

White has no way, apparently, of saving the bishop, and his next move somewhat startled the spectators, many of whom thought his position hopeless. A diagram of the position is given:—

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White to make his 28th move.

BLACK.



WHITE.

28. Q to Kt 4th

A grand stroke, to which there is no reply. An enthusiastic critic, who, by the way, was not present, says: "This move literally electrified the lookers-on." Whether this be so or not Black did anticipate it, but had not foreseen White's sacrifice of the rook, which came as a surprise. It may be mentioned that, if Black capture the proffered queen, he is mated in seven moves, as follows: 29. B takes P (ch), K takes P; 30. R to R 3rd (ch), K to Kt 3rd; 31. R to Kt 3rd (ch), K to R 3rd; 32. R to B 6th (ch), K to R 4th; 33. R to B 5th (ch), K to R 3rd; 34. B to B 4th (ch), K moves; 34. K R mates.

28.	Q R to B 4th
29. R to B 8th (ch)	

Steinitz, in annotating this game in "Turf, Field, and Farm," remarks on this move: "In conjunction with White's previous play, this forms one of the most noble combinations ever conceived over the chessboard." It is obvious that if Q takes R the reply is 30. B takes P (ch), K takes P; 31. Q takes P (ch), mating in a few more moves.

29.	K takes P
30. Q takes P (ch)	K to Kt 2
31. B takes P (ch)	K takes R
32. B to Kt 7 (ch)	Resigns

Again Steinitz says: "A worthy finish to one of the most brilliant games on record."

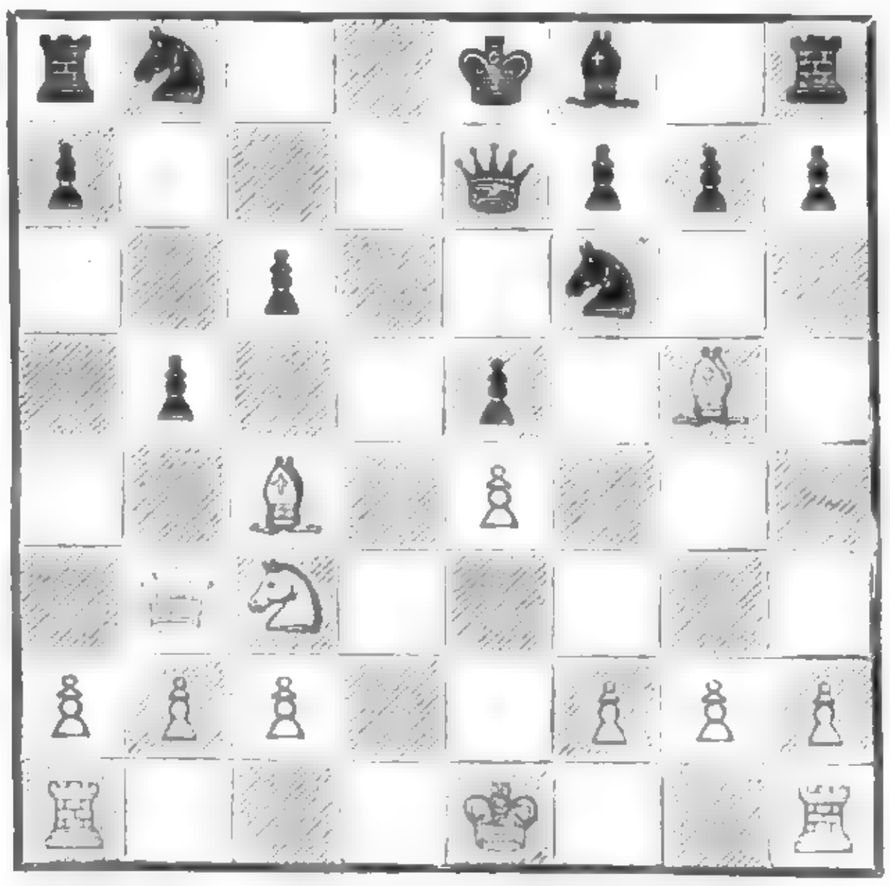
The following brilliant little gem by Morphy against the Duke of Brunswick and Count Isouard consulting was played in the Duke's private box, during the performance of "The Barber of Seville," at the Grand Opera House, Paris, 1858:—

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

WHITE (MORPHY).	BLACK (ALLIES).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd
3. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 5th
4. P takes P	B takes Kt
5. Q takes B	P takes P
6. B to Q B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd
7. Q to Q Kt 3rd	Q to K 2nd
8. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 3rd
9. B to K Kt 5th	P to Q Kt 4th

White to make his 10th move.

BLACK.



WHITE.

10. Kt takes P	P takes Kt
11. B takes Kt P (ch)	Q Kt to Q 2nd
12. Castles Q R	R to Q sq
13. R takes Kt	R takes R
14. R to Q sq	Q to K 3rd
15. B takes R (ch)	Kt takes B
16. Q to Kt 8 (ch)	Kt takes Q
17. R to Q 8 (mate)	



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GRANGE AND SON.

By W. B. Maxwell.

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I.

MANY people in Brayton thought that old Mr. Grange, of Grange and Son, had closed a cautiously successful business career by an astounding act of folly.

People looked at him and spoke of him as he walked about the town, stood upon the stone bridge and watched the running water, or, leaving behind him the noisy streets and the noisy railway station, strolled on the meadow paths between the river and the canal. A tall grey man, with a Panama hat, which he carried sometimes in his strong, bony hand; dressed in a grey suit of no fashion; wearing his goat-like beard after the manner of Americans; with close-shut mouth, big nose, bushy eyebrows over keen grey eyes—nothing, in truth, remarkable or unusual to cause one to look at him; and yet one always looked.

"There he goes," said the inhabitants of the flourishing Midland town. "Just like a man in a dream—never seeing you, if you touch your hat to him—out of politeness. He was one of the biggest men in Brayton, and now he is no more than a pensioner in his son's house."



"OLD MR. GRANGE."

This was what had happened:—

Grange and Son were an old-established, prosperous firm. Except the church and the ruined castle, Grange's Pottery Works was the oldest thing in Brayton. The original red-brick quadrangle was built at the time when the canal was cut—1775. The first barge to float on the new water carried directors, county magnates, the lord-lieutenant, etc., but the second barge carried china-clay for Grange's. Here, in the angle formed by river and canal, the works had spread themselves; here, during all the years, within sight of the pleasant beech-woods and the stretching moorland, Grange's had made porcelain, earthenware, stoneware, glazed tiles, choice bricks, terra-cotta door lintels, drain-pipes; here had reigned, like small princes of industry, Grange after Grange. Death transferred the principality from father to son always. Never till the last reign had any prince abdicated.

Old Henry Grange, of the Panama hat, ruling his prosperous realm cautiously and wisely, was a happy prince. The revenue from the works was steadily rising—six thousand, seven thousand, eight thousand a year flowed from the solid trade. Why push

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and strive and lie awake at night when one was making more money than one could spend? Old Henry built for himself, his good wife, and his three children a house that in Brayton appeared to be almost a palace. It was a noble stone mansion on the high road, just outside the town; not exactly a town house and not quite a country house—it really looked as if it had come from Piccadilly or Park Lane to astonish Brayton. Without and within it was splendid—iron gates, immense lamps, balustrades, marble vases, a mahogany door big enough for the Bank of England; grand hall and double staircase, suite of lofty reception rooms, parquetry, velvet curtains, tapestry curtains. Surrounded by these splendours the head of the family lived still modestly and wisely, not in the least caring if parlour-maids were incongruous in those lofty halls, or if the old-fashioned three-course dinner was almost an insult to the vast dining-room.

Young Henry, the only son, was given a sound commercial education—Repton, Bonn, Paris, Lambeth—and on his twenty-first birthday was taken into the business as a partner; and henceforth the firm was Grange and Son in fact as well as in name.

Mr. Henry, junior—tall, smart, good-looking—proved himself an untiring worker, in spite of his youth and his natural and acquired charms. He thought of nothing but the business, of expanding and pushing it on and on to bigger and bigger things. He was at the works early and late; ambitious dreams made him toss and turn on his soft pillow in the fine stone house.

"Sir," he used to say to his father, "I have an idea," and his face used to flush with excitement. "Do, sir, let me go to Derby and see if I can't push our new foot tiles with the railway people."

He always called his father "sir," and his mother loved the sound of it.

"It sounds old-fashioned," the good dame would tell her friends; "but I like the old fashions. I think the old fashions are the best. My boy is a comfort to his father . . . . Yes, we have been blessed in our children. Mrs. Sells—I am speaking of my elder daughter, Emily—is well married. Edith, my other girl, is skilled with her pencil. She has painted her father's portrait. She has taken him to the life, but the expression is too severe. That is the only fault."

"My dear mother is showing signs of age," young Henry would say. "She is only fifty, but—since this last winter, especially—she has shown signs of age."

You see, young Henry was quick of observation—nothing escaped him: whether it might be something wrong with mamma, or a screw loose at the works.

The boy was truly a source of comfort as well as pride to his father. Papa could not take up all the young fellow's new ideas, but he was pleased to recognise that they were often brilliant. "He is of the new generation and I am of the old," he used to think, without the least bitterness. "I seem a slow-coach to him, and he seems too flyaway to me." He refused to take up new ventures, to build, to sink capital on untried lines; but he gave the new partner a free hand for what he called "legitimate expansion." Master Harry might attempt anything he liked in the way of "travellers"; he might secure as many contracts as he could; old Henry would see that the stuff was turned out.

Young Henry's efforts in this direction were crowned with success. As the years passed, papa seemed scared sometimes by the extent of this success. His son was great in getting contracts.

The old boy used to wait for business: the son went to find business—to *make* business. He had London friends, belonged to a London Lodge of Freemasons, was a member of a London club. He would run up to London for a night or two and give dinners at his club. He was a pleasant host: offering his jolly guests the best of everything—the oldest champagne, the choicest cigars. It was all smiles and careless hospitality: and then, just at the end, the very last thing—*business*.

"Don't run away, old chap; finish your cigar—and, I say! Are we all right? Are you going to let us have it? Don't let us lose it—for a trumpery discount. . . . Waiter! Whisky and soda. . . . This is *masonic*. I'm not keen because of the profit hanging to it. I see you mean to knock all the gilt off the ginger-bread, you old villain. But I ask you as a pal. I want the job—for the honour of the house."

That was how young Mr. Grange got a contract sometimes. He was all of the new style. That phrase, "the honour of the house," was the only thing he had taken from his old-fashioned father. Papa used the phrase—on serious occasions—very pompously. The son used it, whenever it came in handy—quite lightly.

From London, in spite of all these visits, there reached the stone house no whisper of bachelor dissipation—no far-off rustle of silk petticoats or faint perfume of patchouli. He

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was a steady young man, who could pass through temptation without falling into vice. After so many years he still used his latch-key without abusing the privilege. He never lingered at the Brayton club. Papa and mamma, in their vast bedroom on the first floor, could hear Henry—aged thirty—let himself in and cross the stone hall and mount the stairs before 11.30 p.m. They slept the sounder for the knowledge that their beloved junior partner was safe in his comfortable rooms on the second floor.

He was thirty-four when he told his father that he wished to get married.

"Sir, I have come to you for help."

"What is it, Hal?" and the father's hand was laid affectionately on his shoulder. "I think I can promise my help. What is it?"

It was dark-haired, graceful Mildred Carter, down at Brayford, five miles away, and Mr. Henry eagerly unfolded his new idea. The Carters were country magnates—large landed proprietors, owning a grand old house, river, woods, moors; lordly cousins, uncles, and aunts. One read in the newspapers of their autumn shooting-parties. At such epochs pretty Mildred sat at meat with as many as three lords at a time, and perhaps called one of them Cousin Dick.

"I hope, sir, I'm not a snob," and Mr. Henry's face flushed from excitement: "but, socially, it will mean a lift in the world for me."

"I don't see that," said his father, proudly. "I suppose *we* have been making nearly as long as *they* have been spending."

"Sir, I've set my heart on it. Don't say you disapprove."

"No, I won't say that. I was twenty-two when I married your mother. It is time you were married. But, Harry, will your fine lady look down on us—on your mother?. Are you sure it is the girl you have set your heart on—and not the family?"



"ARE YOU SURE IT IS THE GIRL YOU HAVE SET YOUR HEART ON—AND NOT THE FAMILY?"

Mr. Henry said the social advantages were merely thrown in—it was the girl he wanted. And his father helped him to get her.

But before the wedding day Mr. Grange, senior, was dressed in deep black instead of sober grey. A wife was coming to the Granges, but a wife had gone from them. The head of the firm had lost the partner of his private life, and, with bowed head, walking to and fro in his office, or, with clasped

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hands, walking by the swift river, he seemed like a man walking in a dream. The zest had gone from life. Nothing mattered now—or ever could matter. All zest in life had gone; all that was real and substantial had gone; he was a shadow walking among shadows. Thus he felt when he determined to abdicate, and had the first of many business interviews with his old friend, Mr. Lawrence, the solicitor.

Three months after the funeral and a month before the postponed wedding he told his son what he was doing.

"Henry, when you bring your wife home here, it will be to your own house. I shall make everything over to you absolutely—the business, this house, everything. I won't keep you waiting—till—till I go and lie down again by your mother's side."

Mr. Grange, junior, protested.

"Sir, you overwhelm me. You — to retire—in the prime of life! You are only sixty."

But his father told him that he had made up his mind. In fact, he had almost accomplished the whole transfer.

"Lawrence has drafted the last deed. I have executed the others. I have provided for Emily. Edith will have an income of five hundred a year, and live here. You won't mind that? She will be a companion for your wife. And you must harbour me, too. I shall take your old rooms on the second floor, and you must allow me two hundred a year. It is more than I shall spend, but I shall trust you to pay me so much every year."

"My dear father, indeed you may trust me. But we'll have it all in order. Mr. Lawrence must see to that. Of course I'll sign anything."

"No," said Mr. Grange, with dignity; "*that* I won't have in writing. I prefer to trust you. Remember—I am trusting you with greater things. I am trusting you with the honour of our house."

II.

THEN came change — slow at first, then faster, until it seemed to him that within and without the house all the world was changing.

He was conscious of the change when he put by his black suit and, resuming his grey, began walking about the streets to fill his empty hours. The town was expanding rapidly; there seemed to be a sudden rage for building. The Pottery Works were expanding: in one year of the new reign there had been more building there than in the last twenty years. His son was master now; his word was law. He and his new manager were going ahead now in earnest. New tile plant, newest brick plant, terra-cotta unbelievable. Papa had been satisfied in making door lintels from stock patterns: now they were making whole shop fronts, whole terra-cotta streets. from any design the architect-artists could send them. It was their boast now that they could do at Brayton all that was being done at Lambeth.

Mr. Grange, leaning on a field gate, day after day watched men building the new embankment and bridge, laying the metals for the new sidings which would bring the Midland Railway right into the heart of the works. One day he watched an engine come puffing with a train of brand-new trucks. He had been content to see his goods carried in trucks with "M. R." on them; but his son must own his own trucks and paint his own name on them. Old Mr. Grange started as he read the big lettering. "Henry Grange" —nothing more.

He talked to his son of the new trucks that night at dinner.

"Oh, yes," said Harry. "An economy—really. Travelling advertisements."

"But, Harry, you are not changing the style of the firm, are you? Grange and Son —what?"

Harry explained that "Grange and Son" had an old-world, sleepy sound. "Grange" was really sufficient. Later on, if they ever cared to float themselves as a company, "Grange, Limited," would be just the thing.

The new order—change, expansion, push. Old Mr. Grange understood; at home or abroad he could see it. He belonged to the past; a new generation had arisen. One should not want to stop the hands of the clock.

His son never called him "sir" now. It was always "My dear father."

"My dear father, you are the honoured guest here. Ask whomsoever you wish."

This was when he had requested that his old friends, Mr. Lawrence, the solicitor, and Mr. Martin, the doctor, should be invited to dinner.

"Oh, yes, father," said pretty Mildred. "Do ask all your old cronies. Let's get up a dinner for them this week."

Dark-haired Mildred called him Father—although she had a real father five miles away at Brayford; and gave him unobtrusive love and respect always. The old man was very fond of Mildred. She was a gentle, yielding creature; and, as the years glided,

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he became fonder of her than of his own daughters. Miss Edith Grange was the first person to show him plainly that when a prince has abdicated, and lost the power to give or withhold, he must look for love and respect as a favour, not as a right.

Mr. Lawrence and the other old boys came to the house several times during the first year or two, and then came no more. Their friend could go and see them whenever he pleased to do so. But the stone house had changed inwardly; they were out of place there now, and felt uncomfortable.

The old servants were all gone. No more parlourmaids: a smart young butler now and two footmen, with Mr. Henry's own man to help them when people came to dinner. At great dinner-parties—in the autumn season especially — the guests sometimes brought still more footmen, and it seemed that a servant was standing behind every chair. The Carter clan, perhaps, had come in force, whirling through the night on gigantic snorting motors—bringing two lords and a Lady Jemima with them. The electric light dazzled one in the great dining-room, flashed on bare shoulders, white shirts, white waistcoats, precious gems: the chatter and high-pitched laughter deafened, stupefied one.

Old Mr. Grange, sitting at one of these feasts in his black tie and black waistcoat, looked solemn, incongruous, out of date. He was slow of speech, unable to spring from topic to topic; while he pondered his next remark the stream of talk rolled away from him. He fell silent, thinking. At such times as he sat thus with bent brows, all the light and strength faded from his eyes, deep lines came at the sides of his mouth, and he looked of a sudden ten years older.

Then Miss Edith would rouse him sharply.

"Father, a penny—a penny for your thoughts!" and she laughed shrilly. "Don't go to sleep."

She had not roused him because of her love, but because, as she once told her brother, he was looking *odd* and old and foolish.

Were his thoughts worth a penny? Surely not—he had given all his pennies away. But his thoughts were at any rate strong and clear still, while he watched the company from beneath bent brows.

This was the new order—the new style. He must not speak; he could only watch. Pretty Mildred was secretly bullied, overtly snubbed by her husband. He was fond of her, but he was cruel to her, breaking her spirit by petty tyranny, wounding her, stabbing her perpetually. She, too, was afraid to speak freely—even to-night with her own folk about her. You could hear the note of repression in her low voice as she talked to Mr. Dick Hartley, the new manager. Mr. Hartley, in spite of his handsome face, his smart manner, his fine relations, was a snob and a cad, if not something worse. Mr. Hartley needed close watching. Miss Edith's bodice was disgustingly, disgracefully too low. The grandchildren—little Harry and little Mildred—should have been sleeping in bed instead of hanging about corridors, dressed up like monkeys, waiting to come in and show themselves at dessert. No one but their mother wanted to see them. All these fine guests were liars, hypocrites, worthless shams.

A penny for your thoughts, old man.

But all these great people hung on his son's words, flattered him. He was the reigning prince now—able to bully and to brag because he was powerful and successful. The servants studied his face, feared him; all the world bowed down to him. He was bragging now—in the new style: lightly, with airy cynicism—half man of business, half man of fashion.

"No. We can't admit sentiment in business. If a man gets in your way, you must brush him aside—sweep him out of your path. It don't do to turn sentimental and think of his wife and children. We don't dare to think of all that, do we, Hartley?"

The new style. Bare shoulders and leering men. A manager who sits at your table, drinking your wine and trying to make love to your wife. A penny for your thoughts.

He was alone in the big house, really. He was alone in the world, one might almost say. The world was moving fast; the men of his time were passing like shadows from the stage of life; old friends cannot be replaced. Except for old Lawrence and one or two more, he had no real friends.

He excused himself from attending his son's banquets, and his excuses were readily accepted.

"My dear father, it is your comfort I want to study. If you prefer to have your dinner served in your own rooms," etc.

Sometimes the children — Harry and Mildred—came up and watched him eat his sole and his chop, and then rushed off for the grand dessert. The servants kept him waiting sometimes for his solitary meal; but he

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"OLD MR. GRANGE, SITTING AT ONE OF THESE FEASTS IN HIS BLACK TIE AND BLACK WAISTCOAT, LOOKED SOLEMN, INCONGRUOUS, OUT OF DATE."

did not complain. He was only the "honoured guest." His son was master of the house. Doubtless the busy servants were grumbling. "And drat it all, there's that old man's dinner to be lugged up." He must not complain. When Charles V. abdicated he entered a convent; he did not go and live with son Philip at Madrid.

One winter old Mr. Grange had a touch of influenza, and stayed upstairs in his rooms on the second floor day after day for a long time.

Mr. Grange, junior, meeting the doctor in the hall on a Sunday afternoon, asked for news of the patient. "He is better in his own room, of course?"

"No," said the doctor; "he is better out of it. I have told him he may come down to-day, and to-morrow he may go out—a little way—in the sunshine."

"Well," said Henry, as he wrapped him-

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self in his motor-coat, "we don't want the influenza to run through the house, but we'll get him down to-morrow—to-day we are expecting company."

"Company will do him good," said the doctor, looking hard at Mr. Henry. "He is weak from his illness, but he is full of energy by nature. He is rusting from inaction."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Henry, not really listening. "Good-bye," and he hurried off to join the others in the snorting motor.

The patient came down and found the house deserted. He walked feebly, making his way from room to room, finding each empty and cheerless. At last he established himself, by the fireside of a pretty drawing-room, in a huge arm-chair—a true grandfather's chair. Here the children came to him and welcomed him most affectionately—little Mildred throwing her arm round his neck and clambering upon his knees, Master Harry holding his hand and patting it. Master Harry was most affectionate and winning—when he wanted anything. His grandfather would look at him thoughtfully and say, "You are like your father, Harry. You are very like your father."

Harry wanted something now. "We want you to read to us. *Do* read to us."

"My boy, I think I'm too tired to read—and there's not enough light. But I'll tell you a story. Will that do?"

They made a pretty picture—the grey old man half lost in the shadow of the big chair, and the two children hanging about him, now in the fire-light, now in the shadow; and behind them the grey dust falling fast.

"Very well. I'll tell you a story—the story of King Lear."

But soon the motorists returned, and the little group by the fire were plunged into dire disgrace. The master of the house, his wife Mildred, his sister Edith, and his smart governess came into the room, and out flashed the dazzling electric light. The children were whisked away, and their grandfather was rated by all but Mildred.

It was too inconsiderate of him. Of course he had given the dear children influenza. Edith and his son both chid him for his want of consideration.

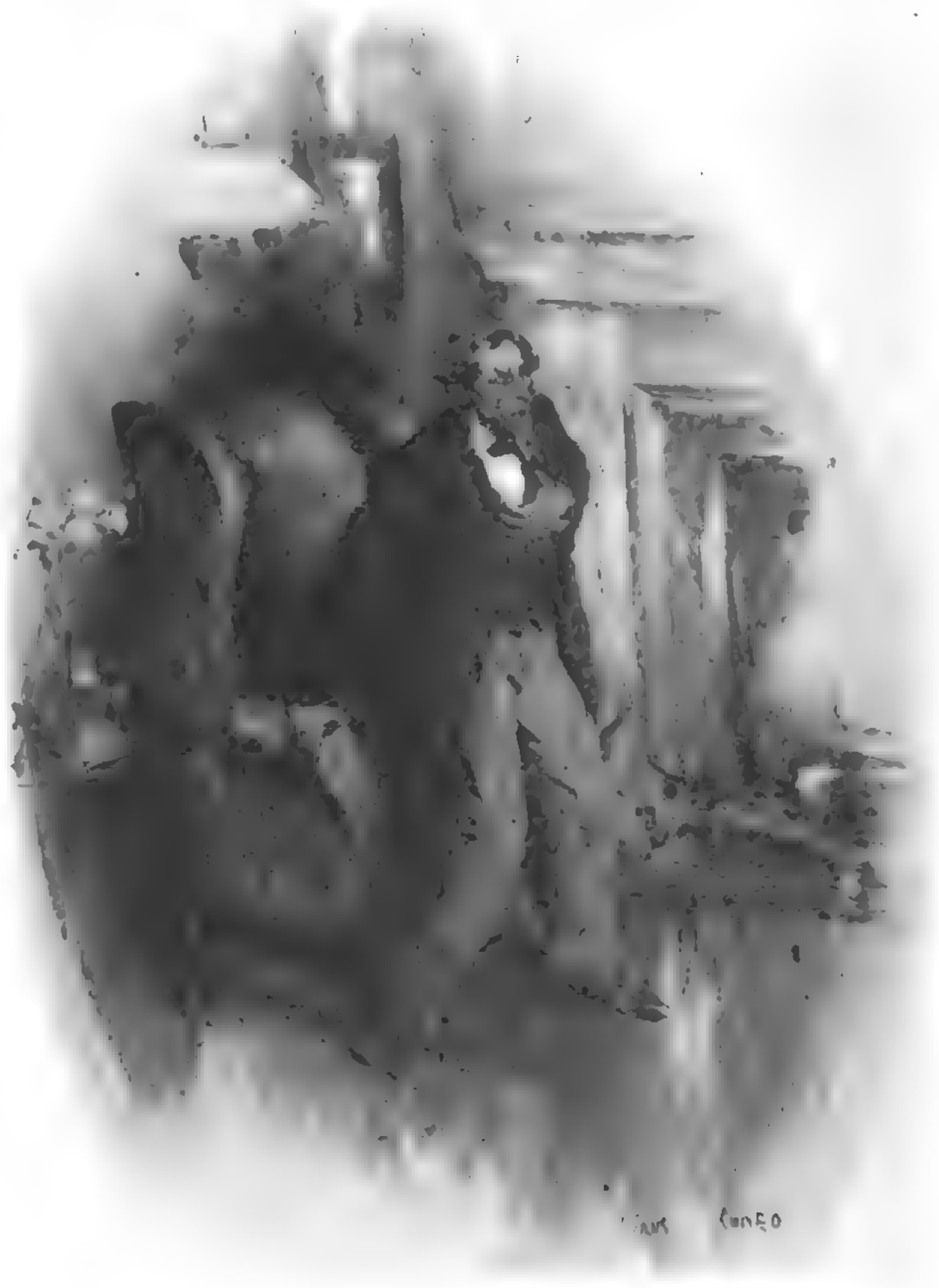
"I was only telling them a story," he said, as they bustled the children out of the room.

"Too bad of him," said Edith, following her brother and the governess. "Too bad. It really is too bad."

Alone again, the old man sprang to his feet, waved his hand above his head, and stared at the door through which his children had passed.

"Yes—by Heaven, it is too bad. King Lear! King Lear!" and he sank down in his chair, coughing and shaking.

To him presently, as he sat alone by the fire, came Mildred, to apologize for other people's unkindness; to take his hand and press it; to say, in effect, that she is very sorry that they spoke unkindly, that she is



"HE SANK DOWN IN HIS CHAIR, COUGHING AND SHAKING."

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always his true friend, though she does not always dare show it.

"Father! You understand, don't you?"

"Yes, my dear; and there's something I want *you* to understand. You have a friend in *me*—not an impotent friend, if the need ever comes."

III.

THE tragedy of it lay in this: he had loved his son with all the strength of his strong, stanch nature, had asked only to go on loving him, had tried not to see the change.

His son was not unkind; listening to his son, he refused to hear the careless tone, to understand the slighting word. His son might sneer at the past, but could not sneer at him. He was "the honoured guest" at the works as well as at home, and he loved to walk through the meadows and fill an empty hour by strolling beneath the archway, past the old porter's lodge, into the old quadrangle.

"Harry," he would ask, with a smile, "what's this new-fangled process of kneading your Poole clay? You seem to be spending a lot of money on it."

"My dear father, it would take me a week to explain it to you——"

"I used to understand things quick enough, Harry——"

"Oh, yes, but times are changed, and, of course, you haven't grown younger since then."

"No; I am old. That's true enough, Harry. I am old."

He made up his mind then that he would never return to the works, and yet he returned. His son had said a cruel thing—without thinking, by accident. He came back often, visiting only the old part of the works—the part that he loved. He loved to lounge about the old tile yards, to study the clay *weathering* in its shallow beds, to watch it *mellowing* in its water pits until it was ripe for the pug mill. Above all he loved the old quadrangle, the four kilns, and all that appertained to the famous original porcelain. The platemakers' hot-house was not too hot for him. He would stand there for twenty minutes, and, leaving it, come into the open air without a bead of perspiration on his forehead. The workmen were respectful, but feared him no more. He who a little time ago could lean out of a window, shout an order, and make the whole world tremble, was now of no more real consequence than an intelligent child watching the workmen at their appointed tasks.

One day he made an appeal to his son on behalf of old friends—Bennets, established 1805. A foreman had been telling him that the "guv'nor" meant to smash Bennets, kill them by competition, cut them out in their own little old-fashioned line, undersell them at a loss till they put up their shutters and owned themselves beat.

"Harry, is it necessary? Jack Bennet's father and I were boys together."

But to this sentimental appeal the "guv'nor" was no softer than a piece of his latest model stoneware. He stood on the office hearth-rug, with legs apart, and harangued his father good-humouredly enough, but as a grown-up speaks to a troublesome child.

"My dear father, in business there can only be one interest—self-interest. If a man stands in your path, you must sweep him aside—brush him out of the way—smash him before he grows big enough to smash you."

That was the last time but one that old Mr. Grange entered the office. On the last time of all, the "guv'nor" was writing at his large table. He looked up, then down at his papers, and went on writing; and when his father called his name sharply, he too spoke sharply.

"I am busy. Surely you can see that I am very busy?"

His father never visited the works again. As he walked away by the river his face was flushed and his lips worked tremulously. He thought of the past and of the present. He thought of how little Harry had visited him many years ago—in the office—while he worked; of how the boy had fidgeted, asked questions, tampered with the letter-press, rendered work impossible. And he had said, "Wait for me, Hal, and I'll strike work and walk home with you," and they had gone back together, hand in hand.

Doubtless bitter thoughts mingled themselves with such recollections. Wounded pride, wounded love, anger at a slight from youth to age, from son to father? Hot anger, perhaps, as he thought of the long tale of such slights? That anger of outraged love which sees no solace but in hate?

He hated the new order, the new style. He hated the new town, the electric trams, the clock towers, the noise, the push, the vulgar bounce of it. To his eye the good old solid trade had gone: all was sham, pretence, rottenness. He hated the new, cheap, tawdry shops, opened with a flourish of trumpets to-day, silently closed in bankruptcy to-morrow. Walking through new streets, he muttered to himself:—

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"Trade—no! Bosh, bunkum, bounce, half the time—most of the time."

Standing one afternoon on the stone bridge, he looked back at his son's new works, extensions, and improved buildings—and he hated them all. Was it solid—was it merely show? Why, to justify such expansion their trade should have leapt into a profit of forty or fifty thousand pounds a year! Could it be possible?

He hated the fine-gentleman manager—this swaggering snob who rode to hounds in a pink coat and went to the works in an electric brougham, who leered and whispered with other men's wives. Another afternoon, when he had followed the running stream half way to Brayford, he met Mr. Hartley walking and whispering with dark-haired Mildred. But Milly had said she must be with her mother to-day. What did it mean? Those two had not met by chance.

In all the town there seemed to be only one house of business that was unchanged—unchanging. Old Mr. Lawrence, the solicitor—grey, wise, solid—did his work with three old clerks in the panelled parlours of an untouched Georgian mansion. The house stood back from the noise of the streets; it was silent, reposeful. Mr. Grange, senior, went there often and loved it.

"Lawrence," he said to-day, "you must do what I ask you. You must find me a weapon to use against this Hartley fellow. He's a rascal."

"Yes, that may be; but it's another thing to prove it."

"Work out his career—I promise you'll find proof enough. Trace out the dog's life—with detectives. Have him watched—here and in London."

"Yes, and you may have a pretty detectives' bill to pay, and then———"

"I don't mind. Do as I ask you. Make me—what do they call it in Paris?—a *dossier*"; and old Mr. Grange chuckled fiercely. "Dossier—that's it. Give me that man's dossier."



"TRACE OUT THE DOG'S LIFE—WITH DETECTIVES."

These old men would sit in the panelled

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parlour and talk together by the hour. Mr. Lawrence was never too busy for a chat; *his* work was solid; it could wait. They had very few secrets from each other. One evening, when Mr. Lawrence's oil lamps had just been lit, Mr. Grange, senior, talked for a long time about his son's enterprise.

"Lawrence, what are they doing now?"

"They are borrowing money again."

"From whom?"

"Carter—and his fine friends."

"On what security?"

"Oh, none, I should think," and old Mr. Lawrence laughed. "The great Mr. Grange's word, I should think. You know—the new style. 'Dear boy, do you want ten per cent. for twelve months? Very well; give me all your loose thousands and don't tell anyone about it.' 'Oh, thank you, Mr. Grange.'"

IV.

In such a lamp-lit hour as this, when the two old men were sitting together exchanging their old-fashioned, played-out views, the young man, Mr. Henry Grange, was alone in his lately refurnished office. The heavy curtains were drawn; the shaded electric light glowed here and there on polished mahogany, brass handles, nickel fittings; at his huge American bureau the "guv'nor" sat waiting for his manager. Mr. Hartley had been in London for two days; unless he had missed his train, he should be here soon, bringing good news or bad news. Waiting alone in the splendid, silent office, Mr. Grange, junior, laid by the smiling, self-satisfied mask that he wore before the world. One would scarcely have recognised the prosperous, opulent, overbearing "guv'nor." His face was haggard; his lips were loose; his fingers shook as they fumbled with the keys and drawers of his patent desk. He looked like a dreamer who has had rose-tinted dreams and awakened to drab-hued facts.

In truth it was all sham—the triumphant expansion, the glorious progress. At first the success had been real enough: a solid increase of solid trade; then he had been carried on from substance to shadows. For a long time he had been a shadow-hunter.

Insolvent really — half of his works an outward show, each new extension a drain down which the good gold poured never to return. Every month now a fight to hide the secret: a desperate fighting for time—fighting for life. At all hazards, at all costs, the fight to maintain the credit slowly built up by father and son during a hundred and twenty years.

"What is it?"

He looked round with a stifled exclamation.

His manager had returned; moving silently across the thick carpet, had come to his desk, was beginning to whisper the result of the mission.

Mr. Hartley had failed to raise money in London. He had made the risky attempt in many quarters, but had failed. He had done no good; he hoped he had done no harm. But in London they had said it was a *curious* request—people would wonder. A time loan should be obtained *locally*. Surely there could be no difficulty about so small a sum locally.

Then these two young men spoke of a date looming fatally large before them. Thirteen days to the twenty-fifth of the month. Twenty thousand pounds by the twenty-fifth—or the bubble burst.

"Hartley, get it locally. Get it—on any terms—at any price."

There were, thought Mr. Hartley, only two men in Brayton who could do it for them. One was the manager of the Great Central Bank. He could do it—if he sent to head-quarters for authority, he could do it. But then it would be dangerous—it must be known. The other man was Lawrence, the solicitor.

"Old Lawrence? He hasn't control of twenty thousand pence."

"Yes, he has. He always has money to put out on mortgage—large sums. I wouldn't believe it, but they told me at the bank. He has clients' funds always passing through his hands."

"I didn't think that he had a client left. . . . But try him. It's our only chance."

Then young Mr. Grange went home in his electric brougham—a man driven by furies: awake or asleep haunted, tortured, stifled by the sense of his vainglorious failure. No thought now for wife, children, father—only dread of what was surely coming to him, and a prayer to fate, to blind chance, for escape and safety.

Old Mr. Grange came often to the quiet Georgian house to ask for "the dossier." The dossier was not ready. Old Mr. Grange was being obeyed, but he must have patience: old Mr. Lawrence was doing his best for him.

"But I have something else to talk about," said Mr. Lawrence. "I must tell you the latest development. I believe they are in their last trench."

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"No?" And old Mr. Grange, listening intently, shaded his eyes with his hand.

"The man himself was here to-day, sitting in that chair. He was full of swagger—dropped in to throw something good in my way—a little confidential business."

"What was it?"

"They want," said Mr. Lawrence, impressively, "twenty thousand pounds. They want it so badly and so confidentially that they are willing to charge the whole concern—a first charge, mark you, on freeholds, business, plant, everything."

"Ah!"

"You see what that means? Overboard with all unsecured creditors. Let our fine friends fight for their money. So much for my lord's word——"

"Lawrence," and old Mr. Grange took his hand from his eyes and struck the table with his clenched fist, "it's not commonly honest—not commonly honest. What did you say?"

"I told him," said Mr. Lawrence, "I'd think about it. I told him to call again. I said: as it happened, I had so much as that in my care just now, that I might possibly lend it—for my clients—for, say, three months—they duly executing the mortgage deed that I should prepare."

"What did he say to that?"

"He was cocksure they could repay the money in three months if I would not lend it for longer. . . . I told him that the matter must be considered strictly confidential. The money, of course, would be clients' money; but, if I lent it at all, I should lend it in my own name."

V.

THE fateful twenty-fifth had come and gone; young Mr. Henry had obtained his loan.

Safe—for three months. His secrets safe, at any rate, till then. Another respite—time to look about one, plot, devise, scheme; time for Mr. Hartley to go hunting again in his red coat, to meet his employer's wife and whisper to her; time for young Mr. Grange to walk, drive, eat, and sleep as a doomed man may do these things—haunted, awake or asleep, with the sense of his impotence and failure.

It was in the second month of this respite that old Mr. Grange received a note from Mr. Lawrence.

"Your dossier, as you call it, is ready. If you can come down at six o'clock I will go through it with you, and hand you copies of some interesting documents."

By a quarter to seven old Mr. Grange had mastered the pile of notes and papers on the solicitor's desk, had put his copies in his pocket, and was ready to go into the streets again.

"I'll find him at the club. Yes—yes. *Now* I think I can tackle him."

"Take care what you're about," said Mr. Lawrence. "I tell you—in spite of his bounce and all that—he'll be a hard nut to crack. Let me go with you."

"No. Our conversation must be quite private."

The December evening was chilly and there was a drizzle of rain—no Panama-hat weather. Old Mr. Grange—in a black hat, black cape, with a woollen muffler round his neck—walked briskly, almost vigorously, through the streets, and resolutely marched into the hall of the noisy new club. Yes, Mr. Hartley was in. The visitor was shown into a small waiting or writing room, and was left to listen to the distant click of billiard balls, men's loud voices, the rattle of cue-butts on the floor.

"Good evening to you," said Mr. Hartley. "Won't you come upstairs?"

"No, thank you. We sha'n't be disturbed here, shall we? That's right. Please shut the door."

"Now, my dear sir—I am all attention."

"Mr. Hartley, I want to speak to you—about the honour of the house."

"Oh, I think *that* is in safe hands."

"Yes; I hope so. Mr. Hartley, it is in *my* hands."

"I don't quite follow you."

"Mr. Hartley, I am taking something on myself—to help my son. My son is a very busy man. He tries to look after everything. But there is one important thing—at least—that he has neglected. So I am going to take care of that."

"And what may that be?"

"His wife."

In twenty minutes' time old Mr. Grange was dictating a letter and Mr. Hartley was writing it.

"Dear Mrs. Grange," wrote Mr. Hartley, to his visitor's dictation, "I cannot dine with you and your husband as arranged. I cannot come and see you again when your husband is at the works. I cannot meet you or write to you again. In fact, you will not again be troubled by yours respectfully, RICHARD HARTLEY."

"Thank you," said old Mr. Grange, putting the letter in his pocket. At the

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door of the little room he turned and spoke again.

"Mr. Hartley, I have only *shown* you my weapons—don't forget that. But I can *use* the weapons."

He walked home briskly, with his head held higher than he had held it for years. He had cracked his nut quite in the old style. His daughter-in-law—the servants told him—was alone in the boudoir, but he did not go to her until he had brought Master Harry from the nursery. He came into the room with the boy following him.

"Harry! Now give this letter to your mother. Milly, dear, read it—read it carefully. I think you'll understand why I wished that letter to be given to you by your son's hand. Now run away, my boy. You have done your task."

It seemed that little Harry's task was to make his mother cry, for soon she was weeping most bitterly. She was gasping, sobbing, kneeling at old Mr. Grange's feet—pouring out her heart, recounting her many wrongs, confessing her few indiscretions, promising, vowing, imploring; and old Mr. Grange was soothing, comforting, putting new heart into her.

"Then—father—you do trust me?"

"Yes."

"And what will you tell him—my husband?"

"Nothing. I shall tell him nothing. If you have forgotten your husband, it is his own fault. I know that you could not forget your children."



"SHE WAS GASPING, SOBBING, KNEELING AT OLD MR. GRANGE'S FEET."

VI.

THE swift months glided, and Mr. Hartley came no more to the stone house. The master of the house never noticed the fact. He had no thought for wife, children, father. He was a doomed man—reprieved once, but his respite nearly over.

February, nearly all the month of March, had slipped by. Mr. Lawrence wanted his money; notices, urgent notices, final letters had come to the works; the patience of Mr. Lawrence was exhausted; he must apply to the Court, get his order for foreclosure. He pointed out that he had shown delicacy and consideration. Under the provisions of the mortgage he could have stepped into Mr. Henry Grange's office and assumed command of everything pending the satisfaction of his claim. Now there could be no more nonsense. What will you? Business is business. It was not Mr. Lawrence's money; it was the money of a client. The client required his money.

Alone in his office Mr. Grange, junior, thought of his doom—like a swimmer struggling in deep water, fought for life. Only time—with such a little money, and he could be saved. This twenty thousand, with, say, fifteen more, and time to look about one, and he could save himself yet; could own that he was nearly beat, dismiss hundreds of hands, shut down three-quarters of the works,

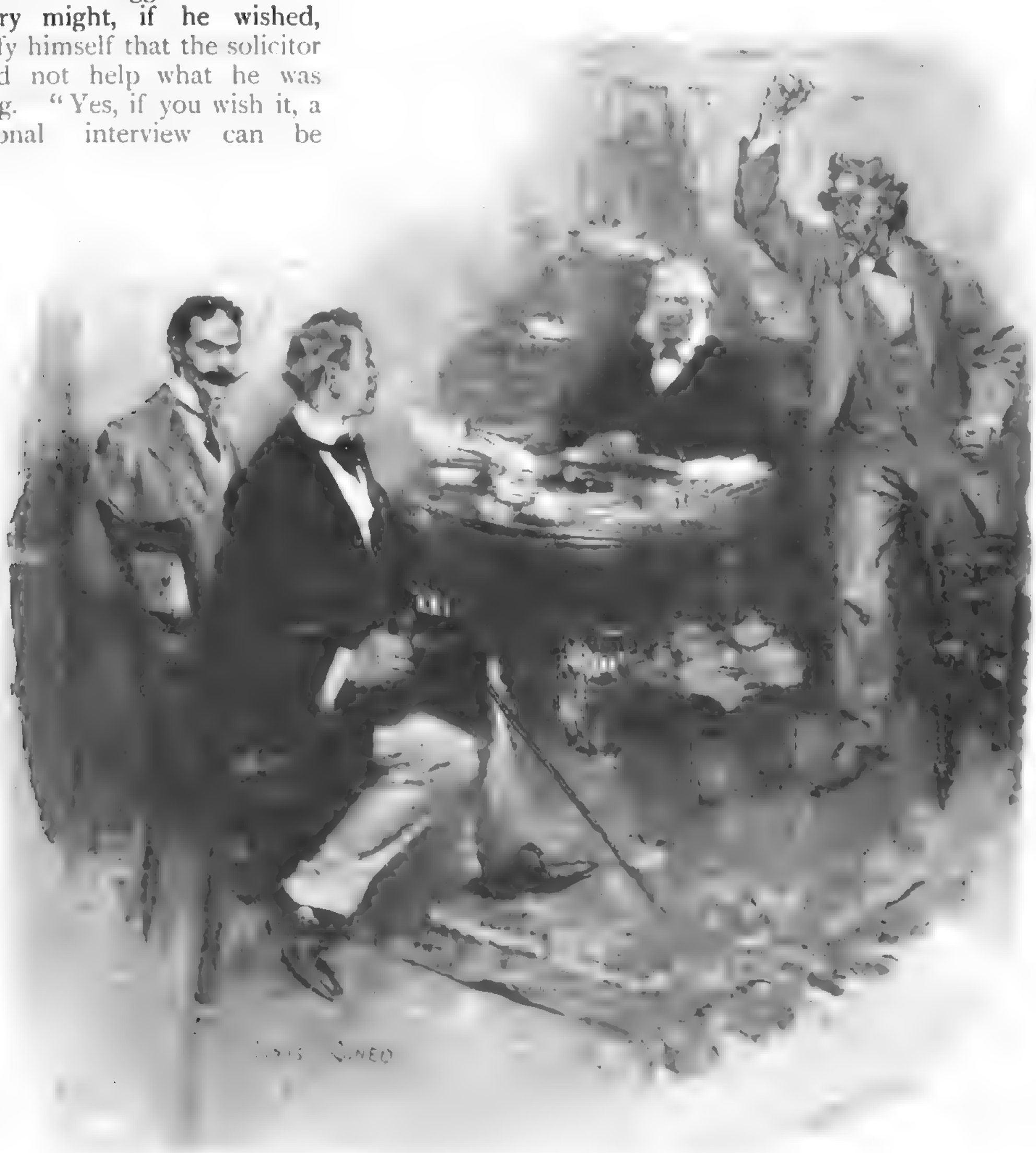
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sell useless plant, and win through to safety; tell the truth to the friends who had trusted him, and in the end pay them.

He was insolvent, he must fail; but his failure would have nothing grand in it—a paltry failure for a paltry sum. He knew now—when April was near—that he would never raise the twenty thousand pounds required to take over this cursed mortgage. Already the whisper had gone round; the trade firms were pressing him; the noble, slowly built up credit was shaken; at any minute it might fall.

Like a drowning man he clutched at straws. One last appeal to Mr. Lawrence's client. This was Mr. Lawrence's suggestion. Mr. Henry might, if he wished, satisfy himself that the solicitor could not help what he was doing. "Yes, if you wish it, a personal interview can be arranged. Yes, my client will be in Brayton to-morrow. Come with your manager and see what you can do with him. Shall we say at noon? Very good."

The bright spring sunlight poured into the pleasant, old-world parlour, and showed the old solicitor seated at his table with an empty chair by his side; showed young Mr. Grange sitting by the wall opposite to the table, fingering his lips, with eyes on the ground; showed Mr. Hartley sitting on his employer's left, ready still to give support with bounce and brag and impudence, if these qualities might still serve.



"HIS CLENCHED FIST WAS SHAKING; HIS VOICE WAS LOUD AND HARSH."

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"I think, gentlemen," said Mr. Lawrence, blandly, "you are before your time. My client will not keep you waiting. I have seen him this morning."

What sort of a man would he be? All night young Mr. Grange had been thinking of it. Some landowner? A big Derbyshire proprietor, who had been selling farms or moving his investments? Some young lord just come into his estates? Not one of the Carter clan? Not anyone who knew him!

"Hark," said the old solicitor, as a footstep sounded on the shallow stairs. Then, "Gentlemen, my client," as one of the old clerks threw open the door.

"*Father!*"

Old Mr. Grange had come into the room and was looking at his son.

"I should explain," said Mr. Lawrence. "Have I your attention, Mr. Henry? I should explain that, when handing things over to you, your father did not quite denude himself. Oh, no. That really would have been *too* foolish. On my advice, he retained considerable funds—for emergencies."

"*Father!* What — do — you mean to do?"

"By Heaven, I mean to smash you."

It was dreadful to see, it was dreadful to hear. The old man's face was flushed; the veins stood out on his forehead; his clenched fist was shaking; his voice was loud and harsh, vibrating with rage.

"No friendship—or love—in business—that's what you say. Well—don't expect it now. When you find someone in your path you brush him aside. Well, brush *me* aside. *I* am the man standing in your path—sweep me aside. Smash me before I smash you."

It was horrible to hear—it was horrible to think of. Rage—almost it seemed hate—flashed from beneath the grey brows. He was quoting his son's hated maxims; he was wiping off old scores; he was paying back slight for slight, scorn for scorn. The rancour of outraged love, the passion of revenge possessed him. The strength and force of the grey old man seemed miraculous—the explosion of an extinct volcano, the bursting into flame of a forest fire when the last sparks had long since been trampled under foot.

"And you, Hartley—you, you rascal and you blackguard—you go. Be off, I say. Be out of Brayton this night, or I'll lay you by the heels in Brayton jail!"

The gay sunshine filled the room. Mr. Hartley had gone. Young Mr. Grange was sitting with bowed head. Old Mr. Grange had sunk exhausted into the chair by his friend's side. The explosion was quite finished; the storm of slowly gathered anger had burst and ceased; both of the old men were trembling.

But the old men had won. Here, in this quiet parlour, the old men had beaten the young men. Here had been fought the battle between the generations, the old style and the new; and the old order had triumphed.

"Henry!" The old man stretched out his shaking hand towards his son, and all the anger had passed from his voice.

"Henry," he said again, "it's all right—really. I took you into partnership once. I'll do it again. We'll make a clean start. Grange and Son—once more."

"No, sir. No; I'm done. I'd best blow out my brains."

"Henry, my boy"—and the old man crossed the room and laid a hand on his son's shoulder—"you can't do that. I am old—very old. I need your help—now—and to carry on—when I am gone. You—you can't desert me—for your wife's sake—for your children's sake—for the honour of our house."

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Are We Funnier Than Our Grandfathers?

A SYMPOSIUM OF EMINENT LIVING HUMORISTS.

ARE we duller or wittier than our ancestors? In other words, is the humour of to-day more salient, more pungent, and more mirth-provoking than was the humour of a century ago? This is a point on which authorities differ. Mr. W. D. Howells, for example, recently gave utterance to the dictum that "the English are to-day the most humorous and humour-loving people in the world." Is this really the case? In the opinion of a famous American humorist, it emphatically is not. Commenting upon Mr. Howells's statement he wrote:—

It all depends on what is meant by humorous. The English as a whole have far less and a slower perception of a joke than they had fifty years ago. The delicate drollery of Leech, the charming comedy of du Maurier, the blazing witticisms of Sydney Smith have become obsolete, and the English public now only laugh at the mechanical flippancies of *Punch*, the risqué *bon mo:s* of musical comedy, and the pert repartees of Mayfair children and Limehouse bargees.



"GREAT NOSE AND LITTLE NOSE."

The above is a vivid example of eighteenth-century social caricature by Thomas Sanders, the Phil May of his day. Its extreme grotesqueness would be found offensive by the readers of a modern comic paper.

To this sweeping denunciation THE STRAND MAGAZINE recently directed the attention of England's leading mirth-makers, and many and varied were the opinions expressed on this interesting and important question. Mr. George Bernard Shaw was brief, but to the point. "Your famous American humorist," he wrote, "has evidently no sense of humour."

Mr. Owen Seaman, the editor of *Punch*, whose witty verses are so well known throughout the English-speaking world, writes:—

If you ask me whether, in my opinion, a keen perception of humour is commoner among all classes of Englishmen than it was a generation ago, I reply, "Certainly."

Sir Francis Burnand, the late editor of *Punch*, whose recent "Conferences" on Humour have proved so popular, writes:—

By what list are we to decide? If the demand for the works of Messrs. Jacobs and Anstey Guthrie, genuine humorists both, is on the increase, then I should be inclined to say that the reading public of to-day is possessed by the same sense of humour that it had when it appreciated Pickwick. If, on the contrary, the demand for the works of these authors is on the decline, then I should say that either the public is less humorous than it was, or is appreciative of some different sort of humour. Yet, as I am informed that the sale of Charles Dickens's works does *not* diminish, I should, by my own rule of measurement, be bound to conclude that in the opinion of the reading public these modern humorists do not come up to the Dickensian standard. Is there so great a demand for Thackeray as there has been, and as I believe there still is, for Dickens? In certain moods I can enjoy Thackeray, and in those moods I prefer him to Dickens. Stating my case broadly, I may say I can read Thackeray occasionally, but Dickens pretty regularly. I find no indication that my literary taste in humour represents in the least that of the public at the present day, which seems within my own experience to know very little of either Thackeray or Dickens.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs himself writes:—

It is all a matter of opinion, I suppose. And, really, how should *I* know whether we have a slower perception of a joke than we had fifty years ago? I have a faint idea that the humour of to-day is more delicate and subtle than that which sufficed to amuse our ancestors.

I do not subscribe to the dictum that all humour is essentially cruel, but when I have given instances to the contrary I have been met by the fatal objection that they were not humorous. So perhaps I am wrong.

Mr. Walter Emanuel, of "Charivaria" fame, author of "A Dog Day," "The Dogs of War," and other mirth-provoking brochures, writes:—

Your question as to whether a keen perception of humour is more common to-day than one hundred years ago is somewhat difficult to answer, as I was not born one hundred years ago (though I hope to have been one day). However, I do not fancy that the British public has a very great sense of humour to-day, though there are notable exceptions, such as the present reader of these lines. We are essentially a decorous nation—and it is not decorous to make jokes. With many of us it is always Sunday. It is, anyhow, most dangerous in this country to jest unless

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you have a reputation as a humorist. An acquaintance of mine went into a post-office the other day and said to the rigid young lady behind the counter, "*Could* you spare me one of your penny stamps?" The girl answered, "Sir, you are no gentleman," and passed on to the next customer. Our greatest humorists are supposed to be 'bus-drivers, but I must confess that I have never heard a witty remark emerge from the mouth of one of these—anyhow, since the retort "Get your hair cut" went out of fashion. I think, however, that woman's sense of humour has increased in recent years. They see jokes more readily than they used to. This is due to the fact that they realize now that they look their best when they are smiling.



"DR. SYNTAX AND THE BULL."

A specimen of the droll draughtsmanship of Rowlandson, which so tickled the fancy of our grandfathers that his prints rapidly commanded a premium. Rowlandson's humour consisted chiefly in the broad delineation of physical accidents and calamities.

Mr. Keble Howard, author of "The God in the Garden," "The Smiths of Surbiton," "The Whip Hand," and other amusing novels, writes:—

This afternoon I made a pilgrimage to the Coronet Theatre to witness a special performance of Oliver Goldsmith's "Good-Natur'd Man." This effort, labelled "comedy," but in reality a cheap theatrical hotch-potch of the feeblest, bored me so horribly that had I attempted to sit it all out I should no doubt have been carried from the auditorium in a condition of hysteria.

A journey by motor-'bus soothed me a little, and on arriving at my rooms I found your letter. The coincidence seemed so curious that, although "The Good-Natur'd Man" was produced in 1768, I hope I am justified in taking it as the basis of my reply.

Many of your readers will remember the piece. (I mean that they will have read it or have seen one of the later revivals.) The chief comedian is a gentleman named Croaker, so called because he croaks about the weather and the state of the country. What should we think of your Mr. Jacobs if he labelled one of his characters Joker because he was in the habit of making jokes?

Again, in the first act of "The Good-Natur'd Man," as in all eighteenth-century comedies, a lady hides behind a screen. Heaven knows why! Nobody cares a rush, apparently, whether she is there or not. When, at last, she walks out nobody expresses the slightest annoyance or surprise. Even in our own musical comedies we do not get such slavish conventionality as that.

Every generation, of course, gets the humorists it deserves, and this is the most deserving generation in the literary history of the world. I am speaking, of course, of English humorists. American humour eludes me. Here is the kind of thing they are asked to laugh at over there on the days when no English papers are to hand:—

She: "Is he in love with her, do you think?"

He: "Why, certainly. Her father's a millionaire, you know."

I thank you, sir, for allowing me to work off the peevishness engendered of the claptrap of the late Oliver Goldsmith.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome writes:—

Some of the funniest things going about would appear to be the things I have never said. For instance, you tell me, Sir, I am "credited" (I should have thought "discredited" the apter word, but you evidently wish to be polite) with the statement that "All humour is brutal." I should like to have said it. Almost it sounds absurd enough to be classed as an epigram. Awhile ago, in similar fashion, I was credited (to retain the kindlier verb) with the opinion that Mark Twain had no sense of humour. Upon which Professor Brander Mathews, of Columbia University, wrote three columns in a Sunday paper to reassure the American public that he had, with annotated extracts enabling the reader to detect it for himself. This necessitated my writing a private letter to Mr. Clemens. I apologized for addressing him in English, and begged him to believe that I had never told a living soul he had no sense of humour: it could not possibly have leaked out through me. Also, it has been laid to my charge that it was I who informed the public that there are only thirteen original jokes, including Bernard Shaw. It sounds much more like Bernard Shaw, except that he would hardly have mentioned the other twelve. It has often occurred to me that a judicious selection from the things that I have never even thought of could easily be popular. But whether it would prove the humour of to-day to be mirth-provoking is not for me to say. The humour of our ancestors, in their unavoidable absence, it seems unfair to discuss. Perhaps an incident of which I was the hero while travelling in America last year may help to a solution of the argument. I had lectured the night before in Salt Lake City, and, seated in a dark corner of the car, was compelled to listen to a heated symposium on the subject of myself. Finally, one gentleman, having cleared his throat for action, summed up in stentorian tones what appeared to be the feeling of the meeting. "You've got to remember that he's not an American. But he's durned funny—

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for an Englishman." My own ancestors, from what I hear of them, must have been amusing, possibly even pungent and salient—*for* ancestors.

Mr. Frank Richardson, a most prolific fun-maker, who has achieved notoriety by reason of his strenuous anti-whisker campaign, writes :—

It seems to me that, beyond doubt, our perception of humour is quite as keen as ever it was. It is absurd to imagine that, while every other artistic sense is more developed now than it was, say, a hundred years ago, our feeling for humour should have degenerated.

Obviously, as the world gets older, the production of humour becomes a more and more difficult matter.

It must have been intensely easy to make Adam laugh. He probably went into outbursts of merriment at the mere sight of the ornithorhynchus, and the appearance of the ichthyosaurus must have caused a twitch of mirth beneath his beard. Now, if we were to meet an ornithorhynchus in the street or an ichthyosaurus in Hyde Park one would not laugh at either of them. They are back numbers.

Ever since old man Noah entertained his lady-wife during the rainy nights on board the Ark with humorous anecdotes we have all been seeking for jests. It seems probable, therefore, that all jokes must have been made by now. I don't know what would happen if a man made a new joke and used it in a musical comedy. The audience, paralyzed with astonishment, would probably cry for help.

Of course, it is much harder to make a joke in England than in any other part of the world. A joke that would do very well for a French or German comic paper could not be printed in London. Also, the English humorist is restricted, because he is not allowed to deal, except in the mildest form, with personalities. The American wit can say any old thing about Mr. Roosevelt, or Mr. Bryan, or Mr. W. R. Hearst. He may say things that are clearly libellous. But our satirists have to deal very circumspectly with Mr. Balfour, or Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, or Dr. Clifford.

Labouring under these difficulties, I think that the English humorist is the greatest humorist in the world, and I think the English public ought to be the most grateful public in the world.

It is a deplorable thing, therefore, that no single one of the brilliant contributors to this intellectual symposium owns a mansion in Park Lane.

Which is bad hearing.

Mr. Mostyn T. Pigott, the well-known composer of light and humorous poetry, writes :—

It is a little difficult, if not highly dangerous, to start analysing a thing out of which one manages to scrape a livelihood ; but I think we may fairly claim that, as a people, we can hold our own in the matter of humour.

Considering the huge output, the standard attained is not discreditable, and from the fact that the demand is still increasing it is reasonable to assume that the quality of the supply meets with appreciation. The English humour-monger is a particularly pertinacious person, but, while his enterprise is beyond dispute, he provides in most cases a sound and wholesome article. Several things are sacred to him, and an investigation of his packing methods would result in no horrible revelations.

There is, of course, a section of the populace whose attitude can only be described as "sniffy." These good people either deliberately refuse to concede the merits or even the visibility of a joke, or gauntly asperse its originality. But in their defence it may be urged that this mental attitude may be due to an abnormally developed sense of humour, while the very fact of their existence may tend to keep the manufacturer up to the mark.

On the whole, therefore, I consider that there is no real occasion for panic, and that there are other features of our social system which call more loudly for legislative meddling.

Mr. H. W. Lucy ("Toby, M.P.," of *Punch*) writes :—

I envy the American humorist's means of ascertaining that "the English as a whole have far less and a slower perception of a joke than they had fifty years ago." But whilst I envy, I cannot imitate. There are available no official returns that would enable less gifted persons to institute a comparison. Board of Trade statistics fight shy of the subject. No Blue-book I am acquainted with presents tables on the topic.

Of course, it is no new thing for persons of assertive character to make unfavourable comparison between to-day and the good old times. It is (or was) a common complaint that even *Punch* isn't as good as it used to be. Whereto one of the staff in whose hearing that lament was politely uttered, made answer, "No, it never was."

But when the American humorist particularizes, averring in his cheerfully downright style that "the delicate drollery of Leech, the charming comedy of du Maurier, the blazing witticisms of Sydney Smith have become obsolete," I humbly venture to differ from the oracle. Few nineteenth-century wits are quoted more frequently or with fuller appreciation than is Sydney Smith. Reprints of Leech's cartoons, of du Maurier's sketches, are poured forth from *Punch* office in a constant stream, refreshing a delighted public.

This conflict with familiar facts shows afresh how dangerous it is for Daniel when he comes to judgment to condescend to reasons and particulars.

Mr. George Grossmith, the popular entertainer, writes :—

It goes without saying that I agree with Mr. W. D. Howells. Some humour is absolutely local, and requires an educated mind to comprehend it.

The humour of Seringapatam, South Carolina, and the boulevards of Paris requires a certain amount of education to understand.

I love Americans and I love their humour, as I always have done since the days of Sam Slick and Artemus Ward, the latter of whom I knew as a boy ; as I have also known Mark Twain, Russell Lowell, Leland (Hans Breitmann), Bret Harte, Adams (Little Yawcob Strauss), and many others. I have never found that such brilliant orators as Joseph Choate and Chauncey Depew fail to recognise English humour. With reference to the "mechanical flippancies" of *Punch*, which has been a "chestnut" in America for many years, may I call attention to the "mechanical flippancies" of *Puck*, *Judge*, and *Life*, with their eternal jokes about "stealing chickens," the "butting goats," and "Cholly," to say nothing of the cruel cartoons of "coloured gentlemen," the "German Jew," and the "Irishman"? I have been to America five times during the last thirteen years,

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and the same old "chestnuts," like the brook, go on for ever. I can only say there was never a more glaring example of the pot calling the kettle black.

Humour is absolutely ephemeral. What was considered humorous a hundred years ago in all probability would not be considered humorous to-day.

Humour must be essentially up-to-date, and I think that modern society and readers of literature must not be expected to roar with laughter at the retorts of the gravedigger to Hamlet.

"Marry, come up, thou scurvy knave," is not so much appreciated now.

I remember when I was a young man hearing the great Vance sing "Slap Bang, Here We Are Again!" I thought it was one of the finest pieces of humour I ever heard in my life; I fear I don't think so now.

Punning days are over, with all due respect to my former friends, H. J. Byron and Robert Reece.

With regard to the question as to whether we are duller or wittier than our ancestors, I should say we are both.

Mr. Anstey Guthrie (F. Anstey), author of "Vice Versa," "The Man from Blankley's," etc., writes:—

It seems to me that the question can only be settled by statistics. Is the percentage of British subjects who "can see a joke and laugh at it as such" larger now than it was in 1856? I have no idea. Even if I could testify, from my own experience, that it is larger, the opposer could always reply that the jokes of 1906 are not as deserving of being laughed at.

I cannot remember the names of any humorists living a century ago who could be described as "salient, pungent, and mirth-provoking," except Sheridan, Sydney Smith, Canning, and Charles Lamb, a strong but not a very long list.

On the other hand, there are innumerable writers at the present day to whom these qualities are attributed by general opinion.

But whether this is proof that we are duller or wittier than our ancestors is a question which I think we might leave to the next century to decide.

Let us hope the decision may be in our favour.

In the meantime I hardly think we shall improve our case by any outcry against the injustice of the assertion that the national perception of a joke is no longer what it used to be. Does an individual ever increase his reputation for humour by protesting that, as a matter of fact, he is more humorous than ever? And if this course is not advisable for an individual, is it more so for a nation?



"TIME HAS NOT THINNED THY FLOWING HAIR."

To-day most people, however keen their sense of humour, would consider the above drawing too extravagant to be funny. Yet its large sale "amongst the gentry and nobility" proves that its very crudity was a source of pleasure a century ago.

Mr. W. L. Alden, author of "A Lost Soul," "Told by the Colonel," and many other humorous publications, writes:—

The famous American humorist, whoever he may be, does not know what he is talking about. He has evidently never heard of Anstey, Barry Pain, Zangwill, Robert Barr, Barrie, Chesterton, Wells, or Rook. And yet he talks about English humour. From his allusion to "bargees," it is plain that he has read Jacobs, and equally plain that he is incapable of appreciating Jacobs's delightful humour. He sneers at *Punch*, which was never as bright as it is to-day. Probably he dislikes Jerome, or possibly he has never read him. To use an expression with which the "famous American humorist" is doubtless familiar, "He makes me tired!"

Replying categorically to your question, I hold that the humour of to-day is far more mirth-provoking and delightful than the humour of a century ago.

Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes ("Sub Rosa" of the *Morning Leader*) writes:—

Anyone endowed with a sense of humour, if he has looked at *Punch* regularly during recent years, must have noticed a most marked improvement, for its pages are rich in true humour, in laughter-producing incongruity of thought, in quaint turns of fancy which appeal to the chuckling propensities of man far more than mere smartness of phrase. There was a time when every man who admired Dickens felt bound to decry Thackeray, and vice versa, and so there are people who, if they admire or enjoy English humour, think they must sneer at the humour of America. I am not one of those who take so restricted a view of humour as to make it the possession of any one land, or to tabulate it in a most-favoured-nation clause. I can and do enjoy American humour thoroughly, and I agree with a remark once made by Mr. Gerald Balfour to the effect that one of the charms of American humour is that it leaves something for the listener to supply. You are not told everything, but unless you belong to the intellectually lost you see at once what is implied. Take the case of the tale about the card-players, of whom it is said one man held five aces, another held a revolver, and the third held the inquest — you can see at once what

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"A LONG STORY."

In this kind of social satire our grandfathers delighted, but he is a bold man who contends that it equals in delicacy the pictures of du Maurier or Mr. Townsend.

happened without being told. But while I decline to run down American humour simply because I can, and do, revel in British humour, I must confess that, after having had considerable experience of American comic papers, I think we on this side need not shrink from putting *Punch* into competition with its Transatlantic rivals.

There are some people in every population who enjoy "risqué *bon mots*," but this I know as an absolute fact—if a man wants to capture and retain a following, either as a humorous writer or speaker, he must avoid anything suggestive, or anything containing a slippery double meaning. There may be a few sour people who object to jokes of any sort, and there may be some others who lust after low and tricky allusions, but the main part of the British public is keenly alive to the charm of honest fun. I have heard it said that the English like wit rather than humour. I do not agree, though I believe they like both.

Mr. Harold Begbie, who enjoys a wide reputation as a humorist, writes :—

It was pointed out to an American, who boasted that the glory of Christopher Columbus lay in his discovery of America, that America had been discovered hundreds of times before, but that hitherto it had always been hushed up. America is for ever inviting these remarks. It is always criticising other nations; always the cowboy of culture. It utters follies, even as the young cockerel crows, namely, to alarm rather than to inspire affection in the henroost.

No one who reads at all, or who moves about the world, can doubt that the standard of humour is improving in England. For one thing, we no longer laugh at the extravagance of American wit. The fashion to admire American exaggeration is as dead as Dundreary whiskers. We are even ashamed of our own Smollett, and as for the drunken sailor of comedy and melodrama, he is not to be found even in the music-halls of Limehouse. All intellectual movement is towards truth.

Punch is infinitely better than it was in Leech's best days. Compare the verses of those days with the brilliant work of Mr. Owen Seaman. *Punch* is not so bad as it was; and it never was so good as old fogies imagine. It was once a buffoon; it is now something of a critic of life. As for the play, Mr. Bernard Shaw is fifty times wittier than H. J. Byron; and "Véronique" was nicer than "Dorothy" and the burlesques of Arthur Roberts.

But while it is obvious and beyond question that the standard of humour is now infinitely higher in England than it was twenty or fifty years ago, the more interesting question remains as to the destiny of humour in the future development of humanity. I am disposed to think that just as language begins in poetry and ends in algebra, so humour, which begins in mockery and buffoonery, will end in education. Irony will be employed with sympathy, satire with discretion. We shall cease to laugh at ourselves the more we perceive that the chief interest of life lies where man ends and the mystery of the universe begins. Science, I mean, which is becoming every day the paramount influence in life, will kill humour as we understand that term to-day. Not as the Puritan would have killed it, but intellectually. The jester and the clown will cease to be interesting. I can dream of a *Punch* in the next century which will be devoted to satirizing antagonistic schools of science, instead of chaffing those least scientific of men, the politicians, or laughing at that infinitesimal section of humanity which calls itself smart society. We shall cease to be interested in politics and fashion and human vanity; we shall grow to be interested in the main labour of the race—the quest of truth.

In a word, while I feel sure that we appreciate a more delicate humour than contented our port-drinking, fox-hunting, and gout-bequeathing ancestors, I am inclined to think that humour is not a permanent accompaniment in the march of humanity. Life is only amusing when we do not understand it, and humanity is only ridiculous until we have learned to sympathize with it. The evolution of humour during the next hundred years will provide posterity with a beguiling study. Perhaps in those days of fuller knowledge humanity's last wonder will be concerning the things which made us laugh.

According to the Arabs, laughter is only for monkeys and white men.

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The Christmas Eve Burglary.

By Arnold Bennett.

I.

LADY DAIN said: "Jee, if that portrait stays there much longer, you'll just have to take me off to Pirehill one of these fine mornings."

Pirehill is the seat of the great local hospital; but it is also the seat of the great local lunatic asylum; and when the inhabitants of the Five Towns say merely "Pirehill," they mean the asylum.

"I do declare I can't fancy my food nowadays," said Lady Dain, "and it's all that portrait!" She stared plaintively up at the immense oil-painting which faced her as she sat at the breakfast-table in her spacious and opulent dining-room.

Sir Jehosophat made no remark.

Despite Lady Dain's animadversions upon it, despite the undoubted fact that it was generally disliked in the Five Towns, the portrait had cost a thousand pounds (some said guineas), and though not yet two years old it was probably worth at least fifteen hundred in the picture market. For it was a Cressage; and not only was it a Cressage—it was one of the finest Cressages in existence.

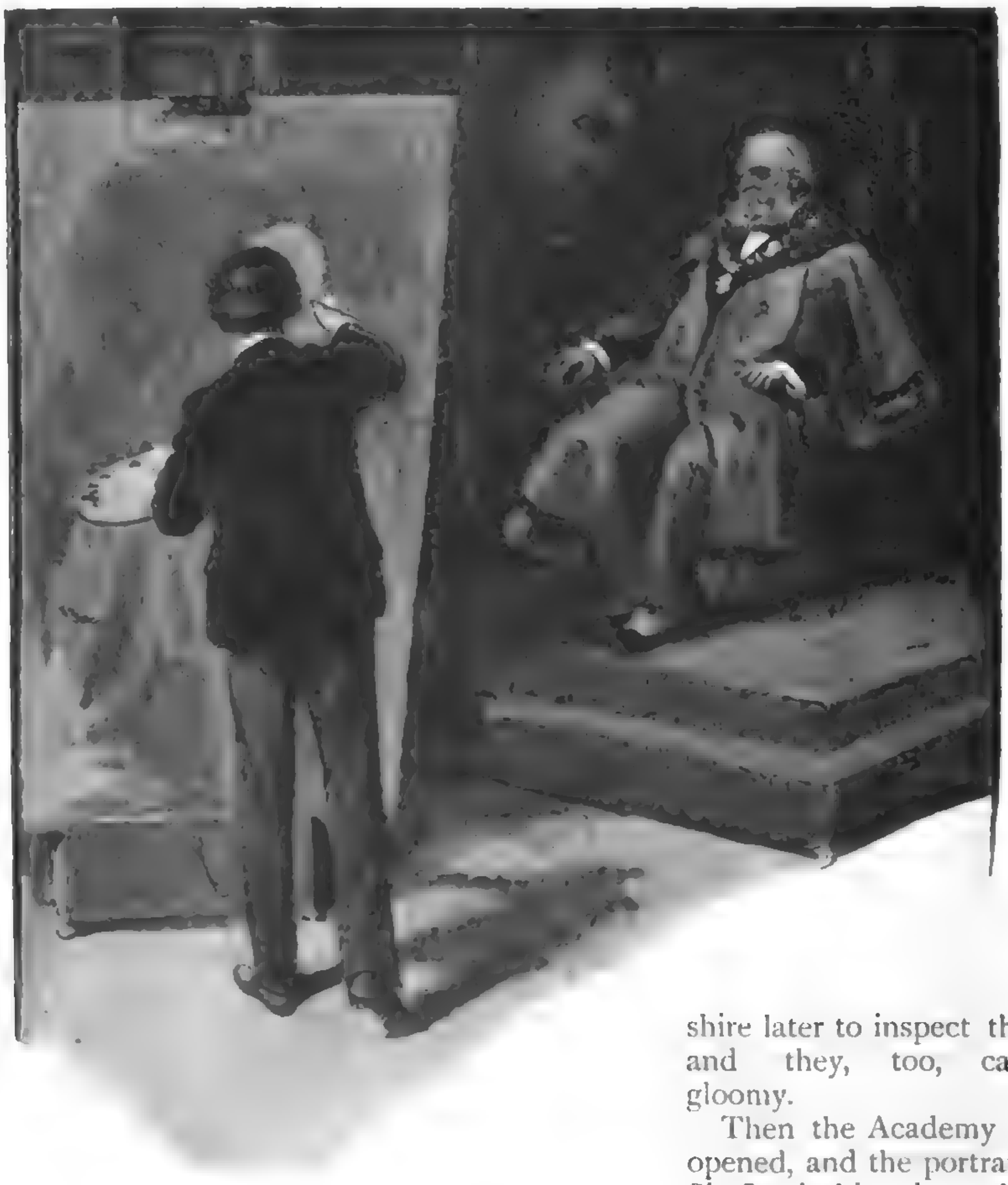
It marked the summit of Sir Jehosophat's career. Sir Jehosophat's career was, perhaps, the most successful and brilliant in the entire social history of the Five Towns. This famous man was the principal partner in Dain Brothers. His brother was dead, but two of Sir Jee's sons were in the firm. Dain Brothers were the largest manufacturers of cheap earthenware in the district, catering chiefly for the American and Colonial buyer. They had an extremely bad reputation for cutting prices. They were hated by every other firm in the Five Towns, and, to hear rival manufacturers talk, one would gather the impression that Sir Jee had acquired a tremendous fortune by systematically selling goods under cost. They were also hated by between eighteen and nineteen hundred employés. But such hatred, however virulent, had not marred the progress of Sir Jee's career.

He had meant to make a name and he had made it. The Five Towns might laugh at his vulgar snobbishness. The Five Towns might sneer at his calculated philanthropy. But he was, nevertheless, the best-known man in the Five Towns, and it was precisely his snobbishness and his philanthropy which had carried him to the top. Moreover, he had been the first public man in the Five Towns to gain a knighthood. The Five Towns could not deny that it was very proud indeed of this knighthood. The means by which he had won this distinction were neither here nor there—he had won it. And was he not the father of his native borough? Had he not been three times mayor of his native borough? Was not the whole northern half of the county dotted and spangled by his benefactions, his institutions, his endowments?

And it could not be denied that he sometimes tickled the Five Towns as the Five Towns likes being tickled. There was, for example, the notorious Sneyd incident. Sneyd Hall, belonging to the Earl of Chell, lies a few miles south of the Five Towns, and from it the pretty Countess of Chell exercises that condescending meddlesomeness which so frequently exasperates the Five Towns. Sir Jee had got his title by the aid of the Countess—"Interfering Iris," as she is locally dubbed. Shortly afterwards he had contrived to quarrel with the Countess; and the quarrel was conducted by Sir Jee as a quarrel between equals, which delighted the district. Sir Jee's final word in it had been to buy a sizable tract of land near Sneyd village, just off the Sneyd estate, and to erect thereon a mansion quite as imposing as Sneyd Hall, and far more up-to-date, and to call the mansion Sneyd Castle. A mighty stroke! Iris was furious; the Earl speechless with fury. But they could do nothing. Naturally the Five Towns was tickled.

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It was apropos of the house-warming of Sneyd Castle, also of the completion of his third mayoralty, and of the inauguration of the Dain Technical Institute, that the movement had been started (primarily by a few toadies) for tendering to Sir Jee a popular gift worthy to express the profound esteem in which he was officially held in the Five Towns. It having been generally felt that the gift should take the form of a portrait, a local dilettante had suggested Cressage, and when the Five Towns had inquired into Cressage and discovered that that genius from the United States was celebrated throughout



"SIR JEE WAS RAPIDLY PAINTED."

the civilized world, and regarded as the equal of Velazquez (whoever Velazquez might be), and that he had painted half the aristocracy, and that his income was regal, the suggestion was accepted and Cressage was approached.

Cressage haughtily consented to paint Sir Jee's portrait on his usual conditions; namely, that the sitter should go to the little village in Bedfordshire where Cressage had his principal studio, and that the painting should be exhibited at the Royal Academy before being shown anywhere else. (Cressage was an R.A., but no one thought of putting R.A. after his name He was so big that, instead of the Royal Academy conferring distinction on him, he conferred distinction on the Royal Academy.)

Sir Jee went to Bedfordshire and was rapidly painted, and he came back gloomy The presentation committee went to Bedfordshire later to inspect the portrait, and they, too, came back gloomy.

Then the Academy Exhibition opened, and the portrait, showing Sir Jee in his robe and chain and in a chair, was instantly hailed as possibly the most glorious masterpiece of modern times. All the critics were of one accord. The committee and Sir Jee were reassured, but only partially, and Sir Jee rather less so than the committee. For there was something in the enthusiastic criticisms which gravely disturbed them. An enlight-

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ened generation, thoroughly familiar with the dazzling yearly succession of Cressage's portraits, need not be told what this something was. One critic wrote that Cressage displayed even more than his "customary astounding insight into character . . . ." Another critic wrote that Cressage's observation was, as usual, "calmly and coldly hostile." Another referred to the "typical provincial mayor, immortalized for the diversion of future ages."

Inhabitants of the Five Towns went to London to see the work for which they had subscribed, and they saw a mean, little, old man, with thin lips and a straggling grey beard, and shifty eyes, and pushful snob written all over him; ridiculous in his gewgaws of office. When you looked at the picture close to, it was a meaningless mass of coloured smudges, but when you stood fifteen feet away from it the portrait was absolutely lifelike, amazing, miraculous. It was so wondrously lifelike that some of the inhabitants of the Five Towns burst out laughing. Many people felt sorry—not for Sir Jee—but for Lady Dain. Lady Dain was beloved and genuinely respected. She was a simple, homely, sincere woman, her one weakness being that she had never been able to see through Sir Jee.

Of course, at the presentation ceremony the portrait had been ecstatically referred to as a possession precious for ever, and the recipient and his wife pretended to be overflowing with pure joy in the ownership of it.

It had been hanging in the dining-room of Sneyd Castle about sixteen months, when Lady Dain told her husband that it would ultimately drive her into the lunatic asylum.

"Don't be silly, wife," said Sir Jee. "I wouldn't part with that portrait for ten times what it cost."

This was, to speak bluntly, a downright lie. Sir Jee secretly hated the portrait more than anyone hated it. He would have been almost ready to burn down Sneyd Castle in order to get rid of the thing. But it happened that on the previous evening, in conversation with the magistrates' clerk, his receptive brain had been visited by a less expensive scheme than burning down the castle.

Lady Dain sighed.

"Are you going to town early?" she inquired.

"Yes," he replied. "I'm on the rota to-day."

He was chairman of the borough Bench of magistrates. As he drove into town he revolved his scheme and thought it wild and dangerous, but still feasible.

II.

On the Bench that morning Sir Jee shocked Mr. Sherratt, the magistrates' clerk, and he utterly disgusted Mr. Bourne, superintendent of the borough police. (I do not intend to name the name of the borough—whether Bursley, Hanbridge, Knype, Longshaw, or Turnhill. The inhabitants of the Five Towns will know without being told; the rest of the world has no right to know.) There had recently occurred a somewhat thrilling series of burglaries in the district, and the burglars (a gang of them was presumed) had escaped the solicitous attentions of the police. But on the previous afternoon an underling of Mr. Bourne's had caught a man who was generally believed to be wholly or partly responsible for the burglaries. The Five Towns breathed with relief and congratulated Mr. Bourne; and Mr. Bourne was well pleased with himself. The *Staffordshire Signal* headed the item of news, "Smart Capture of a Supposed Burglar." The supposed burglar gave his name as William Smith, and otherwise behaved in an extremely suspicious manner.

Now, Sir Jee, sitting as chief magistrate in the police-court, actually dismissed the charge against the man! Overruling his sole colleague on the Bench that morning, Alderman Easton, he dismissed the charge against William Smith, holding that the evidence for the prosecution was insufficient to justify even a remand. No wonder that Mr. Bourne was discouraged, not to say angry. No wonder that that pillar of the law, Mr. Sherratt, was pained and shocked At the conclusion of the case Sir Jehosophat said that he would be glad to speak with William Smith afterwards in the magistrates' room, indicating that he sympathized with William Smith, and wished to exercise upon William Smith his renowned philanthropy.

And so, at about noon, when the Court majestically rose, Sir Jee retired to the magistrates' room, where the humble Alderman Easton was discreet enough not to follow him, and awaited William Smith. And William Smith came, guided thither by a policeman, to whom, in parting from him, he made a rude, surreptitious gesture.

Sir Jee, seated in the arm-chair which dominates the other chairs round the elm table in the magistrates' room, emitted a preliminary cough.

"Smith," he said, sternly, leaning his elbows

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on the table, "you were very fortunate this morning, you know."

And he gazed at Smith.

Smith stood near the door, cap in hand. He did not resemble a burglar, who surely ought to be big, muscular, and masterful. He resembled an under-sized clerk who has been out of work for a long time, but who has nevertheless found the means to eat and drink rather plenteously. He was clothed in a very shabby navy-blue suit, frayed at the wrists and ankles, and greasy in front. His linen collar was brown with dirt, his fingers were dirty, his hair was unkempt and long, and a young and lusty black beard was sprouting on his chin. His boots were not at all pleasant.

"Yes, governor," Smith replied, lightly, with a Manchester accent. "And what's *your* game?"

Sir Jee was taken aback. He, the chairman of the borough Bench, and the leading philanthropist in the county, to be so spoken to! But what could he do? He himself had legally established Smith's innocence. Smith was as free as air, and had a perfect right to adopt any tone he chose to any man he chose. And Sir Jee desired a service from William Smith.

"I was hoping I might be of use to you," said Sir Jehosophat, diplomatically.

"Well," said Smith, "that's all right, that is. But none of your philanthropic dodges, you know. I don't want to lead a new life, and I don't want to turn over a new leaf, and I don't want a helpin' hand, nor none o' those things. And, what's more, I don't want a situation. I've got all the situation as I need. But I never refuse money, nor beer neither. Never did, and I'm forty years old next month."

"I suppose burgling doesn't pay very well, does it?" Sir Jee boldly ventured.

William Smith laughed coarsely.

"It pays right enough," said he. "But I don't put my money on my back, governor; I put it into a bit of public-house property, when I get the chance."

"It may pay," said Sir Jee. "But it is wrong. It is very anti-social.'

"Is it, indeed?" Smith returned, dryly.



"'YES, GOVERNOR,' SMITH REPLIED. 'AND WHAT'S YOUR GAME?'"

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"Anti-social, is it? Well, I've heard it called plenty o' things in my time, but never that. Now, I should have called it quite sociable-like, sort of making free with strangers, and so on. However," he added, "I come across a cove once as told me crime was nothing but a disease and ought to be treated as such. I asked him for a dozen o' port, but he never sent it."

"Ever been caught before?" Sir Jee inquired.

"Not much!" Smith exclaimed. "And this'll be a lesson to me, I can tell you. Now, what are you getting at, governor? Because my time's money, my time is."

Sir Jee coughed once more.

"Sit down," said Sir Jee.

And William Smith sat down opposite to him at the table, and put his shiny elbows on the table precisely in the manner of Sir Jee's elbows.

"Well?" he cheerfully encouraged Sir Jee.

"How should you like to commit a burglary that was not a crime?" said Sir Jee, his shifty eyes wandering around the room. "A perfectly lawful burglary?"

"What *are* you getting at?" William Smith was genuinely astonished.

"At my residence, Sneyd Castle," Sir Jee proceeded, "there's a large portrait of myself in the dining-room that I want to have stolen. You understand?"

"Stolen?"

"Yes. I want to get rid of it. And I want—er—people to think that it has been stolen."

"Well, why don't you stop up one night and steal it yourself, and then burn it?" William Smith suggested.

"That would be deceitful," said Sir Jee, gravely. "I could not tell my friends that the portrait had been stolen if it had not been stolen. The burglary must beentirely genuine."

"What's the figure?" said Smith, curtly.

"Figure?"

"What are you going to give me for the job?"

"*Give* you for doing the job?" Sir Jee repeated, his secret and ineradicable meanness aroused. "*Give* you? Why, I'm giving you the opportunity to honestly steal a picture that's worth over a thousand pounds —I dare say it would be worth two thousand pounds in America—and you want to be paid into the bargain! Do you know, my man, that people come all the way from Manchester, and even London, to see that portrait?" He told Smith about the painting.

"Then why are you in such a stew to be rid of it?" queried the burglar.

"That's my affair," said Sir Jee. "I don't like it. Lady Dain doesn't like it. But it's a presentation portrait, and so I can't—you see, Mr. Smith?"

"And how am I going to dispose of it when I've got it?" Smith demanded. "You can't melt a portrait down as if it was silver. By what you say, governor, it's known all over the blessed world. Seems to me I might just as well try to sell the Nelson Column."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Sir Jee. "Nonsense. You'll sell it in America quite easily. It'll be a fortune to you. Keep it for a year first, and then send it to New York."

William Smith shook his head and drummed his fingers on the table; and then quite suddenly he brightened and said:—

"All right, governor. I'll take it on, just to oblige you."

"When can you do it?" asked Sir Jee, hardly concealing his joy. "To-night?"

"No," said Smith, mysteriously. "I'm engaged to-night."

"Well, to-morrow night?"

"Nor to-morrow. I'm engaged to-morrow, too."

"You seem to be very much engaged, my man," Sir Jee observed.

"What do you expect?" Smith retorted. "Business is business. I could do it the night after to morrow."

"But that's Christmas Eve," Sir Jee protested.

"What if it is Christmas Eve?" said Smith, coldly. "Would you prefer Christmas Day? I'm engaged on Boxing Day, *and* the day after."

"Not in the Five Towns, I trust?" Sir Jee remarked.

"No," said Smith, shortly. "The Five Towns is about sucked dry."

The affair was arranged for Christmas Eve.

"Now," Sir Jee suggested, "shall I draw you a plan of the castle, so that you can——"

William Smith's face expressed terrific scorn. "Do you suppose," he said, "as I haven't had plans o' your castle ever since it was built? What do you take me for? I'm not a blooming excursionist, I'm not. I'm a business man—that's what I am."

Sir Jee was snubbed, and he agreed submissively to all William Smith's arrangements for the innocent burglary. He perceived that in William Smith he had stumbled on a professional of the highest class, and this good fortune pleased him.

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"There's only one thing that riles me," said Smith, in parting; "and that is that you'll go and say that after you'd done everything you could for me I went and burgled your castle. And you'll talk about the ingratitude of the lower classes. I know you, governor!"

III.

On the afternoon of the 24th of December Sir Jehosophat drove home to Sneyd Castle from the principal of the three Dain manufactories, and found Lady Dain superintending the work of packing up trunks. He and she were to quit the castle that afternoon in order to spend Christmas on the other side of the Five Towns, under the roof of their eldest son, John, who had a new house, a new wife, and a new baby (male). John was a domineering person, and, being rather proud of his house and all that was his, he had obstinately decided to have his own Christmas at his own hearth. Grandpapa and grandmamma, drawn by the irresistible attraction of that novelty, a grandson (though Mrs. John *had* declined to have the little thing named Jehosophat), had yielded to John's solicitations, and the family gathering, for the first time in history, was not to occur round Sir Jee's mahogany.



"'OH, JEE!' SHE EXCLAIMED. 'REALLY, YOU ARE TIRESOME.'"

Sir Jee, very characteristically, said nothing to Lady Dain immediately. He allowed her to proceed with the packing of the trunks, and then tea was served, and the time was approaching for the carriage to come round to take them to the station, when at last he suddenly remarked:—

"I sha'n't be able to go with you to John's this afternoon."

"Oh, Jee!" she exclaimed. "Really, you

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are tiresome. Why couldn't you tell me before?"

"I will come over to-morrow morning—perhaps in time for church," he proceeded, ignoring her demand for an explanation.

He always did ignore her demand for an explanation. Indeed, she only asked for explanations in a mechanical and perfunctory manner—she had long since ceased to expect them. Sir Jee had been born like that—devious, mysterious, incalculable. And Lady Dain accepted him as he was. She was somewhat surprised, therefore, when he went on:—

"I have some minutes of committee meetings that I really must go carefully through and send off to-night, and you know as well as I do that there'll be no chance of doing that at John's. I've telegraphed to John."

He was obviously nervous and self-conscious.

"There's no food in the house," sighed Lady Dain. "And the servants are all going away except Callear, and *he* can't cook your dinner to-night. I think I'd better stay myself and look after you."

"You'll do no such thing," said Sir Jee, decisively. "As for my dinner, anything will do for that. The servants have been promised their holiday, to start from this evening, and they must have it. I can manage."

Here spoke the philanthropist with his unshakable sense of justice.

So Lady Dain departed, anxious and worried, having previously arranged something cold for Sir Jee in the dining-room, and instructed Callear about boiling the water for Sir Jee's tea on Christmas morning. Callear was the under-coachman and a useful odd man. He it was who would drive Sir Jee to the station on Christmas morning, and then guard the castle and the stables thereof during the absence of the family and the other servants. Callear slept over the stables.

And after Sir Jee had consumed his cold repast in the dining-room the other servants went, and Sir Jee was alone in the castle, facing the portrait.

He had managed the affair fairly well, he thought. Indeed, he had a talent for chicane, and none knew it better than himself. It would have been dangerous if the servants had been left in the castle. They might have suffered from insomnia, and heard William Smith, and interfered with the operations of William Smith. On the other hand, Sir Jee had no intention whatever of leaving the castle uninhabited to the mercies of William Smith. He felt that he himself must be on the spot to see that everything went right and that nothing went wrong. Thus, the previously-arranged scheme for the servants' holiday fitted perfectly into his plans, and all that he had had to do was to refuse to leave the castle till the morrow. It was ideal.

Nevertheless, he was a little afraid of what he had done, and of what he was going to permit William Smith to do. It was certainly dangerous—certainly rather a wild scheme. However, the die was cast. And within twelve hours he would be relieved of the intolerable incubus of the portrait.

And when he thought of the humiliations which that portrait had caused him; when he remembered the remarks of his sons concerning it, especially John's remarks; when he recalled phrases about it in London newspapers, he squirmed, and told himself that no scheme for getting rid of it could be too wild and perilous. And, after all, the burglary dodge was the only dodge, absolutely the only conceivable practical method of disposing of the portrait—except burning down the castle. And surely it was preferable to a conflagration, to arson! Moreover, in case of fire at the castle some blundering fool would be sure to cry: "The portrait! The portrait must be saved!" And the portrait would be saved.

He gazed at the repulsive, hateful thing. In the centre of the lower part of the massive gold frame was the legend: "Presented to Sir Jehosophat Dain, Knight, as a mark of public esteem and gratitude," etc. He wondered if William Smith would steal the frame. It was to be hoped that he would not steal the frame. In fact, William Smith would find it very difficult to steal that frame unless he had an accomplice or so.

"This is the last time I shall see *you!*" said Sir Jee to the portrait.

Then he unfastened the catch of one of the windows in the dining-room (as per contract with William Smith), turned out the electric light, and went to bed in the deserted castle.

He went to bed, but not to sleep. It was no part of Sir Jee's programme to sleep. He intended to listen, and he did listen.

And about two o'clock, precisely the hour which William Smith had indicated, he fancied he heard muffled and discreet noises. Then he was sure that he heard them. William Smith had kept his word. Then the noises ceased for a period, and then

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"HE SAW THE PICTURE BEING PASSED THROUGH THE DINING-ROOM WINDOW."

they recommenced. Sir Jee restrained his curiosity as long as he could, and when he could restrain it no more he rose and silently opened his bedroom window and put his head out into the nipping night air of Christmas. And by good fortune he saw the vast oblong of the picture, carefully enveloped in sheets, being passed by a couple of dark figures through the dining-room window to the garden outside. William Smith had a colleague, then, and he was taking the frame as well as the canvas. Sir Jee watched the men disappear down the avenue, and they did not reappear. Sir Jee returned to bed.

Yes, he felt himself equal to facing it out with his family and friends. He felt himself equal to pretending that he had no knowledge of the burglary.

Having slept a few hours, he got up early and, half-dressed, descended to the dining-room just to see what sort of a mess William Smith had made.

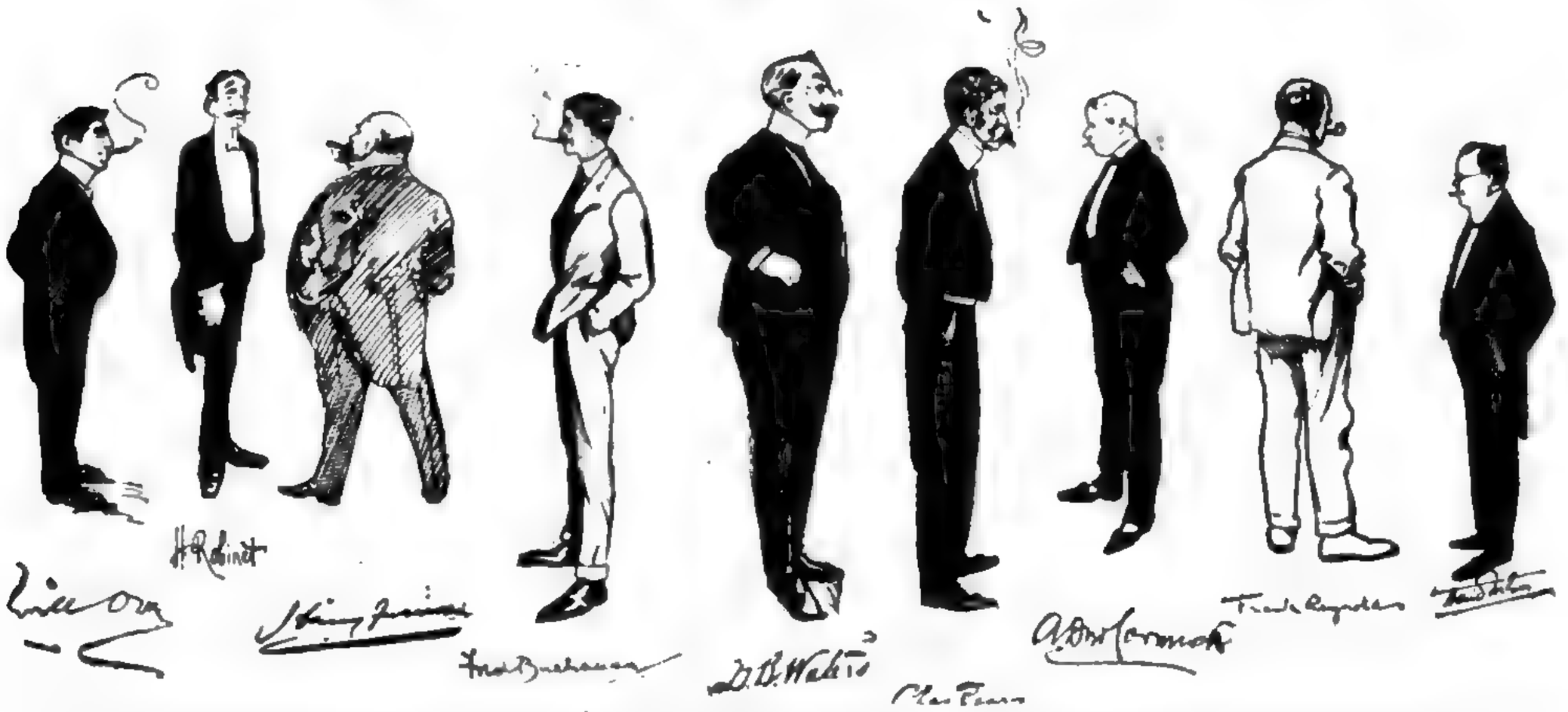
The canvas of the portrait lay flat on the hearthrug, with the following words written on it in chalk: "This is no use to me.' It was the massive gold frame that had gone.

Further, as was later discovered, all the silver had gone. Not a spoon was left in the castle!

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The Chronicles of the Strand Club.



In the above group, a number of Members of the Club have attempted, with more or less success, to delineate themselves. In order that there should be no mistake in identity, each artist has thoughtfully subjoined his autograph.

XVIII.

"IF," explained Garry, "a sense of duty induces the King to celebrate his birthday in May, why should not our sense of duty to the public lead us to celebrate Christmas on November 9th?"

Wornung said the reasoning was absurd. He himself was accustomed to consider Christmas exclusively in August and September, when all his most humorous or pathetic Christmas stories were written. He had no objection to eating his Christmas dinner on the ninth of November, or even the fifth of that month, but was it not dangerous in a subject to make Royalty a precedent?

In spite of this raillery, the Christmas dinner of the Strand Club on the King's birthday was a great success.

Hesketh was the first of the after-dinner speakers.

Hesketh: The worst Christmas experience I ever had was when I took a cottage at Clapham years ago. The roof began to leak disgracefully, and in my distress I sent for the landlord.

"Landlord," I said, "it is all your fault that the roof leaks like this."

"*My* fault! MY fault!" he roared, with sardonic humour. "It's a wonder you don't say Santa Claus did it gallopin' on the roof!" Then he banged the door and went out. It seems that he had seen the miserable little Christmas-tree bearing six-penn'orth of toys from the Lowther Arcade as he ascended the stairs.

We all agreed that this story should most appropriately go to Waters—and accordingly that humorist promptly illustrated the story of the satirical landlord and the impecunious paterfamilias.



WATERS'S IDEA OF THE SATIRICAL LANDLORD AND THE IMPECUNIOUS PATERFAMILIAS.

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HARRY FURNISS'S ILLUSTRATION TO LORRISON'S ANECDOTE OF THE ELDERLY SWELL AND THE LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER.

Lorrison: Apropos of landlords, here is a little anecdote you may not have heard before. An elderly buck who still imagined himself to be comparatively juvenile applied to the landlady of an apartment-house for rooms. To his surprise, the landlady refused abruptly to accept him as tenant.

"But why do you object to me?" he queried, in amazement. "I have no children, I do not play the piano, and I cultivate neither cats nor canaries."

"Well, sir, to be perfectly frank with you," replied the landlady, with some asperity, "I don't want to have no funeral in this house. It do give a place such a bad name."

At the request of the Chairman. Harry Furniss proceeded to bring into existence the sketch portrayed above.

Garry related a story about a bachelor friend of his who was on one occasion compelled by force of circumstances to celebrate his Christmas festivities in solitary state at a restaurant. An oily-looking waiter brought him the bill of fare, and having with much anxious deliberation selected his meal therefrom, he leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes, and waited in luxurious anticipation for the forthcoming feast. An hour or so later he was disturbed by the waiter approaching him with a large plate, in the centre of which reposed three small peas of dubious origin and undoubted antiquity.

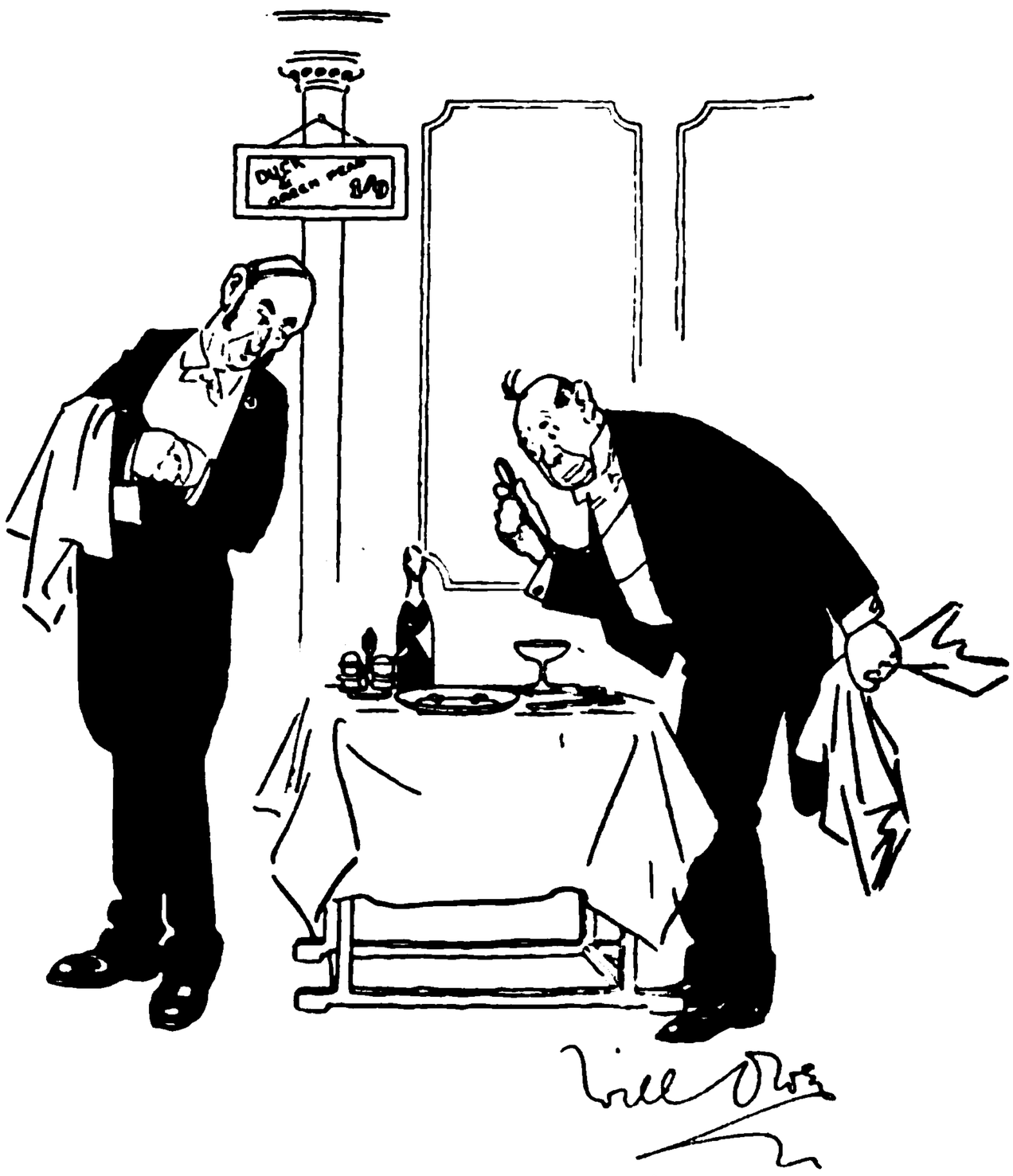
"Hi, waiter!" he cried, in astonishment, "what's the meaning of this? I ordered duck and green peas. Where's the duck?"

The waiter looked aggrieved. "The duck, sir?" he replied, with an unctuous bow. "W'y, it's just be'ind that there other pea, sir!"

Will Owen's illustration to the foregoing narrative was voted most realistic.

Then, quite irrelevantly, and with a nervousness which is not unbecoming in a new member of the Strand Club, Frank Richardson interposed. Said he:—

"I can tell you a story. It is a beautiful anecdote of heroism in modern life. The hero of the heroism didn't look at all like a hero as he stood one morning in the dentist's consulting-room. He was a singularly unattractive little man, but without whiskers.



WILL OWEN'S SKETCH TO ILLUSTRATE GARRY'S RESTAURANT STORY.

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McCORMICK'S ILLUSTRATION TO THE STORY RELATED BY FRANK RICHARDSON.

"'I want to make an appointment with you for some time this afternoon,' he said to the dentist.

"'Half-past three?' was the reply.

"'All right. It's to have a tooth drawn. It's a very bad tooth, with three fangs.'

"'In that case I should advise an anæsthetic.'

"'How much will it cost?'

"'Halfaguinea.'

"'Half a guinea be hanged! I want the tooth drawn out in the ordinary way. I'm not going to waste any half-guineas on anæsthetics.'

"'Quite so,' replied the dentist, surprised at the courage of the weedy little man, who continued:—

"'Don't you take any notice of screams, or groans, or moans.'

"Astounded at his pluck, the other congratulated him:—

"'My dear sir, you are a most extraordinarily courageous man.'

"'*Me* courageous! Don't you think it! It's not *my* tooth; it's my wife's!'

"There is one favour I should like to ask of the artist who illustrates this story," added Frank Richardson, "which is, that I don't want to be drawn as the hero of it."

It may here be mentioned that neither of the figures in McCormick's sketch bears the least resemblance to the author of the foregoing story.

Pears was the next to enliven the proceedings with a rapid sketch upon the drawing-board, which he proceeded to explain in the following manner:—

Pears: Bertie Brown saw Miss Sweetly standing under the mistletoe, so he approached her from behind cautiously, with the intention of stealing a kiss; but one of the children had left a toy lamb (one of those that squeak) upon the floor. Bertie trod upon it, and from its inner parts came the sound of "Baa-a-a-a-a!" and Bertie made use of an unprintable expression as Miss Sweetly turned round.



PEARS'S ILLUSTRATION TO THE MISTLETOE JOKE.

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Johns: At an East-end theatre there was a play so weak in plot and character that even an uncritical audience was ashamed of it. But the weakness of the play was nothing to the weakness of the acting. In the middle of the third act a baby in the gallery started bawling, and a gamin promptly called out, "Chuck 'im out!"

"Chuck 'im out!" cried a voice, in affected contempt. "Chuck 'im out! W'y, 'e's the bloomin' author!"

To Robinet fell the task of providing an appropriate illustration to Johns's amusing anecdote.



ROBINET'S ILLUSTRATION TO JOHNS'S THEATRICAL REMINISCENCE.

At this point the Chairman rose from his seat with an open letter in his hand.

"Before these proceedings terminate," he said, "it is my painful duty to read to you a letter I have just received from our erstwhile friend and comrade, Walter Emanuel. It runs:—

"Dear Sir,—I am sorry that I shall be unable to attend the next meeting of the Strand Club, but I have received an invitation to a funeral for the same date, and you will scarcely blame me for choosing the more cheerful function of the two. (Hisses.)

"By the by, apropos of sadness, I should be pleased if you would draw attention to a little beauty appliance which I have just invented. If I can find sufficient fools, I shall probably float a company to run the thing. So please mention it to the other members.

"'Remember,' says a ladies' journal, in an article entitled 'On Making the Best of Oneself,' 'that a cheerful smile will go a long way towards improving the appearance; no woman is really beautiful if her expression is discontented or morose.' This is very true, and my invention is for those who are by nature discontented or morose. A clip, to which is attached a piece of elastic, is fixed in each corner of the upper lip. The elastic is then passed over each ear and drawn tight—and a smile which can scarcely be told from the real thing is the result. The accompanying rough sketch will give you an idea of the contrivance.



EMANUEL'S DESIGN TO EXPLAIN HIS NEWLY-INVENTED BEAUTY APPLIANCE.

"With kindest regards to all the other members, not forgetting those in jail,

"Believe me,

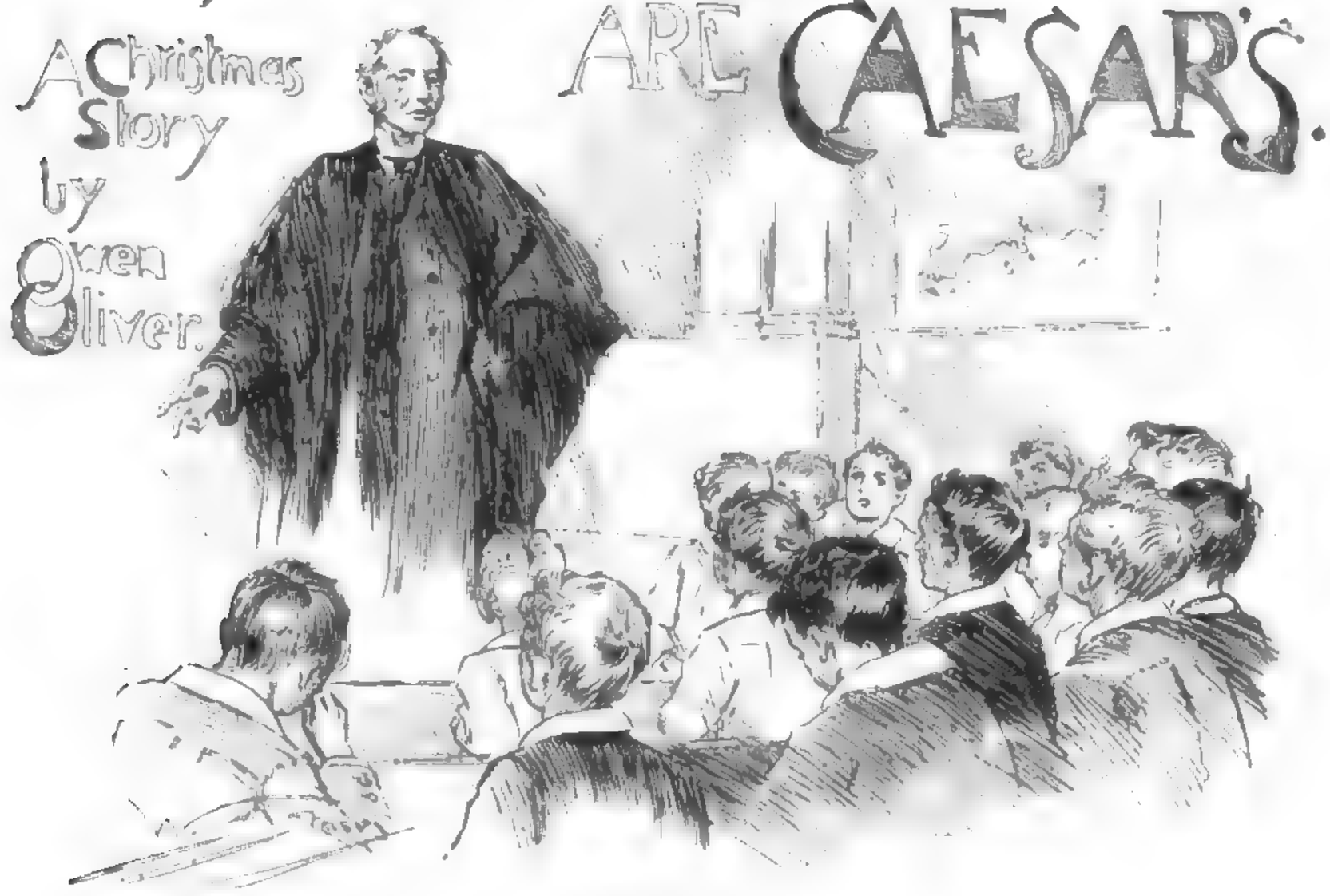
"Yours always respectfully,

"WALTER EMANUEL."

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THE THINGS WHICH ARE CAESAR'S.

A Christmas Story by Owen Oliver.



"OLD CÆSAR" was not the man to flinch at adversity. There was no tremor in his voice when he addressed the boys before they broke up for the Christmas holidays, and said good-bye to the school which he had governed for thirty years.

"You may get a better head master," he concluded, "or one you like better"—the furious shouts of denial drowned his voice for some minutes—"you will never get one more anxious to do well by the school." He paused again during the outbreak of cheers. "If you think that of me—Yes, yes; I believe that you do—remember one thing about 'Old Cæsar,' and pass it on to the new boys to keep in the school. 'We called the old head "Cæsar,"' you can tell them, 'because he was always preaching to us to give Cæsar what is Cæsar's. He meant that we were to be fair to one another, and to everyone; that we were never to deny the debts that we owe for kindness or help; that we were to do good and not merely do well.' Remember that all through your lives and you won't go far wrong. You mayn't climb so far up the ladder of life, but you won't pull anybody else down. Good-bye; and God bless you all!"

His voice did not break even then; and he was cheery—almost jovial—when he shook hands with the boys, one by one, as was his custom. Some of the elder lads were a trifle inarticulate in their farewells; a few of the juniors rubbed their eyes with their cuffs; Jenkin, the scapegrace of the school, snivelled undisguisedly: but Old Cæsar never faltered.

He still kept a brave countenance when they had all gone and he strode away to his sanctum to write the reports, and after he had closed the study door; and that day and the next, till the afternoon of Christmas Eve, when he received a present, bought with a hasty subscription that the boys had raised in the train. Their kindness hit him in a soft spot which adversity had missed.

He was writing the last report when the parcel came, and the sun was just setting over the long fields of snow which he saw from his window. The snow kept the day-

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light after its time; but it was almost dark before he ceased blinking at the new gold watch and the accompanying card :—

Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.
With much respect and great regret,
From the School.

"The young rascals!" he said, in a voice which tried vainly to be calm. "They know I've always set my face against presents to the masters. The young rascals! We understood one another!"

"We understood one another," he repeated, with a shaky note of triumph, when it had grown too dark to re-read the card; and sat a long time, staring at the quiet snow and pondering over the understanding between him and his boys. Sometimes he pushed back his scanty grey hair, and sometimes he sighed, and sometimes he smiled, for the understanding had been shown on occasions in curious ways. Once the upper classes had a "book tea," and the prize went to Ravenhill, who carried a battered old Latin volume without a cover—"*C. Julii Cæsaris. De Bello Gallico.*" It stood for "Our respected head master," of course! On another occasion the lower school secret society (which was no secret to *him*) had passed a resolution: "Old Cæsar is a beast, but no one is to say so, because he's fair." They understood one another. That was the sum total of it all. "The things which are Cæsar's!" Yes, he had fairly earned this tribute from his boys—his boys no longer.

His boys no longer. He paced slowly up and down the study, with his hands under his coat-tails, his long, lean fingers wrestling with one another, wondering who would buy this charge of three hundred young souls, and how he would deal with them. Would he keep a watchful but kindly eye upon Jenkin? Would he foster the queer, perverse talent of White? Would he allow for the constitutional nervousness of Smith? Would he guard against the outbreak of bullying in the lower school? Would he understand when *not* to interfere—the hardest lesson that a schoolmaster has to learn? In short, would he aim at turning out scholars or men?

Graham would have grown men in the school, if he could have handed it on to him as he intended. He had been with him for eighteen years, and had been his second for twelve. He would have had no uneasiness in giving over the reins to Graham. But he had not meant to resign them to anyone for some years yet. He was only sixty-two, and hale and hearty; and the school was doing better than ever. He had contemplated an addition to the west wing. He had eleven thousand pounds in sound stocks before those swindling bucket-shop circulars tempted him to put it in a salted gold-mine. Now he could barely pay his loss, even by selling the school. His lawyer had hinted at "composition" and "arrangement," but he would have none of it. The school was no longer his, but his creditors'; though his loss was more than their gain. To them it was only money; to him it was—the school! The school that he had made what it was; that he had enlarged six-fold; that year by year he had improved and altered; for which day by day he had thought and planned. Anyhow, he had made the school one to be proud of. He would look round it now to see the work of his hands, and know that it was good.

The lights were not lit in the empty rooms and corridors, but he knew every inch of the place in the dark; knew where each individual boy worked, and played, and slept. He could always locate a disturbance by the ear, and tell what boys were there, and how they would behave. "Hassall's dormitory," he would mutter, listening to the sound of a pillow-fight. "He won't let them go too far"; and he would walk away. "Ward's room and Legge's. There's bad blood between them," he would conclude, and burst upon them like an outraged Providence. He knew the inner life of the school better than anyone but Graham suspected; for to him the school was wife, and child, and friend.

This was the general room for the masters. The enlargement which he had made five years before began at this board that he felt in the dark with his foot. The small billiard-table was his last year's Christmas present to them. The queer-shaped, tall arm-chair had come from his own room. Graham said that it just fitted his back, so he gave it to him; and he left it "to keep a place" in the old room when he married and had a house of his own. The consequences of his folly were hard on Graham. He had never told him that he was to have the school, but he must have understood. Who but Graham had a right to succeed to it? And who was so fit to rule it as good-humoured, ruddy, burly old Graham? How slowly he spoke, and how his mind *leapt!* And how he understood boys! Boys and the making of men. Old Cæsar sighed and frowned at himself in the dark.

The rocking-chair was Dale's present to the room when he left. "Dandy Dale" they called him. He was still a dandy when he

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came down last summer, though twenty years had passed and he had grown prosperous and middle-aged and fat. Old Cæsar saw him still as a tall, slim young man, languidly stroking his well-groomed moustache. *He* had the knack of managing boys. The school would have been safe with him. Carroll, Lewis, and Handley were good men, too. He had been lucky with his masters. The dusk seemed peopled with them. He almost whispered "Good night" as he closed the door.

The new baths and gymnasium that he had spent a year's profits on were here, but the doors were locked; the carpenter's shed, built to his own design, was outlined against the snow; this was the class-room for the very little boys. He seemed to see chubby faces, and hear shrill, eager voices as he entered: "Oh, *please*, sir!" "*Do*, sir!" Little Edwards, who ailed so long, sat in the third row next to the stove; and after he moved up the place belonged to little orphaned Ryatt, who came youngest of any, and used to toddle beside Old Cæsar, holding his hand. Now Ryatt was Ambassador at Berlin. And fierce, red-haired little Batchelor, whose hot temper gave him so much anxiety, but who grew up such a fine lad; and Mason, the dearest little curly-headed chap; and Payne, who would have been his top boy if he had stayed; and so many others. The room was full of them —the children of a childless man.

He went through many other class-rooms, and stood for a few minutes in each, looking round in the darkness, with his thin chin on his thin hand. Sometimes he stood by the windows, gazing thoughtfully over the stretch of untrodden snow. The snow-fields were not bare to him, but crowded with boys—boys who grew under his eyes to men. It was out there that they learnt, through their sports and games, the lesson of self-government, as he planned that they should. He had always insisted that they should manage their affairs for themselves. If he or Graham intervened it was only with an unobtrusive hint—a few words that seemed unpremeditated, but which they had often discussed for hours! "We must make men of them, Graham," he would say—"men!" And



"HE SEEMED TO SEE CHUBBY FACES, AND HEAR SHRILL, EAGER VOICES AS HE ENTERED."

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Graham would draw away at his pipe and nod.

He came at last to the big hall, where his footsteps echoed hollowly. A single fire was alight to keep out the damp. He paused in front of it to warm himself. The flames blazed up intermittently and cast a monstrous shadow across the vacant benches, carved with a medley of initials. They were not vacant to him, but full of boys—boys at prayers, boys at work, boys at play, boys laughing with upturned faces, boys cheering, as they had cheered him the other day.

"We understood one another," he cried, almost fiercely, "my boys and I!"

The sound of his voice in the hollowness startled him. He shut his mouth sharply, frowned at himself for dropping even to himself his Spartan mask of restraint, and strode sharply away. He did not think where he was going. It was mere habit that took him to his own class-room — the room where he gave a few lessons to the most advanced boys; for, busy as he was with the management of the school, he could never quite forego the pleasure of teaching; and the boys who liked learning loved to have a lesson from "Old Cæsar," for he was a rare scholar, though humanity overrode scholarship in him.

He stood with his hand on the door-handle for a full minute before he entered that room. He must collect himself, he felt, before he faced the ghosts in here; the boys who knew and understood him best, and who had been almost friends to him; the boys who were old enough and clever enough to be critical of his doings. He seemed as if he were going to judgment before them. And who else could fairly judge him? He would stand or fall by the judgment of his boys. He drew himself up and stalked into his place, leaving the door ajar. He could almost hear the rustle of books and the boys' voices greeting him; almost see Stanley, his last head boy, jump up and place his chair. A well-natured, clever lad that, and likely to do well. He placed his hand on the back of the chair and faced the form. A row of keen faces was watching him from the empty benches. He could not see the benches in the dark, but he could see *them*—his best boys!



"HE STOOD WITH HIS HAND ON THE DOOR-HANDLE FOR A FULL MINUTE BEFORE HE ENTERED THAT ROOM."

Saunders caught his eye first — the earliest of his really brilliant boys. He was leaning back lazily, as usual; a short, sleepy-looking lad, with a girlish face and very light hair. He held his head a little on one side as he asked a question. There never was such a boy to put awkward questions. He would spend hours looking up a point to pose Old Cæsar, but Old Caesar found the way to pose *him*. He smiled now as he went over the scene again in the dark class-room.

"You have evidently looked up this point with the unkindly object of posing me, Saunders," he had said, dryly — and Old Cæsar could be very dry. "Perhaps you will put your knowledge to the more commendable use of instructing me. I do not know the answer. What is it?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," Saunders had said, promptly; and from that time the posers ceased. Saunders was a good boy, and now he was the leader of the Bar. He had to thank Old Cæsar for his prosperity, he always said, when he made his annual visit to him.

The next was Merrill, who was top of the school for nearly two years; a laughing,

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jesting boy, as good at work as at play; making play of work rather. *He* was a famous comedian now and owned his theatre, and didn't remember a word of his school lessons—only the out-of-school lessons, he had told Old Cæsar—"the lessons that made men of us, sir!"

"You'd have been a man, anyhow, Merrill," he told the empty benches. "You couldn't help it. I had only to drum learning into *you!*"

Then there was Richards, who had passed from knowledge, and Temple, who became a missionary and died of fever, and Nugent—frank, handsome Nugent, who went so suddenly to the bad. Old Cæsar had spent a summer holiday finding him and setting him on his feet again. Now he was a prosperous and respected citizen. He would help readily enough if he knew of this trouble, and so would the rest of them; but it was out of the question that he should ask help from his boys. They owed him nothing; he had only done his duty to them; but he wanted to be clear that he had given them good measure.

There was Mason also; never the top boy, but perhaps the cleverest, and now a painter of renown.

"I'm sorry I didn't get top, sir," he had said, when he left, "but lessons aren't in my line. I'm afraid I've disappointed you a bit; but—you haven't had a fellow here who's thought more of you, sir."

He had thought a lot of Mason, too—a *lot* of Mason.

Topliffe and Wainwright were good boys also. They were all good boys, all of them—unless—he had never been quite sure about Harwood.

Harwood had become a millionaire—the president of trusts and the chairman of "rings." If the world gave him credit it was for turning out Harwood; but Harwood wouldn't give any of the credit to him. He had no respect for the things that belonged to Cæsar—or anyone. If he wanted a thing he would have it; and Old Cæsar was not sure that he was always scrupulous about the means. He had never known him absolutely dishonest or untruthful; but he sailed near the wind sometimes. He had talked to him seriously upon several occasions, but Harwood had received the admonitions sullenly; and though he had improved, or seemed to improve, during his last term, Old Cæsar had feared that this was rather from policy than from conviction, and their parting had not been a happy one.

"I hope, Harwood," he had said, "that you will turn out a good man. I am sure you will be a successful one."

Harwood had looked at him in his obstinate, broad-shouldered way.

"Cæsar will have to look out for his own!" he had said. "For succeed I will!"

Old Cæsar had never seen him since, and did not want to. That a boy should leave him despising his favourite counsel was an outrage, and such a boy could come to no good. But it was not *his* fault. He had done his best for Harwood—for all of them. He leaned forward to the empty benches and held up his hand.

"Boys!" he said, solemnly, "I did my best with you. The results of my work have gone from me; but the work that I put into you remains, and the world is richer for it. I have made *men*. And I shall make them no more!"

"No more!" There comes a time to every man when these words are more than words to him. It came then to Old Cæsar.

He groped for his chair in the dark, and sat down on it with his face in his hands. The door that was ajar opened softly, but he did not hear.

"My dear old chief!" It was Saunders's voice grown older. "Why didn't you send and tell us?"

"*We'll* see you through!" That was Wainwright.

"We have a right to, sir." That was Topliffe.

"The prodigal sons, come home rich, and all that sort of thing, you know!" He would have known it was Merrill said that, if he hadn't recognised the voice.

"Why, hang it all, sir," cried Nugent, "all I have is yours!"

"My *dear* old chief," said Mason, huskily, "we owe it to the *world*—the men who've got to be—that you should go on here. Good old maker of men!" Mason had always understood him best.

They wrung his fingers and put substantial hands on his shoulders, these ghosts; tall, sturdy ghosts with moustaches and beards. Some of them had grown portly and some of them were a trifle bald; but they laughed like boys, and boys they were to him.

"My dear lads!" he said. "My dear lads! So you have heard? And you come—of course you come—to offer help to me. I can't take it; but you are kind, most kind! You've wives and families, and I can't rob them. 'The things which are Cæsar's!'"

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"Most of what we have is Cæsar's," said a decisive, broad man in the background; "and Cæsar has no right to refuse the tribute that is his."

The old man gave a sudden cry.

cleanly, and I don't mind who hears me own it. Graham wrote and told me; and I dug out the other fellows and brought them, because—well, they were better chaps at school than I was, and I thought you'd like



"THE DOOR THAT WAS AJAR OPENED SOFTLY, BUT HE DID NOT HEAR."

"Harwood!" he said. "My boy!"

"Harwood," said the broad man.

And in the dark their hands found each other.

"There's nothing on my hand that you need mind shaking it," said the blunt voice. "It's due to you that I've made my pile to have them round you. 'The things which are Cæsar's!'"

"You, too, Harwood!" cried Old Cæsar, eagerly. "You, too! Everybody who was ever at the school! I—I—confound it all!—I'm growing into a snivelling old man! My boys!—my boys!"

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Emotions and the Piano.

By Mark Hambourg.

TO write an article on piano-playing in such a way that would-be pianists may gather cut-and-dried hints from it would be almost as unnecessary as it would be impossible, since, in the first place, the A B C of piano-playing can be learnt by anyone anywhere, and, in the second place, because the temperament and emotional capabilities of players differ to such an extraordinary degree. All I shall attempt, therefore, in this article is to direct the thoughts of my readers into channels that many of them may have never visited before, in the hope that I may for them throw some new light upon music and induce them to look upon it from a different and from a wider point of view.

It is unnecessary for me to say other than as a matter of course that very real genius, or talent for his instrument, is absolutely indispensable to the pianist with high artistic aims, for the amount of competition in this particular walk of life is almost appalling, and in London alone there are literally thousands of really brilliant pianists struggling for existence. The very word "genius" implies the possession of high and peculiar natural gifts, and it is by exercising these in the best and fullest way that their possessor is usually enabled to show himself or herself superior to others. But in piano-playing talent alone will never raise the performer above that "dead level of mediocrity" which stamps the average amateur. Something more than talent is needed; there must be earnestness, devotion, whole-hearted enthusiasm. These absent, success is scarcely possible; with them, it is well within reach.

And it is in the very earliest stages of his career that the devotion and enthusiasm so essential to the highest success are developed or crushed, according to how the player is handled by those who have charge of him. Indeed, the value of the young pianist's early training cannot easily be over-estimated, for by it he may be made or marred. Devotion and enthusiasm, though essential factors of success, must be kept within reasonable bounds, especially in the early stages of training. More particularly must care be exercised in the case of a child, for it is in childhood that the risk of over-pressure and over-practice is greatest. The remedy lies, of course, with the parent, who should promptly detect, and as discreetly repress, the very earliest symptoms of over-work in his child. Were parents always on the alert for such indications we should, I think, hear less often of genius as synonymous with madness. It is only because the physical and mental structures are so often sacrificed to the development of the one great gift that this libel has attained a certain degree of currency.

I well remember how, as a child, I was always encouraged to take an active part in boyish games, but I am afraid every youthful enthusiast is not blessed with a father so prudent in this respect as my own. In fact, I am well assured that there is many a talented child at this moment undergoing a musical training which will be productive of more harm than good owing to parental indiscretion. Serious practice should on no account be commenced before the child is eight years old.

Readers must not, however, imagine that because I hold these views about the early training of the *very* young, I advocate a lazy life for *all* students of music. On the contrary, no one knows better than myself that it is only the strenuous worker who can hope to succeed in public. That is why I smile when I read, as I sometimes do, that "Mark Hambourg works only for one hour each day." As a matter of fact, I work pretty nearly all day, but, of course, I do not spend

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all my time at the piano. As a general rule, my actual practising occupies about three hours, but I pass many more in studying the great masterpieces of literature and in keeping in close touch with current events. The necessity for this will, I think, be apparent on reflection, for, once out of touch with what is going on about him, an artist cannot bring the same breadth of mind to bear upon his art.

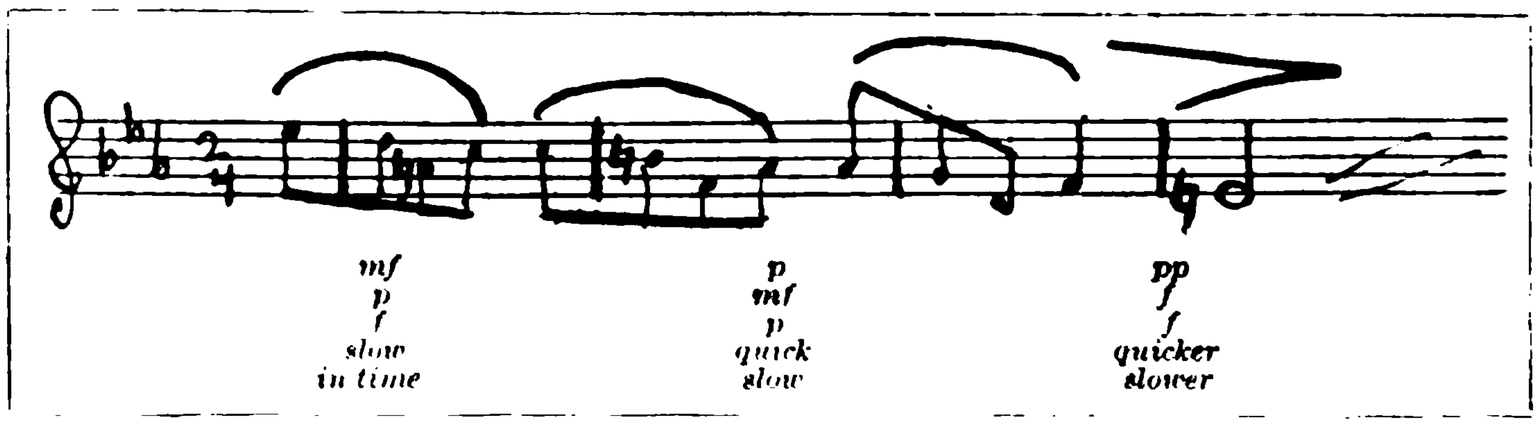
To all readers, therefore, I give this advice: Widen your intelligence in every possible way; add liberally to your experience of life; extend your knowledge of travel; make yourself thoroughly familiar with the thoughts and writings of the poets, philosophers, and historians of ancient and modern times. Here is food in plenty for the mind of anyone; the result will find expression through the widened intelligence that will be brought to bear upon his or her own special *métier*. Thus the musician will improve his playing, the artist his painting, and the *littérateur* his writings, and so on.

I advocate the "strenuous life" to all, the more heartily because I realize how peculiarly liable artistes are, as a body, to become lazy and narrow-minded. Not that this laziness necessarily comes out in the purely professional studies of the musician; it is more likely to show itself in the indifference with which he regards everything outside his art. Indeed, I cannot see how an artiste can be other than indifferent if he has but one great purpose in life; there is bound to be a certain measure of lassitude in every department except that of his music, which will itself suffer sooner or later in some degree.

Laziness in an artiste usually denotes lack of balance, and Art is not lazy, though it certainly inclines to luxury and, I think, thrives best on it. There is, I admit, much in the impetus of necessity, and many artistes, I grant, have achieved fame only after a tremendous struggle with adversity; but I cannot help thinking that the physical temperament of these men must have been impaired by the privations they endured, and the incentive of poverty is not, in my opinion, at all necessary for the evolution of the truly great artiste. Given talent, determination, and force of character, the artiste will usually force his way to the front from whatever station of life he comes, but he is more likely to do this if unhampered by worldly cares.

From this point of view, then, I advise every would-be pianist to pay great attention to his bodily comfort and to give every encouragement to anything that is likely to raise the tone of his physical structure, otherwise his mental and emotional conditions will necessarily be impaired; and inasmuch as taste, temperament, and emotion are the very keynotes of artistic success in the sphere of music, it will readily be seen how fatal must be the effect of any cause that tends to pinch or starve the emotions.

Engage, therefore, in everything that will stimulate your emotion, and let emotion direct your playing; in other words, play as you feel, never forgetting that the piano, more than any other instrument, must be played with feeling, since to the average hearer the instrument itself is absolutely soulless.



Similarly constructed phrases should never be played quite in the same way. Thus, if a man were to say, "I love you, dear," three times running, he would not say the words each time in the same tone of voice. There are any number of ways of playing the above set of phrases, all of which are equally correct. Five variations are shown by the expression marks above.

Another point—which, by the way, is often missed by musicians—is that music, being the expression of thoughts in sound, has its grammar, its punctuation, and its syntax, and therefore requires the same means of interpretation as language. The connection between music and language is, indeed, much closer than people usually imagine. For this reason I strongly recommend all musicians to study declamation. We all know that a great actor in undertaking a new rôle strains every nerve to make his interpretation of it perfect. He neglects nothing in the way of contrasts, climaxes, pauses, emphases, and so on—each and all of which play upon the emotions of his audience. Is not the pianist's an exactly parallel case? He, too, must make his contrasts, his climaxes, his pauses, and his emphases—in short, every movement must be rendered with the emotion it calls up.

This explains very largely the shade of difference which usually marks the interpretation of the same passage by different players, and also explains why an artiste never plays a piece twice running in exactly the same way. In the first place, all pianists are not equally emotional, consequently their

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interpretations vary in some degree; in the second, no player is ever swayed by his emotions to exactly the same extent every time he plays a particular piece, the result being that his performance of the work is but an expression, so to speak, of the mood of the moment.

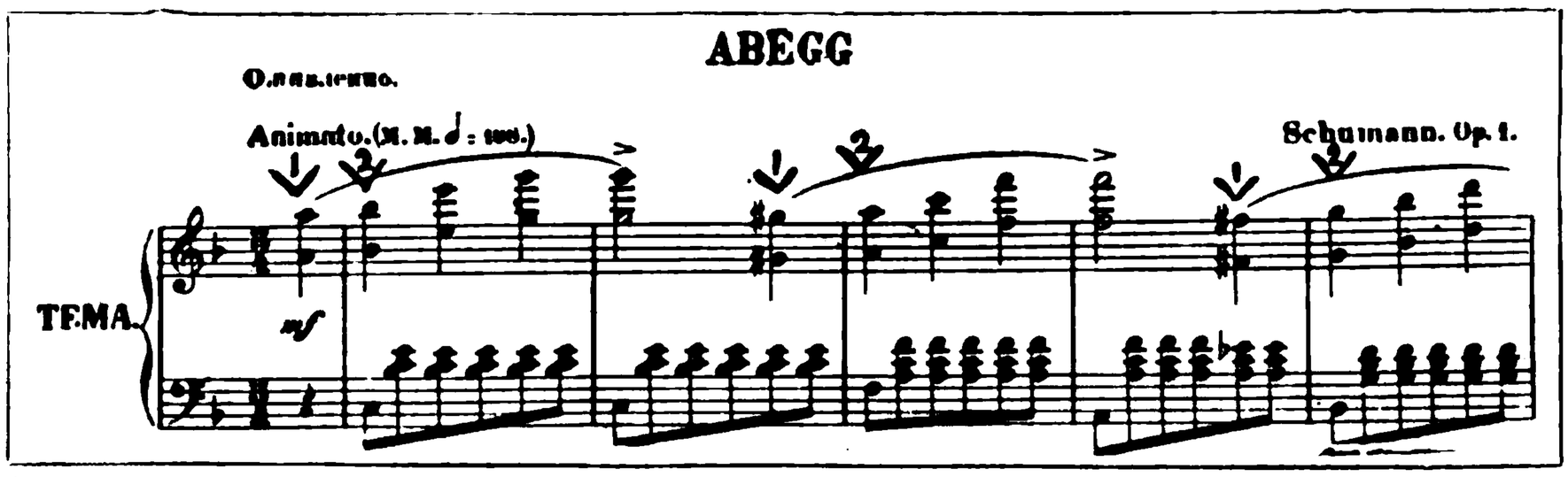
To revert once more to the case of the actor, the parallel will be found in the fact that he rarely, if ever, speaks his most telling lines with precisely the same intonation at every performance, and this for the reason I have given in the case of the pianist. In a similar way the man who makes a speech and has occasion to repeat some particular phrase more than once is certain never to give the words the same intonation each time. And the pianist, who, remember, is expressing his feelings just as much and as plainly as the speaker, will never repeat in the same way any phrase that occurs several times in a piece, unless it is a phrase with a meaning which demands an exact repetition each time, such as the three bass notes that are the chief characteristics of Rachmaninoff's Prelude, and which are intended to represent the regular wail of the peasants as they pull the barges along the Volga in Russia.

I may perhaps be forgiven if at this point I mention the story of the actress who had to kiss her lover ten times, since it is a good illustration of the importance of varying the method of rendering a recurring phrase. She kissed him each time in a different way — and brought the house down.

I am led naturally by these considerations to the question of traditions and how closely they should be followed. In the main they must be accepted by the student, for they are the outcome of years of study and experience from the greatest geniuses in every country, though some artistes have gone so far as to say that "Traditions are the tomb of Art." To declare open war against traditions and to fancy that you are original simply because you break away from them is both unnecessary and unwise. On the contrary, you should study them carefully, and allow yourself to be influenced, though not enslaved, by them; afterwards, when your mind is fully developed, by all means give them the impress of individuality.

It is during your student days, also, that you should listen to as much music as possible. Some of that music will probably be very poor stuff, in which case I advise you to forget it as quickly as possible. In all probability, however, most of the music which you will hear at this time will be neither good nor bad; still, you will derive a certain amount of profit from listening to it, with a view to detecting the weak points and making mental notes of anything in the rendering of the piece that strikes you as being capable of improvement. More especially will a mediocre performance be of use to you if you have already heard one or two really fine interpretations of the same piece. You will then easily see what effects have been missed, and will be able to judge the value of such effects.

Some orthodox musicians are dead against all this, and deny the artiste any liberty at all. They insist that music calls for no individual interpretation at the hands of its exponents. "Play the notes as they are written," they say, "and leave the composer alone." Now, that rule may apply very well to five-finger exercises; but the music which is performed by an artiste on the concert platform requires very different treatment, for it is a language of beautiful sounds in which he has to express his various emotions. Every great conductor puts his own interpretation on the music which he happens to be directing, just as every great actor reads into his part the meaning which best suits his own individuality. Why, then, should the pianist be blamed for giving the stamp of individuality to his interpretation of a musical work? Indeed, the stronger the individuality of the



Correct accentuation is the stumbling-block of mediocre musicians, who stick to the purely correct metrical accent and omit the rhythmical accent, while, if they make an emotional accent, they do so as a rule quite unconsciously. In the above passage, which is very typical of Schumann, the metrical accent comes on the first note of each bar (2), but the rhythmical accent comes on the last note of the bar (1), because that note marks the commencement of a phrase. In this case the metrical accent has to be sacrificed entirely to the rhythmical accent, since, if music is played without attention being paid to phrasing, it is just as senseless as a sentence without stops.

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player the more effective, as a rule, will be his rendering of the piece.

In music and in drama the work to be performed is in the first instance created by the composer and the playwright respectively, but the work of creation does not end there. The musician and the actor are also creators, investing the music or words with the light and shade without which the performance would be stale, flat, and altogether unprofitable.

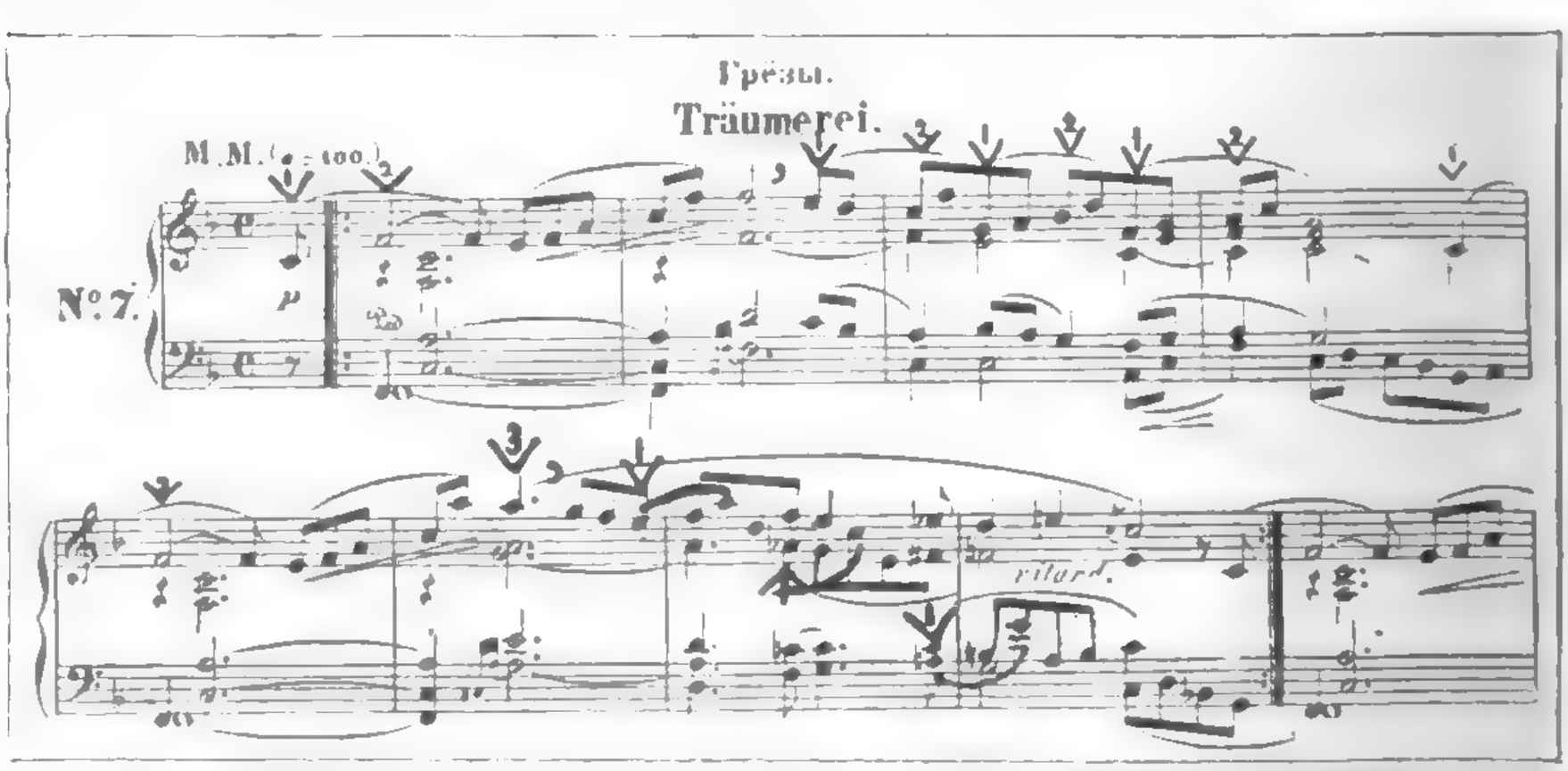
Can the musician guarantee to his audience that every time he plays a given passage he will be in the same mood? Certainly not; but neither can the conductor or the actor in their respective rôles. In the case of a musical artiste the difference between any two of his renderings will be equally slight—a note accentuated here, a subtlety of meaning emphasized there, and so on; still, it is in this that his originality can be displayed, and there *will* be a difference, although, whatever be the mood of the performer, he must, of course, adapt himself to the style of the composer and the composition.

By all means, then, cultivate your originality. You will find that it is the creative artiste who is appreciated in most quarters; that he is instinctively and spontaneously welcomed, for instance, not only by the masses, but by other artistes—in fact, by all whose minds are quick to recognise the beautiful wherever it exists. You will find, also, that where originality is viewed with suspicion and disapproval, the cause can almost always be traced either to ignorance or to disappointed ambition. None but the most mediocre of musicians will refuse to admit that one artiste may have a very different conception of a piece of music from that held by another player. Again, it is only the mediocre musician, or critic, who somehow fails to see that both performances may be correct, just as, for example, Hamlet may be played quite correctly, though on entirely different lines, by two or three great actors.

On the important subject of technique I could say a good deal, but I must on the present occasion make my remarks as brief as possible. The word "technique" is, I think, generally misunderstood. If a pianist plays quickly, but at the same time with a fair amount of distinctness, the public exclaims, "What marvellous technique!" As a matter of fact, that is not real technique at all. I should prefer to call it a dexterous exhibition of digital acrobatics. The real elements of technique, as I understand them, are power, execution, endurance, tone-production, touch, velocity, intensity, and phrasing.

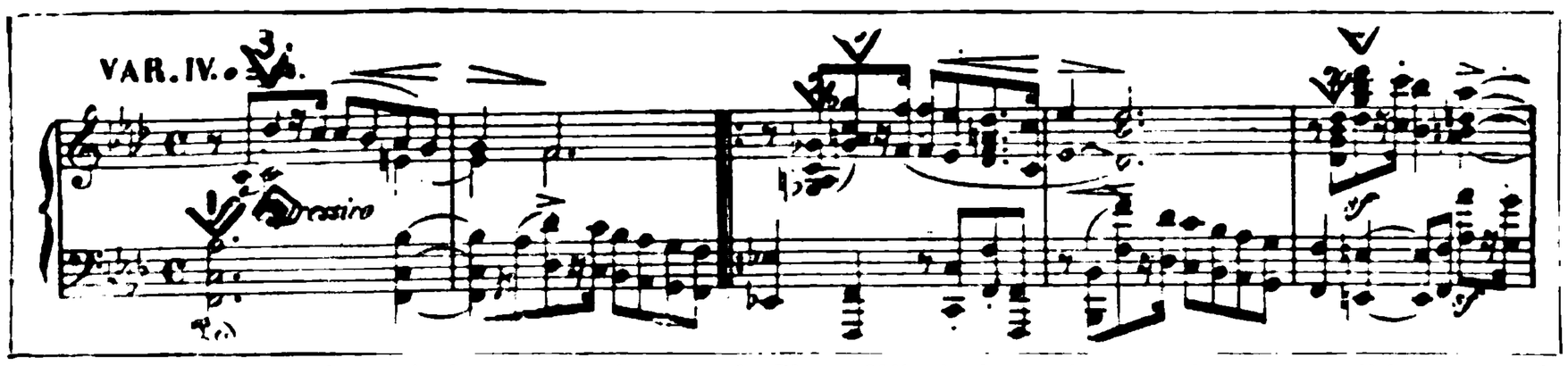
How, then, is this remarkable combination to be acquired by the student? In the first place he must, as I have already pointed out, at all costs keep physically in the pink of condition; in the second, he must cultivate alertness of mind. Thus equipped he will be able to derive the requisite benefit from the actual practising. I recommend that the two morning hours of practice be devoted to technique, but these hours should be separated by an interval, for benefit ceases as soon as the muscles show signs of fatigue. To practise scales for four solid hours in a state bordering upon physical and mental collapse, under the impression that because your muscles ache you must have strengthened them enormously, is sheer folly, yet I have known this to be done by more than one deluded individual.

There are many who contend that a pianist should never be powerful, and yet these very persons insist that a violinist and a 'cellist must



Here is another instance in which the metrical accent has to be sacrificed to the rhythmical accent. The latter comes at the commencement of the phrases (1), while the former would fall upon the last note but one of the phrase. There is also an emotional accent in this passage (3), to which, when it occurs, the rhythmical accent is partly sacrificed. This emotional accent occurs also at the finish of the first phrase, though not in so marked a degree. In both cases, however, there should be a slight break afterwards, similar to a pause for breath in a song. The phrasing at the end is slightly different, as will be seen from the marks of accentuation.

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In Schumann's fourth variation on a theme of Clara Wieck is to be found a very striking example of the almost entire sacrifice of both metrical and rhythmical accents to the emotional accent. The metrical accent would fall on the first bass chord (1), the rhythmical accent would come on C in the right hand (2), but the emotional accent comes on D (3), and this will be the most accentuated note in the phrase in each case, although care must be taken to show the rhythmical accent as well, but less prominently.

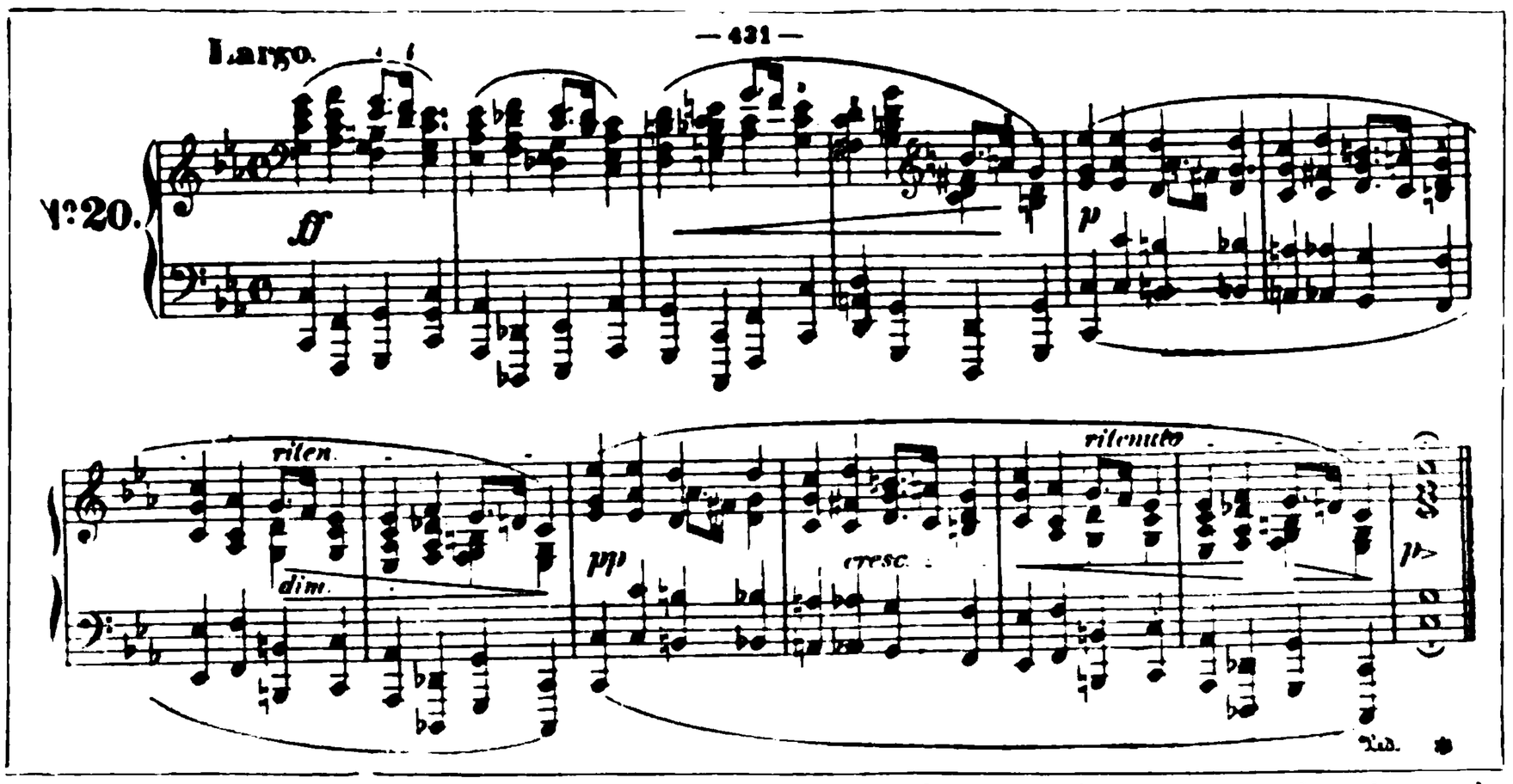
have a big tone, just as they expect to find a powerful voice in a singer, actor, or public speaker. They forget that the pianoforte is an instrument of contrasts—the very name conveys the idea—and is a sort of miniature orchestra, which calls for striking dynamic effects.

At the risk of making a slight digression I would here like to call the attention of my readers to a somewhat curious point. It is, I think, something more than a coincidence that emotional piano-playing has been much less developed in countries where the organ is used. If proof be needed we have but to contrast the style of the Russian pianist and that of the player from Western Europe. In Western Europe piano-playing has, as a rule, been developed under the influence of the organ, because the organ is a much older instrument than the piano, and when the latter was introduced pianists naturally turned to the organ—as being a similar instrument —as a pattern for the effects to be produced. But the organist cannot perforce express emotion through the pipes of the organ in the same way that the pianist can through the tips of his fingers and the wires of the piano, and consequently the art of touch, which plays so important a part where the piano is concerned, never had the same importance with the organ, and was not, therefore, cultivated. The pianist who took his example from the organ, then, learnt nothing about touch or emotional playing.

Nowin Russia, where organ music is comparatively unknown, pianists have developed quite a different style of playing, for they have acquired their effects by copying the orchestra, the singer, and the actor, so that declamation and variety of colour in their playing were naturally developed. Indeed, I may say that most of the great emotional and imaginative pianists have been either Russians or Poles, or have at least been trained in the Russian school. Such names as Paderewski, Rosenthal, Hoffmann, Essipoff, Leschetizky, and Rubinstein will at once occur to the reader. Emil Sauer, though neither a Russian nor a Pole, was a pupil of Rubinstein, and therefore came under Russian influence.

The study of expression is another very important question. The watchword here should be "breadth." Everything that is broad and noble in the world of art is of assistance. For tone-colour the art galleries may be visited; to understand the relation of words to music and for suggestions of rhythm, visit the Opera—in short, borrow widely from Art to aid your art. There must be no room in your mind for pettiness and sordidness if you would be a great pianist—or a great anything.

To give a few technical hints, I may say that in practising the student should never play a piece right through from beginning to end till it has been thoroughly learned.



Chopin's twentieth prelude is a piece which appeals to the writer's emotions very acutely. It can be played in many different ways, and hardly ever appeals to him on two consecutive occasions exactly in the same manner.

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Study the music as you would a piece of poetry which you purpose committing to memory—idea by idea, and so on. When one phrase has been perfected, treat the next in the same way; then play the two together, making any modifications that suggest themselves to you as improving the effect. Proceed in this way till you have mastered the whole piece and have assured yourself that your rendering is as finished as you can possibly make it.

Let the first days of serious practice be devoted to Bach. No other composer teaches



Here are three entirely different methods of rendering the recurring phrase in the twentieth prelude. In the first instance the music is played straightforwardly, in the second the right hand brings out the melody by accentuation of the top notes, and in the third case a different effect entirely is produced by accentuating the harmony. In playing the piece the two phrases should never be played in the same way.

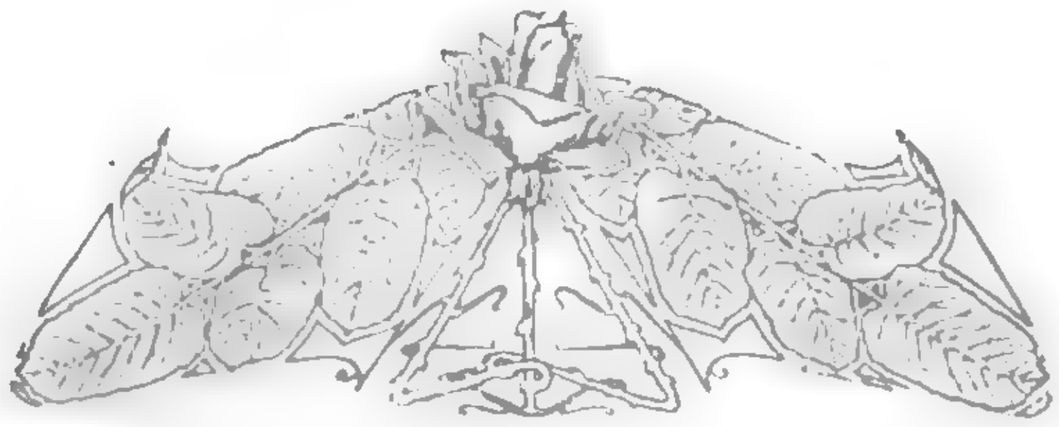
one so well the proper control of the hands and fingers. Moreover, one has to be ever on the alert to grasp and execute his meaning correctly; hence you will find in Bach an excellent cure for the moodiness that so frequently makes you feel disinclined for serious work. The attentive student will have no difficulty in grasping at once the meaning of the composer, for Bach's passages are invariably short and well defined.

After Bach I recommend a thorough study of Beethoven's sonatas, followed by a course of the romantic school as interpreted by Schubert, Schumann, and Chopin. Schumann especially will test your capacity for phrasing. In studying Beethoven you must, above all, bear in mind that he was a giant with a soul above conventionalities. To treat Beethoven's compositions as if they were mere technical studies is to violate the very principles of the composer and to bring into disrepute the interpretations of such masters as Liszt, Rubinstein, and Bülow.

I need hardly say that no piece should ever be played in public till after many months of practice. When it is remembered that the late Sir Henry Irving himself confessed that he studied Hamlet for ten years before he ventured to play it, no one will, I think, be prepared to deny that at least a year of preparation should precede the inclusion of an important piece in the programme of a big recital.

Of course, throughout all this period of preparation you must never forget that mere mechanical practice is almost valueless. Your whole heart and soul must work with your fingers; otherwise you had better leave the piano alone altogether.

As regards method of attack, professional pianists have been accused of affectation and posing because they raise their hands and arms high above the keyboard. I might perhaps point out that while in organ-playing this is obviously unnecessary, yet where the piano is concerned the raising of the hand and forearms to different heights above the keys plays the same rôle in piano-playing that lifting and changing the bow does in violin-playing. The motion is used for purposes of phrasing and to secure variety of tone-colour. All the great virtuosi—Rubinstein, Liszt, the best pupils of the Leschetizky school, as well as d'Albert, Rosenthal, Busoni, and Sauer—employ this method, and everything a virtuoso does is done for some purpose, since his aim is always to infuse into his interpretation intellect, soul, and life.



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Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages—New Series.

MR. MARK HAMBOURG.

MR. MARK HAMBOURG, whose article on "Emotions and the Piano" occupying the preceding pages will be read with the greatest interest by all lovers of music, is universally known as one of the greatest masters of his instrument now before the public — a master not only in the technique of playing but, as the article in question bears evidence, in that feeling for the emotional power of music without which the highest manual skill is of no value. He was born on May 30th, 1879, at Bogutchar, in the province of Voronezh, Southern Russia. His father, who studied under Nicholas Rubinstein at the Conservatoire at Moscow, is well known as a professor of advanced piano-playing, and was, therefore, able to give the boy from his earliest youth those artistic surroundings which, if not, perhaps, absolutely essential in the case of a natural genius, are nevertheless invaluable accessories to its due development. His musical inclinations were displayed at a very early age, and almost as soon as he could speak he used to sing nearly all the folk-songs of the district. At the age of three the boy began to show signs of unmistakable musical genius, but his father, wiser than most parents, did not allow this unusual aptitude to tempt him into beginning the child's musical education too early. When Mark



From a] AGE 18 MONTHS. *[Photograph.*



From a] AGE 6 (ON LEFT). *[Photograph.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 11. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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AGE 15.
From a Photo. by H. Stiles.



From a AGE 20. *[Photograph.*

was eight years old he received his first serious lesson in music, and within six months had made sufficient progress to take part in a public concert, where he secured quite an ovation. With a view to increasing the opportunities of preparing him for his future career, Professor Hambourg accepted a professorship at the Moscow Conservatoire. Moscow being one of the great musical centres afforded the young musician many facilities for improvement, and his advance was so rapid that his father soon decided to migrate to London. When the family settled in England Mark was only ten years old, but the few recitals he gave on his arrival so impressed the critics and the public that he was speedily engaged for a provincial tour, upon which he was accompanied by his father, who took special care that he should not neglect his studies. Acting upon the advice of Dr. Richter, Mr. Paderewski, and other friends, Professor Hambourg next sent his son to Vienna, where for three years he studied under the great master, Leschetizky, who from the first took the keenest interest in his pupil, eventually bringing him out at one of the Philharmonic Concerts, then taking place under Richter's conductorship.

Upon his return to London Mark Hambourg, after a few concerts, entered into an engagement for his first Australian tour, which proved a very successful one, while two years later, in 1897, he undertook a second tour in Australia. The two following years were spent in study, and, holding, as he still does, that a true artiste must also be a man of culture, he devoted much of his time to improving his knowledge of general subjects. Meanwhile he gave recitals occasionally at various European centres, and in 1899 undertook his first American tour. Since then Mr. Hambourg has toured almost continually, until he is entitled to rank as almost as great a traveller as he is a musician. He was the first single performer to test the musical appreciation of the South African public, no one-man show ever having been attempted there previously to his tour two years ago. Mr. Hambourg is at present engaged on an English provincial tour, while his recital at the Queen's Hall during last October, and the announcement of his forthcoming marriage, have been two of the most striking events of the present season.



From a AGE 24. *[Photograph.*

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MR. MARK HAMBOURG—PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Fischer-Schneevoigt, Berlin.

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THE NIHILIST.

By Perceval Gibbon.

AT four o'clock in the afternoon of that snowy winter night was already at hand, and in the palace forecourt the guard was mounting under the glaring arc-lamp. In the great salon the Grand Duke Maximilian stood in a window recess and watched the ceremony with a curve of the lips, for the formal side of life failed to impress him with his importance. He was a tall, bony man, all of six feet in height, with a hard, humorous face fledged sparsely with beard and moustache, and a drooping slouch to his heavy shoulders that made his uniform hang on him clumsily. His outward appearance betokened nothing so much as a reckless and even a somewhat slovenly bonhomie — a great, good-humoured clown, one would have said; but his suite made no such mistake. He was famous through Russia for his ruthless self-indulgence; he was known for a conscienceless satyr, an adroit panderer to each of his desires; and the guard was now mounting before his palace to prevent a recurrence of the attempts that had already been made to kill him.

He stood, his red hands, like the hands of some gnarled moujik, clasped behind his back, and waited for the officer of the guard to come and make his report. He saw the men bestowed upon their duties, the sentry of the first watch receive his orders and fall to striding his beat, black against the trodden snow, the others troop off to the guard-room, and then the smart, fur-clad captain came jauntily across the court and entered the palace. A minute later, and he stood saluting before the Grand Duke, drawling his brief and formal report that the customary dispositions had been made.

"Yes," answered the Grand Duke, carelessly, "but I wish you would not put your confounded sentries near the little door on the Moika. I—er—wanted to go out the other night, on a little affair of my own, and their challenges and salutes were as bad as a review."

The officer fidgeted. If the Grand Duke were to make changes in the arrangements, the responsibility would remain where it was, unaltered.

"Your Highness," he urged, "the shadow in that place is a particular invitation to the evilly disposed. I dare not leave such a gap in the defences. Anyone coming along the canal, say a man on a barge, could toss a bomb through the windows of the first floor or on to the platform of the little door. And your Highness will remember that the responsibility in this instance is mine."

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The Grand Duke smiled and looked up quickly.

"Yes," he said, "that was a good idea—to make the officer of the guard responsible personally was a stroke of genius. But I cannot be troubled in this manner. I do not care to make my goings-out a matter of barrack chatter, and you must leave the little door free. Why, man, it was for my special purposes that I had that door pierced in the wall."

The officer shuffled his feet nervously. He was a young man, and the work was trying. Moreover, the hard blue eyes and purposeful smile of the Grand Duke discomfited him; he suspected that he might protest and protest and yet have to take his orders. But he made another attempt.

"Really, sir, the times are very dangerous," he pleaded. "If only your Highness would indicate the route you are likely to follow on your excursions, we could at least police the streets with agents in plain clothes and hold cavalry in reserve near by. But if——"

He stopped; the Grand Duke was frankly laughing at him, with his great head cast back so that the captain saw the coarse hair that clothed his throat.

"Do you think that I go out at night specially to publish my destination?" he demanded. "Really, my young friend, you have an unconscious humour which refreshes me. But it wastes time," he went on, suddenly becoming quite serious. He bent his heavy brows on the young man imperiously. "You will move the sentries, please, as I have indicated, and you will do it at once. It will not be necessary for you to give any reason for doing so. See to it that my privacy is assured."

He nodded to dismiss the officer, who was staring at him aghast, and added, as he turned away: "To be menaced is one thing: to be inconvenienced is quite another."

The captain heard him rumbling this to himself as he left the room to obey his orders.

It was late that night when the Grand Duke at length proceeded to put the little door to its use. He opened it cautiously from within and reconnoitred with a head thrust round its edge. He was clad in commonplace mufti and furs that did not show as expensive; as he stepped forth and closed the door behind him he might easily have been taken for any worthy merchant calmly braving the night in a troublous time. The quay and the canal were alike void of life as far as the eye carried, and the only lights were those from the tall windows of the palace, gleaming faintly on the thin, rough ice of the canal. The Grand Duke hurried towards the lights of the Nevsky Prospekt, for his destination lay on the other side of that highway, and came without delay into the region of life and action.

He emerged from a side street at the point where the Kazan Cathedral stands back in the depths of an open space, and here there was the usual disorderly crowd listening to mob orators. He paused a moment to enjoy the situation, and marked with amusement how the fervour of the nearest demagogue was tempered with a wise apprehension, and how he glanced incessantly about him for the first show of troops driving a lane through the audience. The Grand Duke even heard his own name and cocked an ear to gather what was said. It was only the usual denunciation in the unvarying phrases—"parasite," "lustful oppressor," and the rest. It was not interesting, and a recitation of his misdeeds which followed was not even true. He yawned and was about to pass on, when a howl from the orator and his quick leap from his perch signalled that there were soldiers on the scene and the time for saying what one thought was at an end.

The infantrymen rushed the throng and drove it into the side streets, and with it went the Grand Duke. Scared men jostled him and he jostled heartily in return; one cursed him in a frenzy of fear, and the Grand Duke struck him across the face and pressed forward over his body. One man who stumbled caught at his arm.

"Hold me up, brother,' he prayed, "or they will trample me to death."

"Up you come, then," said the Grand Duke, and hoisted him to his feet, barring the road to those who pressed behind till he was established. He was a Russian to the core, this Maximilian.

He knew St. Petersburg as few know it, and fought his way clear of the crowd presently to turn into a dark alley that branched aside from the street. The mob raved past, crazy with terror of the bayonets and whips that had already ceased to follow it, and Maximilian leaned against a wall to draw his breath awhile. He was here in the shadow of a gateway, when he heard and then saw a man come round the corner and into the alley. A lamp lower down let his shape be seen, and the Grand Duke, from his vantage in the shadow, watched him silently. The man wheezed as with the strain of running, and yet he seemed to move with care, for silence rather than for

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speed, for he tiptoed his way with a grotesque caution. In fact, his gait was so unusual that the Grand Duke, for ever grateful for something to break the orderliness of the days, developed a strong curiosity, and was pleased when the man in his turn came to an anchor in a doorway nearly opposite with a long sigh of relief, and sat down on his haunches on the snow.

He could be seen, as I have said, but with no sharp distinctness. It was rather the mass of him that was visible than the contour, and no sooner was he seated than he busied himself with some inscrutable affair. He appeared to be labouring at his clothing, always with an extreme caution, and more than once he paused to look up and down the alley in case anyone should be coming velvet-footed over the snow. The Grand Duke in his shelter craned to watch him, and at last he was able to make out that the man had drawn some object from a hiding-place under his coat and had laid it on the ground beside him. He was bending over it, with both hands upon it, when the Grand Duke, as cautiously as he, ventured a step or two forward and got his first clear view of the thing. It was a small box, about the size and shape of a cigar-box, and it told him everything. He drew back noiselessly to his doorway, and the hard, pitiless smile came out on his face while he thought the matter over. Here, at last, was a bomb-thrower—one of those dreaded moles of the revolution who come to the surface only when they loose death and terror on the world. Such a bomb, no doubt, was the one which had killed the horses of his troika in the street a fortnight since. Possibly, even, this was the man who had thrown it. His smile broadened as he reflected, and he shrank back more closely to the veil of the gloom as the man repacked his contrivance under his coat and rose to his feet.



"THE GRAND DUKE STRUCK HIM ACROSS THE FACE."

He never even searched the corners near by with a glance. All his caution was for the ends of the alley, and he moved away at once. Maximilian gave him a start and then followed, interested at last, as a man is interested who, after long hunting, finds the spoor of worthy game at last. The appointment in the little *appartement* across the Nevsky Prospekt was forgotten utterly; he busied himself to keep his man in view and not to be seen by him. He had no training as a tracker of men, but he made no mistakes. The game touched the core of him; he came through the crowded places which they presently reached with no ostentation or haste, with never a false movement of hurry that could draw attention to him, yet the man he hunted was always within view. The trail passed over to the quarters behind the markets, where the narrow streets tangle in filth, and still through the darkness the Nihilist strode with his bomb under his coat, and the Grand Duke dogged him skilfully.

The streets were getting emptier, and at last the man looked over his shoulder and

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saw the tall figure behind, walking on after him in the pose of preoccupation. In that grim trade, to be followed—to guess, if but for a moment, that one is being followed—is to taste the bitterness of the fear of death, and the Nihilist doubled his pace and turned the next corner and the next, and the next after that. Then he looked round again, his lips tightening to the measure of his dread as he did so; there, no farther away and no nearer, was still the tall man, his head bowed. To the Nihilist his advance, his dumb, unswerving persistence, seemed fraught with all the force of fate; and once more he set off, to take the next corner and run at the top of his speed.

He chased through the silent streets desperately. He was an underfed factory hand, normally, a creature whose lungs were wasted on indoor air, and capable of one supreme effort of daring, and one only. That would be when he threw his bomb, to perish with his victim in one red ruin; and now cold fingers tightened on his heart. He dashed with a breath that came in sobs round one corner after another; and had he but known it, he shook the Grand Duke altogether off his trail. It was sheer luck that Maximilian, running too, with all his vast power of muscle to uphold him against this flimsy enemy, should take one turning before all others, and hear, near by, the shuffling feet of one who ran. The Grand Duke abated his pace at once; he could hardly restrain himself from laughing aloud; and so it was that the Nihilist, when next he paused to make sure that he was safe, saw again that tall man still following him in the horror of silence and assurance.



"THE MAN LOOKED OVER HIS SHOULDER AND SAW THE TALL FIGURE BEHIND."

He started to run again, blind terror capturing all his faculties for the moment, but the reason he had nurtured so sedulously on the literature of Russian Liberalism came suddenly to his rescue. He recognised its promptings, with a sense of surprise that reason should have any sway over him in such a crisis. It was as though he had exhausted the resources of fear and been stranded on this scanty acquirement. But such as it was, it served him; he turned where he was, and came slowly and deliberately back to his pursuer. The two paused and stood face to face, and for perhaps the space of a minute there was no word spoken.

Each scanned the other closely; the Grand Duke saw only the usual weakling, a wisp of a man, ill-clad, with the sharp, pale face and eyes of intelligence outdistancing culture. He smiled unconsciously, and at this the Nihilist made an involuntary movement of withdrawing, for of all the caricatures circulated by the secret leagues, none portrayed the Grand Duke Maximilian save as a lean man who smiled callously. The Nihilist knew that smile. He gasped and stammered.

"You—you are Maximilian!" he cried, in incoherent realization.

And the tall man, whose face was close to his, and who smiled yet, answered with a nod.

"What have you to do with me, then?" quavered the younger.

"You interest me," answered Maximilian. "I have several things to say to you. Is there any place close at hand where we can speak together?"

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"None." The Nihilist spoke with emphasis. He judged rightly that the Grand Duke had other reasons for desiring to know where he lived. "I have no home of my own, if that is what you mean."

"Ah!" The Grand Duke gave no further sign of disappointment but the smile. "But I mean to talk to you at my ease all the same. If the edge of the pavement is good enough for me, will it suit you?" Disdaining caution, he turned his back and seated himself on the high kerb.

"Come," he cried, looking up mockingly to where the other stood in bewilderment. "Come, comrade, take the seat at my elbow. I am not particular about my guests to-night, and you can therefore afford to be tolerant of your host."

The other obeyed; in the way of large geniality the Grand Duke Maximilian could exercise something akin to charm. They were perched together at the edge of the gutter, the Grand Duke with his legs stretched before him, grossly at his ease, strong, smiling, dominant; the Nihilist crouched timidly, his feet drawn under him, tense, fearful, and nursing under his coat the machinery of murder.

"Will you take a cigarette?" suggested the Grand Duke. "No? Well, I will smoke one while we talk." He lit it with an extravagant show of being at his ease, turning his back on his companion to shield the match-flame from the wind.



"COME, COMRADE, TAKE THE SEAT AT MY ELBOW."

"Now," he said, as the end glowed and lighted up his lean, whimsical face. "Now, one does not run away from one's friends. Why so particularize me, of all the people you have met to-night, as to run from me in that silly fashion?"

The Nihilist had his rare moments of good quality, and one came to him now. "You had distinguished me by chasing me," he answered, with some spirit; "it seemed to me I could do no less than give you a run for it."

Maximilian nodded seriously. "But you were afraid," he objected. "You were clucking like a scared hen."

The Nihilist suppressed a shudder. "You see," he answered, bravely, "I did not know I had to do with your Highness."

Maximilian turned a cold eye on him, steely blue and unwinking. The younger man, as he replied, had shifted away an inch or two, but the Grand Duke refrained from noticing the fact.

"You are relieved of your apprehensions now, then?" he demanded.

The Nihilist bowed, and under cover of the gesture moved an inch or two farther from his companion.

"Well, I am glad of it," said the Grand Duke. "You appear to entertain certain delusions regarding me. One is that you are at all safe in my company or out of it, if I should chance to dislike you. Tell me, are you one of those who make it their business to criticise their

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betters as a step towards bettering themselves?"

This question was too direct to be trifled with, and the tone in which it was spoken invited no persiflage. The Nihilist was not equal to it. He could only stammer.

Maximilian watched his perturbation, and saw, too, that he was still edging away.

"See here," he said. "Which of us two is the better? You, who flutter at a question about your politics and fear for your life, and cough like a sick girl when you run; or I, with all the faults you ascribe to me, who can meet you on your own ground, unafraid of any weapon you may be carrying, and make you listen to me? On the face of it, which shows up best?"

The Nihilist had his hand under his coat now, and his fingers were gripped on the bomb. He knew that in his hand he held an energy to destroy both of them, but he needed a minute or two to work himself up to the point of pulling it out and dashing it to the ground between them.

"On the face of it," he answered, "you make the better showing. But there is another aspect. Who dies best — I, a martyr to a great cause, or you, straying after the lust of the flesh?" He felt the warmth glow in his cheeks as he spoke, the flush that betokens nerves strung to pitch, and drew the bomb from the wide pocket where it lay.

"Ah, who dies best?" he cried, in a passion of sacrifice, while the splendour of words held him a moment from action. "The altar of freedom is charred with burnt offerings."

His passion betrayed him, for as he spread his hands in a gesture he dropped the bomb and next instant was reeling back, his throat in the iron grip of the Grand Duke.

Maximilian hurled him back against the wall, and turned to see what had become of the bomb. It had fallen on one of the little heaps of snow swept together by the street cleaners, and lay there innocuous. The Nihilist lay on the pavement, sobbing hysterically, and Maximilian stooped and raised the deadly thing in his hand.



"THE NIHILIST LAY ON THE PAVEMENT, SOBBING HYSTERICALLY."

"Dynamite?" he asked, and kicked the prostrate man. "Fulminate, eh? Your people are beginning to do the thing handsomely. Get up; do you hear me — get up!"

The Nihilist, struggling painfully with his sobs, rose unsteadily to his feet. Maximilian was still examining the bomb, and did not trouble to look at him. The young man's frail body was wrenched with his efforts to control those rending sobs which shook him from head to foot, but in his face the Grand Duke might have seen, for the pain of looking, the new strength of shame establish itself. He might have noted how a man who has sounded the depths of failure may rise again to his own graces by virtue of a renewed and impregnable determination, but he was busy with the engine of destruction.

"Who made it?" he asked, presently.

"I did," muttered the Nihilist.

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"And it fell on a soft place, eh?" pursued Maximilian. "Is that why it didn't go off?"

The Nihilist stood silent.

"If you don't answer me," said the Grand Duke, in a business-like voice, "I'll have you hanged inside of half an hour."

"There is a key," explained the young man, still almost in a whisper. "When the key is not in its place there can be no explosion. I forgot that there was no key."

Maximilian grinned. "Then you won't mind my dashing it down at your feet?" he suggested.

"Nothing would happen if you did," answered the other. "You can prove it by doing so."

His voice was weary and indifferent. It carried conviction to Maximilian—the conviction of indifference. He was trying to open it by now, but could not do so.

"How does the thing open?" he said.

"It doesn't, without a screw-driver," was the answer.

The Grand Duke slipped it into the pocket of his coat. "Now," he said, "have you any preference as to the disposition of yourself? Do you think we could get anything out of you about your associates — under the knout, say? You don't think so? Well, we can but try. So you'll just come along with me."

He took the Nihilist by the arm, and they set off together and walked the length of one street in silence. They passed one somnolent policeman, huddled from the cold in a gateway, but the Grand Duke did not hand his man over. They passed thence into a web of alleys, all dark and tenantless, and here the Grand Duke broke the silence.

"I am wondering," he said, "what expedient you can have in your mind, for I have a guess that you have yet some plan to fall back upon. I want to know what it can be, and that is why I did not hand you over to the policeman back there."

"Your Highness will soon know," answered the younger man, gravely.

The Grand Duke stopped. "I wonder if I can make you tell?" he said.

"Certainly," said the other, and faced him. "Listen," he said, lowering his voice. The Grand Duke Maximilian approached his ear to hear, and was forthwith clutched and thrust back against the wall. He lifted his great fist to strike, but the other had the first chance, and kicked him accurately — on the pocket of his overcoat. The bomb was in the pocket.

There was not enough found of either for identification, so they buried all they could find that looked as if it had been human once, and labelled it the remains of the Grand Duke Maximilian.



"THE BOMB WAS IN THE POCKET."

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Living Figures—III.

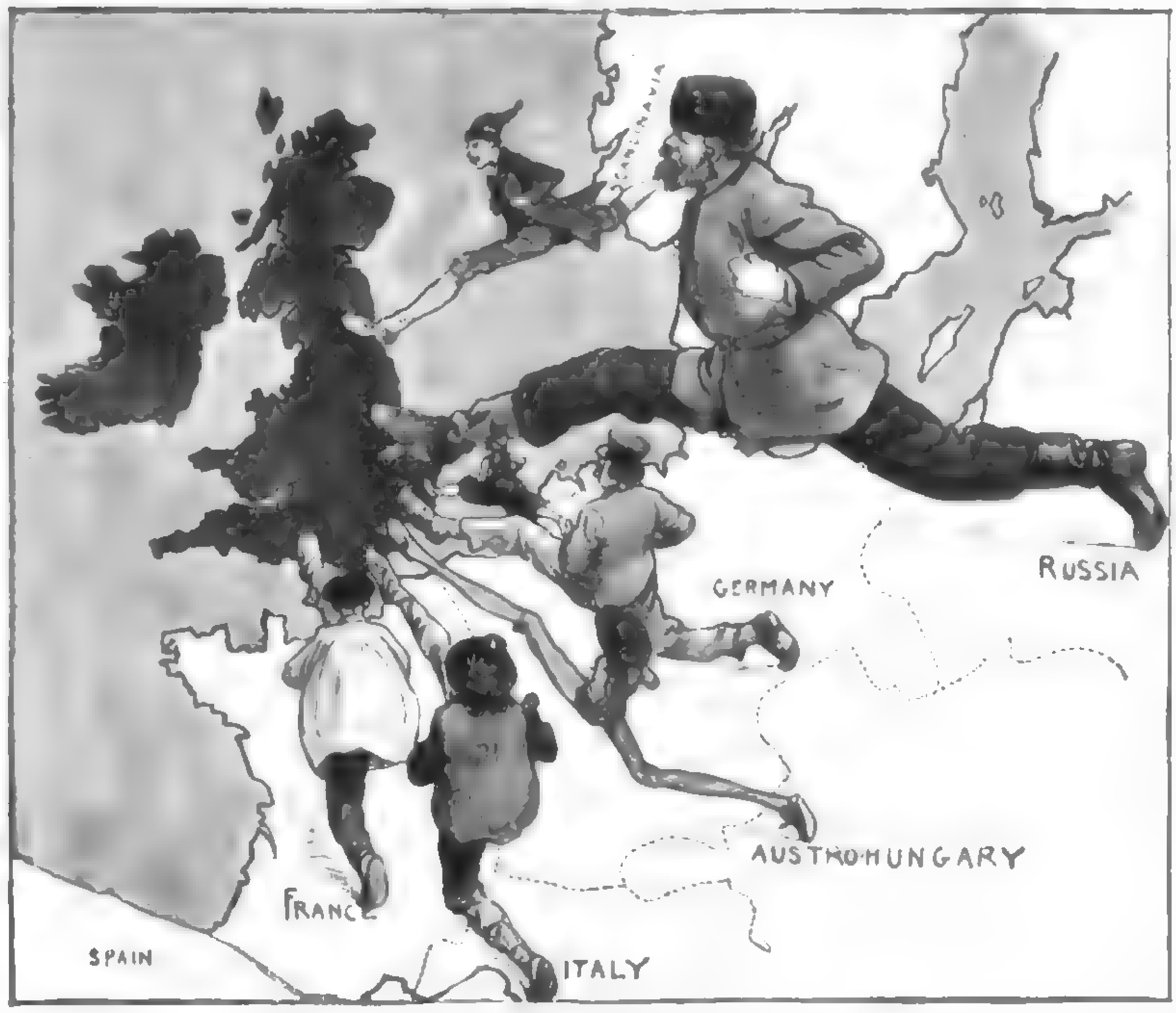
1. The Unwelcome Alien.
2. Foreigners in London.
3. The World's Ships.
4. Soldiers and People.
5. Unhealthy and Healthy Occupations.
6. Lost Property.
7. The Digestion Race.
8. Christmas Puddings—1806 and 1906.

THERE is an impression that the United Kingdom is overrun with foreigners, and to people who live in London, with its seething aliens in the famous East-end, there seems good ground for the impression. Nothing, whoever, is farther from the fact. When the fugacious Aliens Act of 1905 was under discussion it was pointed out that the United Kingdom has the smallest alien population of any country in the world. The percentage to the total population, according to the 1901 census, is ·69, or not more than one-fourth what it is in France, and about one-half that of Germany. In other words, as was said by Mr. Asquith,

there are not more than 300,000 foreigners among the 42,000,000 people living in the United Kingdom.

Our picture shows the various European countries from which these aliens come, the statistics being those of 1902. The Russians and Poles, who form the largest number, are principally Jews, and 79 per cent. of these arrived in London. In all 66,471 aliens arrived on English shores, and, making deductions for those who left the country for other parts within the year, 58,488 remained. Besides those represented in the picture, 1,282 arrivals came from Roumania and 4,714 from various other countries.

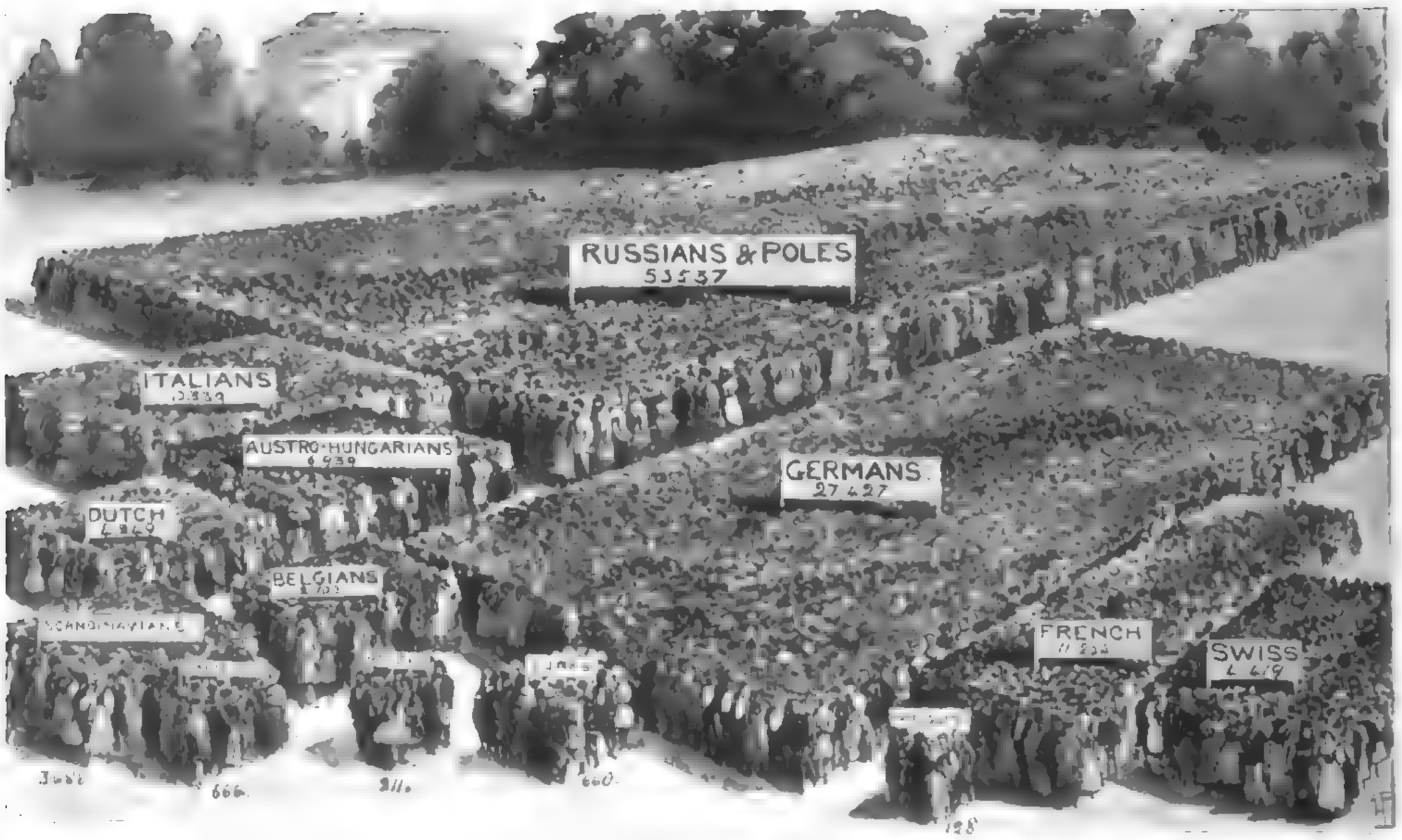
Were all the people of foreign birth who at the last census lived in London to be marshalled, according to nationality, on the open space in Hyde Park in front of the Albert Hall, they would look something like the monster crowds shown in the second illustration. What they would *really* look like is hard to say, since the field would not hold them all at one time, and for this reason the artist has been content merely to suggest their size. That is to say, while he has represented with perfect



THE UNWELCOME ALIEN.

This picture shows the rush of immigration to England. As was to be expected, the list is headed by the Russians and Poles, the number arriving in one year being 28,511. Next in order come 7,734 Italians; 6,965 Germans; 6,637 French; 5,028 Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes; 3,144 Austrians and Hungarians; and 2,456 Dutch. Aliens of other nationalities to the number of 5,996 make up a total for the year of 66,471.

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FOREIGNERS IN LONDON.

The number of people from various European countries living in London was, according to the last census, nearly 130,000, divided as follows: Russians and Poles, 53,537; Germans, 27,427; French, 11,264; Italians, 10,889; Austro-Hungarians, 6,939; Swiss, 4,419; Dutch, 4,249; Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes, 3,688; Belgians, 2,102; Spaniards, 666; Turks, 660; Greeks, 211; Portuguese, 128. In the above drawing each group represents only one-twentieth of the total number indicated by the figures.

accuracy the proportions between the various foreign colonies in London, so far as their sizes are concerned, he has been unable to represent the individual members of those colonies, of whom there are nearly 130,000 born in Europe alone. Hence, in each group, he has represented one-twentieth only of the actual numbers, or, to put it in another way, the number of people in each group, multiplied by twenty, would be, as exactly as possible, the number stated on the banner by which each group is distinguished.

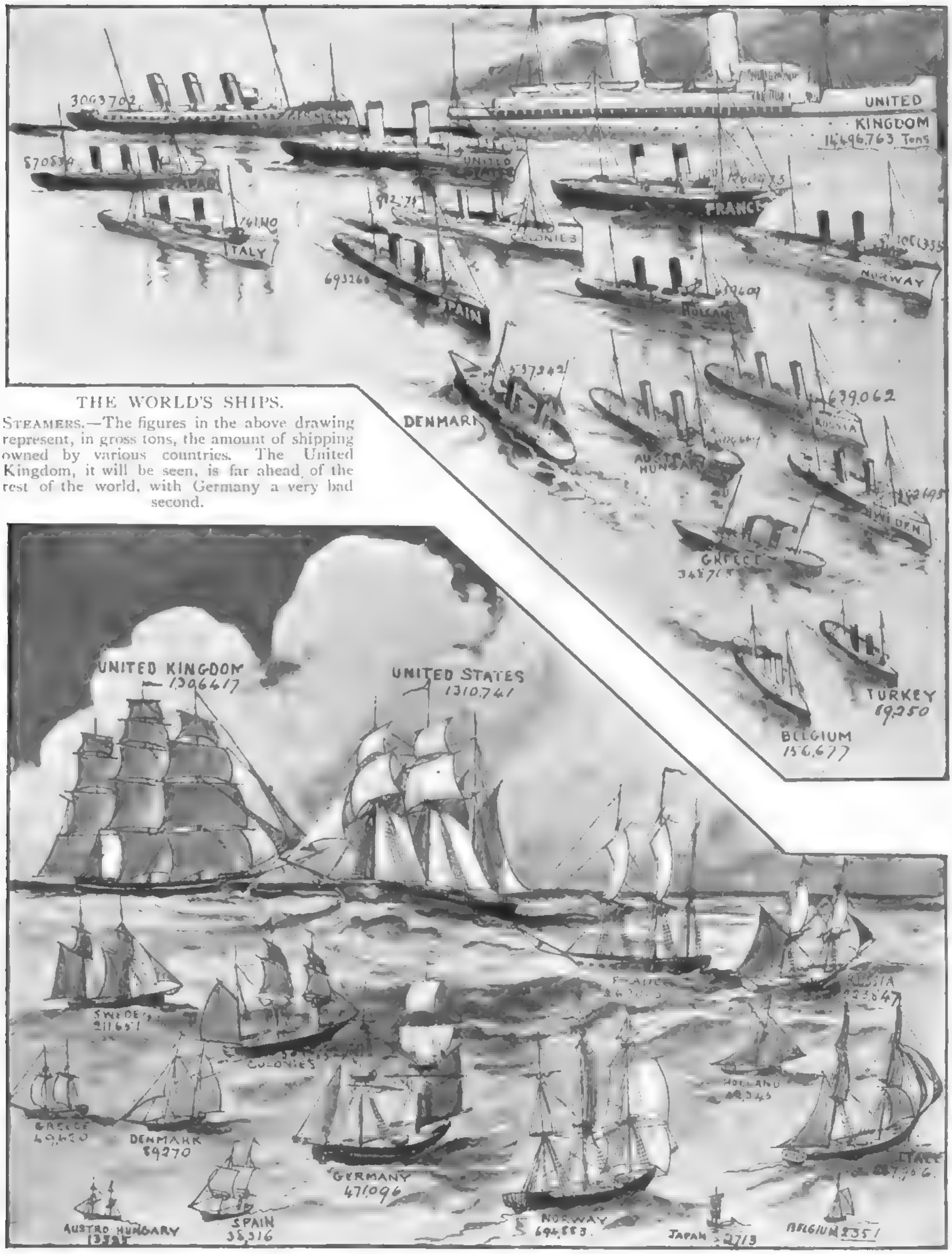
As might be expected, the Russian and Pole dominate this picture. The German population is about one-half and the French a little more than one-fifth the number from the Czar's dominions. No attempt in the picture is made to represent the residents of London who, in 1901, certified to their birth in Asia, Africa, or America. In regard to the number of Americans in London, it may be said that 40,000 has often been advanced as a conservative estimate, but the actual figures of 1901 state that there are only 5,561 Americans in London, of whom 3,100 are males and 2,461 females. If there are 40,000, then 34,000 odd refused to tell where they came from, or could not be found when the census man went round!

The nation that rules the world, so they say, is the nation with the most ships. If this be true, then Great Britain, so far as steam tonnage is concerned, easily commands the universe, with Germany a very bad second. In sailing vessels the United States possesses in net tonnage but a few more ships than the United Kingdom. Norway, as the figures under our illustration show, stands third, not only in the number of its sailing vessels, but in tonnage.

It is glorious to rule the seas, but inglorious to find that so many English ships are being sailed by so many foreigners. The alien seaman has already been dealt with so critically by alarmists, and even by sober-minded people, that it may be cruel to flay him again. The proportion of foreigners, not counting the lascars, to British on British ships has been steadily increasing since 1870, when the proportion was 10·12 per cent. In 1894 this percentage was 16·95, and in 1904 22·50. In 1904 the British subjects on British ships numbered 176,975. The foreigners numbered 39,832, and the lascars 42,682. These be figures to think over. They should hurt the national pride.

We hear a deal about the cost of armies and the manner in which their upkeep sucks the life-blood of the nations. Let us now look at this subject in another way. Let it be asked, not what the army costs, not what its strength would be in time of war, but how many people each soldier defends, in each of twelve great nations, in times of peace. For

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THE WORLD'S SHIPS.

STEAMERS.—The figures in the above drawing represent, in gross tons, the amount of shipping owned by various countries. The United Kingdom, it will be seen, is far ahead of the rest of the world, with Germany a very bad second.

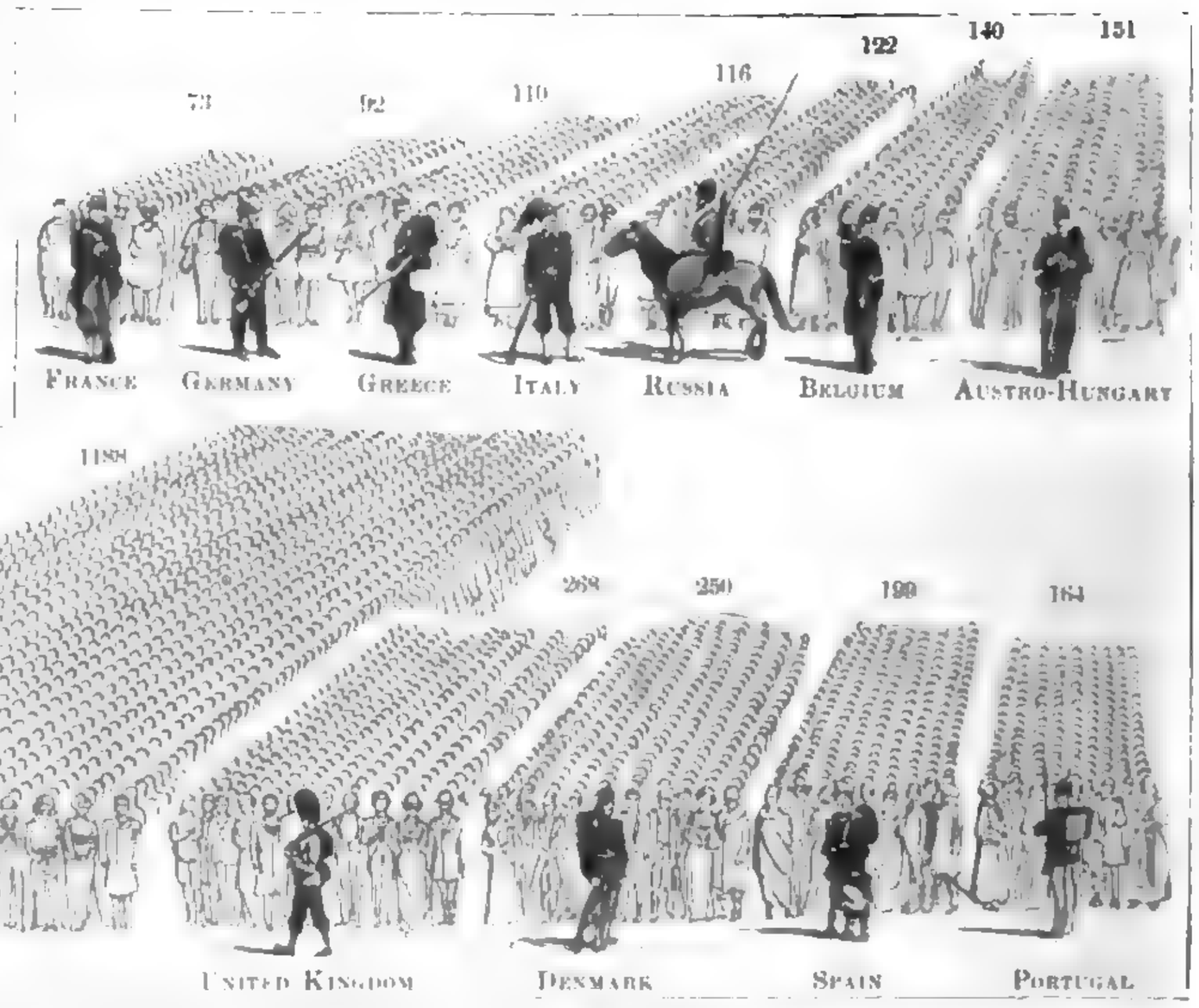
SAILING VESSELS.—This companion picture to the above shows, in like manner, the net sailing tonnage belonging to different countries. Here first place is taken by the United States, very closely followed by the United Kingdom. The figures in both these drawings are taken from Lloyd's Register and are the latest available.

example, how many Britons does the single individual whom we call Mr. Tommy Atkins (who, for the purpose of our illustration, represents both officers, non-commissioned officers, and men) actually guard from attack by his fierce neighbours. Looking at it in this way, the statistics are rather interesting. If we divide the total number of men in the British Army (excluding those on Colonial service) into the population of the United Kingdom, we find one soldier to every 268 people. In the United States there

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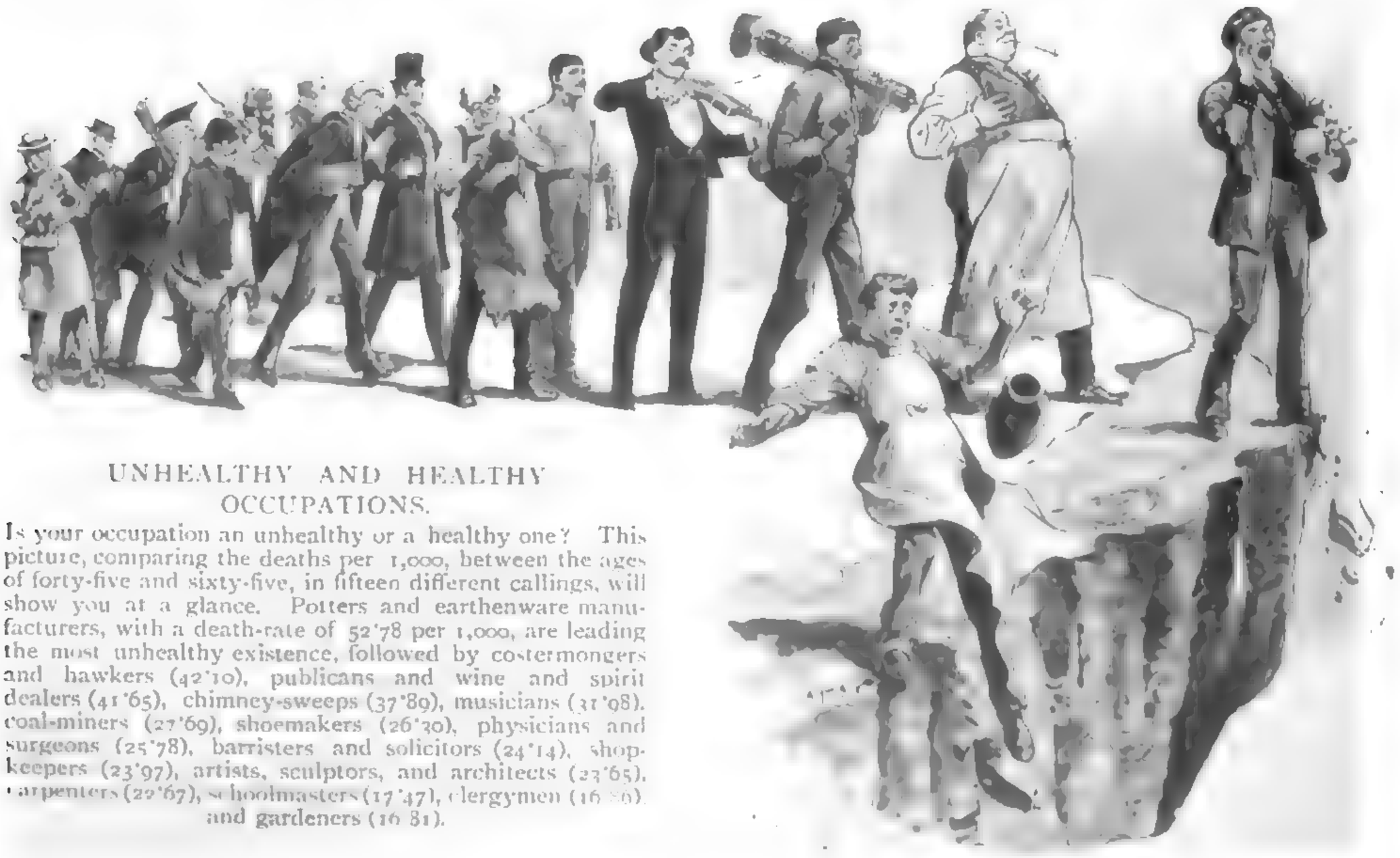
is one soldier to every 1,188 people, whereas in Germany and France—which, for reasons we may easily divine, are the two most army-ridden countries in Europe—the proportions are one soldier to ninety-two people and one soldier to seventy-three people respectively.

What is your chance of life? To answer this question you need not go to an insurance office. Some years ago there was published a report by the Registrar-General which tabulated the annual deaths per 1,000 between the ages of forty-five and sixty-five in one hundred different professions, trades, and callings. Of these fifteen have been selected for illustration. It is a grave subject, which the artist, with the perversity of his class, has treated with some humour. From his picture we find that the potter and earthenware manufacturer—he who is seen to be falling over the cliff—has the least chance of life, the annual deaths per 1,000 in this industry numbering 52·78. Following him in this sad procession come the coster, the publican, the chimney-sweep, the musician, and others, ending with the clergyman and gardener, who in their callings are known by statistics to have the best chance of a lengthy existence. There is a valuable lesson to be learned from this drawing. It may be briefly expressed in



HOW MANY PEOPLE DOES ONE SOLDIER PROTECT?

In the United States, one soldier protects, in times of peace, 1,188 people. In the United Kingdom, one soldier in the home army protects 268 people. In France and Germany, which support the largest armies, the proportions are one to 73 and one to 92 respectively. In other European countries, as the above picture also shows, the numbers of people protected by one soldier are as follows: Denmark, 250; Spain, 199; Portugal, 164; Austro-Hungary, 151; Belgium, 140; Russia, 122; Italy, 116; Greece, 110.



UNHEALTHY AND HEALTHY OCCUPATIONS.

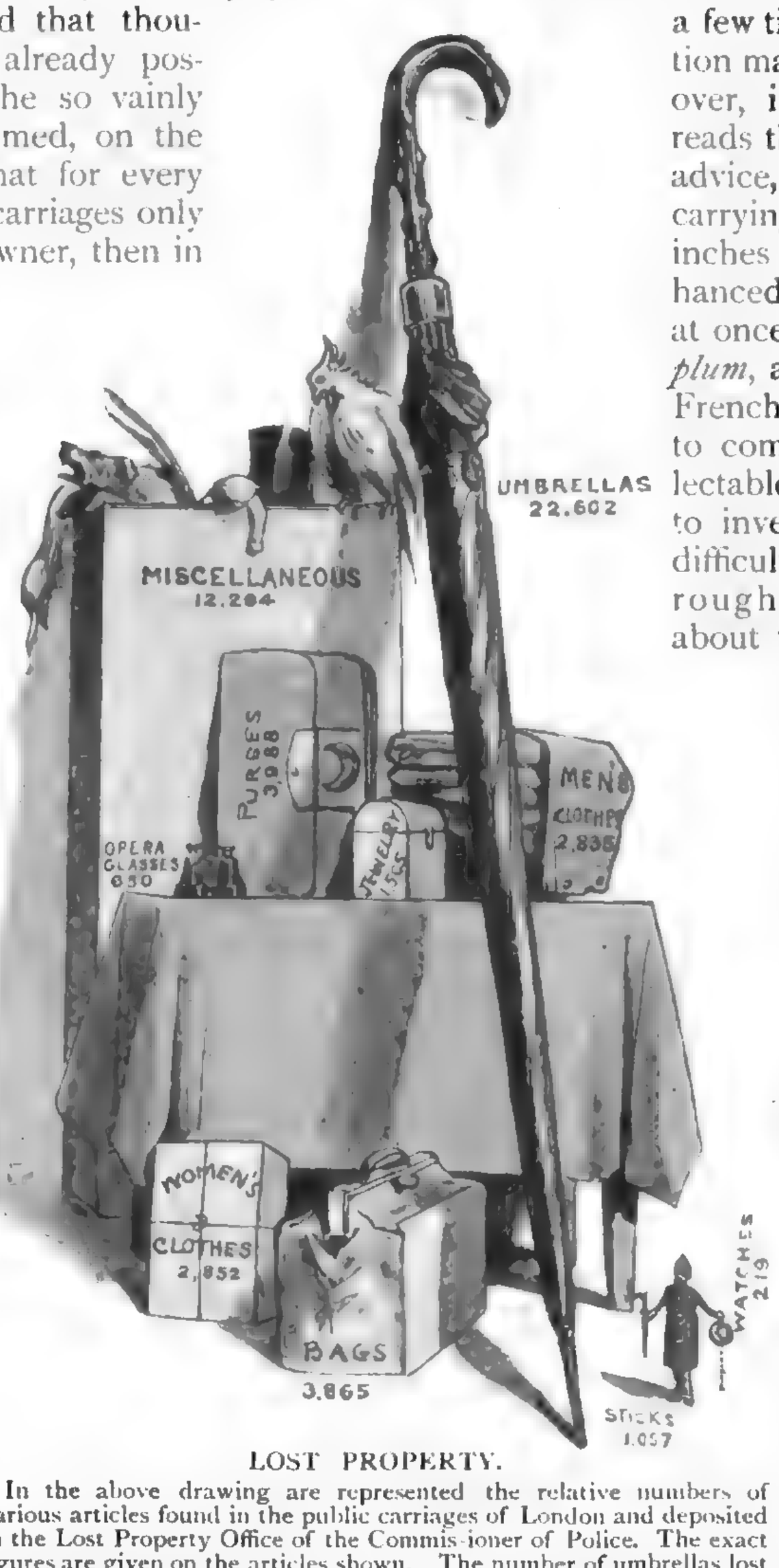
Is your occupation an unhealthy or a healthy one? This picture, comparing the deaths per 1,000, between the ages of forty-five and sixty-five, in fifteen different callings, will show you at a glance. Potters and earthenware manufacturers, with a death-rate of 52·78 per 1,000, are leading the most unhealthy existence, followed by costermongers and hawkers (42·10), publicans and wine and spirit dealers (41·65), chimney-sweeps (37·89), musicians (31·98), coal-miners (27·69), shoemakers (26·30), physicians and surgeons (25·78), barristers and solicitors (24·14), shopkeepers (23·97), artists, sculptors, and architects (23·65), carpenters (22·67), schoolmasters (17·47), clergymen (16·86), and gardeners (16·81).

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the words : Look out for your lungs, and live in the open air.

When old Simonides offered to teach Themistocles the art of memory, the great philosopher replied, "Ah ! Rather teach me the art of forgetting." Could he have turned into the Lost Property Office of the Metropolitan Police in London, A.D. 1904, he would have discovered that thousands of Londoners already possessed the art which he so vainly sought. If it be assumed, on the figures of that year, that for every article lost in public carriages only there was a separate owner, then in that year there were 52,131 people who ought now to be paying for tuition in a school of memory training. Our artist, in the somewhat formidable illustration herewith, attempts to show the wondrously varied nature of these articles, which included umbrellas, bags, men's and women's clothing, jewellery, opera-glasses, purses, rugs, watches, and sticks, to say nothing of rabbits, pigeons, cats and dogs, and other miscellaneous articles. The exact figures, as supplied in the report of the Commissioner of Police for 1904, show that these miscellaneous articles numbered 12,294. Of all the articles found, 24,620, of the declared value of over £25,000, were restored to their owners, the drivers and conductors of the vehicles in which the articles were found having been rewarded with nearly £3,500.



LOST PROPERTY.

In the above drawing are represented the relative numbers of various articles found in the public carriages of London and deposited in the Lost Property Office of the Commissioner of Police. The exact figures are given on the articles shown. The number of umbrellas lost per year is nearly six times as large as the number of purses ; hence the height of the umbrella in the drawing is nearly six times greater than the height of the purse. And so with the other articles. The policeman in the lower right-hand corner is shown merely as guardian of this great mass of lost property.

It will be remembered that these figures refer to one Lost Property Office only. If statistics could be gathered from *all* depositories of missing property in London alone, the evidence of forgetfulness would be astounding.

"We do not live to eat," said Diogenes, "but eat to live." At Christmas-time all people seem to do both. Hence, in view of the multifarious elaborate dishes with which the Christmas board is about to be decorated, a few timely words on digestion may be apposite. Moreover, if the small boy who reads these lines follows our advice, he may find his carrying capacity in cubic inches miraculously enhanced. Therefore we deal at once with the *pouding de plum*, as you see it on some French menus. Contrary to common belief, this delectable dish is, according to investigators, not at all difficult of digestion, which, roughly speaking, takes about three hours. It is a far less terrible dish than roast fowl or roast pork, the latter of which often graces the Christmas table of the poor.

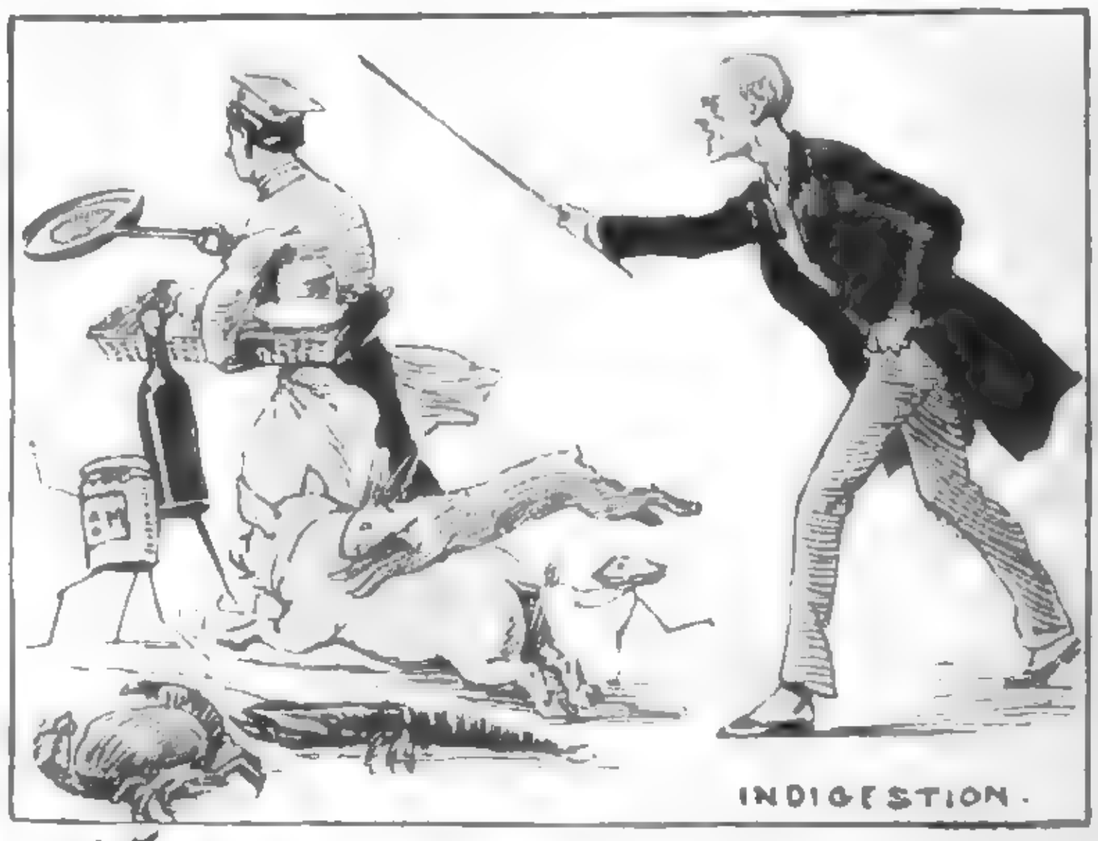
Our artist has drawn a genial picture, which he terms the Digestion Race, in which some animals and vegetables may be seen moving helter-skelter towards the winning-post. The meaning of the picture is this : The nearer each figure in the race is to the winning-post the more easy of digestion is the article of diet represented by that figure. The farther away it is the more difficult is it to digest. It is no surprise, therefore, to see the luscious apple and the loaf of stale bread easily in advance of the new bread, cheese, and cabbage, whose periods of digestion are given, among others, under the illustration. Of course, it

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may be said that some articles of food are more easily digested by some people than by others. To this argument we can only reply that our digestion table is a table of averages merely, and is not meant to suit every imaginable case. It has been made up with great care from many available books on dietetics.

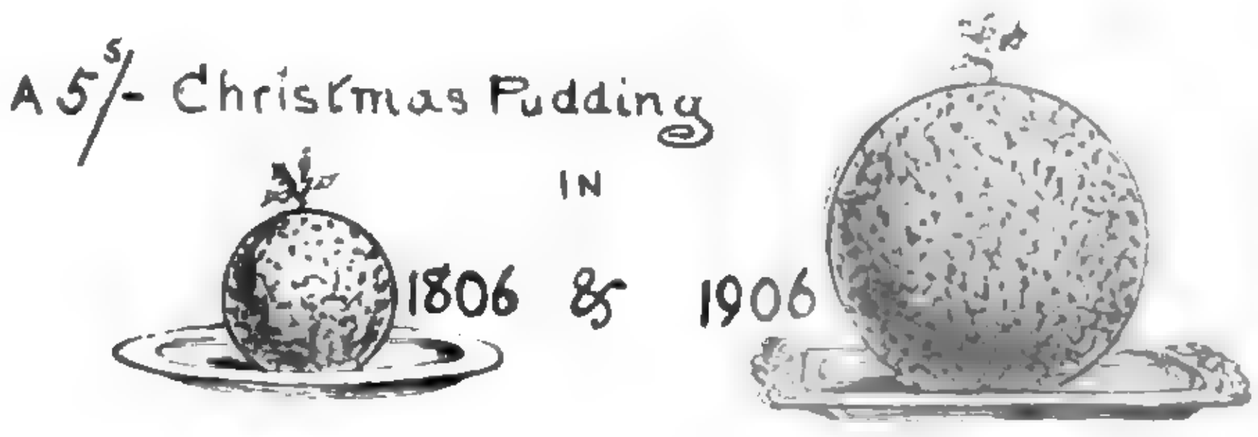
In connection with this the artist, in the upper right-hand corner of his drawing, has represented a dyspeptic gentleman in the very act of kicking out of his door by brute force such articles of food as he, of all men, ought not to eat. These naturally include all sorts of pastry and preserves, rich meats like pork and others difficult to digest, shell-fish, game, and various alcoholic drinks.

To return for one concluding moment to the plum-pudding. Careful investigation has been made as to the difference in prices of its ingredients in the two years 1806 and 1906, these ingredients being currants, raisins, peel, sugar, French plums, bread and flour, brandy, suet, and spices, all of which have greatly decreased in price during the past hundred years. For this reason the plum-pudding which, for five shillings, may next Christmas deck your table would have cost about sixteen shillings a century ago. The artist has drawn to scale these two plum-puddings, and they certainly look good enough to eat.



THE DIGESTION RACE.

In this fanciful picture of a Digestion Race, the nearer each article of diet is to the winning-post the more easy is it of digestion. Thus baked apples, raw eggs, and trout easily lead the way, while pork and veal, both difficult of digestion, lag far behind. The drawing in the upper right-hand corner shows some of the articles of food and drink which all dyspeptics should avoid, such as shell-fish, pork, all kinds of pastry and preserves, alcoholic drinks, etc.



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THE ENCHANTED CASTLE.

BY

E. NESBIT.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER I.

THERE were three of them—Jerry, Jimmy, and Kathleen. Jerry's name was Gerald, and not Jeremiah, whatever you may think; and Jimmy's name was James; and Kathleen was never called by her name at all, but Cathy, or Catty, or Puss Cat when her brothers were pleased with her, and Scratch Cat when they were not pleased. And they were at school in a little town in the West of England; the boys at one school, of course, and the girls at another, because the sensible habit of having boys and girls in the same school is not yet as common as I hope it will be some day. They used to see each other on Saturdays and Sundays at the house of a kind maiden lady; but it was one of those houses where it is impossible to play. You know the kind of house, don't you? There is a sort of a something about that kind of house that makes you hardly able even to talk to each other when you are left alone; and playing seems unnatural and affected. So they looked forward to the holidays, when they should go home and be together all day long in a house where playing was natural and conversation possible, and where the Kentish woods and fields were full of interesting things to do and to see. Their cousin Betty was to be there, too, and there were plans. Betty's school broke up before theirs, and so she got to the Kentish home first, and the moment she got there she began to have measles, so that my three couldn't go home at all. You may imagine their feelings. The thought of seven weeks at Miss Hervey's was not to be borne, and all three wrote home and said so. This astonished their parents very much, because they had always thought it was so nice for the children to have dear Miss Hervey's to go to. However, they were "jolly decent about it," as Jerry said, and after a lot of letters and telegrams it was arranged that the boys should go and stay at Kathleen's school, where there were now no girls left, and no mistresses except the French one.

"It'll be better than being at Miss Hervey's," said Kathleen. "We ought to have some sort of play to keep us going through the holidays. It wouldn't be bad if we could get a cave and keep stores in it, and have our meals there."

"There aren't any caves," said Jimmy, who always took the gloomiest view of everything. "And, besides, your precious mamselle won't let us go out alone, as likely as not."

"Oh, we'll see about that," said Gerald. "I'll go and talk to her like a father."

"Like that?" Kathleen pointed the thumb of scorn at him and he looked in the glass.

"To brush his hair and his clothes and to wash his face and hands was to our hero but

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the work of a moment," said Gerald, suiting the action to the word.

It was a very sleek boy, brown and thin and interesting-looking, that knocked at the door of the parlour where mademoiselle sat reading a yellow-covered book and wishing vain wishes. Gerald could always make himself look interesting at a moment's notice, a very useful accomplishment in dealing with strange grown-ups.

It was done by opening his grey eyes rather wide, allowing the corners of his mouth to droop, and assuming a gentle, pleading expression resembling that of the late little Lord Fauntleroy—who must, by the way, be quite old now and an awful prig.

"*Entrez*," said mademoiselle, in shrill French accents. So he entered

"*Eh bien?*" she said, rather impatiently.

"I hope I am not disturbing you," said Gerald, in whose mouth, it seemed, butter would not have melted.

"But no," she said, somewhat softened. "What is it that you desire?"

"I thought I ought to come and say 'How do you do?'" said Gerald, "because of you being the lady of the house."

He held out the newly-washed hand, still damp and red. She took it.

"You are a very polite little boy," she said.

"Not at all," said Gerald, more polite than ever. "I am so sorry for you. It must be dreadful to have us to look after in the holidays."

"But not at all," said mademoiselle, in her turn. "I am sure you will be very good childrens."

Gerald's look assured her that he and the others would be as near angels as children could be without ceasing to be human.

"We'll try," he said, earnestly.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked the French governess, kindly.

"Oh, no, thank you," said Gerald. "We don't want to give you any trouble at all. And I was thinking it would be less trouble for you if we were to go out into the woods all day to-morrow and take our dinner with us — something cold, you know — so as not to be a trouble to the cook."

"You are very considerate," said mademoiselle, coldly. Then Gerald's eyes smiled; they had a trick of doing this when his lips were quite serious. Mademoiselle caught the twinkle, and she laughed and Gerald laughed too.

"Little deceiver," she said; "why not say at once you want to be free of surveillance—how you say—overwatching—without pretending it is me you want to please?"

"You have to be careful with grown-ups," said Gerald; "but it isn't all pretence, either. We *don't* want to trouble you, and we don't want you to——"

"To trouble you. *Eh bien?* Your parents they permit these days at woods?"

"Oh, yes," said Gerald, truthfully.

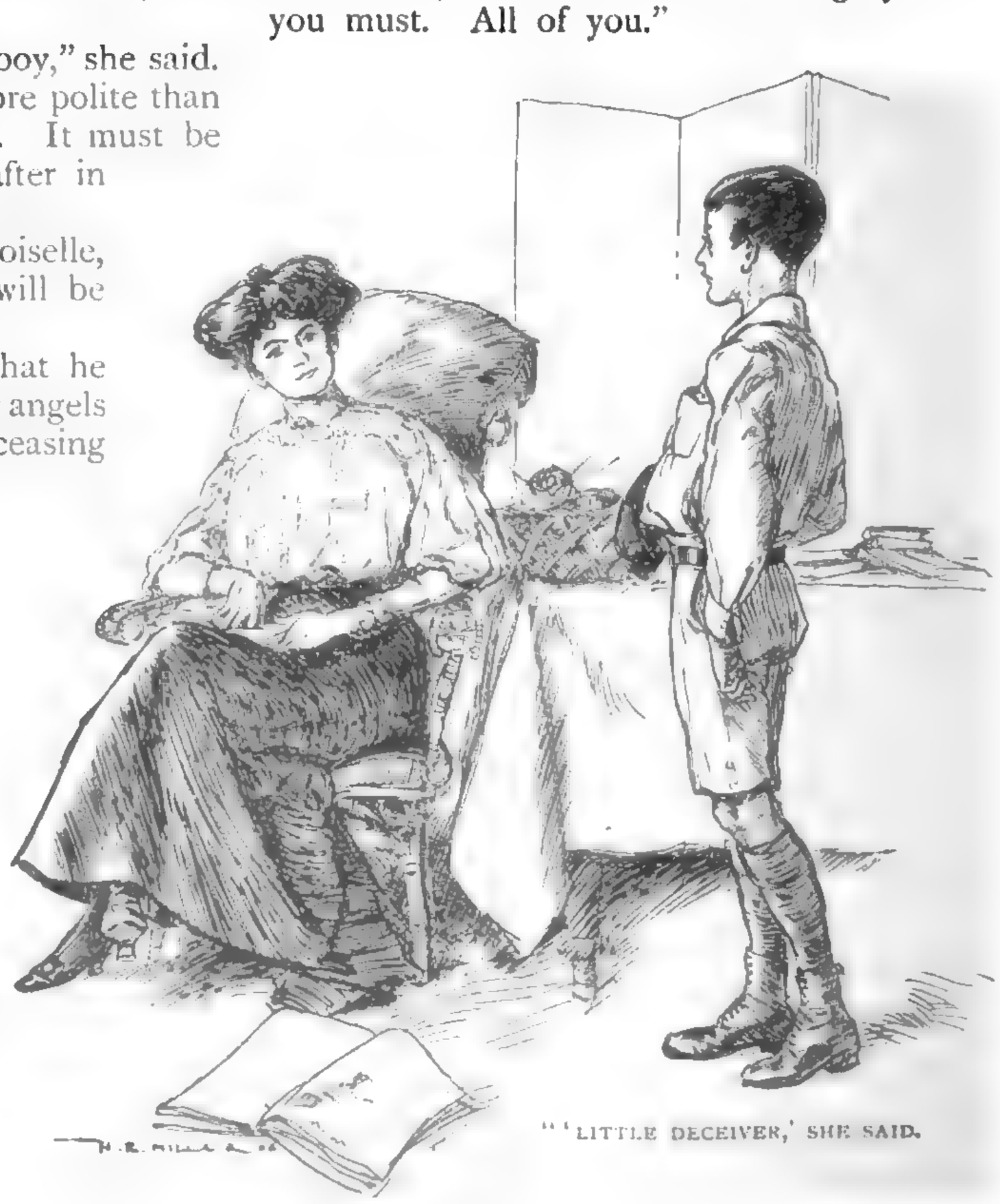
"Then I will not be more a dragon than the parents. I will forewarn the cook. Are you content?"

"Rather," said Gerald. "Mademoiselle, you are a dear."

"A deer?" she repeated; "a stag?"

"No; a—a *chérie*," said Gerald, "a regular A1 *chérie*. And you sha'n't repent it. Is there anything we can do for you? Wind your crool, or find your spectacles, or——"

"He thinks me a grandmother," said mademoiselle, laughing more than ever. "Go then, and be not more naughty than you must. All of you."



"'LITTLE DECEIVER,' SHE SAID.

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"How *do* you do it?" Kathleen whispered, admiringly, as they said good night.

"Oh, it's quite easy when you've once got a grown-up to see what you're after. You'll see; I shall drive her with a rein of darning-cotton after this," said Gerald.

Next morning they got up early. It was a ripping day for the woods.

The wide High Street, even at the busy morning hour almost as quiet as a dream-street, lay bathed in sunshine; the leaves shone fresh from last night's rain, but the road was dry, and in the sunshine the very dust of it sparkled like diamonds. The beautiful old houses, standing stout and strong, looked as though they were basking in the sunshine and enjoying it.

"But *are* there any woods?" asked Kathleen, as they passed the market-place.

"It doesn't much matter about woods," said Gerald, dreamily. "We're sure to find *something*. One of the chaps told me his father said when he was a boy there used to be a little cave under the bank on the Salisbury Road—but he said there was an enchanted castle there, too—so perhaps the cave isn't true either."

"If we were to get horns," said Kathleen, "and to blow them very hard all the way, we might find a magic castle."

"If you've got the money to throw away on horns," said Jimmy.

"Well, I have, so there," said Kathleen. And the horns were bought in a tiny shop with a bulging window full of a tangle of toys and sweets, and cucumbers and sour apples.

And the quiet square at the end of the town where the church is, and the houses of the most respectable people, echoed to the sound of horns blown long and loud. But none of the houses turned into enchanted castles.

So they went along the Salisbury Road, which was very hot and dusty, so that they agreed to drink one of the bottles of ginger-beer.

"We might as well carry the ginger-beer inside us as inside the bottle," said Jimmy, "and we can hide the bottle and call for it as we come back."

Presently they came to a place where the road, as Gerald said, went two ways at once.

"*That* looks like adventures," said Kathleen; and they took the right-hand road, and the next time they took a turning it was a left-hand one, so as to be quite fair, Jimmy said, and then a right-hand one and then a left, and so on, till they were completely lost.

"*Com*pletely," said Kathleen; "how jolly!"

And now trees arched overhead, and the banks of the road were high and bushy. The adventurers had long since ceased to blow their horns. It was too tiring to go on doing that when there was no one to be annoyed by it.

"Oh, kriky," observed Jimmy, suddenly. "Let's sit down a bit and have some of our dinner. We might call it lunch, you know," he added.

So they sat down in the hedge and ate the ripe red gooseberries that were to have been their dessert.

And as they sat and rested and wished that their boots did not feel so full of feet, Gerald leaned back against the bushes, and the bushes gave way so that he almost fell over backward. Something had yielded to the pressure of his back, and there was the sound of something heavy that fell.

"Oh, Jimminy!" he remarked, recovering himself suddenly; "there's something hollow in there. The stone I was leaning against simply *went*."

"I wish it was a cave," said Jimmy, "but of course it isn't."

"If we blow the horns perhaps it will be," said Kathleen, and hastily blew her own.

Gerald reached his hand through the bushes. "I can't feel anything but air," he said; "it's just a hole full of emptiness." The other two pulled back the bushes. There certainly was a hole in the bank. "I'm going to go in," observed Gerald.

"Oh, don't," said his sister. "I wish you wouldn't. Suppose there were snakes!"

"Not likely," said Gerald; but he leaned forward and struck a match. "It *is* a cave," he cried, and put his knee on the mossy stone he had been sitting on, scrambled over it, and disappeared.

A breathless pause followed.

"You all right?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes; come on. You'd better come feet first; there's a bit of a drop."

"I'll go next," said Kathleen, and went—feet first, as advised. The feet waved wildly in the air.

"Look out," said Gerald, in the dark; "you'll have my eye out. Put your feet *down*, girl, not up. It's no use trying to fly here—there's no room."

He helped her by pulling her feet forcibly down, and then lifting her under the arms. She felt rustling dry leaves under her boots,

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and stood ready to receive Jimmy, who came in head first, like one diving into an unknown sea.

"It *is* a cave," said Kathleen.

"The young explorers," explained Gerald, blocking up the hole of entrance with his shoulders, "dazzled at first by the darkness of the cave, could see nothing."

"Darkness doesn't dazzle," said Jimmy.

"Yes, it does," Gerald contradicted—"could see nothing. But their dauntless leader, whose eyes had grown used to the dark while the clumsy forms of the others were bunging up the entrance, had made a discovery."

"Oh, what?" Both the others were used to Gerald's way of telling a story while he acted it, but they did sometimes wish that he didn't talk quite so long and so like a book in moments of excitement.

"He did not reveal the dread secret to his faithful followers till one and all had given him their word of honour to be calm."

"We'll be calm, all right," said Jimmy, impatiently.

"Well, then," said Gerald, ceasing suddenly to be a book and becoming a boy, "there's a light over there—look behind you!"

They looked. And there was. A faint greyness on the brown walls of the cave, and a brighter greyness cut off sharply by a dark line, showed that round a turning or angle of the cave there was daylight.

"Attention!" said Gerald; at least, that was what he meant, though what he said was, "'Shun!" as becomes a soldier's son. The others mechanically obeyed.

"You will remain at attention till I give the word, 'Slow march!' On which you will advance cautiously in open order, following your hero leader, taking care not to tread on the dead and wounded."

"I wish you wouldn't," said Kathleen.

"There aren't any," said Jimmy, feeling for her hand in the dark; "he only means, take care not to tumble over stones and things."

Here he found her hand and she screamed.

"It's only me," said Jimmy. "I thought you'd like me to hold it. But you're just like a girl."

Their eyes had now begun to get accustomed to the darkness, and all could see that they were in a rough stone cave that went straight on for about three or four yards and then turned sharply to the right.

"Death or victory," remarked Gerald. "Now, then; slow march."

He advanced carefully, picking his way among the loose earth and stones that were the floor of the cave. "A sail! a sail!" he cried, as he turned the corner.

"How splendid!" Kathleen drew a long breath as she came out into the sunshine.

"I don't see any sail," said Jimmy, following.

The narrow passage ended in a round arch all fringed with ferns and creepers. They passed through the arch into a deep, narrow gully whose banks were of stones, moss-covered, and in the crannies grew more ferns and long grasses, trees growing on the top of the bank arched across, and the sunlight came through in changing patches of brightness, turning the gully to a roofed corridor of goldy-green. The path, which was of greeny-grey flagstones, where heaps of leaves had drifted, sloped steeply down, and at the end of it was another round arch, quite dark inside, above which rose rocks and grass and bushes.

"It's like the outside of a railway tunnel," said James.

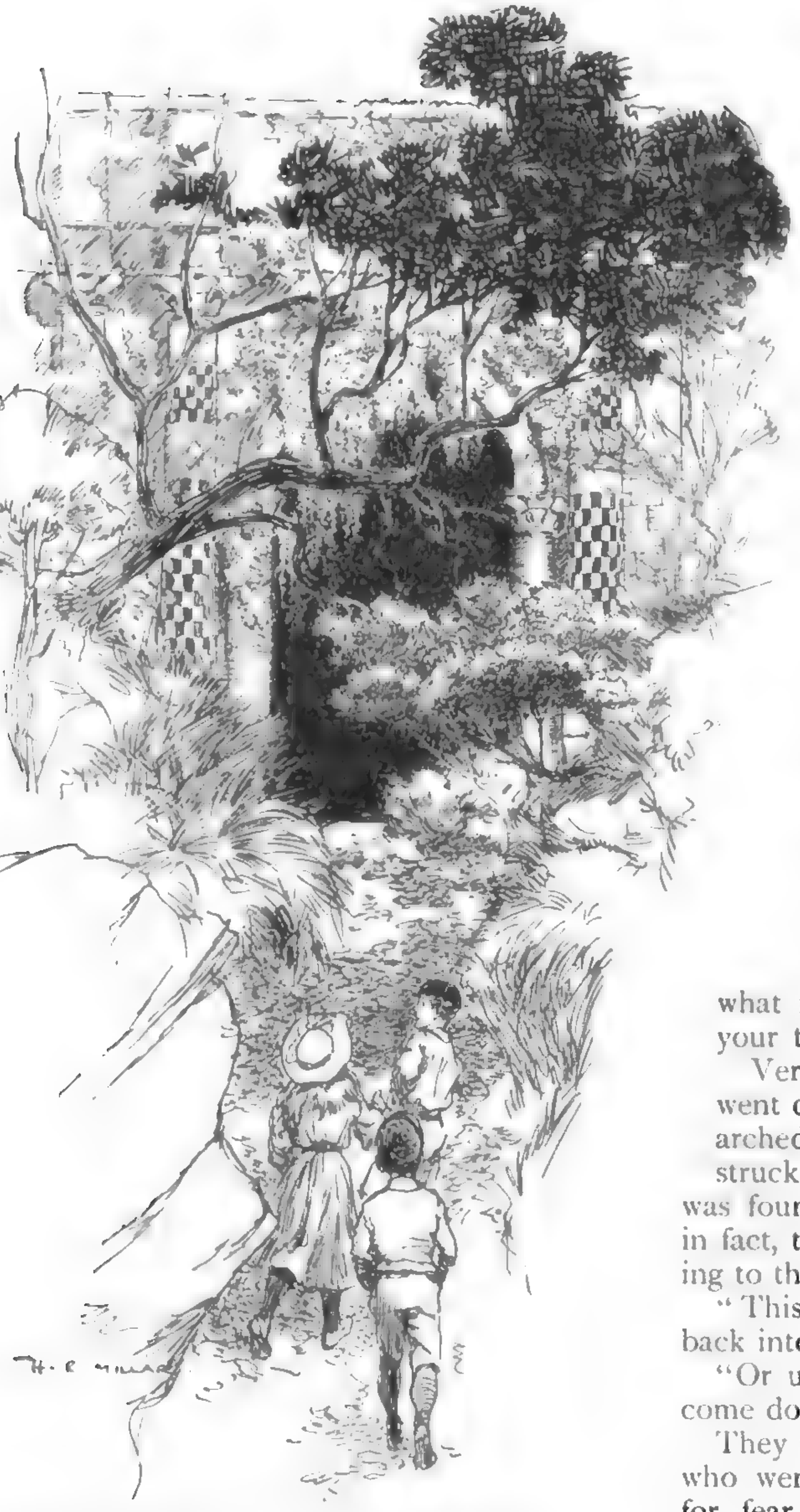
"It's the entrance to the enchanted castle," said Kathleen. "Let's blow the horns."

"Dry up!" said Gerald. "The bold



"JIMMY CAME IN HEAD FIRST, LIKE ONE DIVING INTO AN UNKNOWN SEA."

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"'IT'S THE ENTRANCE TO THE ENCHANTED CASTLE,' SAID KATHLEEN."

captain, reproving the silly chatter of his subordinates——"

"I like that!" said Jimmy, indignant.

"I thought you would," resumed Gerald. "——of his subordinates, bade them advance with caution and in silence, because, after all, there might be somebody about, and the other arch might be an ice-house or something dangerous."

"What?" asked Kathleen, anxiously.

"Bears, perhaps," said Gerald, briefly.

"There aren't any bears without bars—in England, any way," said Jimmy. "They call bears bars in America," he added, absently.

"Quick march!" was Gerald's only reply. And they marched. Under the drifted damp leaves the path was firm and stony to their shuffling feet.

At the dark arch they stopped.

"Our hero," said Gerald, "whom nothing could dismay, raised the faltering hopes of his abject minions by saying that he was jolly well going on and they could do as they liked about it."

"If you call names," said Jimmy, "you can go on by yourself." He added, "So there!"

"It's part of the game, silly," explained Gerald, kindly. "You can be captain to-morrow, so you'd better hold your jaw now, and begin to think about what names you'll call us when it's your turn."

Very slowly and carefully they went down the steps. A vaulted stone arched over their heads. Gerald struck a match when the last step was found to have no edge, and to be, in fact, the beginning of a passage, turning to the left.

"This," said Jimmy, "will take us back into the road."

"Or under it," said Gerald. "We've come down eleven steps."

They went on, following their leader, who went very slowly, as he explained, for fear of steps. The passage was very dark.

"I don't half like it," whispered Jimmy.

They went slowly and carefully through the dark arch.

Then came a glimmer of daylight that grew and grew, and presently ended in another arch that looked out over a scene so like a picture out of a book about Italy that everyone's breath was taken away, and they simply walked forward silent, and stared. A short avenue of cypresses led, widening as it went, to a marble terrace that lay broad and white in the sunlight. The children, blinking, leaned their arms on the broad, flat balustrade

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and gazed. Immediately below them was a lake—just like a lake in "The Beauties of Italy"; a lake with swans and an island and weeping willows; beyond it were green slopes dotted with groves of trees, and amid the trees gleamed the white limbs of statues.

On a little hill to the left was a round white building with pillars, and to the right a waterfall came tumbling down among mossy stones to splash into the lake. Steps led from the terrace to the water, and other steps to the green lawns beside it.

Away across the grassy slopes deer were feeding, and in the distance, where the groves of trees thickened into what looked almost a forest, were enormous shapes of grey stone, like nothing that the children had ever seen before.

"That chap at school," said Gerald.

"It *is* an enchanted castle," said Kathleen.

"I don't see any castle," said Jimmy.

"What do you call that, then?" Gerald pointed to where, beyond a belt of lime trees, white towers and turrets broke the blue of the sky.

"There doesn't seem to be anyone about," said Kathleen, "and yet it's all so tidy. I believe it is magic."

"Magic mowing-machines," Jimmy suggested.

"If we were in a book it would be an enchanted castle. Certain to be," said Kathleen.

"It *is* an enchanted castle," said Gerald, in hollow tones.

"But there aren't any." Jimmy was quite positive.

"How do you know? Do you think there's nothing in the world but what *you've* seen?"

Gerald's scorn was crushing.

"I think magic went out when people began to have steam-engines," Jimmy insisted, "and newspapers, and telephones, and wireless telegraphing."

"Wireless is rather like magic when you come to think of it," said Gerald.

"Oh—*that* sort." Jimmy's contempt was deep.

"Perhaps there's given up being magic because people didn't believe in it any more," said Kathleen.

"Well, don't let's spoil the show with any silly old not believing," said Gerald, with decision. "I'm going to believe in magic as hard as I can. This is an enchanted garden and that's an enchanted castle, and I'm jolly well going to explore. The dauntless knight then led the way, leaving his ignorant squires to follow or not, just as they jolly well chose." He rolled off the balustrade and strode firmly down towards the lawn, his boots making as they went a clatter full of determination.

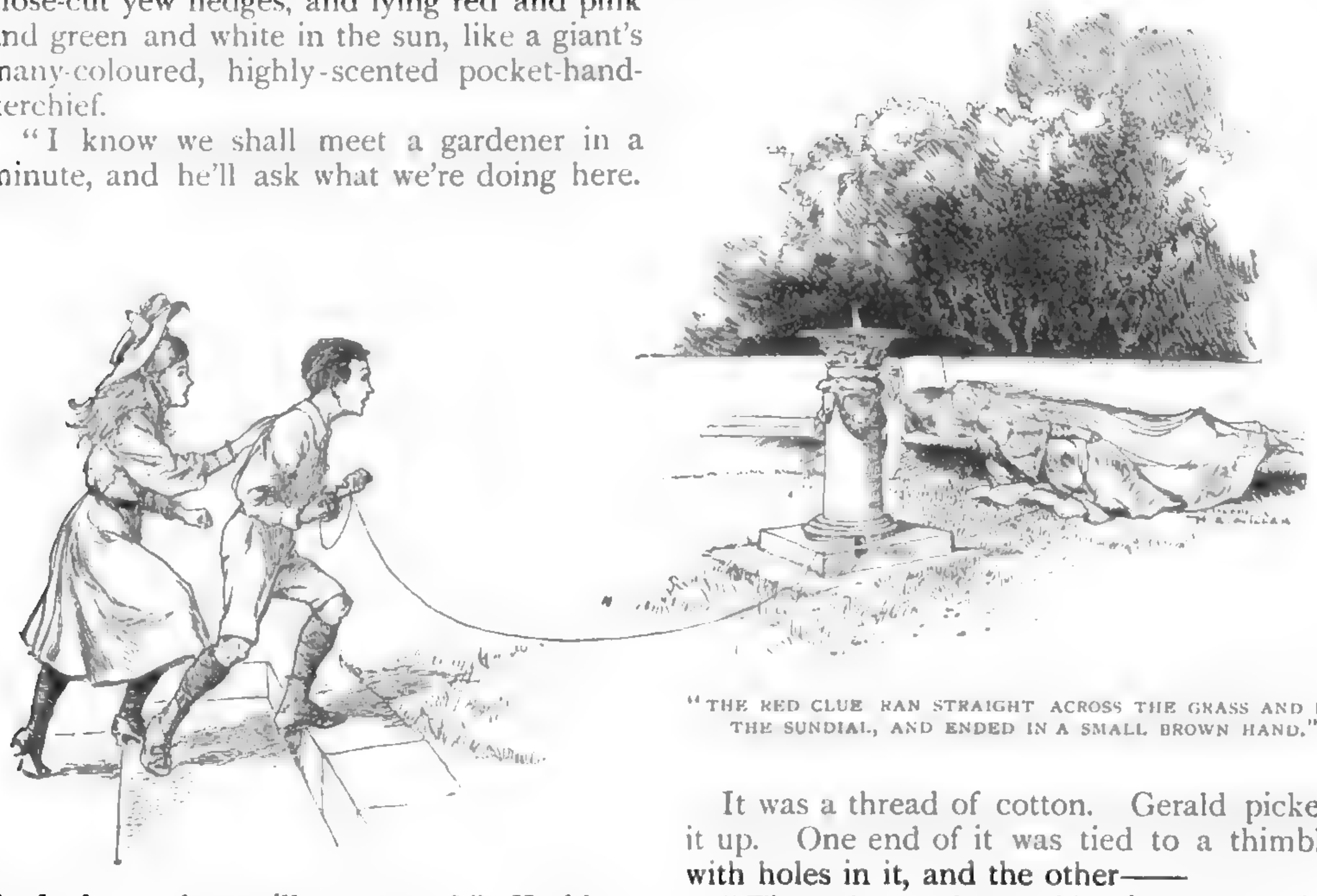


"THIS IS AN ENCHANTED GARDEN AND THAT'S AN ENCHANTED CASTLE."

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The others followed. There never was such a garden—out of a picture or a fairy-tale. They passed quite close by the deer, who only raised their pretty heads to look and did not seem startled at all. And after a long stretch of turf they passed under the heaped-up heavy masses of lime trees and came into a rose-garden, bordered with thick, close-cut yew hedges, and lying red and pink and green and white in the sun, like a giant's many-coloured, highly-scented pocket-handkerchief.

"I know we shall meet a gardener in a minute, and he'll ask what we're doing here.



"THE RED CLUE RAN STRAIGHT ACROSS THE GRASS AND BY THE SUNDIAL, AND ENDED IN A SMALL BROWN HAND."

And then what will you say?" Kathleen asked, with her nose in a rose.

"I shall say we've lost our way—and it will be quite true," said Gerald. But they did not meet a gardener or anybody else, and the feeling of magic got thicker and thicker, till they were almost afraid of the sound of their feet in the great, silent place. Beyond the rose-garden was a yew hedge with an arch cut in it, and it was the beginning of a maze like the one in Hampton Court.

"Now," said Gerald, "you mark my words. In the middle of this maze we shall find the secret enchantment. Draw your swords, my merry men all, and 'Hark forward, tally-ho!' in the utmost silence." Which they did.

It was very hot in the maze, between the close yew hedges, and the way was hard to find. Again and again they found themselves at the black yew arch that opened on the rose-garden. It was when they found themselves there for the fourth time that Jimmy suddenly cried, "I *am* so hungry."

"Why didn't you say so before?" asked Gerald, sharply.

"I wasn't before."

"Then you can't be now. You don't get hungry all in a minute. What's that?"

That was a gleam of red that lay at the foot of the yew hedge—a thin little line, that you would hardly have noticed unless you had been staring in a fixed and angry way at the roots of the hedge.

It was a thread of cotton. Gerald picked it up. One end of it was tied to a thimble with holes in it, and the other——

"There *is* no other end," said Gerald, with firm triumph; "it's a clue. That's what it is. I've always felt something magic would happen some day, and now it has."

"I expect the gardeners put it there," said Jimmy.

"With a Princess's silver thimble on it? Look! There's a crown on the thimble."

There was.

"Come," said Gerald, in low, urgent tones, "if you are adventurers, *be* adventurers; and, anyhow, I expect someone has gone along the road and bagged the mutton hours ago."

He walked forward, winding the red thread round his fingers as he went. And it *was* a clue, and it led them right into the middle of the maze. And in the very middle of the maze they came upon the wonder.

The red clue led them up two stone steps to a round grass plot. There was a sundial in the middle, and all round, against the yew hedge, a low, wide marble seat. The red clue ran straight across the grass and by the sundial, and ended in a small brown hand with jewelled rings on every finger. The

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hand was, naturally, attached to an arm, and that had many bracelets on it, sparkling with red and blue and green stones. The arm wore a sleeve of pink and gold brocaded silk, faded a little in patches, but still extremely imposing, and the sleeve was part of a dress which was worn by a lady who lay on the stone seat, asleep in the sun. The rosy gold dress fell open over an embroidered petticoat of a soft green colour. There was old yellow lace the colour of scalded cream, and a thin white veil spangled with silver stars covered the face.

"It's the enchanted Princess," said Gerald, now really impressed. "I told you so."

"It's the Sleeping Beauty," said Kathleen. "It is. Look how old-fashioned her clothes are, like the pictures of Marie Antoinette's ladies in the history book. She has slept for a hundred years. Oh, Gerald, you're the eldest, you must be the Prince, and we never knew it."

"She isn't really a Princess," said Jimmy. But the others laughed at him, partly because his saying things like that was enough to spoil any game, and partly because they really were not at all sure that it was not a Princess who lay there so still in the sunshine. Every stage of the adventure—the cave, the wonderful gardens, the maze, the clue—had deepened the feeling of magic, till now Kathleen and Gerald were almost completely bewitched.

"Lift the veil up, Jerry," said Kathleen, in a whisper; "if she isn't beautiful we shall know she can't be the Princess."

"Lift it yourself," said Gerald.

"I expect you're forbidden to touch the figures," said Jimmy.

"It's not wax, silly," said his brother.

"No," said his sister; "wax wouldn't be much good in this sun. And, besides, you can see her breathing. It's the Princess, right enough."

She very gently lifted the edge of the veil and turned it back. The Princess's face was small and white between long plaits of black hair. Her nose was straight and her brows finely traced. There were a few freckles on cheek-bones and nose.

"No wonder," whispered Kathleen, "sleeping all these years in all this sun." Her mouth was not a rose-bud. But all the same——

"Isn't she lovely?" Kathleen murmured.

"Not so dusty," Gerald was understood to reply.

"Now, Jerry," said Kathleen, firmly, "you're the eldest."

"Of course I am," said Gerald, uneasily.

"Well, you've got to wake the Princess."

"She's not a Princess," said Jimmy, with his hands in the pockets of his knickerbockers; "she's only a little girl dressed up."

"But she's in long dresses," urged Kathleen.

"Yes; but look what a little way down her frock her feet come. She wouldn't be any taller than Jerry if she was to stand up."

"Now, then!" urged Kathleen. "Jerry, don't be silly. You've got to do it."

"Do what?" asked Gerald, kicking his left boot with his right.

"Why, kiss her awake, of course."

"Not me!" was Gerald's unhesitating rejoinder.

"Well, someone's got to."

"She'd go for me, as likely as not, directly the minute she woke up," said Gerald, anxiously.

"I'd do it in a minute," said Kathleen; "but I don't suppose it 'ud make any difference."

She did it, and it didn't. The Princess still lay in deep slumber.

"Then you must, Jimmy. I dare say you'll do. Jump back quickly, before she can hit you."

"She won't hit him; he's such a little chap," said Gerald.

"Little yourself," said Jimmy. "*I* don't mind kissing her. I'm not a coward, like some people. Only if I do I'm going to be the dauntless leader for the rest of the day."

"No; look here—hold on," cried Gerald; "perhaps I'd better——" But in the meantime Jimmy had planted a loud, cheerful-sounding kiss on the Princess's pale cheek, and now the three stood breathless, awaiting the result.

And the result was that the Princess opened large, dark eyes, stretched out her arms, yawned a little, covering her mouth with a small brown hand, and said, quite plainly and distinctly, and without any room at all for mistake:—

"Then the hundred years are over. How the yew hedges have grown! Which of you is my Prince, that aroused me from my deep sleep of so many long years?"

"I did," said Jimmy, fearlessly, for she did not look as though she were going to slap anyone.

"My noble preserver," said the Princess, and held out her hand. Jimmy shook it vigorously.

"But I say," said he, "you aren't really a Princess, are you?"

"Of course I am," she answered. "Who

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"THE THREE STOOD BREATHLESS, AWAITING THE RESULT."

else could I be? Look at my crown." She pulled aside the spangled veil and showed beneath it a coronet of what even Jimmy could not help seeing to be diamonds.

"But——" said Jimmy.

"Why," she said, opening her eyes very wide, "you must have known about my being here, or you'd never have come. How *did* you get past the dragons?"

Gerald ignored the question. "I say," he said, "do you really believe in magic, and all that?"

"I ought to," she said, "if anybody does. Look! Here's the place where I pricked my finger with the spindle." She showed a little scar on her hand.

"Then this really *is* an enchanted castle?"

"Of course it is," said the Princess. "How stupid you are!" She stood up, and her pink brocaded dress lay in bright waves about her feet.

"I said her dress would be too long," said Jimmy.

"It was the right length when I went to sleep," said the Princess; "it must have grown in the hundred years."

"I don't believe you're a Princess at all," said Jimmy; "at least——"

"Don't bother about believing it if you don't like," said the Princess. "It doesn't so much matter what you believe as what I am." She turned to the others.

"Let's go back to the castle," she said, "and I'll show you all my lovely jewels and things. Wouldn't you like that?"

"Yes," said Gerald, with very plain hesitation. "But——"

"But what?" The Princess's tone was impatient.

"But we're most awfully hungry."

"Oh, so am I," cried the Princess.

"We've had nothing to eat since breakfast."

"And it's three now," said the Princess, looking at the sundial. "Why, you've had nothing to eat for hours and hours and hours. But think of me. I haven't had anything to eat for a hundred years. Come along to the castle."

"The mice will have eaten everything," said Jimmy, sadly. He saw now that she really *was* a Princess.

"Not they," cried the Princess, joyously. "You forget everything's enchanted here. Time simply stood still for a hundred years. Come along, and one of you must carry my train, or I sha'n't be able to move, now it's grown such a frightful length."

(To be continued.)

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From Other Magazines.

HOW OUR FISH IS CAUGHT.



SO enormous are the catches sometimes made, when the trawler happens to strike a shoal of fish, that occasionally the bag of fish is too heavy to be trusted to the tackle on the mast. When this happens, the fisherman resorts to an expedient known as "hooking out." A special opening in the net is unlaced as the bag lies alongside, and the deck-hands stand by with murderous gaffs — long poles furnished with sharp hooks. The opening in the net affords just sufficient space for one fish at a time to escape from within, and as these swim out they are gaffed and jerked on board.—A. E. JOHNSON, IN "THE CAPTAIN."

DOWN THE GRAND CANYON.

IT was like descending a Jacob's ladder, zigzagging at an unrelenting pitch; but at the end of two



miles we reached a comparatively gentle slope, some two thousand five hundred feet below the rim—roughly eight times the height of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.—E. W. G. WESSON, IN "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE."

WHAT IS A COLD?

WHAT we designate a "cold" is only in a very small degree due to the effect of cold; the real cause of ailment is rather to be sought in the presence and activity of microbes. This will be apparent to anyone who has been successful in aborting a cold by the employment of suitable antiseptics in the form of sprays or inhalations, these only proving effective owing to their power of destroying the disease-producing organisms. — ROBERT BELL, M.D., ETC., IN "THE GRAND MAGAZINE."

A GOLF STORY.

WISHING to play golf at North Berwick, a stranger approached the official at the starting-box and gave his name as De Neufeldt. "Man," came the answer, "we canna fash oorsels wi' names like that at North Berwick. Ye'll start the morn at 10.15 to the name o' Fairgusson." — FROM "COUNTRY LIFE."

"BAYARD, dear," she said, "I do hope you will stop smoking cigarettes; you don't know what's in them."

"Oh, yes, I do; why, for quite a trifling sum, you get nicotine, valerian, possibly a little morphia, and any amount of carbon."

She looked into his eyes and murmured: "Bayard, dear, it does seem like a bargain, doesn't it?"—FROM "TIT-BITS."

WALKING: THE HOW AND THE WHY.

IT sometimes happens that a sudden spurt has to be made—perhaps there is a train to catch; well, a very good "tip" to increase the pace is to hold out a coat or walking-stick at arms' length. The effect of this is, of course, to upset the usual centre of gravity and throw the body forward. It is difficult to explain, but an appreciable increase in speed will be experienced at once. Of course, it is impossible to maintain this position for long, and it is useful only where a big speed is required for a short distance.—MONTAGUE A. HOLBEIN, IN "FRY'S MAGAZINE."



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CURIOSITIES.

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[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

CATCHING A MAN-EATER.

I SEND you a photograph of the jaw and tail of a shark caught from the ss. *Degama* while anchored off Progreso, Yucatan. You will also see in the photograph the hook with which it was caught, and the chain attached to it. When cut open we found a pair of boots, a man's hat, and a paint-brush, which are shown also. After half an hour's playing, with the help of the steam winch and fifteen bullets, we were successful in landing him. He measured fourteen feet long and four feet across the shoulders.—Mr. W. H. Hatcher, 7, Merton Road, Bootle, Liverpool.



A "RINGERS' JUG."

A BEER-JUG in a belfry is happily somewhat of a rarity in these days. At the beginning of last century, however, people were not so particular. The ringers' jug at Beccles, in Suffolk, holds six gallons, a sufficiency to sustain the ten weary ringers, though the weight of the bells did exceed six tons. The vessel is made of red earthenware and has three handles, one of which is concealed by the neck. It bears the following inscription, in quaint spelling:—

"When I am fill'd with liquor strong
Each Man drink once and then ding dong.
Drink not to much to Cloud your Knobs
Least you forget to make the Bobbs.

A gift of John Pattman, Beccles." On the reverse side is the maker's name—"Samuel Stringfellow, Potter."—Mr. J. R. White, 31, Cockspur Street, S.W.

"TERRIBLE SUICIDE!"

THIS photograph, which I took in August last, represents a "terrible suicide" which took place in a rain-water butt at the Fox and Hounds Inn, Thurston, Suffolk. It caused considerable alarm in the village, till it was discovered that the supposed tramp consisted of a pair of trousers, two boots, and a stick!—Mr. R. H. Roberts, 13, Redcliffe Gardens, Ilford.





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AN ANCIENT "EEL-SCISSORS."

ADJOINING is a picture of a most curious device for catching eels. The arrangement consists of a gigantic pair of scissors hinged about half-way down, with French nails projecting about one inch from the face of each jaw, to make sure the slippery eel will not get free again after being once "hooked." The total length of this "instrument" is about ten feet, and the method of working it thus: Where an eel is located the handles are kept together and the two open jaws placed carefully over the eel. The second operation is simply to open the handles, which shuts the jaws and secures the prey. I may also state that this arrangement is not only a curiosity, but a most practical appliance for securing large "bags."—Mr. Johnson S. Jeffree, 7, Pretoria Avenue, High Street, Walthamstow.



A DOUBLE-BOWLED PIPE.

I SEND you a photograph of a curious pipe which was unearthed some three years ago at a place known as the Pepper-box, on the promontory of Fermain Bay, Guernsey, about two hundred feet above sea-level. The pipe, as will be observed, has two bowls on one stem; it was carved from one solid piece of oak, and is lined with iron, the latter being plainly visible to the naked eye at the top of the bowls. Both bowls, if required, may be used at the same time, as the draw is connected, but with a cap on the top of one a comfortable smoke can be had from the other. The pipe, though in a good state of preservation, must be of ancient date, as I have been unable to glean any record of such a pipe being a luxury within the memory of some of the oldest inhabitants of the island.—Mr. R. Bichard, St. Martin's, Guernsey.



A STRANGE HARVEST.

THE bird shown in my photograph had only been dead a few days when I took the picture. It seems evident that just before death it ate a feed of corn, and to the astonishment of everyone the seeds sprouted and can be seen growing through the bird's breast.—Mr. H. Pickard, The Pollards, Stratton, North Cornwall.

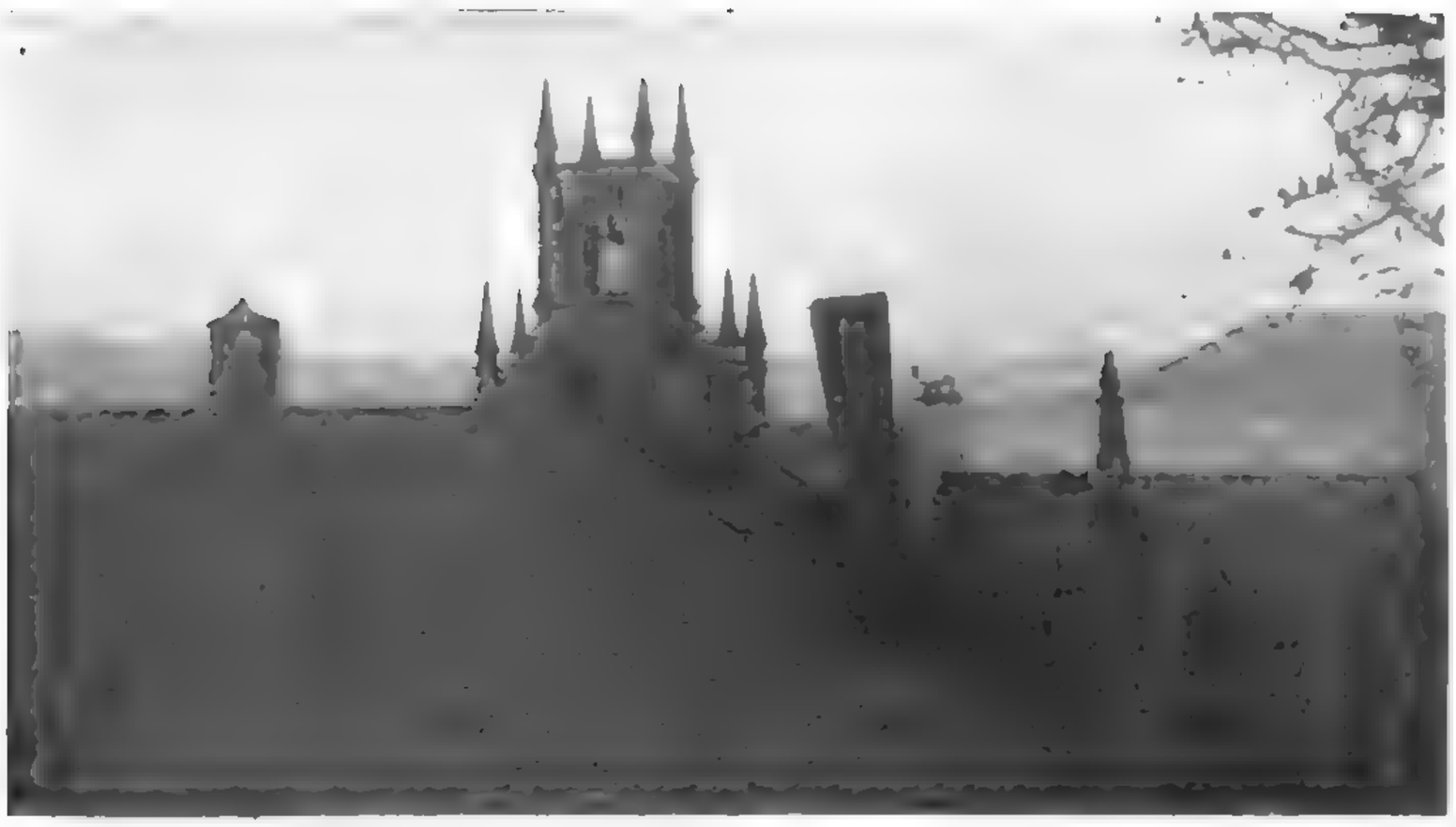
A SNAP-SHOT PUZZLE.

I SEND you a snap-shot taken in the street. In developing it I was considerably puzzled. I think your readers may find some amusement in "dissecting" the limbs and apportioning them to their rightful owners!—Mr. T. S. Howes, 15, Serlo Road, Gloucester.



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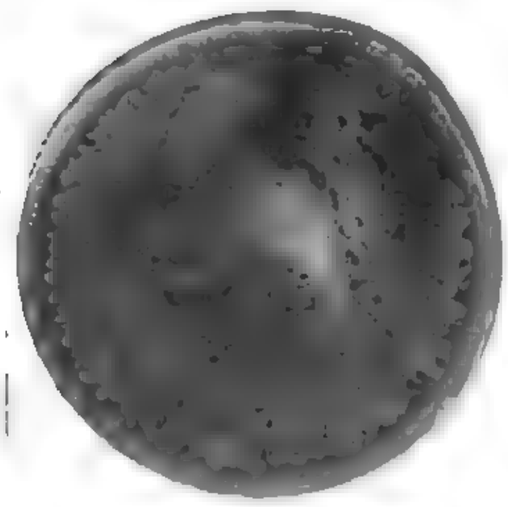


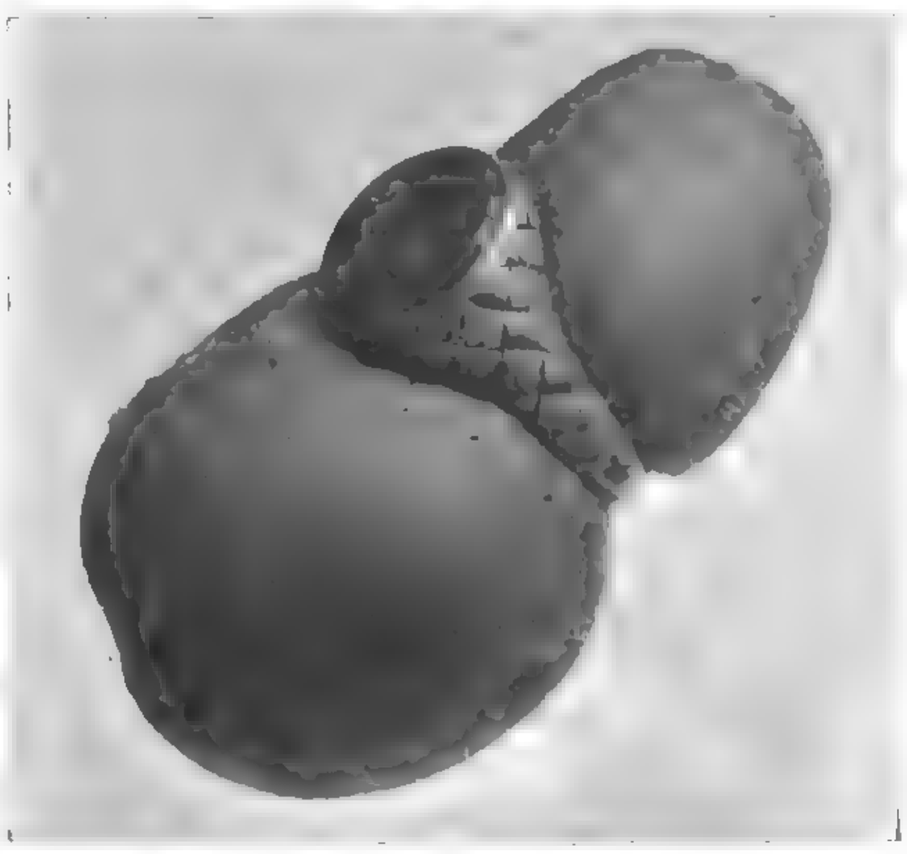
A FREAK OF THE WIND.

A PECULIAR accident happened to our local Ashton U.F. Church during a storm. The spire was blown down early in the morning and remained in the position shown all night, though the wind increased after the fall. This shows how tightly it was jammed. It is supposed that in falling the wind got inside, thus completely turning it over. In addition to penetrating the roof, the top of the spire protruded also right through the ceiling.—Mr. Hugh W. Brown, Avondale, Gourock, N.B.

A PENNY THAT SAVED A LIFE.

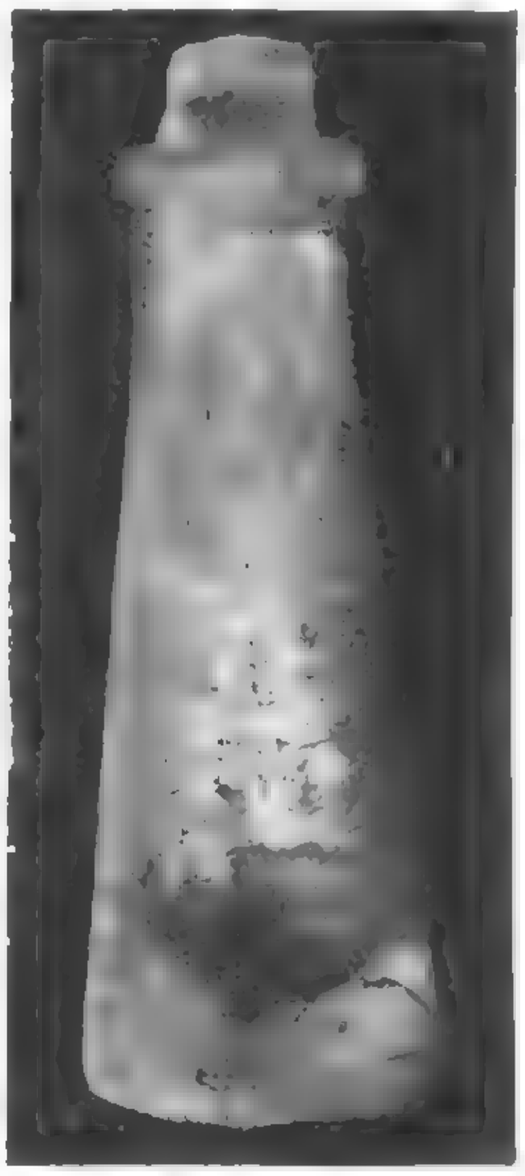
MRS. FRED MATURIN, the well-known writer, sends us an interesting letter which we quote, and a penny which we reproduce here. The letter explains the strange occurrence in a humorous vein ;— "Dear U.,—In a little box I send back the 'lucky penny' you and I and ——- picked up in —— Woods the day before I left for the war. I wore it in my breast-pocket continually, and it has saved my life, as you will see. It was on our ride from Harrismith to Standerton (one hundred miles) that it happened. These confounded Boers dress up in our uniforms, and hide behind rocks and pot at us. The chap riding in front of me sprang from his saddle dead, and a minute after I felt I'd been struck, and I gave a yell, I can tell you ! Such is the force of imagination that I'll swear I felt that bullet go right into my heart, and it hurt like the deuce. I said, 'I'm done for,' and they pulled me off my horse and supported me at the roadside, and all my pals thought they were attending my deathbed. But, as I was about to expire, someone pulled this penny out of my pocket and said, 'Buck up, old chap, you're simply dying of fright ! There isn't a speck of daylight in you—nor a scratch. But here's a penny the bullet must have struck and glanced off.' I opened my dying eyes (in another minute I should have been gone), stared at the coin, smiled feebly (so they tell me), drank some filthy water, and in ten minutes felt all right again. I send you the coin as a curiosity, and am now wearing six others in different parts of my clothing."





FROST'S FAIRY PHENOMENON.

THE following photograph is that of a frost phenomenon which took place in the closing days of 1903. In my garden there had been deposited an empty bottle which had contained preserved fruit. As can be seen from this photograph, the bottle is very much like a hyacinth glass. This had been full of water, and we first noticed that the process of freezing had very much cracked the bottle itself. On closer inspection we discovered in the centre of the mass of ice in the bottle a formation very like a small Christmas tree, glistening and shining like molten silver. It was such a curious and pretty thing that we made an effort to capture the gem by means of photography. I afterwards cut open the mass of ice, expecting to find a frozen formation of a little fir tree, but I only found a cavity in the shape of a small tree. Into this the light had shone and formed the picture we had admired so much.—Miss G. Emlyn Jones, Overnhill Road, Staple Hill, Bristol.



TREASURE TROVE.

I HAVE heard stories told of wonderful finds that had they not been vouched for by friends of mine would have taxed my credulity to the utmost, but here is a remarkable occurrence of the kind which happened to myself. One day returning from the garden I found that a gold ring which I had been wearing was missing. A long search ensued, but the ring was eventually given up for lost. Imagine my surprise when, in August last, a potato was dug up with the gold ring securely fastened around it. The potato had evidently grown through it and was the means of my recovering a much-prized possession.—Mr. A. Hunter, 26, Castle Street, Shrewsbury.

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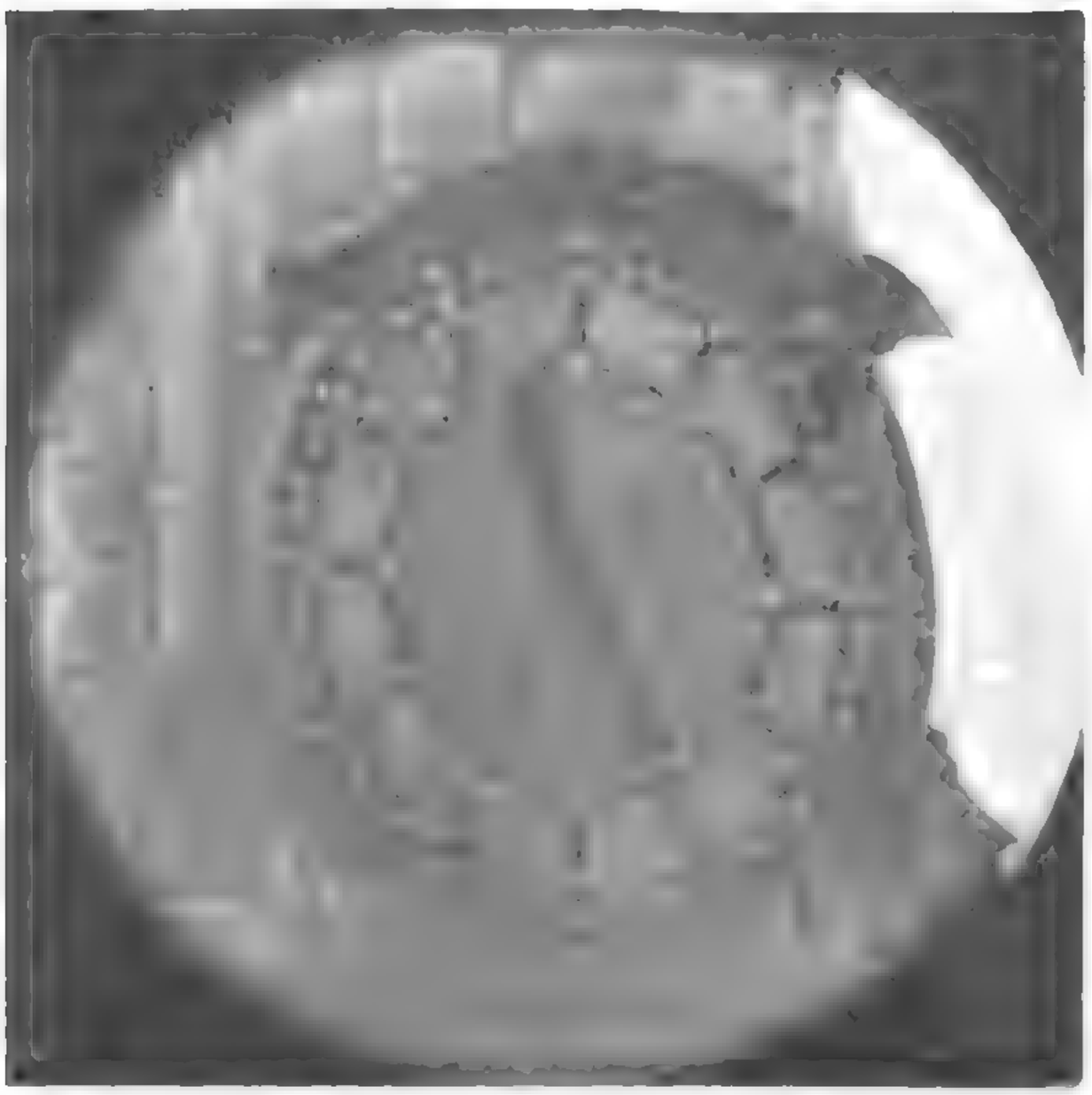
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AS SEEN THROUGH A TELESCOPE.



MY brother and I first took in the usual way a photograph of a large building with a clock-tower. We then got a small telescope and arranged the camera in such a position that the lens "looked" through the telescope just as the eye does. The view through



the "wrong end" of the telescope makes the building appear so diminutive that the clock is scarcely visible, but its size as seen through the "right end" is surprising. I also send you a photograph of the building as it appears to the "man in the street." — Mr. Edward Pidduck, 31, Kennington Park Road, S.E.

A UNIQUE LETTER-BOX.

RIGHT in the centre of Cranmere bog, Dartmoor, is one of the strangest letter-boxes to be found in the world. The difficulty of reaching this box makes letters particularly valuable to those who receive them, and this has led to a curious custom. Whoever crosses the bog carries post-cards addressed to friends. On reaching the letter-box they take out any cards they find there and post them at the nearest town, leaving their own in the box, to be dealt with in a similar manner by the next comer. Only agile people, who



can jump from tuft to tuft over the quaking bog, can act as postmen, and this enhances the value of the cards which have passed through this unique post-box.—Mrs. Forbes William, 2, Bloomfield Crescent, Bath.

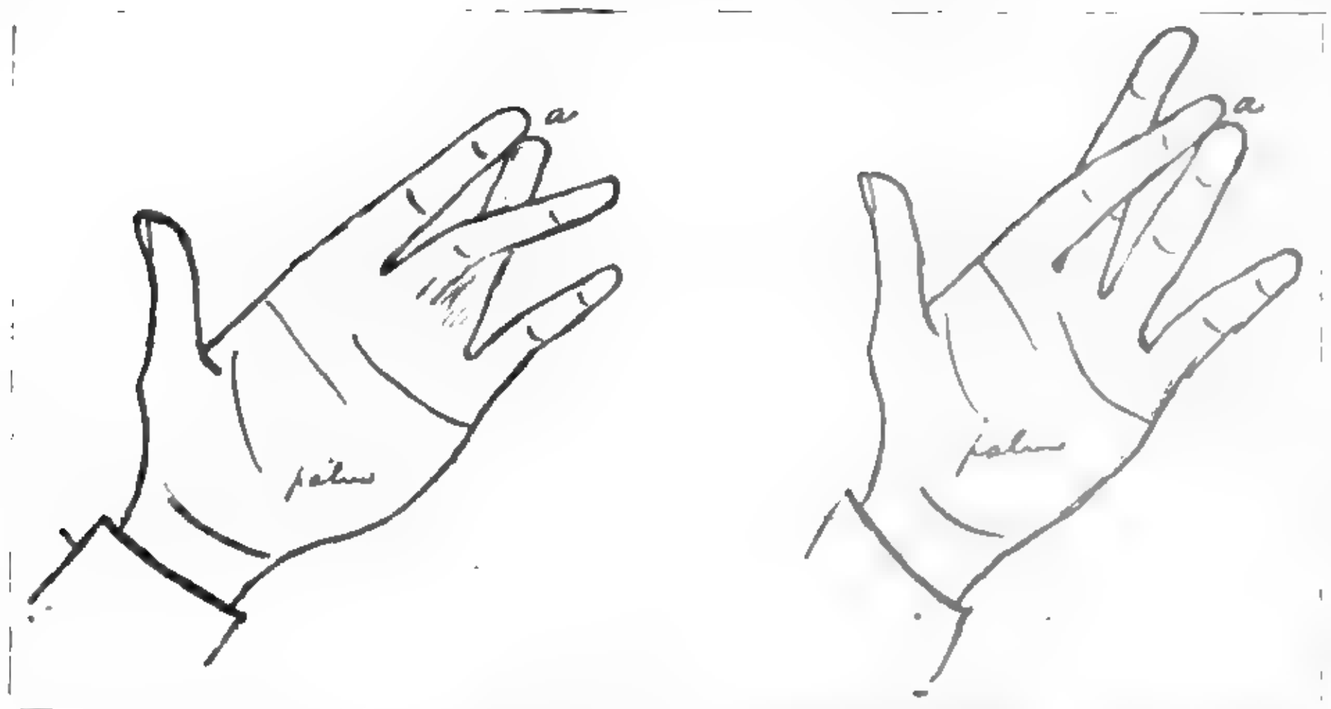
A LIGHTHOUSE MONUMENT.

THIS memorial, erected in the Ulverston cemetery, is made of marble and represents a lighthouse. The curious thing about it is that inside the top there is a lamp which is kept burning, day and night. A lady erected this monument in memory of her father, and invested a sum of money, the interest on which pays for the gas and keeps the monument in good repair.—Mr. Charles H. Joy, 11, Hextol Terrace, Hexham-on-Tyne.



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TRY IT!

HERE is a rough sketch of something that certainly is not so easy as it looks. The problem is to bring the fingers from the position in Fig. 1 into that in Fig. 2 without separating first and third finger in *a*, and without the help of the thumb or little finger. The reverse is still more difficult. Of course, when holding the first and third fingers together in *a* with the help of the other hand, the possibility of the task will be proved. — Mr. F. Lieftinck, 394, Marnix Straat, Amsterdam.



IS THIS DUCK'S AGE A RECORD?

THE above photograph of a duck which died on July 6th, 1903, in the twenty-fourth year of its age, may be of interest to your readers. It enjoyed excellent health, laid eggs up to within a few weeks of its decease, and only showed serious signs of failing two days before it died. The photograph was taken on June 29th, one week before death.—Miss Macray, Ducklington Rectory, Witney, Oxon.

A LION AT LARGE.

THE photograph I send you represents Lord George Sanger's lion mounting from the cage (the vehicle on the right) to the top of one of the large gilded cars on which, in the company of a lamb, he used to make his tour of the town. The lion was quite docile, and upon reaching the top of the car sat down and waited for his keeper to come and chain him to the floor of the car.—Mr. C. D. Grover, 3, Powis Grove, Brighton.

THE REAL SHAKESPEARE.

OF all the so-called likenesses of Shakespeare, there are three only which can lay real claim to be authentic. These are (1) the portrait-bust in the church at Stratford-on-Avon; (2) the Droeshout print, published with the



original edition of his works; and (3) the Jansen portrait, possibly painted for the Earl of Southampton. All three no doubt contain something of his likeness, though the points of difference are very considerable. By combining the three, however, as has been done in the accompanying composite photograph, the differences are reduced to a minimum, while the points which they possess in common are brought out and emphasized. This print may, therefore, fairly claim to be the best representation ever produced of Shakespeare as he actually appeared in the flesh.

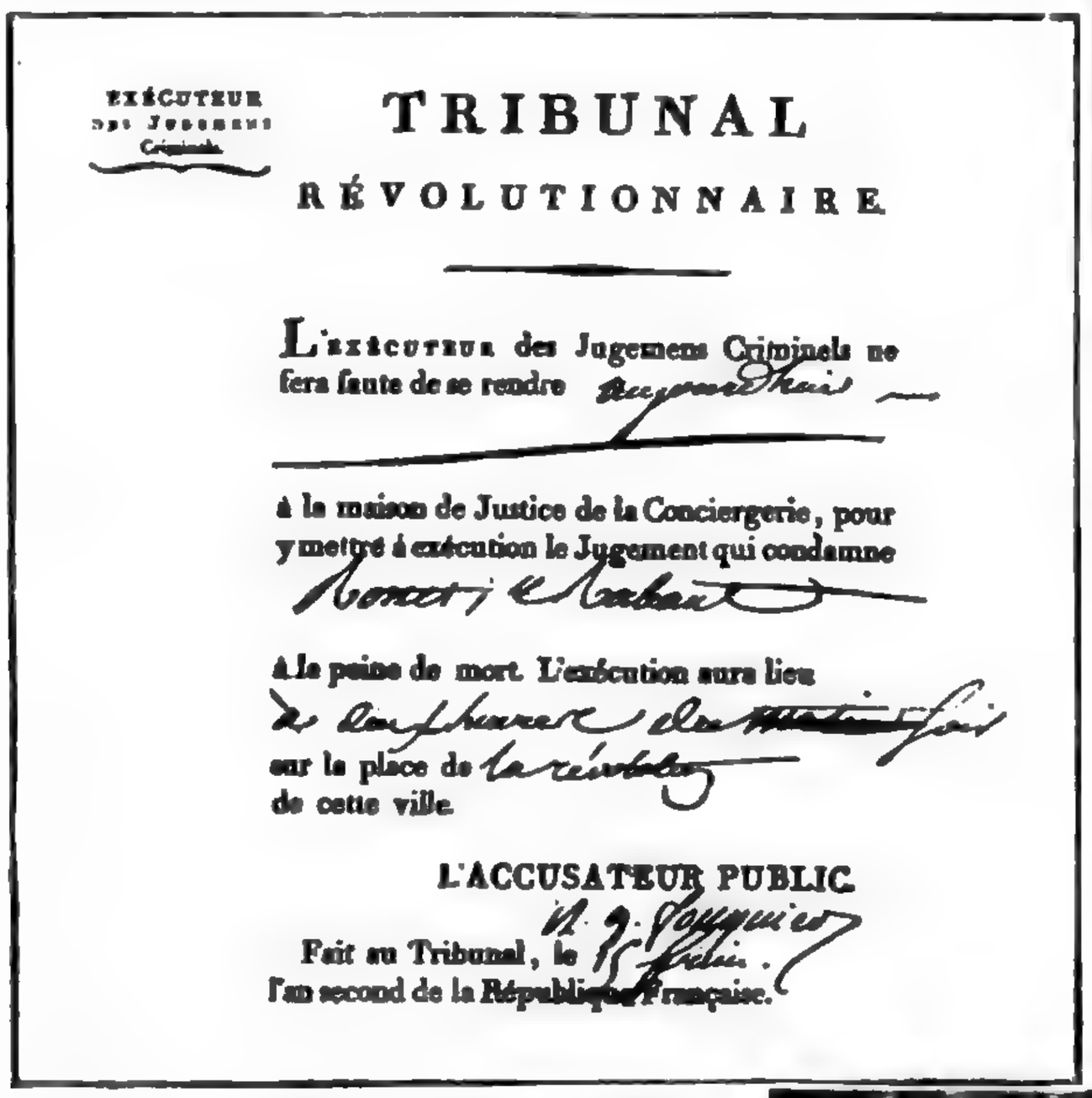


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A DONKEY ON A CAMEL'S BACK.

THIS photograph shows a donkey having a ride on a camel's back. I took it three winters ago in Mogador, Morocco. One often sees sheep, goats, kids, and even calves having a ride on donkey-back in Eastern countries, but it is seldom that a poor old donkey gets a ride.—Miss A. M. Blackie, Glasgow.



A DEATH-WARRANT OF THE "TERROR."

THIS is a facsimile of one of the many death-warrants issued by the Revolutionary Tribunal during the Reign of Terror in France. How business-like is its brief and laconic style! A glance at it sets one thinking of the many to whom a similar document must have brought a happy release from one of the most miserable and distressing periods in the world's history. This document is the warrant for the execution of the deputy Rabaut in the second year of the Republic.

A LIVING PURSE.

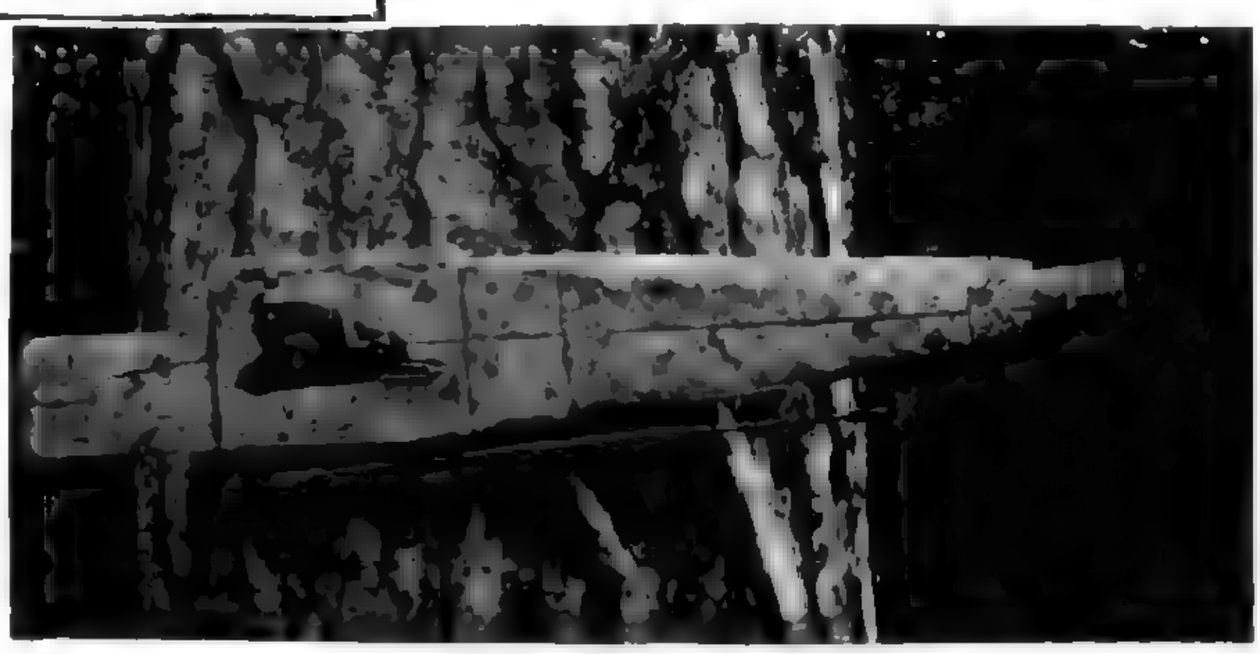
THE medal of which the following photograph is a full-size copy was found beneath the fore-shoulder of a steer by Mr. W. H. Wyckoff, Port Townsend, Washington, U.S.A., last December. Mr. Wyckoff, an experienced butcher, found the medal lying flat between the shoulder and the ribs, about six inches beneath the skin. A crowd saw the medal before it was removed from its strange hiding-place. The medal is of lead, made in St. Louis, while the steer came from Eastern Oregon. Mr. Wyckoff is unable to account for the occurrence, but believes the



medal was placed there, though by whom, or for what purpose, remains a mystery. —Mr. James G. McCurdy, Port Townsend, Washington.

TO FRIGHTEN POACHERS.

THIS is a photograph of an old alarm gun which I found amongst some rubbish in an outhouse. I thought it would interest your readers to see what our forefathers used to scare poachers with. The flint-lock is still in good working order, which speaks well for the workmanship of years gone by. The only part missing is the cover, which fitted in the grooves by the lock to keep the priming in the pan dry.—Mr. H. C. Wood, Enham, Andover, Hants.



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